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ST. NICHOLAS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS · · 1919

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK · NOV. 10-15

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER, 1919.

		Page
Frontispiece: "Just behind him come, *pad, pad, pad,* great, brown beast." Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull		
Boy Scouts in the North. Serial Story. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull and Frank Tenney Johnson	Samuel Scoville, Jr.	3
Raggedy Crow. Verse	Eleanor Myers Jewett	10
Thanksgiving. Verse. Illustrated by W. W. Berger	Eleanor Duncan Wood	11
"When His Majesty Flies—or Takes Cover." Sketch. Illustrations from photographs.	Henry Woodhouse	12
The Crimson Patch. Serial Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea	Augusta Huiell Seaman	19
The Adventure of the Water Knight. (The Wondering Boy Series) Verse. Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower	Clara Piatt Meadowcroft	26
For Boys Who Do Things: Packing Box Village.	A. Russell Bond	30
Bridge-Building for Boys. Illustrations from Diagrams and Photographs.	Charles K. Taylor	34
The Queen's Messenger. Story. Illustrated by Marion T. Justice.	Leila Enders	41
Children's Book Week. Making Your Own Library	Annie Carroll Moore	44
Book Houses. Verse. Illustrated by N. L. Umbstaetter	Annie Fellows Johnston	46
From Drab to Gold. George Eliot. Sketch. Illustrated by Alfred Parsons, Reginald Birch, and with Portrait.	Ariadne Gilbert	48
Indoor Football that Every Boy Can Play. With Diagram	Ralph W. Kinsey	
The Amethyst Set. Story. Illustrated by W. V. Chambers.	George Merrick Mullett	60
Dynamite and a Flash of Lightning. Story. Illustrated by Edwin H. Bayha.	Henry E. Ashmun	65
Lewis Russel Writes to Phil Gregory. Illustrations from photographs.		61
The Story of Our Little Theater. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs.	Grace Humphrey	79
The Watch Tower. A Review of Current Events	Edward N. Teall	74
Nature and Science for Young Folk. Illustrated		79
The Most Powerful Engine in the World	William H. Easton	
The Adventures of Friday	Marjorie Shanafelt	84
St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs and Puzzles. Illustrated		84
The Letter-Box		94
The Riddle-Box		95
St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons	Advertising Page	46

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To Our Readers:

As a result of the conflict existing in the ranks of the labor organizations of the Printing industry of New York City *The Century Magazine* for November has been tied up on the press. Arrangements have been made, however for the printing of *The Century* for December and *St. Nicholas* for November and December in Cincinnati, Ohio.

There will be some delay in your receipt of these magazines, but they will be delivered to you exactly as they were originally planned. We beg your indulgence for the delay which has arisen.

No issue of either magazine will be ommitted. *The Century* for November will be completed and mailed at the earliest possible moment.

The Century Co.

ST. NICHOLAS

Vol. XLVII NOVEMBER, 1919 No. 1

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BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

CHAPTER I

THE ARGONAUTS

"FIFTY thousand dollars!" said big Jim Donegan.

"Not for one pearl!" exclaimed Will Bright.

"For a *blue* pearl," corrected the lumber-king. "Bring me one as big as the pink pearl you found last summer, and I 'll pay that for it cash down. But what 's the use of talkin'," he went on morosely; "there ain't such a thing. Nobody ever saw a big blue pearl."

"I have," quietly asserted a slim, swarthy boy who during the whole evening had never been more than a foot away from Will.

Big Jim opened his mouth to roar as he usually did whenever any one differed with him, and then shut it again. He had found that it did not pay to contradict Joe Couteau, that boy with the blood of a long line of sure, silent Indian chiefs in his veins.

It was some two years after Will and Joe had come back from their great adventure already chronicled in "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness." Without food, fire, or clothing they had spent thirty days in the forest; fought for their lives with savage beasts and still more savage men; found a great pink pearl; broken up a band of moonshiners; and last and best of all had won for their Boy Scout troop a cabin and ten acres of timber-land from Mr. Donegan. Since that time old Jim Donegan, the lumber-king of America, had become a firm friend of the Boy Scouts of Cornwall. Especially did he admire Will and Joe, who had proved to him that he was wrong in his estimate of the Boy Scouts, and from whom he had bought the pink pearl—at a price. To-night the whole troop was being entertained on his estate, and the old man had offered to show the boys his collection of precious stones, which, except for making money early and often, was his only hobby.

After dinner he had taken them into the library. There, upon touching a spring in the wall, a large bookcase filled with books swung forward, showing the side of a great vault of chrome-steel. Unlocking a whole nest of combination-locks one after another, an enormous door opened silently, and the troop entered a solid steel room. The long cabinet of satin-wood drawers lined with black velvet held the famous collection of the lumber-king. For an hour or more he showed the delighted boys his treasures. As drawer after drawer was opened, the little room seemed filled with the shimmer and sheen of a perfect rainbow of colors. There were the red blink and flare of rubies, with their sullen depths of blood and fire, from Brazil and India and the far-away Caucasus, which, carat for carat, out-priced the best diamonds of Kimberley. Some of them were large enough to have names and stories. Three of them had been part of the loot of pirate ships, and they gleamed vengefully from the black velvet, as if all the blood

and pain and sin of those cruel crews had been crystallized in their blood-red depths. Another drawer was full of the cool, deep, unfathomable green of emeralds, with a flash in their depths such as one sees in a great wave as it breaks in the sun. Some had been dug by short-lived serfs in the Ural Mountains centuries ago. Others had been part of the treasure which Cortez and Pizarro brought back from the hoards of Montezuma and the Incas. Then there was the cold star-shine of great diamonds, water-white, like fire and ice, while one yellow diamond shone like golden Jupiter in a midnight sky. Rarest of them all was 'Hellheart," smoky black, with a red heart of flame. The tradition was that it had belonged to Blackbeard, the pirate. It was cut in the shape of a great heart by some unknown lapidary. Mr. Donegan told the boys that no diamond-cutter of to-day could cut the wonderful-faceted heart which smoldered before them. There were ice-blue sapphires; opals, a tortured blaze of prismatic colors and delicate translunary tints; apple-green jade; turquoises like robins' eggs; soft, lustrous moonstones, chrysoprase, jacinths, sea-blue aquamarines; masses of lapislazuli and malachite; strange, shifting cat's-eyes; pale yellow topazes; white sapphires, which glowed instead of glittering; fiery, scarlet carbuncles; cymophane, with its wire-like line of silver—few of the kings of earth had a collection which could equal the one belonging to Jim Donegan, who had begun life as a lumber-jack.

At last the old man drew out one drawer larger than all the others, filled with a shimmering, multicolored mass of pearls, his favorite stone. They glowed as if holding some hidden, soft light within, and were graded and shaded with all the art that the trained eye and skill of the old collector could command. Not one of them there but was worth a small fortune. Some of them were round, gleaming pearls from far-away shark-haunted seas. Others were the larger, irregular treasures torn from the four-hundred-odd kinds of fresh-water mussels that are found in all of our rivers, brooks, and lakes. The colors were as different as the shapes. White, black, brown, amber, yellow, and green were all there. By itself glowed the lustrous pink pearl that Will had found, that Scar Dawson had stolen, and that Joe had rescued. Yet among all that rainbow, there was no shade of blue.

"You fellows stay a bit," Mr. Donegan said gruffly to Will and Joe. "I 'll send you home in my car later on." When the last guest was gone, Jim turned to the Indian boy. "Tell me all about that blue pearl," he demanded.

Joe looked at him silently for a moment.

"Once when I very little," he said at last, the halting, clipped English which no amount of schooling ever changed, "I went with my uncle to Goreloi. That mean Island of the Bear," he explained. "He was big medicine-man and he want to be bigger, so he go to get blue pearl. That very good medicine," the boy explained.

"You bet it 's good medicine," muttered the old collector. "But what did he want to take a kid like you along for, anyway?"

"Because," answered Joe, "he afraid to trust any man with secret. Man might kill him when he asleep and take pearl," he went on simply. "He take me because I young and his own blood and he need some one to watch while he hunted."

"Watch for what?" interrupted Mr. Donegan again.

Joe paused moment.

"That place not have its name for nothing," he at last responded. "It guarded."

"If it were any one else," broke in Will, "I 'd think this was all a fairy-story."

"I myself see," returned Joe, gravely.

"Go on, go on," urged the lumber-king.

Joe thought for a moment.

"We come to little blue river," he continued at last. "It run out of great dark cave in mountain. I sit in canoe with paddle ready to push off, while chief hunt, hunt, hunt for pearl. At night we camp in little cave and roll big stone in front of entrance. One day, two day, three day he hunt. Then on last day he open big mussel and pull out blue, shiny stone and call very loud. I call, too, very loud, 'cause just behind him come, *pad, pad, pad,* grea brown beast. It look like bear, but bigger. fiercer than any bear any one ever saw excep in a bad dream. Chief reach canoe just in time. I push off, and we hardly get away. Then chief show me pearl. It was bright blue and big as pigeon-egg. Then we paddle a day and a night and get back to tribe."

Old Jim Donegan had leaned forward so as not to miss a syllable of the boy's story. When Joe had finished, the old man looked at him for a long time without speaking.

"I have n't wife nor chick nor child," he said at last, slowly. "My collection takes the place of them all. No collection on earth has a pearl like the one you saw. I 've got to have one from that same river of yours—somehow."

Joe shook his head.

"No one knows the way to Goreloi," he said, "except great chief. He may be dead. When I left tribe, he had gone away on far journey south. Maybe he never come back."

The old man paced up and down the room and made Joe describe the pearl over and over again.

"Boys," he said at last, "I want you fellows to go to Goreloi, wherever it is, and bring me back a blue pearl. I 'll finance the trip and buy any pearl you find. If you have any luck, you 'll have more money in three months than most men get in ten years. School stops next week. You might just as well make money this vacation instead of spending it."

The boys looked at each other.

"I 'll bet," went on the old man, "that you fellows find vacations here kind o' dull after killing bears and carcajous and rattlesnakes and hunting pearls and fighting moonshiners two years ago. Here 's a chance to travel and have adventures! Why, boys," he went on earnestly, "when you get as old as I am, you 'll know that the adventurous life is the best life. The boy who is always looking for adventures, who is always ready for quests, who learns to face dangers and overcome difficulties—that 's the kind of a boy who amounts to something when he gets to be a man. It 's the strenuous life that counts. We were n't put into this world to play safe, but to seek and fight and find and wander, and to never, never quit!"

The old lumber-king stopped and looked at them sadly.

"If I were ten years younger, or if I could only depend on my legs, I 'd go with you myself," he said at last, "and we 'd have a great old time together, too! Nowadays, though, my adventuring has to be done for me, and I 'm appointing you fellows my proxies. Pick out two more chaps to go with you that you can depend on. Four is the right number for a hard trip. I 'll grub-stake you, and if there is such a thing as a big, blue pearl, you fellows will find it. What do you say?"

Will looked at Joe.

"Listens kind o' good to me, old scout!" he exclaimed.

Joe shook his head, doubtfully.

"Long, hard trip," he said briefly. "My uncle say danger, sorrow, death always price of blue pearl."

" 'THEN WE PADDLED A DAY AND A NIGHT' "

The lumber-king look disgusted.

"You 'd better get Joe some nice thick wool socks," he remarked to Will, sarcastically; "his feet ain't any too warm!"

"You 've got another guess coming," returned Will, indignantly. "Joe always talks safe and acts dangerous. If you had been with him in the tight places where I have, you would n't speak that way."

"There! there!" soothed the lumber-king, "I take it all back. Any kid that helped break up Scar Dawson's gang and went through what he did with you certainly has n't got anything the matter with his circulation," and he patted Joe's unresponsive back apologetically. "You boys think it over, and come to-morrow night and let me know what you decide."

All the way home the boys discussed it—at least, Will talked and Joe grunted. They separated without coming to any decision. The next day at school they thought far more of blue pearls and bears and Indians than they did of algebra and history and English. Just before the day's session was over, Mr. Sanford, the young principal, read to their class a translation from the Greek of the story of the Golden Fleece. One paragraph especially fascinated Will and Joe:

"And they rowed over the wine-dark sea, heroes all, beyond the sunset, where were gold and pearls and mysterious enchanted islands and strange peoples. For some, death awaited, for others, riches, for all, a fame which still rings across the vanished years."

As he finished, Will turned to find Joe watching him closely. Will raised his eyebrows questioningly. Joe gave a little nod. The Quest of the Blue Pearl had begun.

That night a strange thing happened. They had gone to Mr. Donegan's house to tell him of their decision. The lumber-king was delighted, and just as he was promising that he would persuade Will's parents to let him go, his English butler came to him, much disturbed.

"There 's a hindividual at the door who hinsists upon seeing you, sir," he announced.

"Did n't you tell him I was busy, James?" snapped the old man, irritably.

"Hindeed I did, sir," returned the perturbed James. "Hall he said was that he was going to get busy 'imself."

"He did, eh!" exclaimed Mr. Donegan. "Well, you show him in, and I 'll attend to his business mighty quick."

A moment later the door opened, and in slipped a little, wiry, gray-bearded man whose sharp, black, unflinching eyes glanced about.

"Hello, Jim!" he said. "Howdy, Will," he went on, turning to the boys.

"Well, if it ain't old Jud Adams!" shouted the lumber-king, seizing one of his hands while Will grabbed the other. "Why did n't you send your name in," went on Mr. Donegan, shaking the old man affectionately.

"I did," said Jud, rescuing himself with some difficulty from the over-enthusiastic greetings of his friends. "I told that chap with a shiny shirt on that I was Jud Adams. He kept a-sayin', 'You ain't no judge; come some other time.' But I said to him, 'Now is the time.'"

Old Jud had spent the best part of his life in the open. It was he who had given Will his first lessons in woodcraft. He had prospected and trapped and hunted all over the North American continent. In his youth he had spent a year with the Eskimos. Later he had been in the Klondike rush, and was one of the first to go over fatal "Dead Horse Pass"; and he had dug for gold from the Mexican border up to beyond Circle City.

"Jim," said Jud, finally, "I hear that you 're going to grub-stake a party to do some prospectin' up north."

"How did you hear that?" said Big Jim, in astonishment.

"Never mind," said Jud; "nobody can't do any treasure-huntin' in this village without me hearin' about it. If there 's any prospectin' party goin' out from Cornwall, I 'm goin' to be in it. I 've been all over the Northwest from the Aleutian Islands clear up above the arctic circle. I know the people, white, red, and yellow. I 've trapped and hunted and dug for gold and starved and fought and tramped over that whole blame country. There ain't much out there that flies or creeps or runs or swims that I have n't seen. One of these kids I taught all he knows, which ain't much," went on Jud, without giving Mr. Donegan a chance to speak. "Here I am right in the prime o' life, pinin' away for somethin' to do, and I tell you, Jim Donegan, you 'll make a bad mistake if you send out any party that does n't have me along."

"Prime o' life!" scoffed Big Jim. "Why, Jud, you 're sixty-five if you 're a day!"

"I ain't! I ain't!" shrieked the other. "But what if I be? It ain't a man's years that count. It 's what he can do. There ain't anything that these kids can do that I can't do better. Only last year I killed an old Silver-Top just before he killed me."

"Well," said the lumber-king at last, "it 's up to these boys. If they want you, *I* sure do."

"You bet we want you, Jud," said Will, while Joe nodded approvingly, and Jud became thereupon a partner in the venture.

A long discussion of ways and means followed, in which Jud's experience was a great help. As for guns, the boys decided to take the new light, high-powered American army rifles which, using soft-nosed bullets, would stop any living thing. For himself, Jud still clung to an old Sharpe 44 rifle that, with certain modern improvements, he had used for over forty years.

So far as Joe could indicate on the map, the island where his tribe lived, as well as that mysterious "Island of the Bear," were both parts of that fringe of islands which guard the shores of upper Alaska.

The expedition once decided upon, Mr. Donegan organized the details with the decision and despatch which had made him a multi-millionaire. First he obtained the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Bright that Will might go—no small undertaking.

"If he succeeds, I 'll back him for the rest of my life—and afterwards," he assured them.

"That 's a good deal for Big Jim Donegan to say," Mr. Bright remarked privately to his wife. "I guess, Mother, we 'll have to let the boy go. Life is just one chance after another, anyway. He 's as liable to die plowin' as pearlin'," went on Mr. Bright, who was something of a philosopher.

No such formality was necessary with old Hen Couteau, the charcoal-burner, Joe's uncle.

"I go back to see my people," Joe announced.

"Yes?" said the old man. "Well, go ahead. You ain't no use in the charcoal business, but I 'll be glad to see you back again."

The same night that he secured the consent of the Brights, Mr. Donegan wired to Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, which was the headquarters for a fleet of steamers that he owned on the Pacific. He arranged to have the boys met there by *The Bear*, a swift, seaworthy little steamer whose captain had cruised often through the Northern waters and who, if anybody, would be likely to know his way to Akotan, the island where Joe's tribe lived.

Remained only the choice of the last member of the party. Both Will and Joe were agreed that he must be a member of the Cornwall Troop. It was hard to choose. "Buck" Whittlesey and Billy Darby were leaders of the Owl and Wolf patrols, to which Will and Joe belonged respectively. "Boots" Lockwood and Freddie Perkins were enthusiastic woodsmen and devoted friends of both the boys; and then there was Jack Dorsey, the best shot in the town, and Bob Coulston, an Eagle Scout. At last Will had a bright idea.

"Next week," he said, "comes the Interscholastic Games. Every fellow whom we have thought of taking is on the team of the Cornwall High. Let 's wait until after the games and pick out the one there who shows the most sand and sense."

Joe and Jud agreed.

"Better pick out a good runner," said the old trapper. "If Joe 's tellin' the truth about that treasure island of his, we 'll all need to be pretty lively on our legs to get back alive."

For years the Cornwall High School had entered teams in the great Interscholastic Games where twenty schools competed for the championship of the East. So far she had never scored a point. Cornwall was a small town, and although her boys were a strong and sturdy lot, they had no track and only the crudest kind of training. Then came Mr. Sanford, the new principal. He solved the most complicated problems in algebra and geometry with dazzling ease. It was rumored that at college he used to read Greek aloud for the pleasure of it and translate the morning newspapers into Latin. Probably that was an exaggeration. At any rate he never showed any such alarming symptoms of learning at Cornwall. It was he, however, who had organized and become the scout-master of the Cornwall Boy Scouts. Under him, Will and Joe had won the cabin for the troop two years before, and it was Mr. Sanford who had helped rescue them from the burning cabin in that last never-to-be-forgotten fight with the moonshiners. It was not until school opened again that year, however, that the boys suspected that he knew anything about athletics. One afternoon when school was over, he had strolled down to the cow-pasture which the boys used for an athletic-field, and watched them training for the fall games. He seemed to be more amused than impressed by their efforts. First he watched the sprinters, of which Boots Lockwood was the particular star. Some of them started standing up, others crouched like kangaroos, but one and all hung on their marks when the last signal was given.

"If you 'll spring from both feet, you 'll find that your get away faster," he suggested to the line of alleged sprinters. The boys smiled at one another, and went on with their own

system. Mr. Sanford's face flushed a little.

"I 'll come back in a little while," he said finally, "and show you that I know what I 'm talking about."

His suggestions to the broad-jumpers on how to strike the take-off and his advice to the quarter-milers about their first hundred were met with the same indifference. Whereupon the principal left the field. Fifteen minutes later he was back again, carrying a traveling-bag. With this he retired to the dressing-house, which had once been a cow-shed. Presently there emerged from this ex-cow-shed a figure in which the boys could scarcely recognize their learned principal. He wore a sleeveless jersey and a pair of running-trunks. On his feet were the first pair of spiked running-shoes that had ever appeared at Cornwall, while in his hands he carried a pair of battered, nicked, and grooved running-corks. The whole team gathered around him as he went toward the straight-away stretch of green turf where the sprinters practised.

"Now," he said decisively, "pick out your three best men and start us off for the full distance."

Boots and two other sprinters lined up beside him, while one of the other boys proceeded to start them. Mr. Sanford crouched down with the others, but as the starter said, "Get set!" his lithe body slowly rose, and at the very first breath of the final "Go!" he leaped into his stride and was off a full yard ahead of the rest. Run as they would, not one of the three best sprinters of the Cornwall High School was able to draw up level with him again. Then he went down to the broad-jump pit and with his first jump covered twenty feet, which was six inches farther than anybody else could negotiate. When he finished, he was surrounded by an admiring group.

"You fellows want to remember," he said, puffing a little, "that even tottering old chaps like me may know something about athletics. If I am still here next year," he went on as he started back to the dressing-house, "I 'm going to put the Cornwall High School athletic team on the map."

Thereafter he called upon Big Jim Donegan. The old man came in puffing and rumbling and grumbling as usual.

"Well, Mr. Schoolmaster," he began, "what can I do for you? You 've taken a cabin and ten good acres of timber-land away from me for your troop and made me pay those two kids of yours a frightful price for their pink pearl. Now what is it? Another hold-up, I expect."

"You have the idea," said the principal, who had become a fast friend of the old man. "I want you to help me turn out a winning athletic team for the Cornwall High School."

The old man was all interest at once. He had been born in Cornwall.

"I 'm afraid you can't do it, Mr. Schoolmaster," he said sympathetically. "You know a lot about book-learnin', but I guess you never had time to learn much about runnin' and jumpin' and so on."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the other. "I used to know something about them, and perhaps I have n't forgotten it all yet. Anyhow, if you will help, we can get a winning team."

"What do you want me to do?" returned old Jim. "I have n't time to go out and run on the team myself."

"Well, I 'll tell you, Mr. Donegan," said the principal. "I want you first to build the best quarter-mile cinder path that money can buy on that old cow-pasture that you let us use, and a little training-house with some shower-baths in place of the old cow-stable. Then I 've just heard that old Mike Murphy, the best trainer in the world, wants to come up from Philadelphia and settle in a Northern climate for his health. He trained the Yale team which won the Intercollegiate years ago, and the Olympic team that won the championship of the world, and I can get him up here if you 'll foot the bill. Then I want you—"

"Whoa! whoa!" yelled the old man. "I smoke, you know, and I 'd like you to leave me enough to buy a little tobacco now and then!"

"Well," returned Mr. Sandford, "I 'll let you off from anything more except running-suits and spiked shoes."

Old Jim thought for a moment.

"You 're on," he said finally. "Go as far as you like; only—I expect a team that 'll win."

Great doings followed for the Cornwall High School. A thin-faced man with reddish hair, cold, blue eyes, and a gray mustache came to town. He had been seen to slap the dignified principal of the high-school violently on the back and call him "Dannie." An army of workmen changed the cow-pasture into a well-appointed athletic-field. Then one afternoon, after school, the boys were gathered together, and Mike, as everybody called him, gave them a little talk. He had the rare gift of arousing his audience. He told the boys what athletics had done for America and how it

helped men and boys to keep themselves straight and clean and strong. Then he went on to tell the boys stories of great athletes whom he had known and trained. He told of Owen, the first man who ever went under ten seconds for the hundred-yard dash in that great race when Jewett, Owen, Westing, and Cary all started in the finals, each with a different start. He told them of old Deerfoot, the Indian, who, running in his moccasins, set a world record of eleven miles and nine hundred and seventy yards for the hour, and of the great professional race of W. G. George and Bill Lang when the mile record went down to 4.12¾.

"But the best race I ever saw, lads," he finally ended, "was the day when Yale won the Intercollegiate Cup for keeps after a dozen colleges had been tryin' for ten years. The half-mile race was the last event. Fifty men started. When they turned into the home-stretch, at the last lap, there were three men left, and you could have covered them all with a blanket. Neck and neck and neck they came down, staggerin' and weavin' around, all gone, and just before they got to the tape there was one slim little chap, a quarter-mile runner, who had won the quarter only an hour before and had no business to be runnin' in the half. He threw his head back, and the foam lay on his lips, and he clenched his corks and he came in, and drew away from the bunch, runnin' on nothin' at all but the nerve and courage of him! And he broke the tape a foot ahead of the two best half-milers in the world. And he broke the intercollegiate record, and won the cup, an' he 's right here before you, and his name 's Dannie Sanford!"

There was a sudden silence as the boys looked at Mr. Sanford, who blushed, and tried to stop Mike. Then there was a storm of cheers, after which the trainer went on:

"He sent for me, boys. He says you 've been the laughin'-stock of the whole school league, but if you fellows will come out and do what I tell you next spring, *you* 'll be doin' the laughin'."

That was the beginning of it. There were seventy-six boys in the school. Seventy-five of them signed up that afternoon to try for the athletic team. The only reason the seventy-sixth did n't was because he had only one leg. All that winter the boys ran cross-country, rain, shine, snow, or cold. Day after day Mike trained and trained and trained them, indoors and out. The over-confident he held back. The timid he spurred on with stories of what could be done even by weaklings, if only they would dare. The lazy, the disobedient, the lax who would not or could not train, he weeded out; and a few days before the games he told Mr. Sanford that he had a team of boys fit to run for their lives.

(To be continued)

RAGGEDY CROW

By ELEANORE MYERS JEWITT

Raggedy crow with your raggedy wing,
  Flapping across the sky,
When the winter twilights nip and sting,
And never a song-bird's left to sing
  Of the summer days gone by,
Then, raggedy crow, you wing your flight
In the pale, cold, yellow sunset light,
And a thousand others leap in sight
  And follow, follow, follow.
And far across the fading sky
Your raggedy, coal-black fellows fly,
All in the same direction still,
Over the apple-orchard hill
  To the cedar-wooded hollow.

I wonder, wonder, raggedy crow,
  With your hoarse, discordant cry,
What do you do in the woods below,
Where the red, sweet-smelling cedars grow
  And the snows untrampled lie.
It must be a meeting, strange and long,
Of a secret club where you all belong,
For out of the west, a thousand strong,
  You follow, follow, follow.
Every day when the sun goes down
I watch you flapping over town;
Some day *I 'll* follow you, too, and see
What wonderful secrets yours can be
  In the cedar-wooded hollow!

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM FLYING ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

WHEN HIS MAJESTY FLIES—OR TAKES COVER

By HENRY WOODHOUSE

Author of "Regulations for Aerial Navigation," the first "Aero Blue Book," "Textbook of Naval Aeronautics," "Textbook of Military Aeronautics," Vice-President Aerial League of America, Editor "Flying," etc.

THE following is taken from the log-book of the aëroplane of His Majesty, King Albert of Belgium:

After a conference with the Belgian Parliament, His Majesty flew to England. He arrived at Hawking aerodrome, near Folkestone, at 4 p. m., and took tea at the officers' mess.

His Majesty left Folkestone for Dartmouth, Devonshire, to visit his son at the Royal Naval College. His 'plane was piloted by Colonel Bigsworth, and was escorted by a plane piloted by Captain O'Brien, carrying Lieutenant Woolley and His Majesty's aide-de-camp. His Majesty was received by his son and Lieutenant Hamilton, who were waiting in the Naval College's launch and who escorted him to the college, where he was welcomed by Captain Leatham.

Owing to engine trouble, His Majesty had to land six miles from Dartmouth. H. M. S. *Sturgeon* and an escorting seaplane went to the place where His Majesty had landed and he was transferred to the escorting flying-boat and continued his trip.

His Majesty flew from Brussels to Paris.

King Albert's aëroplane log-book is filled with such items. Some of them tell of thrilling flights during the war, when King Albert visited the headquarters of the Belgian Army; and he flew over his army at the front.

On March 27, 1917, King Albert went up with Captain Jacquet, a famous Belgian aviator, and made a long flight under fire from enemy anti-aircraft guns. The king's machine was preceded by a squadron of fighting aëroplanes, and the trip took in the entire Yser front of the Belgian lines. Flying at heights ranging from 3000 to 6000 feet, the king personally made observations and took photographs of enough importance for him to discuss them afterward with the General Staff of the Belgian Army. Fortunately, he was not attacked by German machines.

His Majesty used the aëroplane almost exclusively for going about during the war. The queen made many aëroplane trips with him, and they found that traveling by aëroplane was at least as safe as by steam or motor, when it is considered that the use of roads involved the risk from shells, the use of boats involved the danger from the U-boats, and flying involved merely the risk of being attacked by enemy planes.

Another royal aviator is the Prince of Wales, who flies his own aëroplane, and loves flying. The log-book of his aëroplane reads exactly like the log-book of a busy aviator. The heir-apparent has taken a number of risky flights. One escapade was "stunting" with Colonel W. G. Barker, who is known as "the prince of stunters" and has sixty-eight enemy planes to his credit. Needless to add, Colonel Barker showed Prince Albert almost everything then known in the aëronautic calendar.

As long ago as 1909, Edward VII, King of England, was interested in aëronautics; and when Wilbur Wright was abroad with his machine he received a visit from the British monarch, to whom the famous American pioneer explained the mechanism of his aëro-

me. During the same year, while at Pau, r. Wright received a visit from King Alfon- of Spain, to whom he also explained the orkings of his "bird"; and the Spanish onarch sat in the machine and posed for a otograph.

While on a visit to France in 1912, King fonso gave much of s time to aëronautics, d one of the very st things he did be- re leaving for Spain as to attend a review ld in his honor at the rodrome of Buc, near ris, in which ninety roplanes — seventy- e military, fifteen vil—and two military rigibles were in- ected.

Two years before, he Prince of Monaco ad made a trip in a Maurice Farman hy- ro-aëroplane over the ort at Monaco.

In the latter part of 1915, the Spanish King began to take a course in aëronautics under the instruction of an American aviator, A. J. Engel; and on returning to New York in December of that year, Mr. Engel said that King Alfonso already knew all the theory of flying, but that his people had refused to per-

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ALBERT, PRINCE OF WALES, PILOTING HIS BIPLANE

KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND AND PRINCE ALBERT ON THE WESTERN FRONT, EXAMINING A FALLEN PLANE

mit His Majesty to make aërial flights.

Other members of the Spanish royal family have been considerably interested in aëronautics, and in 1917, Infante Don Alonzo, the king's cousin, flew from Madrid to Carthagena in three hours and twenty-one minutes, beating all the Spanish distance records up to that time.

But, perhaps, of those who hold the destinies of nations in their palms, Premier Clemenceau is the real pioneer in flying, for he really made his aërial début in 1870, when he was mayor of Monmartre. He made several ascensions in Nadar and Durand's balloon, "*Neptune.*" This balloon, "*Le Neptune,*" as the French called it, was later on, in September, 1870, the first of sixty-six balloons to leave the besieged city of Paris with mail for the outside world.

and weapons. They were as isolated and invulnerable as the United States or England were supposed to be. But air-craft changed this, just as they changed every other condition of warfare.

Early in the war Germany began air-attemps upon the lives of the Allied rulers, and the German airmen seemed to delight in attacking the popular king and queen of the Belgians. While the first attempt did not jeopardize King Albert and his consort to any considerable degree, the second, in March, 1915, narrowly missed both king and queen.

The Germans, informed by spies of the presence of the Belgian rulers at La Panne, sent six aëroplanes laden with incendiary and explosive bombs over the place while the royalties were there. The king and queen were coming out of church with the rest of

KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN INSPECTING AIR-PLANES IN FRANCE

Before 1914, the dangers of war seldom reached rulers. They could stay away a few hundred miles from the fighting fronts, and were in no danger whatever from enemy fire

the congregation when the German aëroplanes were sighted, flying low.

The king at once told the people to scatter and take shelter, but the aëroplanes ap-

proached so rapidly that few had time to comply with his instructions before the machines were over the village. Two bombs fell a few yards from the king and queen, but they were not hit by the flying fragments. What made this raid worse was that the raiders came from the section of the German front commanded by the Prince of Wurtemberg, who was a first cousin of the Belgian King.

On another occasion, a few days later, Queen Elizabeth was reviewing two Belgian regiments, the Tenth Infantry and a grenadier regiment. Five German aëroplanes appeared over La Panne this time. As soon as they were over the city they began to drop their bombs, apparently aiming at the parade-grounds. Some of the bombs fell near the Red Cross hospital, while others dropped close to the royal villa. One bomb carried away the cornice of a villa and killed a nurse and a little boy whom she was carrying in her arms.

While the presence of the aëroplanes, which were so high as to be almost invisibile, created excitement, they were not allowed to interfere with the review. Unmindful of the fact that the proceedings were punctuated occasionally by the explosion of a bomb, the band struck up a lively march, and the seventy-two companies in the regiments marched past between the queen and the sea. The queen, unconcerned about the danger, sat her horse like a veteran. Her attitude strengthened the nerve of the people massed on the dunes.

Shortly after German aviators began carrying the war "home" to the Allied royalties, and after attempts had been made by the Huns to

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UPON A TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE WESTERN FRONT, PREMIER CLEMENCEAU STOPS TO WITNESS A COMBAT OF FRENCH AND GERMAN AVIATORS

bomb the rulers of several of the Allied nations, attempts to bomb the kaiser or some of his sons began.

That the German Emperor has had many narrow escapes has been attested by newspaper despatches that passed the censorship; and doubtless there have been others that were not disclosed for military reasons.

In April, 1915, Captain de Beauchamp, a noted French airman, who bombed Essen and Munich, made a raid on the kaiser's headquarters at Mézières-Charleville when the German ruler was stationed there; and, according to a Paris newspaper, bombs fell upon the house occupied by Wilhelm and used also as headquarters. As a result of this, the emperor moved six miles from the city. Captain de Beauchamp was killed in December of the same year in an air-fight near Douaumont, his machine falling within the French lines. In his flight to Munich, Captain de Beauchamp crossed the Alps and covered a distance of 437 miles.

A German official communiqué of September 22, 1915, gives an account of an attempt of the Allied aviators to bomb German royalty, and a French communiqué issued the same day also told of this attack:

> In retaliation for the bombardments by the Germans of open towns and civilian populations of France and England [said the note] a group of aeroplanes set out this morning to bombard Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg. About a hundred shells were dropped near the royal palace and the railroad stations. Our aeroplanes, which were cannonaded at different points along the line, returned in safety to their base.

The German communication stated:

> Enemy airmen appeared at 8:15 o'clock this morning over Stuttgart, dropping bombs on the town, killing four persons and wounding a number of soldiers and civilians. The material damage was quite unimportant. The airmen were fired at by our anti-aircraft troops and disappeared in a southern direction at 8:30 o'clock. Owing to the fact that soon after 7:45 o'clock the military authorities were informed of their approach, the population was warned late. A German airman arrived over Stuttgart at 9:30 o'clock. He was fired on from below for a short time, until he was with certainty recognized as a German airman. He landed unhurt.

The next attempt to drop a "message" to the kaiser was probably on October 2, 1915, upon Wilhelm's return from the Russian front. It was announced at that time that the German emperor would establish his headquarters in the city of Luxemburg, which the Germans called a neutral one, although it was always utilized by them for military purposes. Twenty-four hours later, on October 3, the French War Office made the following laconic statement:

> A group of aeroplanes this morning bombarded the station, the railroad bridge, and the military buildings at Luxemburg.

Just twenty-five days later a despatch from Paris announced that the kaiser had narrowly escaped death that day when an aviator of the Allies dropped a bomb upon the train in which the German emperor was riding. The engineer was killed.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE AND BONAR LAW USED THIS DE HAVILAND BIPLANE TO FLY BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS WHILE ATTENDING THE PEACE CONFERENCE

While the Christmas holidays of 1915 were still being celebrated at the German great headquarters, British aëroplanes scouts succeeded in locating the place where the General Staff was housed and dropped several bombs in the neighborhood. One of the bombs, it is said, exploded only two hundred yards from the room where the emperor was dining.

The aviators were compelled to retire under a strong shell-fire from the anti-aircraft guns posted near by. All of the British machines returned safely.

In the early part of 1916 the French made an air-raid on Karlsruhe. This occurred at 3:10 in the afternoon. The Queen of Sweden, the daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, as well as the Grand Duke, the Grand Duchess

Louise, and the Dowager Grand Duchess of Hesse were in Karlsruhe during the attack. The Queen of Sweden was in the castle, but the other royal personages were at church.

Every time the kaiser visited the battle-front during the latter part of 1916 and early part of 1917, he was in danger of losing his life; for it was reported in a message from Bern, in February, 1917, that, besides his narrow escape on the train, a house in which the German ruler slept during a visit to the western front a short time previously was hit by a bomb from a French aëroplane a few minutes after the kaiser, the crown prince, and their staffs had left. As it was, the uniforms and other personal effects of the kaiser were destroyed, together with a number of important documents.

Allied air-raiders, in an attack on the St. Peter's station, in Ghent, Belgium, on June 8, 1917, just missed the German Kaiser, his second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, and a numerous staff, declared a London despatch of that date. All these personages were at the station when the attack came, said an "Exchange-Telegraph" correspondent on the Dutch frontier. Just how narrowly the kaiser escaped death is evident from the statement that three army officers not far from the imperial party were killed.

During the summer of 1917, Allied aviators dropped bombs on Homburg while the German emperor was staying there, according to a traveler who arrived in Copenhagen on August 17 from Germany. This traveler, who was at Frankfort-on-the-Main when it was attacked by French aviators in the early part of August, said that it was reported there that the same aviators had dropped bombs on Homburg. It was said at that time that one of the emperor's two headquarters was in Homburg. Returning with his staff from the Verdun front, the kaiser had a narrow escape during a reprisal raid of a British air-squadron on Mannheim in December, 1917, according to a despatch from Basle at that time. Only about an hour earlier, the emporor's special train left the station, which was partly destroyed by several bombs. A section of the tracks was torn up, cutting communication to the north. In fact, the emperor's train was the last to leave Mannheim, and no trains arrived at Basle the following day from that city. Two bombs fell on the palace and one on the suspension-bridge across the Neckar River, both structures being badly damaged. An ammunition factory in a northern suburb was blown up. Few persons were killed, however, as the employees were having a holiday. A considerable number of persons were killed or injured within the town and several were blown into the Rhine.

Prince Eitel Friedrich also came in for attention from Allied aviators, particularly when he was in command of the Second Division of the Prussian Guard in the Department of the Oise, in the latter days of October, 1915. For a time he occupied the château of Avricourt, belonging to Count Balny. French aviators bombed his headquarters there, and he left hurriedly in 1916 for Fretoy-le-Château, where he occupied the property of M. Dubois. He took with him all the furniture, dishes, and plates of Count Balny.

Russian prisoners of war were brought there to dig a deep underground shelter from aëroplane bombs for the prince.

THE KING OF ITALY, ACCOMPANIED BY SIGNOR GIANNI CAPRONI, THE NOTED AIR-PLANE CONSTRUCTOR, MAKING A TOUR OF INSPECTION OF THE CAPRONI FACTORY AT MILAN.

Prince Eitel was seen every morning during his sojourn at Fretoy spading in the garden of the château. French aviators surprised him at the exercise one morning in July, 1916. Their bombs demolished the headquarters of the army telephone service and did other damage, whereupon the prince and his staff moved away.

Two German airmen made a daring attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia. On the morning of the twelfth of April, 1916, the Germans learned in some way that the czar was to hold a military review at Shvanets, and two machines immediately took to the air with a supply of bombs.

One of the enemy machines was attacked near Chotin, as it came from the direction of Boyan, and the Russian aviators compelled the German sky-fighter to retreat. Meanwhile another German machine succeeded in reaching Shvanets, which is on the River Dneister, opposite Chotin, and threw down bombs, the explosion of which it was stated at the time, wounded only a sentinel. Later reports, however, declared that the czar had been wounded, narrowly escaping death, and that generals Busiloc and Ivanoe, who were in charge of operations at the time of the czar's visit, were bitterly reproached.

An attempt was made on the Rumanian royal family, November 15, 1915, when hostile aviators dropped bombs over the royal palace at Bukharest. The queen and the princess, however, were not in the building at the time. A great number of bombs were dropped over the palace.

The royal family of Montenegro also were in danger from Teutonic aviators early in the war, and several attacks were made on places where they were believed to be during the first few months of 1915. Perhaps the most dangerous attack for the members of the royal family occured on April 1 of that year, when an Austrian aviator flew above the royal palace and dropped seven bombs. None of the royal family was hurt, but one of the bombs, falling in the palace courtyard, wounded four civilians and caused heavy damage.

When members of the royal family of Montenegro left the country to seek safety in France, the ship on which Queen Milena, Princess Xenie and Vera, and the Montenegrin officials took passage in the night for Brindisi, was pursued all the way across the Adriatic by submarines and sea-planes.

In August of 1916, while King Nicholas of Montenegro was paying a visit to the French front to bestow the Montenegrin military medal on General Gouraud, former commander of the French Expeditionary Force at the Dardanelles, a number of German aëroplanes flew over the headquarters of a colonel of the French Army, where the king was stopping. The hostile machines dropped bombs, and, in return, drew a hot fire from the French artillery. The king, with glasses, followed the evolutions of the war planes, noting the shots that put them to flight.

Emperor Charles of Austria-Hungary narrowly escaped death from bombs of Italian aviators in the latter part of February, 1917. The emperor was in Pola attending the funeral of a former commander of the Austrian Navy. Archduke Frederick and other dignitaries were also present, and the kaiser had planned to attend, but was delayed at Vienna and could not reach Pola in time. As the funeral cortège passed through the streets the Italian aëroplanes appeared, the aviators dropping explosives and incendiary bombs. The emperor was not injured.

By September, 1916, the Allied aviators had so frightened King Ferdinand of Bulgaria that he was reported to be spending his nights in sleeping in a cellar. Aviators were in the habit of bombing Sofia, flying from Salonica, and the king promptly took to the cellar, which he had strengthened with steel plates. It was said to be luxuriously furnished.

When Secretary Baker went to France in the early part of 1918, aërial warfare was just becoming a dangerous factor. The Germans were bombing Paris and London at every opportunity, and Allied aviators were bombing German headquarters, hoping to strike the place where the kaiser was hiding.

On the day that Secretary Baker was in Paris for a conference with General Tasker H. Bliss, the American Chief of Staff, and Major-General William M. Black, the air-alarm was sounded. The firemen's sirens and the barrage of anti-aircraft guns soon filled the air, and the policemen went about the city shouting, "Take cover!"

The records show that on that particular day the kaiser, who was at his palace at Spa, had a similar experience and, also being a prudent man, he also "took cover." The kaiser had a special cellar at Spa which was absolutely bomb-proof.

THE CRIMSON PATCH

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Slipper-Point Mystery," etc.

CHAPTER I

SUITE NUMBER 403

So this was to be her home—and for three long months! Patricia Meade dropped her suitcase on a convenient chair and gazed curiously about her. A hotel bedroom, with stiff-looking twin brass beds, two willow rockers, one straight chair, an imposing mahogany bureau, and one small table—absolutely all the furniture, if one excepted the stiff draperies at the windows and one or two not particularly artistic pastel pictures adorning the wall. Through a door and across the intervening sitting-room she could see another bedroom similarly equipped.

In the sitting-room her father, Captain Meade, was tipping the grinning bell-boy who had brought up their luggage—a snub-nosed, blue-eyed, curly-haired young chap whose gaze was riveted adoringly on the captain's khaki uniform. When the boy was gone, the captain turned to the door of Patricia's bedroom.

"Well, honey! Not much like home, eh? Do you think you can stand it for three months? Jove! if she has n't got her suitcase and is unpacking already!"

Patricia was indeed frantically flinging her belongings about.

"Oh, it 's jolly!" she replied, over her shoulder. "But you 're right about it 's not being much like home. I felt as if I 'd just expire if I could n't see a few things strewn around in a sort of careless and cozy way, as if people really *lived* here!" She rose suddenly from her kneeling posture before the suitcase, ran across the room, and thumped both stiff pillows on the beds, knocking them a trifle awry. "There! Now they look more like real beds that you sleep in and less like advertisements in the back of a magazine!" She laughed. "The sitting-room 's a little better, with that big table and the pretty reading-lamp and the comfortable chairs. But do let 's get a lot of papers and magazines and books at once, and have them lying all around as we do at home. Mother would be scandalized—she 's always picking them up after us," she went rattling on, and then stopped abruptly, lips quivering, eyes bright with sudden tears.

"If mother could only be with us!" she sobbed.

"Now, honey, don't—" the captain soothed her, laying his arm lovingly around her shoulder. "Remember you 're a soldier's daughter; and—well, brace up! Mother 's going to be beautifully taken care of in that sanatorium, and Aunt Harriet is with her, to keep her company and incidentally to indulge in some little pet cures of her own, on the side."

"But why, oh! *why* did it have to nappen just *now?*" wailed Patricia. refusing to be comforted.

"Is it any wonder that she broke down completely and had a bad case of nervous protration after waiting over a year for me to come back from France? And feeling sure, too, for the last six months that she 'd never see me alive again after she heard I 'd been taken a prisoner to Germany? It 's enough to have broken down the nerve of a cave-woman. And your mother was always delicate."

"Oh, Daddy! it was like getting you back from the dead," sighed Patricia, hiding her head on his shoulder and shuddering at the memory. "And in three months you 're going back again!"

"But not to the dangers and horrors this time," he reminded her, and, "worse luck!" he added half under his breath. "Fortunately or unfortunately, my constitution will never stand the strain of trench life again, after a few months of German prison diet, etc. But I 'm only too thankful that the Government has found use for me in some other capacity."

Patricia, who had been perched on his knee, snuggling her head in his coat-collar, suddenly sat up straight and looked him in the eyes.

"Daddy, can't you tell me what it *is* you 're doing?" she begged. "I don't ask just from idle curiosity. I want to understand. I want to help you if I can. I love America, and I am a soldier's daughter, and I want to act intelligently about things and be of some use. That 's one reason I 'm so glad you 've allowed me to be with you in this strange, big city and in this great hotel for three months—besides the joy of not being separated from you before you go back to Europe again for goodness knows how long! *I* want to *do* something for my country, too!"

The captain stroked his short mustache for several silent moments before answering.

"I quite understand how you feel," he said

at length. "And I appreciate it. You 're seventeen, Patricia—almost a woman grown. I know I could *trust* you utterly with the whole thing, but it is n't wise—in fact, it is n't even allowable. A government secret is a government secret, and cannot be revealed even to one's nearest and dearest. This much only I can tell you. While I was a prisoner I stumbled upon a very valuable secret, something new possessed by the enemy, which, however, they have not had the gumption to make use of properly. But I saw that it could be vastly improved upon and made a hundred times more effective. The Government has charged me with this task, and I 'm to take it back with me when I go. It 's a very vital and important thing, Patricia, and may turn the tide for us. More I cannot tell you. It would not be wise or even safe for you to know. And you can help me most by appearing to know nothing whatever about my affairs. Remember that—to *know nothing, whatever happens.*" He was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door and went to open it.

"Telegram for you, sir," grinned the bellboy of the snub nose and twinkling eyes. Captain Meade tore it open hastily.

"Here 's a pretty pickle!" he exclaimed, handing the yellow slip to Patricia. "Your Aunt Evelyn fell yesterday, just before she was to take the train from Chicago to meet us here, and will be laid up for the next six or eight weeks with a broken leg. Just like Evelyn!" he added impatiently. "She was always the worst youngster for falling down and getting damaged at critical moments. And she 's kept it up consistently all the rest of her life. I 'm sorry for her, of course, but what on earth are we to do?"

They stared blankly at each other.

"Poor Aunt Evelyn!" sighed Patricia, sympathetically. "She was looking forward so to this three months' holiday! She wrote that she had n't been away from home even a week for the last ten years, and was going to enjoy the rest so much. I 'm awfully sorry for her. She 'll be so disappointed."

"Yes, but that does n't solve the problem of what *we 're* going to do," argued the captain. "She was to be your companion here. I can't be around all the time. I may even have to be away several days at a stretch. A young girl like you can't stay alone in a big hotel. What in Sancho *are* we going to do?" He ran his hands through his hair despairingly. "It was only on the basis of her being able to join us that your mother and I consented to this arrangement at all. I guess now you 'll have to go out to Chicago and stay with her, after all. There 's nowhere else for you to go."

"Oh, Daddy, Daddy, don't!" implored Patricia, hurling herself at him in a panic. "I could n't, I simply *could n't*, stand being parted from you now. Aunt Evelyn would be in bed and a trained nurse puttering around her all the time—there 'd be nothing for me to do. I 'd be simply wretched. We can have such a cozy time here, we two, and I 'll promise to be very good and quiet and read a lot, and stay here in our own suite all by myself when you are away. I 've brought a lot of fancy-work, too, and I 'm going to do Red Cross knitting and make all my Christmas presents during these three summer months. So I 'll be very, very busy. Do say yes, Daddy!"

Captain Meade looked only half convinced.

"I don't like it at all, Patricia. It will not only be lonely for you; it may possibly even be *dangerous*. There are spies about us all the time. If they should happen to nose out my mission, they 'd no doubt try to make it hot for me—and for you, too. Your Aunt Evelyn was to be your safeguard. But now—"

Patricia suddenly interrupted him.

"Do you have to go away for any length of time very soon? I mean, to go for several days?"

"Well, no," he admitted. "I 'm supposed to be giving lectures at the churches and Y. M. C. A.'s of this city and hereabout on my experiences as a prisoner. That, however, is hardly more than a 'blind' to cover my real work. It will take me away some afternoons and evenings, but I shall not stay away overnight for a few weeks yet, in all likelihood."

"Then, Daddy," urged the wily Patricia, grasping eagerly at this straw, "until you find you have really to be absent for any length of time, let me stay with you. If later on you should find you must go, then we can see what to do. Meantime let 's be happy together for a while and see what 's going to turn up. I 'll even go to Chicago then, if you insist."

And then Captain Meade relinquished the argument, glad to settle the vexed question, at least temporarily. "Very well," he said a trifle relunctantly; "stay you shall, since you wish it so, at least for a while. But, Patricia, attend to what I am going to say, and never forget it under any circumstances. It 's an old saying that 'walls have ears,' but it was never truer than it is in these days and in a

big hotel. Trust no one. Hear everything, see everything—and say nothing. My very life, and even yours too, may depend upon your obeying me in this implicitly."

Patricia nodded gravely. "I understand. Father," was all she replied. But her brain was a-whirl with feverish, delicious excitement. "Spies," "danger," "secret mission"—the magic words gave her an indescribable thrill. And yet, with it all, she realized, too, the gravity of the affair; and the realization served to give her a mental balance beyond her years.

"But now let 's go down to dinner," cried the captain, gaily, glad to change to a subject less tense. "I 've an appetite worthy of an ex-prisoner in a German camp!"

As they passed out into the corridor, Patricia glanced up at the number over their door. "Suite 403!" she said, squeezing her father's arm. "Now I wonder just what 's going to happen to us while this is our home number?"

CHAPTER II

FRIENDS OR ENEMIES?

THEY made their way through the long corridors, down the elevator, past the cozy sunparlors, and into the imposing dining-room. To Patricia it was all a splendid adventure, even without the strange, new element so recently hinted at by her father.

"Daddy," she began, when they were settled at a comfortable table for two in a remote corner, "I wonder if you realize how simply heavenly it is for me to sit down to a meal like this (not to speak of all the meals to come) and pick out just the things I want to eat, without having cooked or helped to cook them all beforehand, and knowing I won't have to wash the dishes afterward!" She picked up the menu and scanned it luxuriously. "Now I think some cream-of-asparagus soup and a tenderloin steak and some nice French-fried potatoes would just suit me to-night."

There was no response to her remark, and glancing up curiously, she found her father's gaze riveted on the waiter who had just arrived to take their order. Patricia, too, turned her attention to the man, and found him a singularly unprepossessing person. He was of medium height, with a swarthy skin, and black hair plastered closely down the sides of his head. His eyebrows were extremely black and bushy, and one eyelid drooped conspicuously. Several of his prominent front teeth were of gold, and gleamed in a sinister manner when he spoke. His voice was thick and husky and had a foreign accent.

"Are you to be the regular man for this table?" questioned the captain. The man merely nodded in sullen affirmation.

"I want to know your name," pursued Captain Meade. "I expect to be here some time and may keep this table. And if I 'm going to have any one about me regularly, I prefer to call him by the name that belongs to him. What 's yours?"

"Peter Stoger," still sullenly.

"What nationality?"

"Swiss."

"Very well, Peter. You may take our order." And without further remark the captain dismissed him.

"Daddy, I don't like that man," whispered Patricia when he was gone. "He looks like an alien enemy. I don't believe he 's Swiss at all. Can't we have another? I know he 's going to make me uncomfortable and worry me."

"Oh, he 's all right," replied the captain, easily. "You must learn not to mind an unprepossessing outer appearance. If he makes a good waiter, nothing else about *him* will matter much to us. Don't get 'spies' on the brain."

Patricia subsided, unconvinced, and they both gazed quietly about them for the few moments while they were waiting to be served.

"Oh, Daddy," whispered Patricia, "don't look for a minute or two, but is n't that a lovely woman at the table diagonally at our right, just a little behind you? She reminds me somehow of Aunt Evelyn. And there 's a pretty girl with her, just about my age, I should think; but I wonder what makes her look so queer and cross and—and sullen."

After a proper interval, Captain Meade glanced in the direction indicated. The woman's appearance was certainly striking enough to attract attention in any assembly. Her wavy gray hair was elaborately dressed, she had large, liquid brown eyes, she was beautifully, if quietly, gowned, and was of imposing height and build.

"She does look a little like your Aunt Evelyn," he agreed, "only much handsomer and more imposing; and the young person with her *does n't* seem to be enjoying life."

The girl in question did indeed appear very unhappy. She was fifteen or sixteen years old, but of a slight, fragile build that made her seem younger. Her hair, a mass of dark curls, was tied back simply at the nape of her neck.

But her lovely face was marred by a pouting, sullen mouth, and her big dark eyes gazed about her with an expression that struck Patricia as one half frightened, half rebellious. She did not often look about her, however, but kept her gaze in the main riveted on her plate. Her companion chatted with her almost continuously, but she answered only in monosyllables or not at all.

They were a strange pair. Patricia could not understand them at all, nor could she, for the remainder of the meal, keep her eyes long from turning toward their table. The older woman fascinated her not only by her handsome appearance and vague resemblance to her aunt, but also because of some subtle attraction in her vivacious manner. Once she looked up suddenly, caught Patricia's gaze fixed on her, and smiled in so winning a manner that Patricia was impelled to smile back in response. The girl puzzled her by her strange, inexplicable conduct toward one who was so evidently interested and absorbed in her. Patricia found herself wondering more and more what could be the relationship between the two.

But their own meal now delightfully finished with French ice-cream and tiny cups of black coffee, Patricia and her father rose to leave the dining-room. Their way led directly past the table that had so deeply interested Patricia. As she approached it, she noticed that a dainty handkerchief belonging to the older woman had fallen unheeded to the floor at her side. Stooping to pick it up, Patricia restored it, and was rewarded by another charming smile and a "Thank you, dear!" But in the same instant her eye caught that of the young girl, and was held by it for a long, tense moment. Patricia was no practised reader of expression, but it seemed to her that in this moment, fear, hope, dread, and longing were all mirrored successively in the beautiful dark eyes raised to her face. Then the lids were dropped, and the girl went on eating in apparent unconcern.

Patricia and her father passed on. They had almost reached the door of the big dining-room when Captain Meade stopped suddenly to grasp the hand of an elderly lady seated at a table near the door.

"Mrs. Quale! by all things unexpected! How do you happen to be here? Let me present my daughter Patricia." Patricia made her best curtesy to one of the quaintest little elderly ladies she thought she had ever seen.

"Delighted to know Patricia," began Mrs. Quale. "I 'm here by virtue of having my house burn down, not exactly over my head, but while I was away in New Haven. Carelessness of old Juno, my colored cook. She would keep too hot a range fire and overheated the chimney. At any rate, here I am till the thing is rebuilt, and a precious long job they are making of it, with all these war-time restrictions. So this is Patricia! I saw her once before, when she was a tiny baby. Are you staying here, Captain Meade?"

The captain sketched briefly for her the reason of their presence in the big hotel—his wife's breakdown and departure to a sanatorium; the closing-up of their home and his coming to the city with Patricia for a combination holiday for her and lecture-program for him; of their disappointment about Aunt Evelyn, and their consequent predicament.

"Well, don't you worry your head another moment about Patricia," laughed Mrs. Quale. "Fate seems to have arranged things very nicely so that I should be here to act as her chaperon whenever necessary, and general adviser at all times. My suite is 720, ninth floor. Be sure you call on me soon, Patricia, and we 'll get really acquainted in short order. Your father played in my back yard as a child (his house was right next door to ours), so I feel quite like a grandmother to you."

"I like Mrs. Quale, Daddy," Patricia confided to her father as they were ascending in the elevator to their rooms. "I like the way her hair is fixed in those queer, old-fashioned scallops, and her dear, round, soft face, and her jolly manner. But how is it I 've never heard you speak of her before?"

"She is an old friend of my boyhood days," replied her father, "and, as she said, we used to live next door to her. I don't know why I did n't think of her right away when your aunt's telegram came. I should n't have hesitated to take you straight to her and put you in her care. However, if her house is out of commission and she 's staying here, it answers the purpose even better. You must be sure to call on her in her rooms to-morrow. Now I 'm afraid you 're in for a lonely evening, Patricia, for I have an important business matter to attend to, and may be detained rather late. Telephone down to the office for anything you need or any attention you want, but don't leave these rooms on any consideration —short of a fire. To-morrow we 'll do the town and go out somewhere in the evening,

so I hope you won't be lonely to-night—eh, honey?"

"Indeed I won't be lonely. Don't you worry about me a minute!" agreed Patricia. "I 've heaps of things to do."

When Captain Meade had gone, Patricia flew about, busily occupying herself with unpacking her trunk and making her bedroom a little more homelike with a few of her own personal knicknacks and belongings. When this occupation could be prolonged no further, she sank down in a cozy chair by the table in the living-room, intending to read a magazine, but in reality to dream delightfully over the events of the day and her father's strange, half-exhilarating, half-terrifying hints.

A great hotel full of people,—literally hundreds of them, coming and going continually, some of them friends, some of them enemies, perhaps, and she, Patricia Meade, in the center of it,—she and her father the very center of a whirlpool of plots and danger, perhaps! Then more sober thought reminded her that there was, in all probability, no likelihood of anything particularly thrilling happening except in her own imagination, and she laughed at herself for romancing. They would have a very delightful holiday, she and her father. He would accomplish safely and without difficulty the mission that occupied him, they would return home to a reunited household at the end of the summer, and then he would go away "over there" again.

At this point in her reverie she suddenly dropped into an unpleasant depression and decided to send for a sandwich and a glass of milk, write a tiny note to her mother, and go to bed. All at once she realized how very tired she was and how the excitement and exhilaration had all evaporated, leaving only weariness in their place. Rather timidly she telephoned her order to the office and sat down again to await its arrival.

Five minutes later she answered a knock at the door, to find the grinning, imp-like bell-boy of their first encounter standing there with a tray.

"Did n't have no chicken left, ma'am, so I got you tongue. Best I could do," he vouchsafed.

"Oh, thanks! That will do just as well," she replied; then something impelled her to inquire, "Do you always answer the calls in this corrdior?"

"Yep—at least I try to work it tnat way. I got a reason!" he ended darkly.

"A reason? What is it?" she asked idly.

"Not allowed to tell. State secret. Governor forbids it." He grinned; and Patricia found herself laughing as much at his seriocomic expression as at his very apparent nonsense. "Anything else wanted?" he ended.

"Nothing but your name," she replied, following her father's tactics. "If you 're going to be around here regularly, my father would like to know it."

"Oh, it 's Chester, just Chester Jackson; but mostly I 'm called Chet," he said, apparently a trifle dumfounded to think that any one should care for the information. To the hotel at large he was only "Number 27."

"Well, good-night. That will be all, I think." And Patricia turned back into the room to lay the tray on the table. But as she retraced her steps to close the door, she suddenly remembered that she had meant to order ice-water for the night also. and walked out into the corridor to see if Chet was still in sight. He was not, however, and she turned back toward her own door, murmuring, "Oh, well, it does n't really matter. I don't want to bother 'phoning down again. Daddy can send for it when he comes in."

What impelled her just at that instant to turn her head and glance over her shoulder she never quite knew. Perhaps if she had not. if she had gone quietly in and closed her door, all future events might have been different. At any rate, turn her head she did, drawn by some mysterious power, and beheld a curious sight.

A door diagonally opposite her own, across the corridor, was standing a trifle ajar. It had not been so while she was talking to the bell-boy, of that she was positive, nor had she heard the faintest sound of its being opened. And in the opening was framed a face, gazing at her absorbedly, intently. Patricia's heart gave a sudden leap. It was the face of the young girl she had noticed in the dining-room.

So unexpected to both was this encounter of eyes that for a long instant neither could remove her gaze. Patricia was first to recover her poise; moreover, truth to tell, she was even a trifle pleased at this opportunity to break the growing monotony of the evening. She smiled her friendliest smile at the face across the corridor, and with its resultant effect on the girl in the opposite doorway she was not a little astonished. The expression in the big black eyes changed suddenly from watchfulness to wonder, and a slow, reluctant answer-

ing smile curved the sullen mouth. The effect was like a shaft of sunlight breaking through a black cloud.

"I was looking for our bell-boy," Patricia called across laughingly and informally. "He escaped before I could ask for ice-water."

"Oh, thanks! Since you are so very—"

At this moment the door of the room adjoining hers opened, and a waiter came out, bearing in his hands a tray of used dishes, and passed directly between them, along the corridor. He glanced neither to the right nor

"HIS PASSING HAD BROKEN THE SPELL OF THE NEW ACQUAINTANCE"

The girl in the opposite doorway suddenly realized that her presence too, might call for some explanation.

"I was looking for my—ah—for Madame Vanderpoel," she hesitated. 'She has gone out. I am a little lonely—and was watching for her—to return." She spoke with a noticeably foreign accent, and her manner was reticent and confused. But Patricia, for some inexplicable reason, felt immediately drawn to her. The girl was lonely. So was she. What possible objection could there be to spending a while in each others' company?

"Why, I 'm lonely, too," she vouchsafed. "My father was to be away for all the evening. Won't you come in and sit with me awhile? I 've a couple of sandwiches that we can divide, or I can send for more. Do come!"

For a moment it seemed as if the girl was about to consent. A surprised, dimpling smile lit her face for a instant, and she replied:

left, and disappeared in a moment down the turning at the end of the hall Patricia realized with a tiny qualm of dislike that it was the waiter of her own table. But his passing had broken the spell of the new acquaintance.

"I thank you—but—this evening I must stay in the room," the girl resumed, inexplicably contradicting what she had plainly intended to say at first. The bright smile was gone. Her face had again assumed the clouded, sullen expression. Patricia was thoroughly puzzled.

"Well, that 's too bad!" was all she could find to reply. "Same here, or perhaps I could run over to you. Are you staying here long?"

"I think so. I am not sure how long."

"Oh, well, then we 'll have plenty of time to get acquainted. Good night" Patricia ended pleasantly, as she closed her door.

(To be continued)

(THE WONDERING BOY: SIXTH BALLAD)

By CLARA PRATT MEADOWCROFT

Kay had this peculiarity, that his breath lasted nine days and nine nights under water, and he could exist nine days and nine nights without sleep. . . . And he had another peculiarity—so great was the heat of his nature that when it rained hardest, whatever he carried remained dry for a hand-breath above and a hand-breath below his hand; and when his companions were coldest, it was to them as fuel with which to light their fire.

From the Tale of Kilhwch and Olwen.

Down, down, where the light is green and blue, deep down in the under-sea;
Through tangled forests where no birds sing, but fish swim silently;
Past coral castles that arch and spire, where the blue-haired sea-folk dwell;
Past old sea-gardens, dim as a dream, o'ergrown with weed and shell;

Down, down, to the wide wet pasture-lands, where the mild sea-cows graze
(Faintly their bells ring up through the sea, as they wander the sandy ways);
And on to the lonesome, weedy wastes that border the deeps unknown,
Where, silent and slow and ceaselessly, the tides march up and down.

Through that unknown world, 'neath the blue sea-roof, swam the Wondering Boy and Kay,
Kay the Knight, who for nine full suns in the watery world could stay;
And whatever he carried for light or warmth or food in his charmèd hand,
For a hand-breadth over and underneath was as dry as if borne on land.

Armored from head to foot was Kay, like a great fish silver-scaled.
On many a quest had he set forth, and never a quest had failed.
But never a quest like this before! The earth was filled with despair,
For the old sea-dragon, so long asleep, had sprung from his secret lair.

From the gem-lit caverns the sea-folk loved, he forced them all to flee,
And strewn in glittering, wave-swept heaps lay the cities of the sea.
From coast to coast had the dragon raged, still proof against mortal might;
Till quick to the cry of the Wondering Boy came the valiant Water-Knight.

"THROUGH THAT UNKNOWN WORLD . . . SWAM THE WONDERING BOY AND KAY"

Now a sea-horse passed them, wild with fear, his white mane streaming back;
And now a bevy of little fish, with their eyes agog, in his track;
Then a murmurous music drifted by, like the song of a shore-bound shell,
And a group of little sea-maids fled past, waving a white farewell.

On the verge of the lower seas they stood; and before they plunged below,
Kay kindled the silver lamp he bore, which burned with a steady glow.
Far up through the watery dark they gazed, then dived through the deep once more,
Till they came to a long gray shape of dread that lay on the ocean floor.

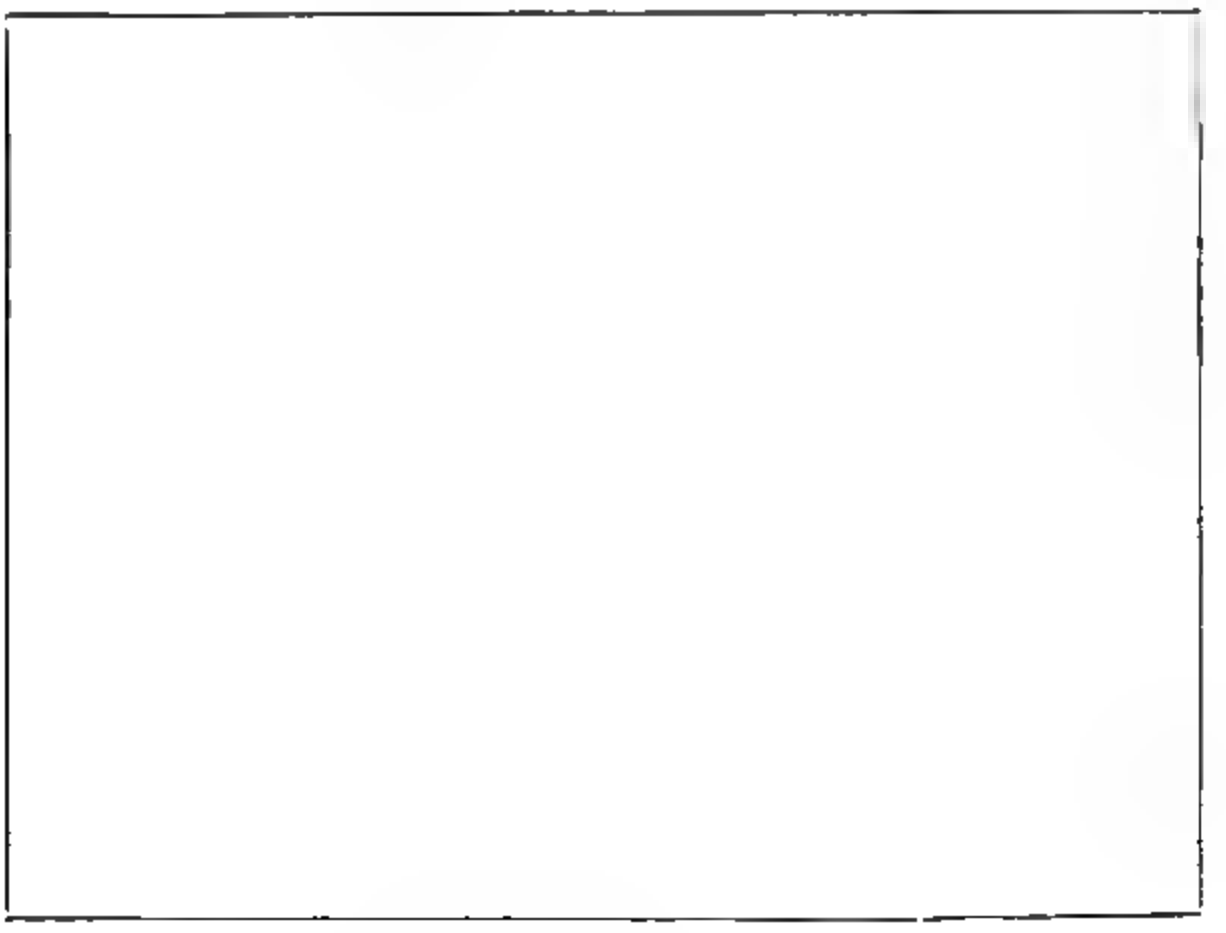
"Now challenge him fair!" cried the Water-Knight, "as an Englishman must do.
No knight may creep on his foe by stealth who would keep his honor true."
"Come out!" cried the Boy. "We are Englishmen!" They stood as a shining mark.
The answer came with a hissing sound—a bolt, shot out of the dark.

"My fay!" cried the Knight, in sudden wrath. "Now hold up the lantern high.
Since this is the only tongue he speaks, we will make him a like reply."
Swiftly he hurled his faery lance, and leaped to the monster's side;
While the Boy held the silver lantern high, and the light spread fair and wide.

The bolts shot out, and the bright steel flashed, and ever its aim was true;
But harmless it glanced from the dragon's side, ere back to the Knight it flew.
"Is he proof against faery steel?" asked Kay, as his strength was overborne.
The faery lamp gave a sudden flare and flashed on the dragon's horn—

The single, towering magical horn that grew on the monster's brow.
Straight to that mark the lance went true, and the dragon was vanquished now:
A dumb and sightless and coward thing, he rolled on the ocean bed,
While swift through the seas, from rock to cave, the wonderful tidings spread.

The sea-folk builded their walls again to the music of singing strings;
While, thronging along the ocean paths, danced jubilant, finny things.
The mer-children played by the dragon's side, and wove him a seaweed crown,
As he lay, a helpless and harmless thing, where the tides march up and down.



PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—II

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battlefront of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc.

IN the last issue of ST. NICHOLAS we outlined a plan for an entire village of small houses—not doll-houses, but buildings made of large packing-boxes, large enough for the builders and citizens of Packing-box Village. The first work, after laying out the village, was to build a barn, which could be used as a general construction headquarters and storehouse for tools and materials. Although not a very interesting building, the barn was a good piece of work to begin with, because it did not have to be as neatly finished as a cottage, and mistakes made in constructing it did not matter much, while the experience afforded in erecting it will help us in constructing the rest of the buildings. Now we are going to build one of the cottages, and we shall have to be very careful to make a neat job of it.

THE MITER-BOX

BEFORE we go any farther we should equip ourselves with a couple of devices which are indispensable to carpenters, namely, a level and a miter-box, and of the two we ought to make the miter-box first, because we shall need it in making the level. The construction of the miter-box is shown very clearly in Figs. 1 and 2. It consists of an open trough 18" long, made of 1" stuff. The bottom board should be 8" wide and the side boards 6" high. After the trough has been made we must lay out two diagonal lines at an angle of 45°, as well as one line at the center of the box at right angles to its length. To do this we must first draw a line across the top of the box at the center, as indicated at *A-A*, Fig. 2, and this should be extended down the side boards, both inside and out. It would be best to borrow a carpenter's square in order to be sure to get these lines at right angles to the box Then, very carefully, we must saw down through the sides of the box along these lines to the bottom board of the miter-box. This done, lines should be drawn on the outside of each side board 5" from this center cut, and diagonal lines should be drawn across the upper edges of the side boards connecting these lines, as shown at *B-B* and *C-C*. These lines will be inclined at an angle of exactly 45° if our measurements have been correct. After having drawn our lines, we may proceed to make the two diagonal cuts with the saw. It will help us to keep our saw at the proper angle if we tack guide-strips to the box, as shown in Fig. 3. Of course, these strips are to be removed after the cuts have been made.

A CARPENTER'S LEVEL

AN ordinary spirit-level may be picked up for a few cents in a hardware store, but boys who like to do things will prefer making their own level. As a spirit-level is not very readily made, we had better resort to the old-fashioned carpenter's level, shown in Fig. 4. First we must find a straight piece of wood about 2½" wide and 24" long; this may be of ¾" stuff, or even narrower. One face of this stick, which is to form the bottom of the level, should be planed perfectly true. Next we shall require two strips 12" long and 1½" wide, which must have their ends cut at an angle of 45° in our miter-box. In order to have both sticks of exactly the same length, they should both be placed in the miter-box, one on top of the other, and the saw cut made through the two together. Assemble the pieces as shown in the drawing. The strips should be glued together, and to the bottom piece, and also nailed fast with long brads. A double-point carpet-tack should be driven into the two sticks at the top of the level, and to this a cord should be tied, with a weight at the lower end. For the weight, or plumb-bob, we may use a sinker, or, if that is not to be had, a stone will do. Next we must make a mark on the bottom stick which

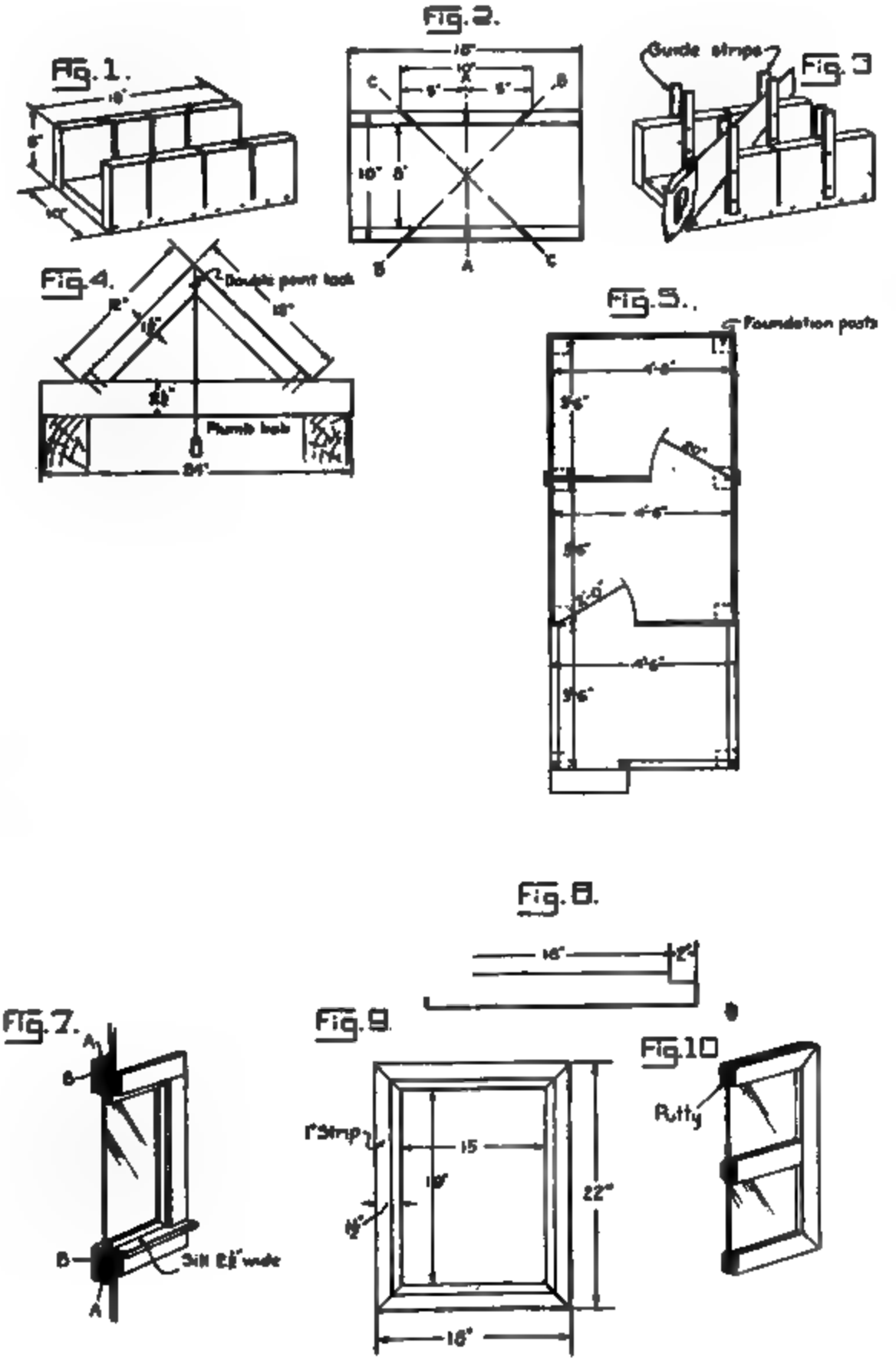
will register with the plumb-line when this stick is in level position. To find the right place for this mark, we may set the level on a couple of blocks, as shown in the drawing, and mark lightly the position of the plumb-line. Then the level may be turned around and the position of the plumb-line noted again. If the two blocks are not on absolutely the same level, we shall have two lines marked on the bottom stick, and the true level line will then be just half-way between the two lines. This should be scored with a knife, so that it may not easily be obliterated.

A TWO-ROOM COTTAGE

Now we are ready for work on the cottage. We shall suppose that we have obtained two boxes of the same size, and that these boxes measure 4′-6″ in height and width and 3′-6″ in depth. Boxes are usually made with a framed end, to which the side boards are nailed. It will be an advantage to have the walls of our house built with vertical boards, and so we had better set the boxes on end. The upper framed ends should be taken out, leaving the boxes open to the roof, so as to furnish more head room.

FOUNDATIONS

To avoid damp floors, it will be well to raise the boxes off the ground. If we can find eight stout boxes, measuring about a foot each way, they will make excellent foundation posts. Fig. 5 shows a plan view of our cottage. It will be noted that we are going to have a front porch 3′-6″ wide, and the foundation posts are shown by dotted lines at the corners of the porch and of each box. After the house has been completed, the space between the boxes can be filled in with rough stone walls, made by wedging in stones without any mortar to hold them in place. This is what is known as "dry masonry." If boxes are not to be had, maybe we can find three sticks of wood measuring 2″ by 4″ in section and 10′-6″ long. These can be laid on edge the full length of



the foundation, one at each side of the house and one in the center, and they should be carefully wedged in with the stones so that they will have an even bearing throughout. If 2 x 4 timbers cannot be obtained, maybe we can get hold of a few bricks to raise the house off the ground. At any rate, something should be done to provide an air space under the floors. Care must be taken to have the foundations level. Here is where the carpenter's level will have to be used. If boxes or bricks are used as foundation posts, set a board on edge on the posts and use the level on the edge of the board to see whether the boxes are level.

DOORS AND WINDOWS

After the foundations have been prepared, and before placing the two boxes on them, we must cut the two doorways in the forward box, as shown in the plan view, and we must also remove one of the 4'-6" sides of the second box, because it will not be necessary to have a double wall between the two rooms. The doorways of the house should be at least 20" wide, and, if the boxes are large enough, it would be well to make the front door 24" wide. After the upper end-pieces have been removed from the boxes, the boards of the side walls will be left without support at their upper ends, and it will be well to nail them to frame strips two or three inches wide, as indicated in Fig. 6. These will also serve as the lintels where they cross the door openings, and, as the doors will open inward, the frame-piece at the front of the house should be nailed to the outside of the box, while the rest are nailed to the inside of the two boxes.

We are now ready to place the two boxes on their foundations, and the joint between them should be closed with a cover-strip about 3" wide. Before working on the roof of the cottage we may as well make our doors and windows. The doors may be made out of the boards removed from the doorways. The boards are held together by a couple of battens, in the same way that the barn door was made. For the jamb we should use a 2" strip lapping over the doorway about ¾" for the door to close against. At the front door we shall need a similar strip (*A*, Fig. 6) on the other side to complete the doorway. There should also be a sill at the bottom of the doorway, which, however, should not be placed until the porch floor has been laid. A couple of cheap hinges may be used to hang each door, but do not hang the front door until the sill is in place.

For our windows we shall find it most convenient to use sliding sashes that move sidewise instead of up and down. The six window openings may be made as were those of the barn. They should be 16" wide and 20" high. Before the openings are cut out, frame-pieces 2" wide are nailed across the top and bottom, extending two inches beyond the line of the window opening at each side. After the opening has been sawed out, a sill 2½" wide is nailed on, and the window-frame is completed by adding two side-pieces, Fig. 7. The sill is notched as shown in Fig. 8 to fit into the window opening.

The form of the window-sash will depend upon the material we have to glaze our windows. It may be of glass, celluloid, cloth, or oiled paper. In any case, we must first make a frame of ¾" stuff, 1½" wide. The sash should measure 18" x 22" outside. It should be mitered at the corners, as shown in Fig. 9, and the pieces should be fastened together with glue and nails. If we are to have a glass window, we shall have to nail 1" strips around the four sides of the sash, leaving a frame for the glass to rest in. The glass is temporarily held in place by brads, or by triangular little snips of tin which may be obtained from any glazier, and then it is firmly secured by means of putty. A sectional view of the window-sash is shown in Fig. 10. As a sheet of glass 16" x 20" is not readily to be found, and costs something to buy, we may find it advisable to divide our sash in two by means of a crosspiece at the center, as shown. If we use any material other than glass for our windows, it may be held down by nailing the 1" strips over it. Guides for the sash to slide in may be made of a couple of rails, *A*,*A*, Fig. 7, and a couple of overlapping strips, *B*,*B*.

THE COTTAGE ROOF

The roof of the cottage may be made exactly as was the roof of the barn. We shall need three gables, one at each end and one in the middle. For the middle one we had better use a double set of rafters, so as to provide a broad surface for joining the roof boards if they are not long enough to extend the full length of the roof. Now that we have a miter-box, we can cut the rafters at the top so that they will fit accurately, provided the roof has a slant of 45°. The rafters should be about 3"

wide, which means that they should have a length of 4′-6″, so as to provide an overhang of a foot at the eaves. Our barn-roof was made without any very careful attention to water tightness. This will not do for the cottages. The roof boards may be lapped, as shown in Fig. 11, or we may leave them flat, as in the barn roof, and cover them with tar-paper. Another alternative is to shingle the roof. Maybe we can pick up a lot of old shingles from some house which is having its roof renovated; or if we have a large number of peach-baskets, we can use the thin slabs in the baskets for shingles. Fig. 12 shows how they should be laid, each course breaking joints with the course of shingles it overlaps.

For the chimney of the house we may use a small box with two broad notches cut in it, as shown in Fig. 13, so that it will fit over the peak of the roof. If the roof is shingled, the chimney should be nailed fast to the roof before the shingles are laid.

Before placing the roof on the two boxes we should cut a window in the front gable, and it produces a better effect if we shingle the gable. It will add still further to the appearance of the house if the corners of these shingles are cut as indicated in Fig. 14.

BUILDING THE PORCH

After the roof has been placed on the house we may proceed with the construction of the porch. One of the box ends may be used to form the floor of our porch. We shall need three posts or columns to carry the porch roof. These should be at least 2″ square and preferably larger. If we have no wood of this size, we can build up each post out of a couple of 1″ strips nailed together. These posts will have to be toe-nailed to the floor of the porch; that is, they must be fastened by means of nails driven in at an angle through the sides of the posts and into the floor. At the top they are fastened to a frame, as indicated in Fig. 15,

Fig. 11

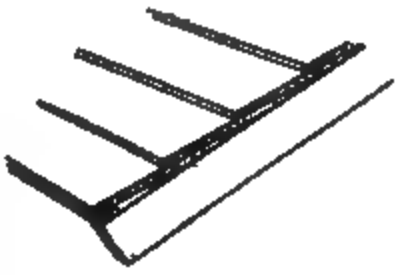


Fig. 12

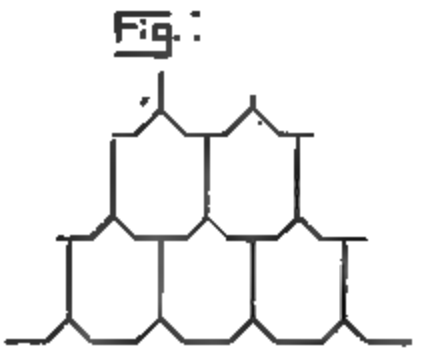


Fig. 13.

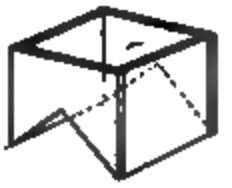
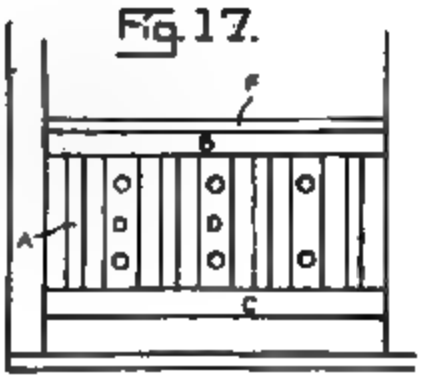


Fig. 17.



which consists of a 2" strip in front and two side pieces that taper from a width of 5" at the face of the house to 2" at the front of the porch. On this frame are nailed the roof boards of the porch. These ought to have an overhang of three or four inches all around, and they will have to be cut away near the house to clear the eaves of the main roof.

THE BALUSTRADE

THE construction of the balustrade around the porch is shown in Figs. 16 and 17. The distance between posts should be just two feet. For the balusters we shall need a lot of 1" pieces of wood *A*. They should be 24" long. At the top and bottom they are fitted between strips *B*, *B*, and *C*, *C*, to which they are nailed fast. Space the balusters evenly, and the best way of doing this is to fit a measuring-block between each pair before nailing the baluster in place. A fancier balustrade may be made by alternating the pieces *A* with boards *D*, *D*, about 3" wide, as shown in Fig. 17. The top and bottom strips, *B*, *B*, *C*, *C*, must be two feet long to fit between the posts. The balustrade is fastened to the posts by first nailing blocks *E*, *E*, to the posts and then nailing the strips *B* and *C* to these blocks. A rail, *F*, is then nailed on. Nail down a piece of wood about 2½" wide for the sill of the door. The door is then hung on its hinges.

(To be continued)

BRIDGE-BUILDING FOR BOYS

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

MAKING A BOWSTRING SPAN

IT seems a long time ago now, but once upon a rather exciting time and at a very important point,—right in front of the Hindenburg Line,—Lieutenant Sterns, of the 102d Engineers, ordered a bowstring span made. So an engineer sergeant took a squad or two and built one. He told me about it.

Usually, when our boys had to build things in a hurry at the front, they did n't have nicely cut and planed timber waiting for them. They had to take anything they could get, from telegraph poles to remains of sheds, and out of this make whatever was required of them. And they did it!

But this engineer sergeant was lucky. He found a lot of cut lumber,—just the stuff for this kind of span,—and in a short time he and his men had it put together and thrown across the canal. It was a thirty-foot span. And for the "bowstrings" he used stuff something like our 2-by-4 lumber, only this was more like 2-by-6. It was a very good bridge and very strong, as spans of this kind are when well made.

The sergeant showed me the sketches he prepared for it. In fact, he gave them to me, and I showed them to some young men like yourself — fellows averaging about fifteen or sixteen years old. And so they thought they would try their hands at it. They got hold of some 2-by-4 stuff. This, as you doubtless know, is lumber 4 inches wide, 2 inches thick, and coming in pieces from 12 to 24 feet in length. The boys found some about 18 feet long, and so decided on a 16-foot span.

Now you will see in the photographs that there are two curves in a bowstring span, an upper and a lower one. They are both the same size. If you are to have a 16-foot span, then, to find the curve, you will need a cord twice that length, or 32 feet. In other words, for a bowstring span, to find the proper curve of the main timbers, you will need to make on the ground a circle whose radius is twice the span. So if you have a 10-foot span, there must be 20 feet from the center of the circle to its circumference. If this sounds like too much mathematics, ask your brothers or sisters who are studying geometry to explain.

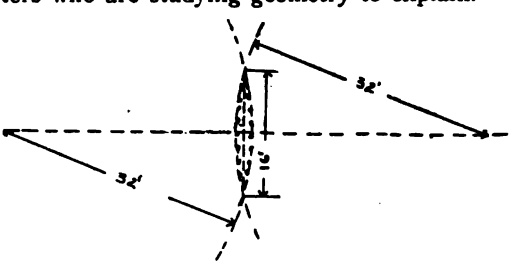


FIG. 1. THE BLACK DOTS INDICATE THE STAKES

All right. For a 16-foot span, our boys took a 32-foot cord. One end they tied to a stake in the ground, and with the other end, holding the cord tight, they made a circle, driving in a strong stake every couple of feet.

When they had gone about eighteen feet this way, they took a cord 16 feet long,—the length of their span, you know,—and with this cut off a part of the circle they had been making, holding this cord straight. (Fig. 1 gives the idea.) Then they moved the stake that had been used as the center of the first circle, and drove it into the ground at a new place on a straight line with its former position, the line passing through the center of the 16-foot cord and the new place as far from this center as the former place was. From this new place another curve was drawn, connected with the first curve at both ends, and along this curve stakes were likewise driven as before. This gives us now *two* curves marked out by stakes, and meeting each other at each end of a 16-foot line.

ONE SIDE OF THE FIRST SPAN (16 FOOT) COMPLETE

FIRST BOWSTRING SPAN IN POSITION

Now for the fun. The problem was to bend the 2-by-4 timbers around those stakes so that they would follow the lines of the curves and meet at both ends. So the boys pushed with all their might upon two timbers of proper length, and bent them right along the lines of the two curves. Then, when the ends were brought together, a piece of board was nailed to them to hold them in position. This was done at both ends. These two timbers now presented the upper and lower curve of one side of a bowstring span. Then, to hold them in position, they nailed between the two curved timbers uprights made of boards about 6 inches wide and an inch thick. There were three of these uprights, one in the middle, and one each side of the middle, about half-way between that and the end. To these uprights they then nailed another 6-inch-wide board, running from one end of the construction to

BRINGING THE ENDS OF THE 2-BY-4 PIECES TOGETHER

PRELIMINARY 3-FOOT MODEL OF THE BOWSTRING SPAN

the other, thus occupying the middle of what would be one side of the bridge Upon this piece the floor supports were to be nailed.

Finally, they nailed on two diagonals, as shown in the photograph; and lifted that side up from the stakes and put it aside for a little while. Then they constructed a second side in the same way. Standing this one up on its side, they brought the one previously completed and stood it parallel to the second one, four feet from it and so turned that the two floor-support boards were on the inside.

Now they nailed pieces across from the top of one floor support to the other and about a foot apart. This done, they had a series of boards reaching from one side to the other, all on the same level, and on these they nailed two 12-inch-wide boards side by side for the foot-path.

And that virtually completed the 16-foot bridge. Its young builders picked it up bodily, getting a lot of other boys to help, and put it in position. The photograph of it gives a better idea of how it looked than I possibly could in words.

And, by the way, I should have told you that *before* they began this job, they made—or rather one young expert did—a little model, three feet long, of the bridge they expected to construct. And this is wise, for it enables one to see the principle of the thing before it is attempted.

Well, this bridge they made from that little model was so strong and presentable that our fifteen-sixteen-year group decided to make one equal in size to that big Hindenburg-line one, and even "to go that one a little better" by making it of *un*trimmed stuff, cut in the woods,

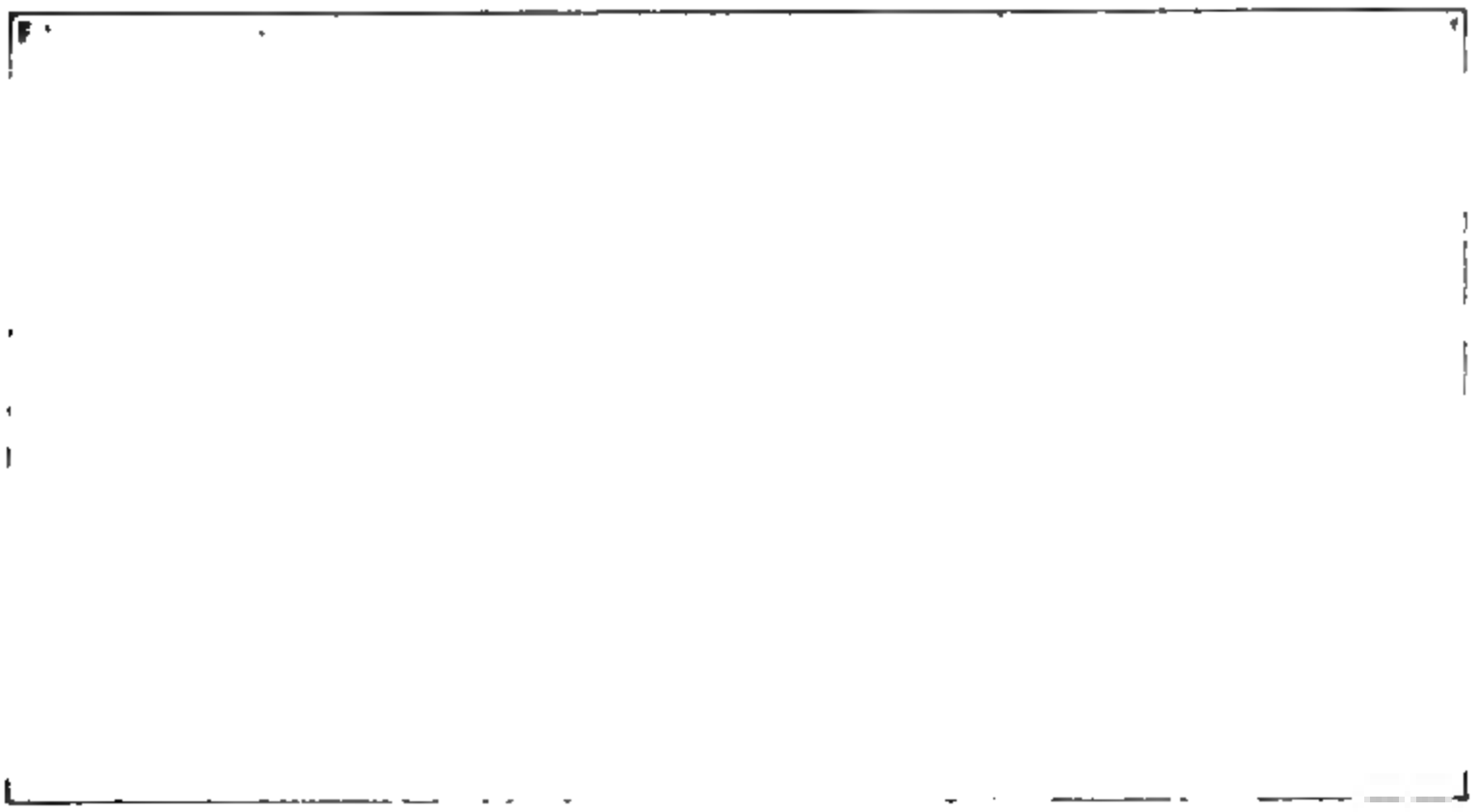
ONE SIDE OF THE SECOND SPAN (30 FOOT) COMPLETE

instead of standard timbers all cut and planed!

So they made a 30-foot span and used rough timber for all but the floor-boards. The curved sides were made of red maple, and I assure you it took quite a crowd of fellows and the

BOWSTRING SPAN COMPLETE BUT FOR FLOOR-BOARDS

help of a rope slung around the ends to get these great timbers to bend and come together. But they managed it. And when the ends were somehow forced to meet, they were instantly fastened by means of wire binding. The uprights were made of arbor-vitæ and also of red maple, only, with this long span, instead of having three uprights, there were nine, with proper diagonals between them. When the first side was completed and stood up, the boys felt proud of themselves. It was "*some* job," as they declared. The second side made, the two were connected with rough timbers running across from the middle of the uprights on one side to the middle of the corresponding ones on the other side. There were no floor-support boards, in this case, to which to nail them. The photographs show these cross-pieces clearly, and on these the floor was laid. Besides these cross pieces upon which the floor was to rest, they made some diagonal bracing between the two sides and below the floor supports to keep the heavy sides from bending inward or outward. These can be



SECOND SPAN READY TO TAKE TO THE WATER

SECOND BOWSTRING SPAN IN POSITION, SHOWING PIERS ON WHICH IT RESTS

seen clearly in the photograph of the finished bridge. All this being done, they called all their friends and by main strength carried this three-ton bridge down to the water's-edge.

Now this was to be the end span of a diving pier, the depth of water being about eight feet. It was to rest upon two piers, each made with four corner legs, slanting in, and strongly braced with boards nailed "crisscross." On the tops of the posts, from one to another, were pieces of 2-by-4 stuff for the bridge to rest on. It was quite a task to place these heavy supports in the water, in the proper place, because, when it came to placing the one farthest out, the water was well over the heads of the boys. This was accomplished handily, however, and rocks were piled on top to keep them down until the weight of the span would come into play. Then the crowd, in swimming-tights, lifted the span into the water, where the far end floated, though the shore end reached the bottom. Now to get it on top of the outer support. For this a kind of hoisting apparatus called "sheers" was made. Two long and strong poles were procured, and their tops wired together. To these were fastened a strong chain and also a long, strong wire. These poles were stood up in the water, straddling the span and leaning outward toward the deep end. The long wire, passed over a crotch of a handy tree, was fastened to a rope, and twenty fellows grabbed that rope. The poles were now let slowly down till they leaned low over the far end of the span, and then the chain was made fast to some of the floor supports. All being ready, the twenty lads gave one strong pull, and up came the far end of the span. When it was high enough, it took only a strong shove in the rear to push it up on the outward support. This being done, the impromptu derrick was removed, and the boys—all of them—standing in the water, lifted the shore end of their span on to the shoreward support.

This done, they put down a floor. First 2-by-4 timbers were stretched along the floor supports of the span, about 2½ feet apart. Short boards were nailed across from one 2-by-4 to the other, and on these was laid the footway—pairs of 12-inch boards placed side by side. And when it was done,—a very beautiful span indeed, and remarkably strong,—the juvenile builders thought they *had* "gone the Hindenburg Line one better," as they put it, only there were no whiz-bangs or machine-guns to make it almost too exciting.

Here 's the important point for you. The bowstring span is a very beautiful one; it is also very strong and is considered hard to make: but our fifteen- and sixteen-year lads—all six of them—showed what boys of that age can do. Perhaps you might like to take a hand at it yourself.

A MODEL OF AN X-BRIDGE, STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND ON

AN "X" FOOT-BRIDGE

THIS is an easy kind of foot-bridge to make, and very strong, too—much stronger than you would think it to be when you see it. Why, I knew some youngsters who built a few spans of this kind of bridge in model size—oh,

quite small—just to get the "hang" of it. And even these little models were so strong that "quite big fellows" could stand on them.

It is usually a good plan to build a small model, first, of anything you want to make. It gives you the structural idea so well.

I saw some long and fairly high "X" bridges "over there," and there was not one that could not have been built by fellows of your age.

Here 's the way to make one.

First of all, study the place that your bridge is going to span. The supports will be about six feet apart, and you must know just how high each will have to be from the bottom to the bridge floor.

Each support of this bridge looks like a letter X. Only when you have the two poles for your X and have them bound tightly together in the middle by wire or rope, or have them securely bolted or spiked, then you bind or spike a cross-piece to the two upper arms of the X at the distance from the bottom of it that the floor of your bridge is to be above the bottom of the stream. You can usually guess how long the two poles must be so that, when they are crossed and stood up, the cross-bar fastened to the upper arms will be at the right height.

A CRUDELY MADE X-BRIDGE, PRACTICAL SIZE

Each support then will look like a letter X, with a bar across the top. Also, you should have a vertical bar, fastened to the upper and lower arms of one side, at their ends, and standing three feet higher than the X, so that, when the X is stood upright, this vertical piece will come about three feet above the floor and at one side of it; then, by placing ropes from the vertical pole of one X to the next, you get a kind of hand-rail that will add to the security of those who may use the bridge.

So, finally, each support is an X, with a bar across the top, and a vertical pole fastened at the side—and always on the *same* side.

When you have your supports all made, place the first one six feet from the bank, and run boards or some other kind of footway from the shore out to the cross-bar and nail them to the bar, making the floor of your bridge. The other end of this floor is fastened to stakes driven deep into the ground. If the bridge is to be a short one, these shore anchors will keep the bridge from slipping forward or backward. If it is a long bridge,—say of 25 feet or more,—then you will need special cross-braces to prevent such a slipping. These you will obtain by fastening poles from the bottom of one X to the floor support of the next, and continuing this right across.

Your floors can be made of simple boards nailed to the cross-bars. But a better floor is made with "duck-boards." We have already described a duck-board, though not by name. You make these by placing two 2-by-4 pieces parallel to each other, and, say, 28 inches apart. Nail strips of wood from one to the other—4- or 6-inch stuff—and on these latter you nail your two parallel floor-boards, turning the whole duck-board over when finished, and "clenching" the nails underneath.

Perhaps sometime I can tell you the story of a bridge made with two duck-boards and one support in the middle of the stream, all put together while a German machine-gun *"put-put-putted"* with all its might, and a big, dignified British tank waddled up and sat down, a little way up-stream, and, while preparing to get across itself, cheered on the "Yanks" and their duck-board contraption.

A "TRIPOD" FOOT-BRIDGE

Well, this kind of foot-bridge has a number of supports, the number depending on the distance the bridge has to cover, the supports being, on an average, about six feet apart. And each support is a "tripod." Only two of its legs are on the ground, however, for the third one slants back and joins the support immediately back of it at the height of the bridge floor. Here 's the way to build one of the "tripods."

Find, or estimate, how deep the water is where the bridge is to stand, allow for the floor to be at least a foot or two higher than the water, add about nine feet to that, and you get the length of the two poles that stand on the bottom. The pole that slants back to the next support does not have to be of any special length, provided only that it is long enough to reach the next tripod *on a level* with the bridge floor.

When you have your three poles, fasten the small ends of them together. This can be done with wire or with strong rope. The boys I mentioned did it with wire an eighth of an inch thick. I know one group that used wire a quarter of an inch thick, though it takes a lot of strength and skill to bend this tightly. Fasten these ends together strongly and so that the wire will not slip.

Let us suppose, now, that you are beginning such a bridge, and that you have made the first tripod, which is to stand, say, six feet out from the shore. Push the two long legs of the tripod out from the shore and along the bottom until they are the proper distance out; then, by pushing on the remaining pole, stand the tripod upright. (That is, the two long poles must be upright. The third pole will then rest on the bank. At that spot drive in a strong stake, and bind the slanting pole to it.)

Upon what are you going to rest the floor? Well, remember that your floor is supposed to be at least a foot higher than the water. Of course, if you are starting from a high bank, you will need your floor that much higher. Well, before placing your tripod, you should have bound or nailed to the two upright legs a cross-beam of some strong, rough stuff at just the height from the lower ends of the two long legs that you will want the floor to be.

Your first tripod in place, on a level with the bank is this cross-bar. So you stretch a strong board or two from the shore to that bar and bind or nail the boards to the bar. A stronger platform can be made by placing two 2-by-4 pieces from shore to cross-bar, then, after nailing cross-pieces from one of the lengths to the other at frequent intervals, finally nail your boards to these cross-pieces.

However you do it, when you first tripod is standing and has a platform connecting it with the shore, you place your second tripod by pushing its longest legs out ahead until they rest on the bottom the proper distance out, and then you stand this one up straight, as you did the previous one, by pushing on the third and shorter pole. You see, this pole must be bound to the other two strongly, and yet sufficiently loose to permit being slanted backward. The second tripod standing straight, the short pole is then fastened to an end of the cross-bar of the first tripod. Then (the second tripod having its cross-bar already nailed or bound on at the proper height above the water) you can continue your platform out to it. By adding tripod after tripod, you can cross a wide or rapid stream, and you will have a very strong bridge.

TWO SECTIONS OF A TRIPOD FOOT-BRIDGE, WITH DUCK-BOARD FLOOR

THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER

BY LELIA ENDERS

FAIRY ROSE-LEAF was tired out—so tired that she had to drink two buttercups full of clear, pure dew before she had strength enough to decide what would be the best way to help little Jane.

"I love Janey," said Fairy Rose-leaf. "She is so pretty and she really has a good heart; but she is very careless. Every time that she takes a walk into the woods, she thoughtlessly hurts some of my dearest friends. I think that a visit to the Queen of the Fairies to-night would be the best thing in the world for her."

A great, shiny, golden ball came out of the sea as Fairy Rose-leaf jumped from the toadstool where she had been sitting and flew away to Janey's home.

Everybody in the house was in bed asleep, and the door of Janey's room was closed. But Fairy Rose-leaf made herself very thin, and crept through the keyhole.

Janey was sleeping soundly, and, oh, how dear and lovable she looked in her little nightdress! One small hand lay outside on the counterpane, and Fairy Rose-leaf kissed it before she took hold of it.

"Come, Janey," she said, "the moonbeams are waiting to carry us to the Queen of the Fairies, who is holding court to-night just for you."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried little Jane as she slipped her fingers into Fairy Rose-leaf's hand; and away they went to the forest.

When the Queen of the Fairies saw the shiny path of the moonbeams draw near, she arose, and stepped from her pearly throne.

Smiling, she said in a soft, sweet voice:

"Janey dear, I am so glad to know you! It was good of Fairy Rose-leaf to bring you to see me. Come, sit beside me on the throne: for I want to tell you some of the things I see as I fly about my great green forest. And, Janey dear, if you will tell your playmates about these things, I will make you my official messenger to the real children."

"Oh, I shall be glad to tell them, Your Majesty!" replied Janey, very much delighted.

"That is kind of you," answered the queen. "Now I shall tell you about to-day.

"As I was passing by a wild-blackberry bush this morning, I saw a gorgeous orange-and-brown butterfly fluttering helplessly on the ground. It was so pretty; but, Janey dear, the poor creature had a sad, lonely look in its eyes.

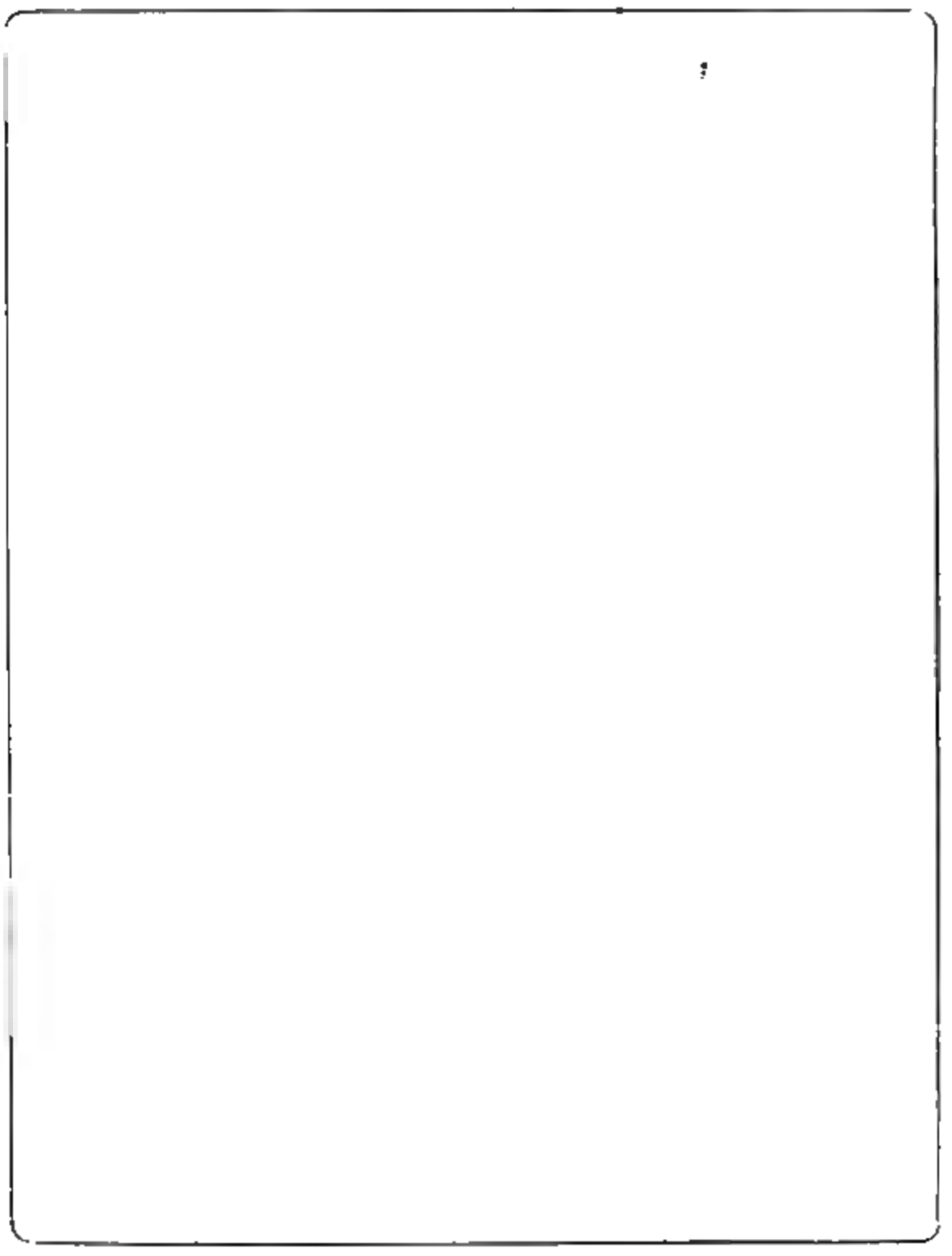
" 'What is the matter, butterfly?' I asked.

" 'Oh,' said the butterfly, in a trembling voice, 'I was visiting a wild rose, a little while ago, when a real child came from behind and roughly seized me with its hand. I tried hard to get free, and at last succeeded; but in doing so I broke one of my wings. Never again shall I fly from pretty flower to pretty flower, gathering honey! Now I must be a cripple for the rest of my life.'

"I had gone only a little farther when I met

some flaming-red wood-lilies and some beautiful Black-eyed Susans. They were wilting and dying in the hot sun. The poor flowers, Janey dear, had been thoughtlessly torn up by their very roots, and then thrown aside. Now they would never be able to grow again!

"Still farther along I met a bird whose back was as blue as the sky and whose breast was as brown as the earth. He was not singing merrily, as he should have been.



"JUST THEN THE FAINT TINKLE OF FAIRY BLUE-BELLS SOUNDED"

"'What is the trouble, bluebird?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said the bluebird, 'it is the real children again! I was singing a song to the ferns and mosses a few minutes ago, when I heard a real child say: 'There 's a lovely bluebird! Let us catch him for Mother!'

"'I spread my wings just in time and flew to the highest branch of the willow-tree, where I was safe. But I 'm still all of a tremble. Dear Queen, why is it that real children want to catch everything with their hands? Don't they know that beautiful pictures of bees, butterflies, and flowers can be caught with their bright eyes; that wonderful songs and sounds of birds and insects can be caught with their listening ears; and that the feeling that it is good to be alive and moving can be caught with their happy hearts'"

Just then the faint tinkle of fairy blue-bells sounded. "I can tell you no more to-night, Janey dear," said the queen, "for it is time for the dance. Come, you shall be our guest of honor!"

In less than a second, hundreds of fairies, with long golden hair and beautiful dresses of rainbow colors, came flitting and tripping from everywhere. They ran among the blades of grass and skipped from one flower to the other until their beloved queen came forth, leading little Jane by the hand.

Then all was still.

"Beloved fairies," said the queen, sweetly, "I have told dear Janey how she can bring happiness to our friends and to us, and she is going to tell her playmates; so let us make her our official messenger to the real children."

"Lovely! lovely!" cried the fairies as they bowed to Janey and clapped their fairy hands together.

Fairy Rose-leaf," continued the queen, "because you have brought Janey dear to us, I will ask you to present her with the messenger's crown of honor."

Fairy Rose-leaf came forward. Gently she placed a crown of sweet-smelling honeysuckle, wet with sparkling dew, on Jane's curly head, and immediately the fairy orchestra began to play, and joining hands, the fairies formed a ring about her. Tripping lightly on the tips

"SHE PLACED A CROWN OF SWEET-SMELLING HONEYSUCKLE . . . ON JANE'S CURLY HEAD"

of their tiny toes, they danced around and around, faster and faster and faster over the soft green grass.

Suddenly a slender streak appeared in the east! The fairy ring broke; and little Jane fell down on a four-leaf clover!

"Ha-ha-ha-ha!" laughed she.

And there she was in her own little bed at home, while just outside of the window, in the warm sunshine, a merry little bird was singing her a glad good-morning song!

Janey caught the delightful song with her listening ears, but had no desire whatever to catch the light-hearted songster with her hands. As her mother came into the room to waken her, she cried out excitedly:

"Mother, I have just come back from visiting the fairies, and they have made me their 'ficial messenger to the real children!"

Her mother smiled and looked somewhat doubtful; but after breakfast, when she heard Janey telling her playmates how they could make the dear fairies and the fairies' friends happy, she knew that it was so.

CHILDREN'S BOOK-WEEK

ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls will have an opportunity this month to do a great public service. At the American Booksellers' Convention in Boston last May, it was resolved that a week should be set aside in the autumn and devoted to the display of children's books, with the slogan, "More books in the home!" And at the American Library Association's Convention at Asbury Park in June, the children's section passed a resolution heartily supporting this movement.

The time selected for this noteworthy enterprise was the week beginning Monday, November 10, and ending with Saturday, November 15. The campaign has been so thoroughly planned and organized that the earnest workers for "more books in the home" may expect to receive during these six days the utmost assistance and coöperation from their local newspapers, clergymen, and Boy Scout leaders. Indeed, it is hoped that all the public-spirited men, women, and young folk in every community will then concentrate their time and attention upon the one object of bringing children's books, and the subject of good reading, to the attention of boys and girls and their parents. To this end, morever, the book-stores of the country will be given over during the week to exhibitions of children's books and talks by friends of the cause; while librarians will enlist all in assuring every child a library card.

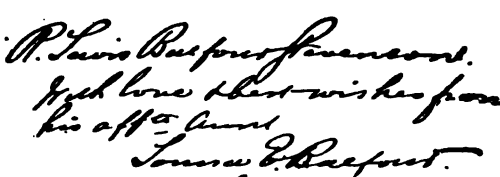
Meanwhile, ST. NICHOLAS, like other monthly magazines, gladly does its part by calling the attention of its readers in advance to this great project, and urging them, one and all, to do their utmost in aid of the Children's Book-Week. The magazine also requested Miss Annie Carrol Moore to contribute an article upon the subject, which we heartily commend to old and young. The whole household is deeply interested in this movement, for "more books in the home" means not only entertainment for the passing hour, but a great impetus toward establishing the life-long happiness of a love of books and the habit of reading. This is a notable and a national campaign, and we appeal to ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls to visit the book-stores with their parents and friends during Children's Book-Week, as suggested by our cover-design this month, and to strive to swell the success of the great, concerted drive for "More books in the home."—EDITOR.

MAKING YOUR OWN LIBRARY

By ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

Supervisor of Work with Children, New York Public Library.

IN the Children's Room of the great library which stands at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York City, you will find a fat little volume bound in faded red and gold, bearing on the fly-leaf this inscription:



The book is accounted one of the chief treasures of this children's library, not because of the authorship, although the writer, Samuel G. Goodrich, was well known in his day for his tales from history and travel; nor yet for its contents, "Peter Parley's Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America," which may amuse, but have long ceased to charm or inform the boy and girl readers: the little book is valued because it held a place in a library made long ago in Scotland by the boy who was to write "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "The Child's Garden of Verses."

With some books there remain associations of time and place and of other books, as well as of the personalities of their readers; the Stevenson "Peter Parley" is such a book. It belonged to Robert Louis Stevenson from his sixth birthday, and many of its illustrations are crudely colored by his childish hand. It stood on the same shelf with his copy of "Robinson Crusoe," and we know it was one of the

books he carried to the South Sea Islands, for on the end-paper is pasted this label·

From the Library of Robert Louis Stevenson
At Vailima.

When the Stevenson library of books and manuscripts was sold, his copy of "Peter Parley's Tales" passed into the library of the children of New York. It seems to us, especially on his birthday, as if he might have placed it there himself as a perpetual reminder that books loved in childhood should go with us in our pilgrimage through the world.

How often these books, or stories out of them, are carried only in half-memories. "Have you ever come upon a story called 'William, the Woodcutter'?" asked a British naval commander visiting our children's library just after the signing of the Armistice. "It is a story of wolves that I remember reading with great delight when a lad, but I 've never been able to find it since I grew up. I would give anything to read it now." Rarely do we meet the man or woman who has kept intact the books of childhood and youth and given them their place in a library of mature years. If we hold it true that "authors are to their readers little new worlds to be explored," how interesting it becomes to look back over the books we read and re-read and associate with our earliest birthday and Christmas recollections!

"The Christmas Tree," of Dickens, *David Copperfield* "reading for dear life," *Jo March* crying over the "Heir of Redclyffe" in a Concord garret, bring back memories of books to all of us. But what of the books themselves—those books which delighted us from the time we discovered that pictures could tell stories? Where are they and what were they?

At a primitive mountain inn far up in the land of the Frost Giants we found, in the summer of 1912, a copy of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the Norwegian language. On the flyleaf was the name of the proprietor, the only English-speaking person in the place. His boyhood had been spent in Minnesota, and he had read the story there in English. Coming in one day from a long tramp over the snow-fields, we picked up the book, and, as we began to read, sitting in the glow of that glorious sunshine, we seemed to be holding a much larger and a very friendly and familiar book, bound in red and black and gold, volume thirteen of ST. NICHOLAS, in which we first read the story. ST. NICHOLAS might well be called the forerunner of children's libraries, since so many of the favorite books of boys and girls first appeared within its hospitable covers. In the children's room of the public library in Christiana we had already seen not only "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but "Little Women," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Hans Brinker," "Tom Sawyer," and many another familiar title translated into the Norwegian language.

This idea of special rooms for children in the free libraries of cities and towns originated, you know, in America, about twenty-five years ago, and has since been adopted to some extent in European countries.

Of course no community library ever can or will take the place of a personal library formed by the boy or girl who has money to spend for books. And every boy and girl, by gift or by their earnings, should have money with which to buy books of their own and suitable book-shelves on which to keep them. The training in judgment, discrimination, and sense of values acquired in making a thoughtful selection is of lasting benefit, and the habits of careful handling and good arrangement of books can be formed in no other way.

We would by no means advocate that boys and girls should have no books given to them. That would mean cruelty to parents, to devoted uncles, aunts, and friends. Rather, we are inclined to urge the thoughtful giving of books the year round, instead of heaping them too high at Christmas and on birthdays. In our own experience, the unexpected gift of a well-timed book on Thanksgiving Day, St. Nicholas Eve (December fifth), St. Valentine's Day, May Day, or Hallowe'en has proved a great delight. Biographies of Lincoln, Washington, Grant, and Roosevelt may well be associated with the birthdays of these great men; histories of America and of European countries would often be more acceptable if they were associated with the myths, legends, and folk-tales of the Northern, Southern or Oriental countries.

Books dealing with the sciences, inventions, handicraft, games, sports, and out-of-door life usually make a very definite and insistent appeal, and should be given *when* they are wanted rather than before or afterward. In determining the psychological moment at which to give one book or another, the children's room of the public library so constantly acts as a clearing-house not only for the boys and girls, their parents, teachers, and friends,

but for the authors, artists, publishers, and booksellers, that we venture to suggest some general principles of book selection and purchase for the making of a library.

I—Buy only those books of which you have first-hand knowledge and which are going to mean something to you at the time they are bought. Books should satisfy desires or supply needs.

II—Considerations in the selection of books:

Author. Has he or she the ability to write interestingly?

Subject. What is the book about? Is it well written? If a book of information, is it accurate? If a story, is it original? Is this the best book on the subject for your library at this time?

Artist or illustrator. Do the pictures add to the interest of the book? Has the artist interpreted the text?

Typography. Is the book printed in type that is easy to read?

Paper. The quality of paper used has very much to do with the legibility of the text, with the effect of the illustrations, and the general appearance of the book.

Binding. Is the book well put together? If bound in more than one color, choose the color you like best.

In the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS (1873) there is an illustrated story called "Making a Library" that we have remembered from childhood. Little *Charlotte*, on a visit to her uncle, discovers that the books on the upper shelves of his library are not real ones. "They were nothing but pasteboard boxes made like books and with the names printed in gold letters on the backs." *Charlotte's* uncle," we are told, "was an uneducated man who had suddenly become rich. He wanted his house to have a fine library in it, but as he did not care for reading or for spending much money on books that would be of no use to him, he had these mock books made, and they looked just as well on the upper shelves as real ones." One day when *Charlotte* was playing house she determined to make a library of her own of these big books, which she could throw down so easily as she climbed from shelf to shelf. In passing the cradle where the baby was sleeping, *Charlotte* let several books slip from the great pile she was carrying. If they had been real books the baby would have been killed, the story runs, but they were all so light that the baby was unharmed. The baby did wake up, however, and cried his loudest, to the undoing of *Charlotte's* uncle. "It now became known just what sort of a library *Uncle Harry* had."

The artist who illustrated the story added to the dramatic force of the situation. He drew a little girl who might be the great-aunt of Peter Newell's child who feared "the Flowers —they are wild" carrying a pile of books extending high above her head, from which several are falling about the cradle.

We were old enough when we read the story to make immediate application of it, and we never failed to assure ourselves that the books were real in the libraries we visited. But there came a day when we learned that some books may be as great a sham as the pasteboard boxes of *Charlotte's* uncle.

Children's Book Week, which we celebrate November 10-15, is, we trust, the sign and promise of a new day in which more thought will be given to the selection and purchase of books for boys and girls and a more understanding coöperation of parents, teachers, librarians, publishers, and booksellers will be achieved.

BOOK HOUSES

By ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

I ALWAYS think the cover of
A book is like a door,
Which opens into some one's house
Where I 've not been before.

A pirate or a fairy queen
May lift the latch for me;
I always wonder, when I knock,
What welcome there will be.

And when I find a house that 's dull,
I do not often stay.
But when I find one full of friends,
I 'm apt to spend the day.

I never know what sort of folks
Will be within, you see;
And that 's why reading always is
So int'resting to me.

"SOUTH FARM," WHERE GEORGE ELIOT WAS BORN

FROM DRAB TO GOLD

By ADRIADNE GILBERT

Author of "More Than Conquerors"

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

On the twenty-second of this dull month, exactly one hundred years ago, little Mary Ann Evans was born. It was n't a beautiful name to give a baby,—Mary Ann,—and no one blames the child, grown older, for deciding to be called Marian. But if names speak, plain Mary Ann suited her better, for the home where she lived and the people whom she knew were all of a very plain sort, without much shade or shine or many butterflies or bees in their drudging days.

Mary Ann's father, Mr. Robert Evans, was a carpenter and builder by trade, who later became a prosperous land agent. He was notably strong in muscles and honest in business. "Love of good work seems to have been his religion," and physical strength his reliance.

Once when two laborers were standing idle waiting for a third to help them carry a heavy ladder, he picked it up and carried it off alone, the other two men looking on, agape and sheepish enough. In her great novel "Adam Bede" George Eliot gave her hero the strength and integrity of her beloved father. When the book was read aloud to one of Robert Evans's old friends, he exclaimed again and again, "That 's Robert—that 's Robert to the life!"

Like *Adam Bede,* Mr. Evans could judge almost the exact timber value of a rooted chestnut-tree as it shone in living green. Manual laborer though he was, he was no ordinary man; the child Mary Ann felt it a distinction to be his "little lass"; the famous George Eliot was proud of what her father had "achieved in life." Like *Adam Bede,* he had the blood of the peasant in his veins, but, like *Adam,* he was a man of trust, doing things on time and as well as they could be done, and he "left the world a bit better than he found it." "If it 's only laying a floor down," *Adam* would say, "somebody 's the better for it being done well besides the man as does it." And so, by every true blow of his hammer and very nicely fitted board, Robert Evans gloried the commonplace. When such square-dealing men die, "the master who employed them says, 'Where shall I find their like?"

If *Adam Bede* was like George Eliot's father, *Maggie Tulliver* was like herself, and "The Mill on the Floss" is more of an autobiography than any of her other novels. True, *Maggie,* with her marvelous, deep eyes and other marks of great beauty, was not physically like George Eliot; but in her devoted love of books and in her passionate affections she was her author's little self. Mary Ann, like *Maggie,* was her father's pet. We can imagine Mr. Evans driv-

ing about the country with his "little un" standing between his knees, while he told her stories of all the farmer folk, and needing her adoring companionship as much as she needed his. It was *Mr. Tulliver's* "little wench," scarlet coachman, its load of fur-wrapped passengers, and its swinging baskets of ducks.

This excitement, and even smaller ones, were dear to Mary Ann. What if in her rather ordinary midland England, Warwickshire, she knew neither lofty mountains nor dashing sea?

"ONE GREAT DAILY EVENT WAS THE RUMBLING BY OF THE JOLLY STAGE-COACH"

Maggie, that he sent for when he was ill; it was Mary Ann's understanding heart to which, in 1846, the failing Robert Evans turned.

The bare facts of her childhood are not particularly interesting or at all exciting. In that far-off time, before the railroads disturbed the country's peace, one great daily event was the rumbling by of the jolly stage-coach, with its of evening she found "the long purple isles of that wondrous land which reveals itself to us when the sun goes down—the land that the evening star watches over." Griff House, "the warm little nest where his children's affections were fledged," was an ivy-wrapped, red-brick house on the Arbury estate, where Mr. Evans was employed. Hollyhocks and other

old-fashioned flowers bloomed in the garden, and "generations of milky mothers had stood patiently in the long cow-shed." During the first twenty years of Mary Ann's life, Griff was the one home rooted in her affections.

With supreme tenderness George Eliot touches all her early memories: "We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers came up every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves in the grass—the

"GEORGE ELIOT"

same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call 'God's birds,' because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth the sweet monotony where every thing is known and *loved* because it *is* known!"

We can well imagine that Mary Ann loved to watch her mother make butter and cheese. But when the child was only five, she had to be sent to boarding-school with her older sister, Chrissy, on account of her mother's illness. Here, as school baby, the little thing was much petted, and later praised for her music and English compositions. But she was often lonely, especially at night, and in winter, pushed away from the fire by the larger girls, she was often very cold. More than this, school tore the passionately affectionate child from the two people she most adored, her father and her brother. She and Chrissy were not "near of an age"; she and Isaac were. It was not enough to see him in vacations. Puppy-like, she had followed the older brother, copying him in every way she could, hanging on his every word, and living on his affection. In that intensely personal poem, "Brother and Sister," she gives glimpses into her worshiping child-heart:

I held him wise; and when he talked to me
  Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
  Where man grew blind, though angels knew the rest.
If he said, "Hush!" I tried to hold my breath.
Wherever he said, "Come!" I stepped in faith.

And so George Eliot carries us back into those young mornings when brother and sister wandered toward the far-off stream with rod and line. Every thing in their basket had been baked just for them. As they set out, their mother stroked down Mary Ann's tippet and smoothed out Isaac's frill. Under the shade of the tall old trees, over the brook "deep hid by tangled blue forget-me-nots," on to the brown canal they trudged, "where a sleepily gliding boat was the newest locomotive wonder."

One day my brother left me in high charge,
  To mind the rod, while he went seeking bait,
And bade me, when I saw a nearing barge,
  Snatch out the line, lest he should come too late.

Proud of the task, I watched with all my might
  For one whole minute, till my eyes grew wide,
Till sky and earth took on a strange new light,
  And seemed a dream-world floating on some tide—

But sudden came the barge's pitch-black prow;
  Nearer and angrier came my brother's cry,
And all my soul was quivering fear, when lo!
  Upon the imperiled line, suspended high,
    A silver perch!"

Maggie Tulliver, dreamily fishing, had the same kind of triumphant surprise.

Any little sister who has played with older brothers and tried—and longed, too—to be a boy, can add to the story from her own memories; tiptoeing through moist grass to a forbidden river, or crunching through snow to a pond of thin ice, trying to keep the brother's longer stride or match his powers with oars or skates:

His sorrow was my sorrow, and his joy
  Sent little leaps and laughs through all my frame;
My doll seemed lifeless, and no girlish toy
  Had any reason when, my brother come,
I knelt with him at marbles.

So she goes on engraving her would-be boyishness on our memories.

Her first rival in Isaac's affections was the pony which some one gave him when she was seven and he, ten. No wonder the shaggy new play-fellow, with the shining brown eyes and velvet nose, absorbed the young master's affections. Isaac did not need Mary Ann as much as he had, and the little sister ached to be needed. Then:

School parted us; we never found again
That childish world where our two spirits mingled.
* * * * *
But were another childhood world my share,
I would be born a little sister there.

When hearts are made for loving, it is a terrible thing to feel the fibers that have fastened love stretching and slipping away. But there was her father. *He* needed her, and, especially after her mother's death, when Mary Ann was only sixteen, the fireside of Griff needed a home-maker. Chrissy had married, and so the younger daughter, with all her genius craving an outlet, turned drab to gold by making her father's home a "temple of cleanliness" during her thirteen years as housekeeper and by amusing him when for three years he was too ill to amuse himself. Without waiting for him to ask, she searched his eyes to see when he longed for her to read aloud, and in the evenings she rested him with her beautiful music. It was not always easy to keep patient and steady. Much precious time leaked away while she did the commonest tasks, "keeping sentinel over damson cheese and a warm stove," or "growing tremulous from the boiling of currant jelly."

All the time she had to fight a continual battle with her own "despair at ever achieving anything." In the intense suffering of stifled ambition, did she think, like *Philip Wakem*, "I flutter all ways, and fly in none"? Well, if she did, she triumphed over the depression, declaring that even when life was "a pale lead-color, to be an active help in a sick-room, with its twilight and tiptoe stillness," was satisfying to the heart. In addition to keeping house, she organized clothing clubs, visited her poorer neighbors, and took a sympathetic interest in all the plain lives around her, in the unemployed weavers and round-backed miners.

Meantime, her mind had some outlet in letters to her friends and in the translation of a long German book into English, "soul-stupefying labor" though it was.

Her genius, as the world saw it, developed slowly, however. She was thirty-eight before she was first known as a novelist by "Scenes

of Clerical Life." But her power had been growing silently and unseen through years of home-making, as acorns shoot out long roots before they sprout above the earth.

"Scenes of Clerical Life" was published through a friend under the assumed name of George Eliot, so that not even the publishers knew the author. Charles Dickens, who praised the stories highly both for their humor and their pathos, was among the first to suspect that their author was a woman. The real excitement, however, came not so much to the literary world as to the simply inhabitants of Nuneaton, a village Mary Ann Evans had known as a girl. Immediately the villagers recognized "Milby" of the stories as their own Nuneaton and the characters as themselves! Some of them identified as many as fifty persons; and to-day worn copies of "Scenes of Clerical Life" are still displayed by old Nuneaton families, with lists supplying book characters with real names.

EPPIE, THE LITTLE HEROINE OF "SILAS MARNER"

Who was the author? That was the question of gossip. Finally, as no one claimed the laurel wreath, the villagers hit on a man named Liggins, who had been "known to write poetry." Since no one came forward to deny him the authorship, Liggins, finding his life, no doubt, a bit too drab, coolly accepted the rôle of George Eliot as he would a nugget of gold. How he expected to carry through the deception no one can imagine, for it was more than likely that the real author was still alive, and consequently was likely at any time to lay claim to "his" own work.

The fact that the "Scenes of Clerical Life" were almost photographic must not be taken as proof that George Eliot's later work was drawn entirely from life. That impulsive little *Maggie* was like her author in her savage affections is no proof that little Mary Ann Evans hammered nails, like *Maggie*, into her doll's head, or ran away to the Gipsies, or cut off her rebellious hair, to her brother's scared delight. And it would be unfair to George Eliot's genius to think that the flashing wit of *Mrs. Poyser* and of *Bartle Massy* was simply "copy" accumulated from other people's mouths. The brilliant repartee in "Adam Bede" was George Eliot's own, just as *Dinah Morris's* beautiful prayer was no quoted thing, but the outpouring of the author's own heart while the hot tears burned her cheeks.

However critics may disagree as to which is George Eliot's greatest novel, all find it among her earlier works, when she drew her characters from a world of plain people "with homely joys and destinies obscure," a world like Goldsmith's, Burns's, Gray's, and Wordsworth's. Lincoln said, "God must have loved the common people or he would never have made so many of them." And George Eliot said, "You would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and comedy, lying in the experience of a human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes and speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones." Mary Ann Evans discovered the gold of fun and kindness in weather-stained huts. Every trampled pathway, every worn door-step led to a subject brimming with quaint personality.

When you are older, read "Adam Bede" aloud with the right person. It will change from a book to a near-by group of living people. To be sure, as a household companion, *Mrs. Poyser* is not altogether desirable: a woman "made of needles" is likely to prick *any* one. But when her sharpness is pointed toward others, we can afford to laugh. "You 're mighty fond o' Craig," she says to *Mr. Poyser*, "but for my part, I think he 's welly like a cock as thinks the sun 's rose o' purpose to

hear him crow." Her pictures are drawn from such common sources as the kitchen and dairy. "There 's folks 'ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water"; and, "They 'll set the empty kettle o' the fire, and then come an hour after to see if the water boils."

After all, *Mrs. Poyser* is only one of a rustic world that thinks mainly of crops of onions, herds of sheep, gray geese, ants, and caterpillars. Yet that world is worth our notice. *Feyther Taft* in his brown worsted nightcap; *Cranage*, the blacksmith, scratching his head; the landlord of the Royal Oak, with his bloodshot eyes; *Adam Bede*, with his broken fingernails—they are all human souls struggling after life and happiness. Their sorrow is our sorrow. As the tears roll down *Martin Poyser's* round cheeks, we are shaken by a real grief. George Eliot's sympathy gleams on common people, but people with an uncommon sense of honor, and proves that the luster of fine feeling often shines from dingiest corners.

There is that spirit of loyal devotion, *Bartle Massy*. He closes his little night-school, and all his patient work with Bill and Brimstone, those husky strugglers with the alphabet, and he goes to be a silent companion to *Adam*—*Bartle*, and, of course, his dog, for, "good-for-nothing woman" that she is, he could not leave *Vixen* behind.

As *Vixen's* patter on the gravel dies out, and the sound of *Massy's* stick and lame walk, we think how necessary the animals are in all

GRIFF HOUSE, GEORGE ELIOT'S GIRLHOOD HOME

George Eliot's homes. "Animals are such agreeable friends; they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms." What is home without a dog? we ask again and again, while *Donnithorne's* tiny spaniel *Trot* is comfortably curled up on *Meg's* back; the bulldog keeps watch at the Poyser farm; *Yap* dances and barks around *Maggie Tulliver;* and that "gray, tailless shepherd-dog" *Gyp* pokes his muzzle jealously up between *Lisbeth* and *Adam*, or follows close at *Adam's* heels. "Hev a dog, Miss!" urges that charming peddler, *Bob Jakin;* "they 're better friends nor any Christian. I 'n got no secrets but what *Mumps* knows 'em." The huge brindled bull-terrier, "swaying from side to side," seems surly enough to *Maggie*, but *Bob* says: "Lors, it 's a fine thing to hev a dumb brute fond on you; it 'll stick to you an' make no jaw."

And if the grown folks and dogs had failed George Eliot, there were always the children.

There was *Totty*, for one, that animated butter-ball, born within sound of the dairy's churn. Was there ever greater force com-

pacted into smaller space? *Mrs. Poyser* rules the farm without a rival except for *Totty,* who rules *Mrs. Poyser.*

"Munny, my iron 's twite told; p'ease set it down to warm," chirrups a round mite from a high chair at the ironing-table, while she clutches "a miniature iron in her tiny fat fist" and irons rags with such energy that her sunny hair bobs with every stroke and her "little red tongue is put out as far as anatomy allows."

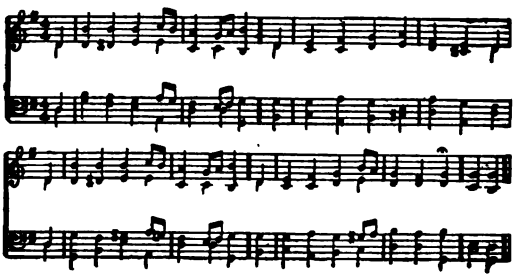
"Munny, I tould 'ike to do into de barn to Tommy—I tould 'ike a bit o' pum-take," follow in her list of wants, while she seizes a few unwatched moments to stain her pinafore with gooseberry jam, upset a bowl of starch, or rub a "stray bluing-bag against her nose." *Totty's* whole world yields before her. *Captain Donnithorne* slips sixpences into her tiny pink pocket at her gentle hint, "It dot not'in 'in it"; and Grandfather, opening the gate as she trots off to church, produces a round white something at her alluring: "Dood-by, Dan-dad. Me dot my netlace on. Dive me a peppermint." *Totty's* kingdom is an absolute monarchy, and she is its ruler.

How wonderfully George Eliot shows us that there is as much difference in the characters of two children as in the characters of two grown-ups! *Tom* is bragging and overbearing; *Maggie,* generous, impulsive, and jealous of *Tom's* love; *Totty* is like *Totty* and no one else; *Jacob Cohen* is like *Jacob Cohen.*

Of all George Eliot's children, perhaps *Eppie* is the nearest to our hearts, for it is her unconscious power that redeems the twice-shattered old weaver. In Lantern Yard *Silas* had lost his friends, his sweetheart, his reputation, and his faith in God; in Raveloe solitude he had built up a love of gold to take the place of all those broken-down strongholds. And then one night the gold, too, vanished!

The simple story of *Silas Marner* can be beautifully dramatized. And could there be a lovelier celebration for the George Eliot Centenary the twenty-second of this November? It is an easy play to give; may be worked up in a little over two weeks.

Only one part is hard, *Silas Marner's.* You do not even need to have a gold-haired child, as a wig supplies that need. Almost any child, in a bedraggled shawl, can toddle past *Silas* and lie down by the dim hearth till he turns to find "Gold—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away!" The story offers many stage "tricks"; New Year's bells rung behind the scene when *Silas* listens for his good luck; Schumann's lullaby, twice played (very softly) as a kind of *Eppie* motif—first, when she enters as a



"A KIND OF EPPIE MOTIF"

baby; second, near the end, when she chooses *Silas* for her father instead of *Godfrey.*

In the background a stage fire furnishes a patch of pretty color for scenes when *Silas* is on the stage alone and when wordless acting, always interesting if good, is done in the half-light: *Silas* weaving, with his back to the stage, then shuffling about, taking out his pot of gold, counting and recounting, bathing his hands in the coins, then hanging up his meat and going out, to be followed by the creeping entrance of *Dunston,* and the robbery. Two scenes in the play are particularly good for girls: the prinking scene at the Red House before the dance, and the minuet; two, for boys: the quarrel between *Godfrey* and *Dunstan* (with a live dog on the stage, by all means), and the delightfully humorous scene in "The Rainbow" (with a chance for grotesque singing). Apple-cheeked little *Aaron* sings his Christmas carol in one of the early scenes, grabbing cookies as another bit of variety, and grown-up *Aaron* supplies the love-making in the garden scene, made outdoorish by a wheelbarrow, watering-pot, and real or artificial flowers.

Best of all, the beautiful meaning of *Silas Marner* makes the play worth while. At the very last, *Silas* and little *Eppie,* bedraggled as she came, may stand as a tableau before the audience, the Schumann-Eppie motif may be played for the third and last time, and some one behind the curtain may read the key-note of the story, telling how a child may flood with light an old man's darkened hopes.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

INDOOR FOOTBALL THAT EVERY BOY CAN PLAY

By RALPH W. KINSEY

ARE you ready, Captain Jones?"

"Ready!" you reply, with the tingling of nerves that always comes as you wait for the whistle which will set in motion your tigerish band of football warriors.

"Ready, Captain Smith?"

"Sure!" grates your chum, Bobby, for the time being leader of the hated foe.

The whistle shrills. Instantly the dice-box in your hand rattles, and, as Bobby leans over excitedly, you roll upon the gridiron a throw of 9.

"Forty-five yards for Holcomb!" you shout excitedly.

"Cochran gets the ball!" cries Bobby. "Now watch him make forty yards through that old line of yours."

And the great football-championship game is on!

Sounds peculiar, does it? You never heard of football like that? Why, bless you, many a hard-fought contest has been waged indoors in our locality in past years just like that; and many a nerve-thrilling game has sped on, moment by moment, on the relentless watch of the time-keeper, without a score, till suddenly —the team springs into action. A long run; a thrilling plunge through the line; a heroic stand in the shadow of the goal-post; and then—"*Yeow*—a touch-down!"

Remembrance of it all has made me anxious to pass on the game of indoor football to the hundreds of boys in the great ST. NICHOLAS family. I want them to know the excitement of the triumphant sweep of their eleven through a season of hard-fought victories; the pride of the championship team; in short, the sport that is theirs for the long evenings when time hangs heavy for a live, active boy and almost anything is welcome to relieve the monotony.

So let 's start at the beginning and see how we organize the team, how my game of indoor football is played, and all the other interesting developments.

First, we must secure our players. That 's an easy matter. As autumn draws near and the real football season opens, the newspapers and magazines will be full of pictures of football players. We cut them out, paste them on cardboard (this is highly important, for they are in for some rough usage), and color them according to the school or college they are to represent. No special poses are needed; we can use any kind of figures, erect, crouching, runing, etc. The ones in action, of course, are preferable, but not so easy to get.

One thing, however: let us be consistent, and have our players follow some regular scale of size. Nothing would take the interest away from our game so much as to have a team of giants and midgets. In our games we counted ¾ of an inch as a foot. Thus a six-foot player would measure six times ¾ of an inch, or 4½ inches in height. So players over 6½ feet or 4⅞ inches high would be barred.

If you care to, and I believe you will, you can figure the weight of each player by counting each square inch as twenty-three pounds. How do we figure that? We measure the width of the player at the widest point, usually the shoulders, multiply it by the height, and multiply the result by twenty-three. Thus our star player, *Browning of Yale* (readers of *Frank Merriwell* will recognize him) was six feet tall by 1½ feet wide. Multiplying his nine square feet by twenty-three, we counted him as weighing 207 pounds. As he played guard, we felt he was quite an acceptable addition to his eleven.

On the back of each player we mark his name, weight, and height, for quick identification.

Our playing-field is the living-room table. No special marking are needed to represent the gridiorn, as the progress of the game is noted on two diagrams, one for each half, prepared before each game by ruling a representation of the gridiron on sheets of paper. We rule only the cross-lines, ten yards apart, not the lines running the length of the field. We usually used a paper nine by twelve inches, and spaced the ten-yard cross lines about half an inch apart.

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Have you ever seen in the newspapers after a big football game the diagram of all the plays? Well, that is the way we mark the progress of the game in our case.

This is the way the game is played:

The two teams of eleven cut-out players each are lined up on the table as in regular football. We simply lay them in position, not stand them up, for to do so would make it impossible to play the game, as you will see. We toss for the captains, to see who has the kick-off and who is to receive the ball, just as in the real game.

On the diagram we place an x at the center line and, beside it, the letter of the team kicking off. The team kicking off then throws its dice (each team has two) to see the distance the ball is supposed to be kicked. Each point thrown counts five yards, so if we throw a total of eight with the two dice, that means a kick of forty yards.

The ball—a piece of cardboard cut in the shape of a football and of a size in proportion to the size of the players—is placed on top of the player who, in the line-up, is nearest where the ball would land. In this case,—forty yards. —we might say the end. Either right or left side may be designated by the side kicking.

The rest of the players on the side receiving the ball are immediately piled in front of, or on top of, the player who has the ball, as "interference." Now, to see if the man with the ball is able to run it back for a gain or will be thrown for a loss! His side throws its dice. The opposing side throws theirs. If the first throw is the greater, he gains. Each point *over* counts, as in all runs, ten yards. Thus, if he throws ten and the opponents eight, he gains two times ten yards, or twenty yards. If, however, the second throw is more than the first one, the runner is thrown for a loss. In that case each point *less* counts as one yard. So if the runner throws six and the opponent ten, he loses four points, or four yards. Thus, we would picture the kicking side as getting down under the ball in time to nail the runner in his tracks and throw him for a loss of four yards.

But he might fumble the ball. To see if he does, before the throw is made, each player

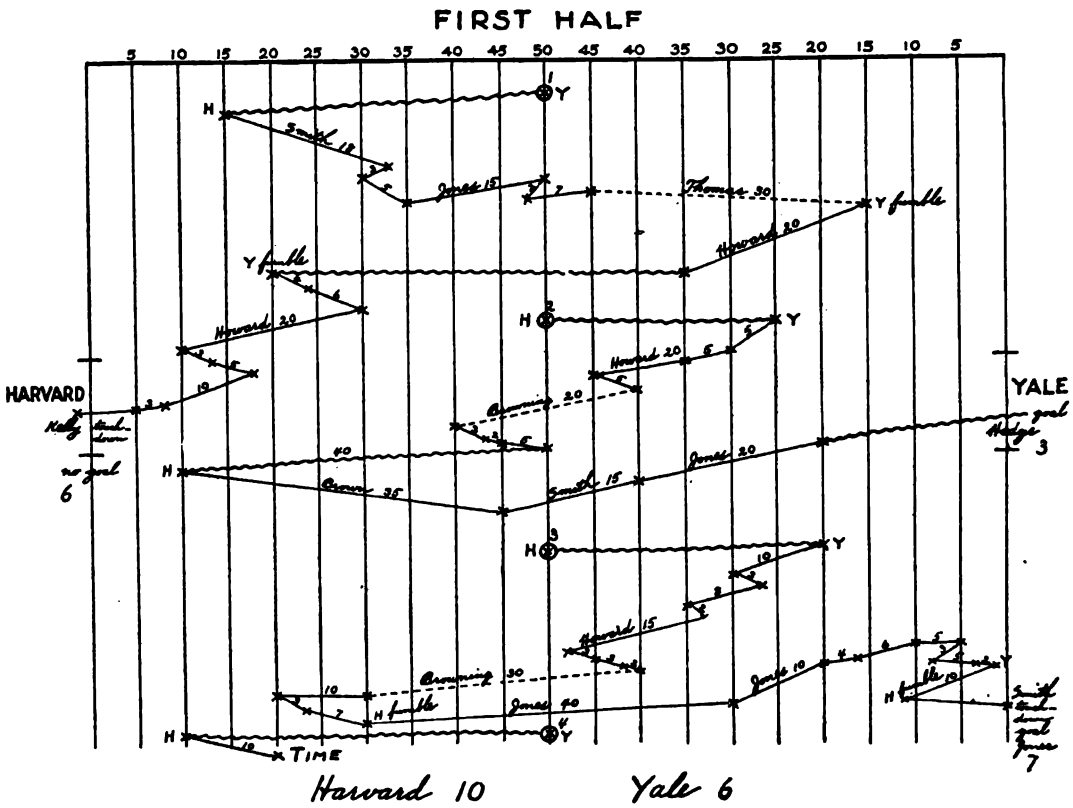


DIAGRAM FOR THE FIRST HALF OF A GAME OF INDOOR FOOTBALL

(the real live ones, I mean) takes his bunched-up cardboard players and shoves them into the opposing team. If, when the pile is untangled, the ball is *on top* of any player of the side *receiving* the ball, the ball has not been fumbled, and the loss or gain is then thrown for with the dice. If, however, the ball is on top of a player of the side *kicking* the ball, it has been fumbled, and that player has recovered it. In that case, we must see if the man nabbing the ball is able to advance it or is thrown for a loss. The dice are again thrown, and either the loss or gain is noted. Always, in throwing, the side with the ball throws first, and to advance the ball their throw must be more than their opponents' throw.

If, when the pile is untangled, the ball is at the bottom, so that it can't be on top of any player, then the man on top of the ball, instead of under it, is the one who is holding it. If the ball should bounce away from the pile of players altogether, the pile, without being untangled, is picked up from the table and thrown upon the ball, just as a bunch of players would scramble after a free fumble. Now do you see why it is necessary to paste our players on good, heavy cardboard? It is a rough game.

And now the game is on. The players are quickly separated, after the fate of the opening kick is decided and marked on the diagram, and lined up. It would take too long to arrange them nicely and evenly, for we are playing against time, as in the real game, and every second counts. So we call it "lining up" if we bunch them roughly. After you have played several games you will have favorite formations, just as do the real coaches. Some of our men played six men on one pile, as if on the line, with five in a second pile. Others separated them into three piles, and so on.

The side with the ball now announces what their play will be. The ball is laid on top of the man who is supposed to be carrying it; the players of his side are piled about him as interference, the dice are again thrown by both sides to see if he gains or loses, and the two teams are banged into each other. If there is no fumble, the play proceeds in the same way.

We have already seen how runs are figured as ten yards to every point gained. We have also seen that kicks are figured five yards to each point. A forward pass is figured by the same method as a run. A line plunge, which is naturally retarded by more opposition, counts five yards to each point gained. That seems small, you say. Yet we have players who have gone through on a tackle through tackle for fifty yards gain! Losses of any kind, on any kind of play, figure a yard to each point lost.

There is no restriction as to the kind of plays that may be run off in the center of the field between the two twenty-five-yard lines. End run after end run, forward pass after forward pass, may be ventured. Perhaps you 'll be glad to try a line plunge when you notice, as we often did, that your line-plungers seem to gain consistently while your end-runners seem to have the ill luck of being thrown for a loss mostly. The only restriction is such as comes with the regular football rules, which are in force in our game as well as in the real one.

Each side may kick when it pleases. In that case, we have to see if the ball is blocked. If the opposing side throws a number within one point of the number thrown for a kick, it is considered blocked. Thus if six is thrown for a kick, five, six, or seven would block it. If blocked, the ball is laid on the table and treated as a free fumble. That is, the two teams are rammed together, then picked off the table and thrown on the ball. The player who gets the ball is considered as having blocked the kick and grabbed the ball. His side then has the right to throw to see if he is able to advance it. If the kick is not blocked, the ball goes for the full distance thrown. No points are deducted from it, as in the case of a run or line plunge. Of course, on the kick-off or try at goal from the field, there is no blocking to be done.

To make a goal from the field or a goal from a touch-down, the throw must come within ten yards too small or five yards too much. That is, if the distance is thirty yards, the goal would be considered kicked if we threw four, or twenty yards; five, or twenty-five yards; six, or thirty yards; or seven, or thirty-five yards.

Naturally, forward passes are an important part of the game, but difficult to achieve successfully, as in the real sport. To make one, the passer throws to show the number of yards the ball is hurled. If the opposing side throws a number within three points of this number, the pass is blocked. Thus, if eight is thrown, six, seven, eight, nine, or ten would block it. If it is blocked, the same scheme is followed as in the case of the free fumble or blocked kick. The only difference is that, if the side throwing the ball recovers it, we consider the throw blocked without any chance of running it on. If, however, an opponent lands on it, we consider it blocked by that player grabbing it out of the air before it touches the ground, and he is then given a try at advancing it.

If the pass is unblocked, the ball is placed on top of a player. The distance thrown is counted as a gain, and the player is given an additional throw to see if he is able to advance it or is thrown after he has caught the ball.

A bit before this I spoke of the fact that between the twenty-five-yard lines there is no restriction as to the kind of plays. Inside the twenty-five-yard line, however, once in every four plays a line plunge must be tried unless it is fourth down and the distance still unmade. Then a kick or fake kick may be tried.

So there you have the game. Each play is marked on the diagram as it occurs, and while the players remain at the same spot on the table, the diagram shows where the ball is supposed to be located, and you can easily imagine the teams are moving up or down the field. No special marks are needed in the diagram except a line like this ~~~~~ for a kick; a straight line for a run, plunge, or loss; a dotted line for a forward pass. I have given you a diagram of the first half of a game we played, which will illustrate just how the game is scored and show how easy it is to follow it.

Time is kept strictly, and "time" out is called whenever there is unnecessary delay or either side wishes to ask for it. We usually play fifteen-minute quarters, but, unlike the real game, do not change goals at the quarters, but at the halves.

Naturally, as men are injured (have their heads torn off or arms or legs forcibly removed from their body) they are considered hurt and replaced by other players. In like manner, we do not hesitate to replace a player who seems to have no luck in making gains. And it is one of the interesting features of this game to see how certain of the players seem to possess a power over the dice, time after time reeling off long gains, just as in real life the star is called upon time after time and responds with a sucessful try.

And, fellows, figure for yourself the possibilities of this indoor sport! Before long we had increased our teams from two to twenty! Moreover, we worked out the following schedule as representing our season:

Oct. 7—Yale *vs.* Syracuse; Harvard *vs.* Gettysburg; Penn *vs.* Swarthmore; Princeton *vs.* Williams; Cornell *vs.* State; Columbia *vs.* Brown; Lehigh *vs.* Haverford; Lafayette *vs.* Bucknell; Army *vs.* Dickinson; Navy *vs.* Dartmouth.

Oct. 14—Yale *vs.* State; Harvard *vs.* Indians; Penn *vs.* Lehigh; Princeton *vs.* Georgetown; Cornell *vs.* Syracuse; Columbia *vs.* Swarthmore; Lafayette *vs.* Gettysburg; Army *vs.* Bucknell; Navy *vs.* Brown.

Oct. 21—Yale *vs.* Brown; Harvard *vs.* Williams; Penn *vs.* Columbia; Princeton *vs.* Cornell; Lehigh *vs.* Swarthmore; Lafayette *vs.* Dickinson; Army *vs.* Gettysburg; Navy *vs.* Georgetown; Syracuse *vs.* Indians.

Oct. 28—Yale *vs.* Army; Harvard *vs.* Georgetown; Penn *vs.* Dickinson; Princeton *vs.* Lehigh; Cornell *vs.* Williams; Columbia *vs.* Dartmouth; Lafayette *vs.* Swarthmore; Navy *vs.* State.

Nov. 4—Yale *vs.* Columbia; Harvard *vs.* Army; Penn *vs.* Haverford; Princeton *vs.* Swarthmore; Cornell *vs.* Dartmouth; Lehigh *vs.* Dickinson; Lafayette *vs.* Brown; Navy *vs.* Bucknell.

Nov. 11—Yale *vs.* Bucknell; Harvard *vs.* Penn; Princeton *vs.* Lafayette; Columbia *vs.* Williams; Cornell *vs.* Lehigh; Army *vs.* Indians; Navy *vs.* Swarthmore.

Nov. 18—Yale *vs.* Princeton; Harvard *vs.* Dartmouth; Penn *vs.* Indians; Cornell *vs.* Georgetown; Columbia *vs.* Bucknell; Lehigh *vs.* Syracuse; Lafayette *vs.* State; Army *vs.* Haverford; Navy *vs.* Gettysburg.

Nov. 25—Yale *vs.* Harvard; Lehigh *vs.* Lafayette; State *vs.* Dickinson; Williams *vs.* Georgetown; Swarthmore *vs.* Haverford; Brown *vs.* Dartmouth.

Nov. 30—Penn *vs.* Cornell.

Dec. 2—Army *vs.* Navy.

And how we did revel in the records as the season progressed! Old rivals met on our gridiron and fought it out fiercely. Minor teams produced the usual surprises. As teams met late in our season, what a comparison of records there was as to scores they had made against similar teams, and how we tried to figure out which team stood the best chance of winning! The surprising part of it all was the way some of the elevens ran true to form and triumphed repeatedly.

Not only did we keep the scores of the teams, but each man's individual record was jotted down—oh, most "scientifically"! We recorded how many halves he had played, his touchdowns, goals, gains in advancing the ball, and in blocking the enemy's advance. We credited him with a point for each point he made in advancing the ball and another point for each time he threw the opposing player back. The way we decided who tackled the runner was this: when the pile was untangled, the player of the opposing side nearest the man with the ball was the one supposed to have done the tackling. For getting a fumble or forward

pass, a player received two points' credit. These points were marked at once by the score-keeper, who also acted as time-keeper.

When the season had ended, we had a complete record of each player. As an illustration, here is the way our Yale team stood when the season was over:

Player	*Position*	*Halves*	*Points*	*Aver-age*	*Touch-downs*	*Goals*
Chadwick	R.E.	13	30.5	2.3	2	0
Hogan	R.T.	9	43	4.7	1	0
Jones	R.G.	9	28.5	3.1	1	0
Morton	R.G.	7	19.5	2.9	1	0
Hoyt	C.	10	12	1.2	0	0
Bloomer	L.G.	15	72	4.8	4	0
Jones	L.T.	12	51	4.2	3	0
Leavenworth	L.T.	10	27.5	2.8	0	0
Shevlin	L.E.	13	83.5	6.4	4	0
Rockwell	Q.B.	12	55.5	4.6	4	4
Kinney	Q.B.	7	23	3.2	0	0
Owsley	R.H.	11	35.5	3.2	1	0
Glass	R.H.	5	9.5	1.9	0	0
Levine	L.H.	13	38.5	2.9	3	0
Bowman	F.B.	16	75.5	4.7	1	13

Average weight—198.

At the end of the season, too, we had that supreme delight of all football "experts"—picking the All-American team. We selected the first, second, and third elevens, and did it by selecting the men with the best scores. It might interest you to know our eleven for one season was: Bachman (Lehigh), right end; Winslow (Navy), right tackle; Olds (Navy), right guard; Pierce (Lehigh), center; Waters (Lehigh), left guard; Gaston (Penn), left tackle; Shevlin (Yale), left end; Weekes (Army), quarter-back; Metzinthin (Columbia), right half; Thompson (Cornell), left half; Ritter (Navy), full back.

In this same season, the leading five elevens were: Yale, Lehigh, Columbia, Penn, and Harvard. Sounds rather odd, when we remember how the real elevens usually stood!

I remember this season we had the All-American team play the second team, and, sad to say, they were soundly beaten by the score of 15—6. This was followed by a game between the All-American and All-Canadian elevens, and this time the Stars and Stripes won, 23—6.

Then came the awarding of the college letters to all men who had played eight halves or more. These we marked in ink on the back of our players.

New captains were then elected for the following season. There was no favoritism about the election, either. We threw dice for all the "letter" men, and the high man won.

As you can see, there was no limit to what we could try. Better yet, as you may have noticed from the Yale line-up I just gave you, there was no limit to men who played on our teams. As long as we could get a picture of a player within the proper size, we could enroll him on one of our teams. Just imagine that—an eleven composed of the giants of all seasons! What bliss for the football coach!

And think, too, of the fun and importance of managing and directing not one team, but as many as ten! Talk about Glen Warner and the cares of coaching the Indians! We multiplied his troubles by ten, and thought it great sport! How seriously we tested this player or that in a weak position until we found his proper place most unexpectedly! Thus Chadwick, the Yale captain, proved a farce at half, but when tried at end made good at once. In the same way Tad Jones, the famous Yale quarterback of a few years ago, made good at guard on our team. Imagine that!

And as season was added to season, what sport it was to compare each season's records, to watch how this eleven and then that fought its way to a championship; to see how the star of one season either continued his good work or fell by the wayside as a new one appeared to take his place!

It was n't long, either, before we had our own "rules committee," and began to improve the rules and regulations! Many a serious argument did we have as to this point or that about the game. I remember well the effort made to admit players seven feet tall and the hot debates we had before we defeated it. In fact, most of us became regular orators in the course of our meetings and our debates.

But try it yourself, fellows. Manage all the elevens yourself and play all the games with yourself. There is nothing to hinder this interesting "solitaire" so long as you have a hand to use as motive power to shove the two elevens together. Or get your chum to manage half the elevens and you take the other half; or get "Da" or big brother or the rest of your chums who enjoy football, and let each fellow manage and play one team! There is no restriction as to what you can do with the game. Change it to suit new conditions or yourself when your own "rules-committee" meets. No doubt you, too, will have some good ideas with which you can add interest to the game.

Start recruiting your players now, and start your season any time. I 'll guarantee you 'll be insuring yourself and your chums many a happy evening for many months to come.

THE AMETHYST SET

By GEORGE MERRICK MULLETT

SYLVIA slammed her book together with a long-drawn sigh of relief and put it on top of a staggering pile of text-books beside her.

"Thank goodness! the last subject is finished, for my head is positively woozy! Tell me about when you were rich, Munny, and let me forget my troubles."

Mrs. Allison laughed and looked ruefully at the hole she was trying to patch in the side of Ted's trousers. "If there is anything in getting into the spirit, I am afraid my present environment will make it more or less difficult to impart the proper atmosphere to a 'rich' story. I don't see how Ted manages it! I never see him off his feet except at table and when he is asleep, but one would imagine that he devoted his entire time and strength, sleeping as well as waking, to sliding over rough surfaces."

"Oh, well, pretend that you are mending a weeny rent in your real lace party-dress because your mother wishes to teach you to be careful of your clothes even though you have scads and scads of them."

"Help!" pleaded her mother; "why, my dear, if I had such a powerful imagination as that, I should be able to make 'scads and scads' of money writing for publication—maybe even enough to keep Ted in unpatched trousers. But the party-dress *does* start a train of memories."

"All aboard!" called Sylvia, with a mischievous sparkle in her gray eyes as she rummaged in the darning-basket and pulled out a pair of sieve-like stockings belonging to the same young destroyer of the trousers. "I will mend these in order to get in the proper state of mind to appreciate your rich narrative. I am sewing on a trifle of chiffon and artificial flowers to bind upon my dusky tresses."

"This story," began Mrs. Allison, "is to be about the time just after I returned from boarding-school. Such a wonderful time! First there was the joy of being home again; then, just beyond, Romance beckoned with the promise of all sorts of new delights. Our big, comfortable house became the center of gaieties in our set, for Mother loved young people and did everything in her power to make them happy. Father was rich for that part of the country and that time, though, of course, he would not be accounted so by present-day standards."

"But you could go away to school, and had parties and servants and horses. Sounds terribly rich to me. Please start the train again, precious!"

"Mother not only loved to see us enjoy ourselves, but she was always on the alert to discern the needs of others and to try in some suitable way to supply them. To some it meant food and clothes; to others, work; and to still others, simply love and encouragement."

"You could tell that to look at her eyes," said Sylvia.

"Yes, you always loved them. I shall never forget the time she left us for a visit; you cried yourself to sleep wailing dismally, 'Oh, if I could only look in my grandmother's eyes and *know* they were my grandmother's eyes!' They were as wonderful for reading, as for winning, hearts and she very quickly saw into the heart of one of my schoolmates. I suppose the Carews thought they were doing quite enough for an orphaned niece by supporting her and sending her to the same finishing-school as their own daughter, though really their ample means easily permitted this. But when Marion Carew and her cousin Carol More came to visit me, it did not take Mother long to discern things that had not occurred to any one else—or, at least, had not given them any concern. She realized that a young girl may get tired of endlessly wearing another's clothes, even though they were in the best condition. Then, too, Marion's clothes were carefully designed to suit her petite style and blond loveliness, so it was not strange that they were very often not becoming to a tall, slender brunette like Carol. Mother knew intuitively that a good deal of Carol's shyness and reserve came from this very thing, and that a girl might not be able to have that delightful 'party-fied' feeling in an unbecoming frock that was likely to be recognized as a 'hand-me-down.'"

"It *would* make you feel that way," said Sylvia, musingly.

"We planned their visit so that they would be with us for the big Easter assembly, which was the social event of the season then, as now, and Marion's brother, with some of his college friends, was to come down for what would now be called a week-end house party and the dance. Of course we were in the usual feminine flutter about frills and furbelows,

and it was this that gave Mother the chance to work out her plan. She announced that she was going to give each of us an Easter present. Mine was to be a new dance frock with all the accessories,—Miss Katy was in the house working on it,—but the other two gifts were to be a surprise. And each *was* a surprise. Marion was delighted with a cameo brooch that she had admired; but I shall never forget Carol's face when she saw hers. It was the daintiest, frilliest, *new* party dress, a dream in lavender tulle, with slippers and stockings to match. To make it quite complete, there was also an amethyst set of mother's girlhood, consisting of a ring, set with a big amethyst that had a tiny pearl flower inlaid on the top, and a quaint necklace, with pendant amethyst hearts."

"Oh, Munny, imagine scattering jewels around in that reckless fashion and then saying it would not be rich now!"

"I don't imagine the dress cost a great deal, as it was quite simple; its value lay in that it was new and lovingly planned to suit Carol. And Mother made it almost seem that she was giving herself a treat by saying she had so wanted to see Carol in lavender."

"Oh dear!" sighed Sylvia; "think of a member of our family ever having been able to do things like that, and here am I in my senior year at high, with all sorts of class parties on the way and no money for those very things. If Grandmother had n't given away quite so much—why, I know girls who have had lovely clothes made from things fished out of old trunks."

"Why, Sylvia, I am surprised! If you had seen the happiness that gift brought, you would n't begrudge it for an instant. Carol blossomed out like a beautiful flower; it was a revelation."

"I know, Munny, and I am really glad she had the good time, and I don't mind the dress; but I do rather wish Gran had saved the amethysts. I never have had even a ring, and everybody is crazy about old-fashioned jewelry."

"I know you are n't stopping to think what you are saying, Sylvia. Don't ever allow yourself to feel even a shadow of regret for a lovely, unselfish thing done either by another or yourself. And as a matter of fact, that set might have gone with the rest when father's fortune was swept away."

"I was n't really regretting, I guess, but I do love pretty things, and right now, when the class is going to have all sorts of doings—"

"I know you want them and, more than you, I want them for you," sighed her mother; "but not at the expense of our having failed to do our little to assist a starving Europe."

"Of course, you blessed!" said Sylvia, giving her a kiss of penitence. "I know how hard it is for you to manage on Dad's income, with everything gone up so, and I would n't have wanted you to give a penny less for war relief, even if it did cut out all the extras; but"—she gave a laughing pout—"I wish we could have done both. And I could n't help thinking that I would n't be absolutely hideous in a new lavender tulle, or that, at least, the amethyst set would give a little tone to my white lawn."

"You would be lovely in it, dear," said her mother, smoothing the soft, dark hair tenderly; "but you are so full of joy and sparkle that you don't need it as Carol did. She was so shy, and you—"

"No one could accuse Silly of being shy," declared Ted as he turned a cart-wheel through the door and came right side up in position to kiss his mother.

"It does n't run in the family," returned his sister, pointedly.

"No, I 'm gradually overcoming mine, but I 'll tell you it has been a struggle." A broad grin almost engulfed his impertinent face. "What 's all this 'pale lavender' talk about?"

"Just a long-ago dress Sylvia was longing for."

"Longing for a dress!" declared Ted, scornfully. "Silly, my dear, you were rightly named! Imagine longing for clothes, unless there 's such a thing as iron-clad trousers. Now, if it was 'eats,' I would work up some enthusiasm my own li'l' self. Say, how many hours is it until lunch-time? My tummy feels like an uninhabited shell-hole."

Try as she would, Sylvia could not help thinking a bit wistfully of the lavender "fixings," though she did take a family pride in giving her chum Bernice a thrilling account of Grandmother Edwards in the rôle of Fairy Godmother. And so it seemed to be a sort of "thought-transference affair" when, from out the silence of years, there should come word from the "identical Carol More," who now had Thayer added to her name. Carol had come across the quaint amethyst set with which "dear Mother Edwards" had made her so blissfully happy, and she had been seized with such a desire to see her old friend Phœbe again that she wished to arrange a motor trip so that she might stop over with her husband

for a wee visit, if it would be convenient.

After the first joy in hearing again from her old-time friend, Sylvia saw that her mother took on a look of wistful gravity and preoccupation, and it was not hard for her to guess its cause. That day she had returned from school a-sparkle with joy because Bobby Clifton, the bright particular masculine star of the class of '19, had already asked her to be his partner for the June "Prom," and Mrs. Allison had been trying to evolve means for a simple party frock for the occasion.

"But with even common gingham at forty cents a yard, I hardly know what we can find that will be suitable," sighed Munny.

"Don't you worry, you lovey; I can wear my lawn. We can still afford soap and starch," said Sylvia, bravely.

"Oh, but you only will graduate once, and I should like you to go suitably dressed to these little school festivities. You can't always wear the white lawn, and yet Father is already making every sacrifice in order to be prepared for the next bond issue."

"Yes, and we all want him to be ready, too, don't we? I 'd rather have a new bond pin on his coat than have the duckiest sort of a party dress, if there had to be a choice—and there does," only a shade regretfully.

"It is the extravagantly high cost not of living, but of mere existing, that makes it so difficult to find any new place in which to make a cut. I feel that we are already down to the barest necessities of the cheapest wholesome food and the cheapest durable clothes. However, I 'm sure that it will be managed some way, if it is right that you should have this pleasure. You 've certainly deserved it."

That night Sylvia took her books to her room to study, for she knew that there was a battle to be fought with the problem that persisted in obtruding itself between her and the lessons on which she tried so hard to concentrate. Again and again she pushed it aside determinedly and thrust her head between her hands to gaze fixedly at the printed pages. But at last she closed the book with a snap and resolutely faced the difficulty. On one hand were the delights of the school parties, and of one of them in particular, in which, more or less "easy to look at," owing to a dainty new frock, she floated about with an admiring Bobby at the "Prom." Opposing this was the thought of her mother writing to her girlhood friend that it would not be convenient to entertain her. The struggle was none the less severe because it was over so small a matter as a cheap little dress, nor yet because Sylvia from the first knew how it would end, and the big "little sacrifice" was made right gallantly.

In the morning she would brook no denial as she lovingly folded her mother in her arms and insisted that the Thayers must be made welcome, adroity basing her arguments on the plea that it would humiliate Dad to acknowledge such a state in his affairs.

Her mother won over, Sylvia was in a whirl of excitement, and insisted that the family put its best foot foremost, while she strenuously brushed, mended, and polished it for company. There was no vestige of reluctance in giving up the few free moments not preempted by her studies to fix up the guest-room so that its fresh daintiness quite obscured its plain simplicity. There was no regretful thought that even a short entertainment of guests would mean additional "goings without" in their closely pared scheme of living, only delight that dear, self-sacrificing Munny was going to have the pleasure of meeting again her girlhood's friend.

But so firmly was Carol More entrenched in Sylvia's mind in the rôle of *Cinderella* that her surprise amounted to stupefaction when Mrs. Thayer arrived in a big, luxurious touring-car that Ted said, "listened like a million dollars." And he added the further observation that "poor Silly's mind, not being capable of grasping anything beyond a flivver, almost gave way under the strain."

But the unexpected magnificence in no wise marred the enjoyment of the two perfect days the Thayers spent with them. It seemd to Sylvia an act of poetic justice that *Cinderella* Carol should have married the *Prince;* and if there ever had been a trace of envy of her, it completely evaporated in listening to the two friends revive a magical past and in hearing a second chapter of "The Amethyst Set."

"So it really was that lovely lavender frock that made Lawrence fall in love with me," Mrs. Thayer said, her eyes dancing.

"I don't fail to appreciate that gift, Carol," Mr. Thayer interposed, "but I repudiate the suggestion that I could have been influenced by feminine fripperies, however attractive. What got me was that so lovely an apparition should have condescended to notice a shy and undoubtedly awkward young man."

"You were n't; you were just nice and dignified. We all thought he was a woman-hater. But it was the dress, any way, for it gave me the confidence and the desire to do whatever

I did. Men have no idea of the difference proper clothes make in a woman's poise." She laughed, and a quick glance of understanding flashed to her from under Sylvia's black lashes.

Even Ted was captured by the simple and unaffected charm of their wonderful guest, but it was Sylvia who seemed to find first place in her affections. She seemed as eager as Munny to hear all about Sylvia's simple school-life, her studies, her friends, hopes, and ambitions. And it made a real gap in the family life when the big car purred away with their guests.

"Oh dear!" sighed Sylvia the next morning, "it 's exactly like coming out into the drizzle after the dazzle of the movies!"

"'Cold gray dawn of the morning after,' Dad 's always singing about," teased Ted. "Cheer up, raise your bumbershoot, and begin saving your pennies for some more movies. But no joke, it must be great to be as rich as Dad says they are. If I had that much, though,I 'd improve that car."

"Oh, yes, I know! You 'd have one of those movable kitchens, such as they have in the army, fixed up as a bake-shop and hitched on behind," suggested Sylvia, sarcastically.

"Hurray for Silly! If you keep on having ideas like that, we 'll have to change your name. As a reward for your say-gas-ity, I 'll buy a flivver to carry your books to school for you."

"I need one," laughed Sylvia; "but I 've made up my mind that I 'll get 'highest distinction' on my *report,* anyway."

Mrs. Allison knew that the "anyway" might be translated to mean, "even if I can't have it at the class parties." And so the next week when Carol's bread-and-butter letter came, along with a box from a fashionable New York outfitter's addressed to Sylvia, she could hardly wait for the girl's return from school.

On the walk home the gray eyes were a shade grave from the contemplation of the social gaieties upon which the class had already launched and which had been the chief topic of conversation among her particular friends. For Sylvia had definitely made up

"'WHO COULD EVER BELIEVE IT—WHO COULD!' GASPED SYLVIA," (SEE NEXT PAGE)

her mind to forego these delights rather than have Munny worry because she could not have the simple finery of the other girls, knowing that it would be an even greater problem since the entertainment of their recent visitors. But one is seventeen only once, and the sacrifice was not absolutely painless, even though she stoutly assured herself that she would "a thousand times rather have had dear Mrs. Thayer with us." There was, however, not the faintest trace of the struggle in her eyes when she kissed her mother and smiled back at her happily. She even made her great announcement quite nonchalantly:

"Everybody has talked about the Baccalaureate banquet, the 'Prom,' and all the other parties until I 'm sure the real things will be just a little disappointing. I think I 'll keep my illusions and stay away from most of them. I 've made up my mind to stand at the top in my studies, and you know," very glibly, "you can't serve two masters."

Mrs. Allison squeezed the girl to her closely.

"Thinks it can fool its aged mother when the said parent has just finished excavating her own prehistoric girlhood! I happen to know that your standing is quite assured, and so maybe you may be induced to change your mind when I show you a certain letter for *my*self and a certain parcel for *your*self."

"Munny!" the girl's eyes went big with joyous question.

"The letter first? It 's from Carol."

"Oh, yes; I 've been looking for it every day."

Mrs. Allison drew Sylvia into the big chair beside her and read:

Dearest Phœbe:

The visit with you and the dear family was almost as wonderful as that one in the Eastertide of long ago—what a pleasure it was to bring those days back into now! I wonder if, in memory of them, you will give me the privilege of doing something that will make me very happy—say as happy as your mother was on that never-to-be-forgotten Easter. I am so sure of your answer that I have not waited for it.

You have two blessings that have been denied me and for which I would gladly exchange almost all of mine—not Lawrence, though. Sylvia, in particular, stormed my heart; she is so exactly what I wanted my daughter to be. She is at the age to which I look forward most eagerly with dream-daughter—that age of frocks and frills and innocent frivolity that is a sort of reaction from school life. You can't imagine how I looked forward to the time when I should be able to give her the loving understanding and the simple joys that I had longed for. She never became anything more real than a dream-daughter until I met Sylvia, whom I know you will share with me to the extent of letting me have the joy of giving her some of the little things I was never able to give that other.

I send love and many thanks for the contribution, individual and collective, that each one of you made to my happiness during our delightful sojourn with you.

Lovingly, CAROL.

P. S.—Tell Ted that a baseball suit with trousers especially built for base-sliding will follow as soon as Mr. Thayer can find one that will measure up to his exacting requirements.

"Munny! pinch me, put ice on my head, or do something heroic!" cried Sylvia as the box was opened and the tissue-paper wrappings parted "to the tune of smell-good-ums," as Ted declared, bursting into the party with his nose sniffing like a bunny's.

"Who could ever believe it—who *could!*" gasped Sylvia as her mother lifted out the dainty lavender dance-frock, a beautiful twilight cloud, revealing beneath it slippers and shimmering silk stockings to match.

"Stop goozeling," demanded Ted, with no small show of excitement; "it looks as if there was a second reel."

And so there was—in fact, two; for underneath was a fluffy white net, with the very touches of blue that would turn Sylvia's eyes to violets; and below that, a soft, gray cape, under which the party finery was to be shrouded from the public gaze.

"Think of having three new things all at once, and none of them 'necessaries!'" Sylvia was so overcome by her riches that she looked about her, a flushed picture of dazed happiness.

"I hate to say it, Silly, but you look every inch of your name!" grinned Ted, stooping to fish among the crumpled papers in the bottom of the big box and coming up with an old-fashioned leather case.

"Open it," said Sylvia, weakly; "but break it to me gently!"

A paper fluttered to the floor as Ted snapped open the lid:

"Sylvia dear, there is no one else to whom I would surrender dear Mother Edwards's much-loved gift. Maybe some day you will pass on its magic to some other young girl."

Sylvia, in a snow-drift of tissue-paper, lifted up eager hands for the case that Ted had kept high above her head. There, on the yellowed velvet, lay a ring set with a big amethyst that had a little pearl flower inlaid on the top, and, beside it, a quaint necklace with pendant amethyst hearts!

we stepped into the hoist-bucket at the mouth of the shaft. The engineer moved a lever, and the drum around which the cable was wound began to turn.

Down we went from the fresh mountain air and warm sunlight into the shivery darkness of an apparently bottomless pit,—into all manners of smells of earth and dampness and powder,—down, down, till the sky seemed to lower to the mouth of the shaft, now a little square of light far overhead.

The mining course of the state university requires a certain amount of practical work to be done by every student in addition to the theoretical instruction received; so I was beginning a summer's work at the Silver Cloud Mine, in a mining region in the high Sierras.

It was a novel experience to plunge into the work and life of the mines after being all my life accustomed to the far different life of a city boy.

Besides the strange scenes and customs of enced the sensation of working on a narrow shelf with a hundred feet of black, empty space beneath my feet. It was with a strange feeling that I first stepped into the steel bucket, and was lowered to the bottom of the hundred-and-fifty-foot shaft. I hoped that the cable was strong enough.

The Silver Cloud was a new mine. In fact, we were not far beyond the "prospect" stage, for an ore ledge had been struck only a short time before I arrived. Just now we were spending most of the time deepening the main shaft. It was thought that when we reached the two-hundred-foot level we should strike the big vein which near-by mines had found rich in the precious metals.

So far, for the most part, we had been working with picks and shovels, digging out dirt and loose rock. But for the last two or three days we had been drilling holes in solid rock which obstructed our way.

As we started down this morning, Mack said to me: "We 'll finish puncturing the old boy

this morning. Then we 'll fill him full of fireworks and blow him to smithereens."

I must have looked a bit startled at this announcement of my impending experience with dynamite, for the engineer had laughed and said: "Look out! Don't get blown out of the hole."

I had to stand much joshing from those hardened veterans of the mines, to whom I was still a greenhorn. But Mack, with whom I worked most of the time, was very considerate, and frequently gave me a lift with my work.

The shaft down which we are going was walled with heavy, well-braced timbers. We kept the wall built down to within a few feet of the bottom so as to be safe from cave-ins. Down one wall ran electric-light wires and two air-pipes, one for compressed air for the drill, the other to keep us supplied with fresh air while we worked. Down the opposite wall ran a ladder. It was made of pipe and chain, so as not to be broken or carried away by the heavy blasting, and was for use only in case the hoist should get out of order.

I certainly hoped that it would work all right while I was at the bottom. I shivered at the thought of having to climb up a perpendicular ladder of that material, with a hundred and fifty feet of space underneath.

As soon as the bucket touched the bottom of the shaft we stepped out and got ready to finish the drilling. The steel drill was driven by compressed air from the compressor engine in the building near the mouth of the shaft. A cylinder attached to the back end of the drill contained a hammer. This was so operated with valves that the compressed air, entering at the other end of the cylinder by a hose, drove it against the drill with a hundred-pound force ten or fifteen times a second.

Such a drill bored rapidly, but it made a terrific racket in the narrow shaft. It was rather strenuous work to operate it, because of the heavy kick. So Mack and I took turns running it for short periods, while the other kept the hole wet and cleaned out the moist paste of ground rock which kept forming.

Early in the afternoon we had all the holes drilled. At our signal the bucket was hoisted, and soon came down again with a hundred pounds or so of dynamite.

"Hope you boys brought your umberrelies," shouted Bob, down the shaft. "If you did n't, you 'll get a wettin'."

Then we looked up and noticed that the patch of light above had grown dim. The blue of the sky had turned to a heavy gray. Almost immediately we heard the distant rumble of thunder and could even see the faint reflections of lightning.

While Mack carefully sifted the brown powder into each hole and tamped it down solid, I measured off the lengths of fuses. I cut them different lengths, so that the charges would go off in the right order and each blast open the way for the next. This made them more effective than if we had set them off together, and also enabled us to count them and be sure when all ten had gone off.

Soon we had the fuses attached to the percussion-caps, which were necessary to explode the dynamite. After caps and fuses were in place, we piled loose rocks over the holes to drive the force of the explosions in more effectively. Then we gave Bob the blasting-signal. In answer to it he hoisted the bucket to the top and lowered it again to show that the hoist was in running order. We lighted all the fuses quickly, took the electric bulbs from their sockets, gathered together our tools, and stepped into the bucket.

By this time the thunder-storm was raging furiously overhead. The thunder, echoing and reëchoing in the hollow shaft, was almost deafening. As the cable tightened, after our signal to the engineer, a brilliant flash of lightning lit up the whole shaft for an instant. The clap of thunder followed it so closely that we knew the lightning must have struck not far from the mine's mouth.

At the same second the bucket stopped, almost before it had swung clear of the ground. Before we had time to wonder why, Bob's head appeared at the top, and he cried:

"Climb for your lives!" The power 's off!"

Then we knew what had occurred. The lightning must have short-circuited the electric wires or burned out the motor.

Well, we tumbled out of that bucket about as fast as hands and feet could take us. We jumped over to the ladder side of the shaft and groped for the pipes and chains. But in the darkness we did not immediately lay our hands on them, so Mack pulled out his pocket-lamp and flashed it upon the side of the shaft. Imagine our consternation when we saw that the bottom of the ladder was entirely out of reach! The timber was built down to within three or four feet of the bottom, but through some oversight the ladder had not been extended!

There we were, fifteen feet from the bottom of the ladder, with ten fuses quickly burning their way to a hundred pounds of dynamite

tucked into the rock! In a very short time the whole bottom of the shaft would be blown up.

The shortest fuse was about three minutes long, and many precious seconds had been wasted while we were getting ready to ascend, secure in the thought that the hoist would lift us out in a few moments. Now, if we were going to do anything to save ourselves, we must do it in a tremendous hurry.

The first thing that entered my head was to put out those sputtering fuses. I jumped to the heap of rocks we had piled over the holes and started madly to throw the stones off so as to get at the fuses.

'THEN BEGAN A CLIMB FOR LIFE, AND WITH WHAT A HANDICAP!" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

But instantly Mack caught me by the shoulder and perked me back.

"Cut that out, boy!" he roared. "We could n't get half of 'em out before the others would go off. And besides, they 've most likely burned into the holes by now.

"Here, quick! Up on my shoulder, then jump for the ladder. It 's the only chance to get out, unless we want to get blown out."

I started to follow his command, but then I thought of him.

"But that leaves you down here," I objected, "for I can't pull you up when I do reach it."

"It 'd better be you to get out than me," Mack urged. "Hurry, or we 'll both get banged."

Still I hesitated, and he was starting to swing me up himself when a thought came to him.

He acted on it instantly.

"Hold yourself up strong," he shouted, "and boost me with all your might if you want to get out of here alive!"

With a spring he was on my shoulder, steadied himself for an instant against the wall of rock, then stretched up to his full height, his arms reaching for the bottom of the ladder. He uttered an exclamation of disappointment.

"I can't make it this way," he groaned. "I 've got to jump for it. Look out now, when I try it, if I fall!"

I felt his heavy weight quiver for an instant as his muscles tensed for the spring. With a dig of his feet into my shoulders, his weight left me, and I fell flat from the push he gave.

I leaped up, to see his huge frame hanging above me, his hands gripping the last rung of the ladder.

"Now for it!" he bellowed. "Grab my feet and hang on for your life."

Then I saw his scheme. I threw myself upward, and grasped one of his thick ankles with all my might. "All right!" I gasped.

Then began a climb for life, and with what a handicap! To chin one's self with one hand is a hard enough feat for the ordinary heavy man, but Mack must do it with my hundred and sixty pounds hanging like an anchor to his feet.

I could feel his muscles tighten with the tremendous effort. I felt myself rise slowly—terribly slowly it seemed to me, with the smoke of the fuses in my nostrils, expecting at every moment to hear the crash of rock bursting with the deadly explosive.

I could hear the big man gasp for breath as he struggled to lift two of us hand over hand to a position where we could both climb for ourselves. I felt sure he could never accomplish so gigantic a feat. It seemed as though we were slipping back. I thought he had given it up, and that we should both drop down, to be hurled up with the force of the impending explosion.

But even as my grasp on his ankles loosened, I glanced up and saw the ladder hardly above Mack's knee. With a last terrific strain, he pulled us up to where he could put his feet on the rung. I could then have shifted my hands to the ladder; but he would not trust to my strength till he could get me up far enough for me also to obtain a footing. He called:

"Hold on with both hands to my left leg!"

As I obeyed, he quickly drew his free leg up and used its strong muscles step by step to raise me. Three steps, and I drew myself up so that my feet were on the ladder.

As he felt my weight withdrawn from his leg he cried:

"All right, son; no time to lose!"

You can readily believe that we began to clamber out of that hole like the most agile of monkeys. I did n't dare to think of falling back; we must n't even slip one step!

It seemed impossible that we could get out of reach of the deadly rocks that would come flying up, hurled by the immense power let loose by the dynamite. Every moment I imagined that I could hear the roar, that I could feel the upward rush of air, driven by the might of expanding gases.

Mack kept glancing down to be certain that I was coming safely, and muttered a word of encouragement if he thought I faltered. But the strength of desperation kept me close at his heels. Already the mouth of the shaft was close overhead. I could see Bob's strained, anxious face bending over the opening.

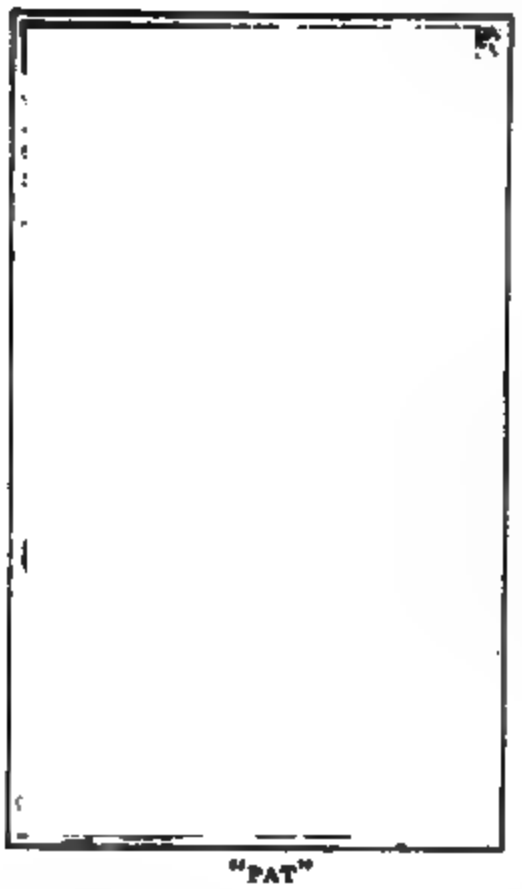
At last Mack's hands reached the bar at the top of the ladder; Bob clutched his arm; and with a heave, Mack was out. Then strong arms yanked me up so quickly that I was left gasping for breath.

"Well," said Bob, "I guess you got out about the right—"

As he spoke, there came a mighty blast of wind, the ground trembled, and a muffled roar burst from the depths below. We looked at each other silently. It was a rather sickly smile that came to our lips.

"Well," said Mack, finally, "maybe we 'll do some more blasting down there sometime. But if we do, I reckon we 'll see to it that our ladder 's built down to the last inch!"

LEWIS RUSSEL WRITES TO PHIL GREGORY



"PAT"

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

August 12, 1919.

DEAR PHIL:

Hello! how are you? Gee, it sure is too bad you had that spill and broke your leg! Did you smash your bike all to pieces, too? You and me have been having tuf times, but I sure have struck it lucky when the doctor sent me out to California, and I wish every old day that you were here; we could have *some swell times!* Uncle Dick is assistant director in the movies, and he has sure shown me some *fun*. I 've been havin' the most fun, tho, with three kids, mostly *one* of them, cause he 's just my age—but cracky! I wish you was him, I mean he was you—you know what I mean—course I like *him* tho—

Well, you see this kid lives bout a block from me, and every day we play in his yard with a swell coaster we made out of boxes and skates. Brian—that 's his name—Brian Moore. When he told me what it was I said Oh gee, I know! for the guy that 's senator or something, but he said, gee no! my name is *Irish*, and he told me how to spell it. So now you are learning some of a new language. And if he tells me any more, I will tell you.

Brian has two little brothers—the cutest little kids. One has such long curly hair I thought he was a girl— he 's Micky—and the other is Pat—and here is the *joke* on me—but I bet you would a been fooled, *too*, 'cause—well, what do you think? We played every day in their yard, most, an' I kept studying about that little Pat—And one day I said, "Say, kid, did n't you never live in St. Louis? cause I bet I saw you there." And Brian's mother heard me and she laughed and said, "Shure, Pat was born in *London*, and you probably saw him in pictures!" And whatda you *think!* He 's that little kid we saw in "the Squaw Man." He 's only four and a half years old, and is a *Star* in the movies! His mother told me she 'd give me some pictures of him and Micky for you. Micky is 3. All of them are in pictures—and she 's awful nice—gives us jam and bread just as Mother does, big slices—gee! and *guess what!* Pat gets moren 150 dollars a week, an Micky moren a hundred! How 's that for kids 4 an 3 years old. Cracky!

MICKY AND PAT MOORE

Uncle Dick works at a studio in Hollywood, where Pat does. Pat lets me ride his pony

when I go out there. When you see the picture of him with *shaps* on you will know him alright. You 'd never guess he is a Star to see us playing like *any* old kids. All the cowboys wave to him when they go by his house.

I promised Mother not to say gee so much, but gee I keep forgetting!

Whatda you think happened? *I been on a battleship.* The Pacific Fleet came to Los Angeles, you know. Yes, and she carried a *airship.* The aviator named Charles Wardwell has fought with the Italian, the French and the British fliers, and was with our Navy —gee! and guess what—when he came back and got with the *Texas* (that 's the ship) he got his old plane back, and I saw a place where it was shot in the war! Gee, if we had about 50 ships like the *Texas* we 'd lick the world—Uncle Dick says we would not *have* to lick them, for they 'd be afraid of us.

But say, the best thing on that ship was the *mascot*—a cracky fine English bulldog—smart!! you ought to see the tricks the men have taught him! He can do every old thing—his name is Jim, and down in the wardroom that 's the living room on a ship—and what do you think, they call the kitchen the *galley*—and it 's right on the deck, aft. Yes, and they don't say the fore and aft flagpole, but *Flagstaff* for the one aft, where the U. S. flag flies, and *Jackstaff* for the one at the front, where the Jack flies—So remember now, and don't be a greenhorn like me, and call the Jackstaff a flagstaff. Gee, I wish St. Louis was on the Ocean!

Just a few days ago the *Texas* had a big Naval Ceremony, cause the *Texas* won a prize for selling the most Victory bonds, and Secretary Daniels and Admiral Rodman and about a dozen more big officials helped Mary Pickford raise a flag at the *flagstaff*, cause Mary helped the men win the prize. And the prize was the flag that flew on the ship President Wilson went to France on, so it 's called the *George Washington* pennant.

"JIM," MASCOT OF THE U. S. S. *Texas* AND MARY PICKFORD, THE BATTLE-SHIP'S SPONSOR

O yes—I started to tell you there is a big picture of Jim in the wardroom, and it was painted by a English lady, and says Jim was the "gift of Admiral Sir David Beatty to the U.S.S. *Texas.*" He is a crackin fine dog.

Goodby. I don't know whether we 'd better be aviators or sailors. I sure liked that *Texas* —Just as shiny clean as a new knife. Well, goodby. Take good care of my pigeons.

So long. LEWIS.

THE STAGE AND FORE-STAGE OF OUR LITTLE THEATER DURING A PERFORMANCE OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

THE STORY OF OUR LITTLE THEATER

By GRACE HUMPHREY

It all began three years ago, when a new teacher of public speaking came to our high school. For Miss Thomas was different, and she made her class different, so that we all liked it. We had the same work that other teachers gave us, but she found time for new things that made it twice as interesting.

We acted out pantomimes. Could the class get the story that we were trying to tell by gestures? One day she asked who had been to a moving-picture that week, and then different boys and girls acted movie parts, while the rest of us guessed what characters they were.

Then she started a new class for plays, and it soon had a waiting-list, so many elected it. Just reading plays aloud, each of us doing a part, made them twice as real. We even tried to act out a little one-act play in our crowded school-room, but the desks gave us no space, and when we went up-stairs to the big auditorium, that failed. It is such a big room, seating sixteen hundred, that our voices and gestures were lost. What we wanted was plays, and a little place to work in, a sort of laboratory for our new class.

When the school began again in September, Miss Thomas told us about the work she 'd been doing in the summer, and the plays she 'd seen, and especially about the Portmanteau Theater, giving its first performance in a settlement house down on the East Side in New York. And she said just what we 'd all been thinking: "If we could only have a little theater!" And then she went on, "I 've been wondering, if the Portmanteau could give their beautiful plays in that dingy gymnasium, why could n't we do something in the music-practice room down-stairs."

At once boys and girls took up the suggestion. Indeed, while we were eagerly discussing it, James slipped out of the room, hunted up the principal, and asked breathlessly, could our class have that room?

"I don't see any reason why not," was the reply.

And back came James with the permission, and we went right to work. "We" means not only our class, but nearly every girl and boy of all the eleven hundred in our school. The manual-training class built out the narrow platform to fourteen and a half feet, and in front of this, a step lower, they built a fore-

stage, eight feet wide; so our whole stage is twenty-two by twenty-four feet, a very good size. We are very proud of our fore-stage, as it is the first one in the Middle West. The English literature class had learned about it, because Beaumont and Fletcher used one; but we really borrowed it from the Portmanteau Theater, to bring the players closer to the audience. The theater now seats a hundred and sixty-six, and that makes a fair audience.

The proscenium-arch, which separates the stage from the guests, is the work of the manual-training class, too. It is just a partition made of compo-board. The piers at the side are hollow, with the switches for the lights, and the pulleys and ropes for the curtain inside. When George showed Miss Thomas his diagram for the curtain machinery, it proved too complicated for her to understand, but it has never failed to work.

And our stage has one real innovation: back of the brown curtain, reaching from floor to ceiling, are glass doors. They have a framework of wood, which we enameled gray. Through these glass doors the audience gets a first hint of the setting for a play; then the pages open the doors, which fold back out of sight, and the whole scene is disclosed.

The girls in the sewing class made curtains of écru scrim, to take away the bare look of the windows. The art class worked on a sign for the theater's entrance, and the boys in mechanical drawing lettered it. Outside the building Mr. Park's boys put up a quaint sign announcing "Our Little Theater." It has a swinging bulletin-board, and two lanterns light it at night. The printing class did the programs and tickets.

A TICKET OF ADMISSION

You see, everybody helped, and the first week in December we opened our theater with a real play. One page lay down on the couch and went to sleep; the other nodded on a stool. This was to show, you understand, that acted drama was asleep in the high school. A trumpet sounded. The page on the stool started, rose, shook his friend, looked at the clock, and called out:

"Wake up! Wake up, Jack! Eight-fifteen, and time for the play to begin!"

Jack yawned, glanced at the clock, and got up. They held back the curtain, and out stepped the reader of the prologue, who told in rhyme, written by the English class, how this playhouse was built. At the line, "But hark! I hear the bells chiming!" a gong struck, behind the scene. "Pages, draw back the curtains, and let us enjoy our first play."

The drawn curtains revealed the sculptor's studio; a slave was putting things to rights. The pages watched him through the glass doors, then motioned to each other to open the doors, too, so that the audience could see the play. And during the performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea" they sat on their gay cushions on the fore-stage.

The pages are always busy people. Apparently they manage everything—open and close the curtains and doors, carry in properties, and introduce the boys and girls who perform on the fore-stage; for during intermissions we have people sing or play or dance—troubadours, or the ukulele quartet, or Greek dancers, or a violinist.

The pages are the go-betweens between the play and the audience. Sometimes our audience is more amused with the pages than with the play, puzzling out what the idea really is.

"What play did you say this is?" asks Fred.

Harry, looking at his program: "'A Pot of Broth,' by Yeats, and J. W. plays the beggarman."

Fred: "Oh, hurry! Let 's draw the curtains and see Jonathan." (As the beggar enters) "Oh, look at him! Is n't he strange?"

Harry, as they close the curtain after the play: "What a funny old Irish duffer Will makes! He looks just like an old man who lives down our way."

Fred: "The next is an Irish reel. Hurry, I hear the music!' (They enjoy the dance on the fore-stage.) "Did you see Walter's green tie'"

Harry: "Yes, and he nearly forgot which girl was his partner." (They both laugh.)

Fred: "The next play is called 'The Lost Silk Hat'—'supposed to be a streeet scene.'"

Harry: "Well, this fore-stage does n't look much like a street to me." (As if he had an idea) "Let 's make it look like one." (Each page brings in a pillar, boxes, and stools.) "Now this can be the front of the house. There, set your box straight; this is an awful' particular play, you know. Looks better, does n't it?"

Fred: "Yes, but it 's so dark here. We

can't have a street without any light. I 've got an idea—the lamp-lighter. Hey, there, Lamp-lighter! Come and give us some light."

Lamp-lighter: "All right. I 'll be there in a minute." (He goes up the aisle, steps on to the fore-stage, and lights two old-fashioned street-lamps, which we had rescued from the back alleys of a town near by.)

Fred: "Thank you, Lamp-lighter. Won't you stay and see the play?"

Lamp-lighter: "Oh, I can't; have n't time."

Both pages, urging him: "Oh, yes, you have! Do sit down." (So he blows out his lantern and sits down in the front row, and the play begins.)

The whole expense for our theater was only a hundred and sixty-five dollars the first year. This bought the lumber, the curtain material, the paint, and the lighting fixtures. By June we had paid back every cent to the board of education, and we charge only twenty-five cents in the evenings, and five cents in the afternoons. Often boys and girls save a nickel out of their lunch money, and our matinées are always crowded.

The costumes are never expensive; our sewing-teacher is a genius, and the girls do all the work. For our first play eleven dollars provided nine Greek costumes—six-cent linings, used dull side out, ten-cent silkolines, twenty-five-cent sateen; slipper soles from the ten-cent store made into sandals. The robes had border designs put on with crayolas or appliquéd.

Of course in any theater the lighting is the most difficult thing. We spent some of our money this year for an indirect lighting system. The boys in the physics class did most of the work. We have no footlights at all, so there is no need for much make-up. There are overhead lights, hidden by the proscenium-arch, and lights on each side, with reflectors.

For the performances on the fore-stage we wanted a moonlight effect, but the side-lights, covered with colored silk, did not succeed. Some one suggested the head-lights of an automobile, and Ellis offered to drive their car near the window and turn the lights on to the fore-stage. An hour later he reported to Miss Thomas, "Come, please, and see the moon we have made you!" A western moon at eight o'clock seemed impossible, but there it was, shining steadily and happily, as if it said, "This is my contribution to Our Little Theater."

For the convenience of the audience there are side-lights of gas that burn throughout our performances. The fixtures we made from peroxide bottles, after the bottoms and necks were ground off; the forge class set them into iron frames, with lids of sheet-iron fitting over the tops, and in the lids they made a crescent-moon design. They give an amber glow to the theater; streaks of dark and light, like the aurora borealis, radiate from the bottle; and there is the moon's shadow on the ceiling. With the glass doors and the curtained windows, they give our room real atmosphere, "like an old monastery," as one visitor was heard to say.

THE AUDITORIUM OF OUR LITTLE THEATER

In this year and a half Our Little Theater has given over twenty plays, often several one-act plays in an evening. And we not only do plays, but we are learning about producing them. We make designs for the settings. And we have great fun trying out things—thunder and lightning, a snow-storm, and a fire.

But all this is regular school-work. No matter what your part may be, usher, manager of stage or lights, actor, page, advertising man, you are marked at each performance and at each class appointment. We have written lessons and special topics and examinations. But none of the other classes is half so interesting, for this is ours, our work and our play together. It is well named "Our Little Theater."

A Review of Current Events

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THE LEAGUE DEBATE

A DANGEROUS subject! It is difficult to discuss America's part in the Treaty and the League without being accused of party prejudice. That is not a very serious accusation, because whenever any great question of policy is before the country, the country divides on one side or the other pretty much as the two great parties take their sides. However, THE WATCH TOWER tries to be, first, American, and, second, "independent" in its report and comment.

The League debate grew warm in September. President Wilson made his tour of the country, speaking in the large cities He spoke in generalities, his opponents said; generalities that did not seem to them even to glitter. They answered his speeches in speeches of their own. The people, presumably, listened to the speeches on both sides, or read reports of them in the newspapers, and made up their own minds. Really, it seemed as though in the main the people were not greatly moved one way or the other, and only wished that the President and the Senate would decide on a course of action and settle the thing. But it seemed that the nation must be grasping more clearly the factors involved, and fixing values upon the arguments pro and con, with regard to the supreme consideration of true Americanism, our own rights in the world, and our duties to the rest of the world, and more specialized matters, like Shan-tung, Persia, the number of votes controlled by the British Empire, and so on.

What can safely be said here is this: that in this great debate we have had an opportunity to see our system of government at work. We have seen the question take form and go through the most searching study. We have seen what the President on the one side and the Congress on the other can and cannot do.

By the time this article is read the nation's policy will in all probability have been definitely fixed, and we shall stand upon the firm rock of decision instead of the shifting sands of discussion.

THE GALE FROM THE GULF

ABOUT the time a good many of the present readers of ST. NICHOLAS were born, somewhere along the latter part of the first decade of this century, there was a terrific storm that came tearing in from the Gulf of Mexico, and left a trail of ruin in Texas. The hurricane and the tidal wave almost completely wrecked the city of Galveston.

The city was reconstructed, and a great sea-wall was built to protect it against wind and wave. The courage and determination shown by the afflicted people at that time won the admiration of the whole nation, as their suffering had commanded its instant sympathy.

On September 11 of this year the Weather Bureau at Washington sent out storm warnings for the Texas coast. For two or three days the storm was reported as "centered in the Gulf." Then suddenly the bulletins announced that the whole Gulf coast was in the tempest's line of march. And so it was! "Area disturbance greatest in history of Weather Bureau," was the warning.

Corpus Christi and other Texas towns were wrecked. On September 20 it was reported that 386 persons were known to have lost

their lives, and it was certain that the casualty list was still far from complete. The transportation, light, and power services had been put out of commission. Houses and stores had been blown down or washed away, and the gale had left a trail of destruction and devastation that would have made a German army proud of itself.

Help was given with all the speed and effectiveness that American wits and kind hearts command in such emergencies. Is it silly or sloppy to rejoice over the courage of the Texans and the kindness of the rest of us Americans and to see in them proofs of the continued existence of that good old American spirit of which we are proud?

CARDINAL MERCIER

He came to America with a message of gratitude and friendship from the Belgian people. The boys and girls, as well as the men and women, of America were glad to greet him. They had taken no small part in American projects for relief for his stricken people. They had admired the courage and endurance of the Belgians, and they had many a time applauded his own brave words and acts.

They had read how he, clergyman and scholar, had in behalf of his oppressed people fearlessly faced, outspokenly denounced, and stoutly resisted the monsters of Prussian militarism. They knew that his scholarship had the pulse of humanity, that his religion was broader than any creed, and that he feared no man because he did fear God.

And as they joined in America's greeting to him, so did they join also in America's determination to hold fast forever the love of liberty, the readiness to die rather than submit to invasion of the freeman's rights, which both Belgium and the United States carried into, through, and out from the war.

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CARDINAL MERCIER ACKNOWLEDGING HIS WELCOME AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK CITY

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Regardless of the smaller matters of international politics, which occasionally color our ideas, when you think what are the actual good and bad influences in the life of mankind you are pretty sure to come to the conclusion that Great Britian and the United States, standing together, represent the mightiest force in the world on the side of fair dealing among the nations. That does n't mean that we think everything England does is the best that can be done, any more than we think everything American is ideally perfect. It does mean that England and America are and ought always to be partners on the side of justice. So everything that increases the friendship between the great English-speaking peoples, everything that helps them to understand each other better, is a good thing for the peace and prosperity of the world.

Press Illus. Service.

VISCOUNT GREY

Such a thing is the presence in this country, as Great Britian's Ambassador, of Viscount Grey. For years before the war he, as Foreign Minister in the Government of the British Empire, labored constantly for peace among the nations. When the war began it was

who expressed England's decision to fight for her honor. Germany gave him her best compliment by hating him most of all Englishmen.

England could not possibly be better represented in America than it will be by Lord Grey.

OH, BOSTON, BOSTON!

LITERALLY not much more than a stone's-throw from the spot where the Boston Massacre occurred, Massachusetts guardsmen stood one day in September of this very year of grace (or disgrace) with bayoneted guns leveled at a crowd of rioters. The scene, disgraceful in any American city, seemed superlatively so in old Boston. But the Boston of to-day is quite a different town from the Boston of old literary tradition.

The disorders were a sequel of the Police Strike. Some of the Boston police, in the face of warnings from the commissioner, insisted on their right to form a union and strike for higher pay. Citizens volunteered for police duty and undertook the protection of life and property. The lawless element seized its opportunity, looted stores, and openly indulged in various forms of violence and disorder. Finally, the militia was called in, and the governor of the State even asked the Federal Government if it would send military forces if the state guard should prove unable to handle the situation.

The governor showed sense and courage. The people stood stoutly by him. It was made clear that men employed in the service of the Government were not to be permitted to hold it up. They were regarded as mutinous soldiers. The governor said, "To place the maintenance of the public security in the hands of a body of men who have attempted to destroy it would be to flout the sovereignty of the laws the people have made."

Good for you, Governor Coolidge!

PREPAREDNESS AGAIN!

MILITARISM is bad. Unfitness for the work of the soldier is bad. We must be a nation physically fit and with healthy nerves. If we were that and no more, we should have only the material of defense.

Some folks thought we could raise, equip, and train an army overnight. We did put a large and efficient fighting force into the field in an amazingly short time; but there was waste of all kinds—waste that would have been avoided if we had *only* been better prepared.

So long as a treaty can be regarded as a "scrap of paper" and canceled by one of its parties, the nation needs to be ready to uphold its honor by force of arms. Therefore it seems highly advisable to require every American boy to devote some time to training for the work that would be his if we had to go to war.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has had a number of plans submitted to it, covering a wide range of possibilities. If it were put to a vote by the boys, it would soon be settled!

THE CHAMPION HIGH-FLIER

How many Woolworth Towers, placed one upon another in a vertical column, would it take to reach a point 35,000 feet above the surface of the earth? If they could be piled up that way, the tip of the obelisk would be just a few stories farther up than Roland Rohlfs got in his plane on September 18. The bold flier established a new altitude record: 34,610 feet.

At such heights the air is almost too thin for people to breathe or for an airplane to float in. And yet 35,000 feet is only a little more than six miles, and that is n't much of a start toward any of our neighbor planets.

Suppose a man could be supplied with air, or a substitute for it, enough to keep him alive long after passing beyond the earth's atmospheric envelop. Then suppose a machine could be made light enough and strong enough to move vast distances through the sea of ether beyond our atmospher. Then suppose the machine and the man to be started aloft at the speed of a rifle-bullet, and aimed straight out into space.

That seems to give our ambitious aviator just about all he could wish for. And then what? Astronomers tell us how many years it takes a ray of light to travel to us from the sun. Mr. Airman would spend a long time on the way. Even a voyage to Mars or the moon would be a tiresome trip.

And at the end of it—what? Perhaps the air-cushion, if there is one, about the other planet would ease the jolt of landings. Perhaps Mars or Luna would be hospitable to the explorer. Who can say postively that they would not? Then would come the trip home, and such "tales of a traveler" as never have been told. Presumably, they never *will* be told; and yet—

New things are being done all the time. When the north pole becomes a fashionable summer resort, some restless adventurer may find a way into the heart of earth, and discover new wonders of nature, new sources of heat and power. When wireless telegraphy is old-fashioned, and people pity the clumsy experimenter of 1919, there may be communication with our stars, and perhaps transportation over an interplanetary system. Nothing seems quite impossible.

Perhaps Mr. Rohlfs's achievement will appear later to have in it more of usefulness than we can see in it now. Certainly this nervy and successful flier wins admiration for his courage and sporting spirit. It must be mighty still and lonely 'way up there!

International Film.

ROLAND ROHLFS, AFTER HIS RECORD-BREAKING ALTITUDE FLIGHT

LOOK OUT: HERE 'S A SERMON!

SAVE this for Sunday; it 's really a sermon. It 's labeled, so that you don't have to read it if you don't want to.

Some people are shaking their heads, pulling long faces, and saying the world is in a bad way, that things will never get straightened out, and there 's no use trying—except just to take care of yourself. Others are in doubt whether this is the end, or a period of darkness to be followed by the dawning of a new day. Here and there is a cheerful prophet, one who sees the sunrise, who declares these are good times because they are making us better acquainted with ourselves, and who looks to the future with confidence that it will be good and also with, what is even more valuable, determination to help make it so.

When a ship is in trouble, some fellows want to sit down and just wait for the end, or for some one else to rescue them. Some want to take to the life-boats right away, save themselves, and leave the old hulk to take her chances. And some jump for the pump-handle.

There are five senses, and the greatest of these is the sixth, the sense of values. (It includes the sense of humor.) It 's *valuable*, if you *have* to go down, to go down fighting. As every sermon has to have a story in it, here 's one that shows the difference between the fighter and the quitter.

Somewhere in South Africa were two prospectors who were "all in, down and out." Their food was gone, their burros lay dead somewhere back in the desert. The men were hungry and weak. If they had discovered a million dollars worth of gold right then and there, they could n't have bought a ham sandwich with it.

One man quit. He shot himself. The other man staggered on. Suddenly, he saw a column of smoke. Smoke! Men!

With his last bit of strength he tottered into a camp, where he was cared for and fed.

Years afterward, he came upon a skeleton in the desert. Beside it lay a revolver. He kicked the revolver aside. A golden fleck showed in the sand. Gold! The gun and the bones were those of the man's former partner.

Whether the story is true or not, it easily might be; and it will mean something to any young American who has any thought of quitting.

Pshaw! we 've gone and spoiled our little amateur sermon. There *is n't* any young American like that.

THROUGH THE TELECOPE

ON a day late in September eleven large steamers sailed out of New York harbor carrying passengers for European and South American ports. Not since the summer of 1914 had so many passenger-ships steamed

down the bay and out to sea. More than 4500 passengers were aboard. It was just one of the straws in the wind, helping to show that things are beginning to get normal again.

AN important national enterprise, carried on almost entirely by Americans not yet old enough to vote, has been resumed, and is enjoying "a period of unprecedented prosperity," as the newspapers say about other forms of business. Yes—football! It is part of American education, preparation for life. Properly played, it makes stronger bodies, keener, quicker minds, and stouter spirits.

IN New York State a committee with State Senator Lusk at its head has been investigating individuals, organizations, and publications suspected of disloyalty. In September it was reported that the committee had caused ten newspapers or magazines to suspend publication. These papers had names like "The Revolutionary Age," "The Rebel Worker"; and several of them were printed in foreign languages. Every loyal American must regard as welcome news every report of successful efforts to restrain those who would upset the form of government by which the liberties of our people have been protected.

WHEN the departments of the Government at Washington want money, they have to ask Congress for it. In September they asked for $47,000,000. They got a little more than fourteen millions. Economy at Washington would help to put the giant Cost-o'-living out of business. The best thing about this appropriation bill was that both political parties favored the reduction of the estimates.

WELL, General Pershing and his boys got back, and how good those First Division fellows did look as they marched in New York and Washington! No picture seems more fitting for this department's use than the one we have selected.

©International Film.

GENERAL PERSHING AT SALUTE BESIDE THE LIBERTY BELL IN PHILADELPHIA

THE MOST POWERFUL ENGINE IN THE WORLD

BY WILLIAM H. EASTON

THE engineers of the great system of subways, elevated railways, and trolley-cars of New York City have many difficult problems to solve, and one of them is to provide sufficient power to transport the city's constantly increasing population. For New York is growing very rapidly. Every day it receives enough new citizens to supply a good-sized town, while its yearly increase is greater than the total number of inhabitants of many of our States. Naturally, therefore, more power is needed for transportation every year. Engine after engine has been installed in the power-houses of the street railways; but hardly has a new one been put into operation, before another has become necessary.

Not long ago it was decided to make a decided addition to the subway system, and then the railway engineers made up their minds to put in an engine that would suffice for a few years at least. "Let us get a big engine," they said, "not only the largest ever built, but the largest any one can build."

It was an ambitious plan, but they carried it

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FIG. 1. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A SMALLER DUPLEX TURBINE; JUST BEYOND IS THE 100,000 HORSE-POWER GIANT

out; and so to-day the New York street railways are being supplied with electricity by an engine that is so powerful that every other one now in operation seems insignificant beside it.

To say that this huge machine can develop one hundred thousand horse-power is, however, to give a very vague idea of its real capacity. Let us rather consider some of the things it can do.

It can supply enough power to drive fifty limited express-trains at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

It could lift every man, woman, and child in New York City at the rate of 400 feet a minute, which is the speed of the ordinary elevator.

It can generate enough electricity to light a line of electric lamps spaced fifty feet apart and encircling the world at the equator.

But in spite of its immense power, this steam-and-electric Hercules is really very modest and unassuming in appearance. It is, in fact, not an engine of the ordinary kind at all, but a "turbine," which means that it consists simply of a number of large cylinders without the moving wheels and rods that make the older type of engine so impressive.

We can get a good view of this new form of engine in our illustration, Fig 1. In the foreground is a smaller "duplex" turbine of some 40,000 horse-power, and just beyond it is our big 100,000-horse-power giant, which, as can readily be seen, is triplex, or made up of three main parts. Behind it tower several engines of the older type.

Fig. 2 shows the contrast between the old and the new. At the left is just a small part of the old engine, with its slowly revolving wheel, while beyond it can be seen one of the cylinders of the big turbine. The old engine is several times as large as the new, but it can develop only about *one fifteenth* as much power!

FIG. 2. AT THE LEFT—A SMALL PART OF THE OLD ENGINE; BEYOND, ONE OF THE CYLINDERS OF THE BIG TURBINE

FIG. 3. THE GREAT SPINDLE BEING LOWERED INTO THE BOTTOM PART OF THE CYLINDER

What is the difference between the two? The old engine consists, like the familiar locomotive, essentially of a cylinder in which a piston is pushed back and forward by the steam. The operation of the turbine is quite different, and, to understand it, let us look at Fig. 3, which shows the interior of one of the cylinders. Here we see a great wheel, or rather a spindle, being lowered into the bottom part of the cylinder. When it is in place, the top of the cylinder will be put on and bolted down. If you look closely, you will see that the spindle is covered with hundreds of small blades, or vanes. The steam, entering the cylinder, blows against these vanes, much as you blow against the vanes of a paper pin-wheel, and the spindle revolves just as the pin-wheel does.

For many reasons, which would take a long time to explain, it is possible to get a great deal more power out of a small turbine than out of a much larger engine of the old kind. The turbine is also simpler and requires less care and attention. These are very important advantages, and as a result, the turbine has virtually supplanted the old engine in all modern power-houses, and is also now being used for operating steamships as well

ADVENTURES OF FRIDAY

It is hard to guess just why he was named Friday, but it may have been the day on which he arrived. It took some time for him to get over an abused feeling at being carried miles and miles into a strange town and among strange beings. But hunger grows more intense, and it pays to make friends when each of twenty boys comes with offerings of lettuce, nuts, or grain. Probably by now Friday feels sorry for his bourgeois friends, left behind in Prairie-dog Town. There you have it—a prairie-dog! One look from those shining dark eyes, and you 're his champion; one touch of those silky brown paws, so like hands, and you 're his abject slave. When he sits up nice and straight, with that stub of a tail, ending in its splash of black, sticking out like a prop, you can never resist his plea for something nice to eat. When he thrusts his nose into the palm of your hand and hangs on to a finger with both little paws, there is nothing for it but he has to be petted until he tumbles over asleep. But let 's begin at the beginning.

Friday was only three months old when a boy carried him away from Prairie-dog Town and deposited him, eventually, in the yard of a

big fraternity house, where a bunch of lively boys were always chasing around. It was a glorious yard in which to dig roots if other things were not forthcoming, for Friday rapidly developed a remarkable taste for sweets. Then this new, really pleasant state of affairs all went to pieces. The frat boys put on the khaki and marched away to war. The house was filled with other beings, feminine this time, with less of a liking for small furry animals. One of the frat boys who was too young to march away took the little fellow to his own home. So ended the first adventure.

Friday was now quite spoiled, and he soon felt at home in the new place. He tagged the housewife from room to room, until weariness overcame his desires and he had to go off for a snooze. The Boy-Who-Was-Left-Behind noticed that at such times Friday usually disappeared under a certain thick-cushioned chair. This old chair stood far back in a corner against an old-fashioned secretary. Sweeping day discovered a great hole in the stuffing of the chair between the springs and the webbing, and there they found Friday fast asleep. The housewife said it would never do; Friday was banished to the cellar and the old chair patched with wire.

But Friday did n't love that horrid old dark cellar. It was too lonesome. No one came to pet him or scratch his chin or laugh at his antics. One night he found a crack in one corner of a drain-tile big enough to let him enter. In he went. He crawled on and on until he was most decidedly lost. Then he barked so excitedly that he roused the housewife and the boy out of their beds. The boy had to break a piece of tiling in order to rescue poor little scared Friday. The housewife began to wish that Friday lived somewhere else, and was greatly relieved to learn that the frat boys would soon be back and would then have a home for Friday. So ended the second adventure of Friday.

Soon after Friday came to town I visited him, and by the liberal use of peanuts made him a steadfast friend. He also posed for me with becoming grace and lack of self-consciousness, as you can see. I said to him at various times that any day he desired to change his street number he was welcome to adopt ours. Friday's manners grew worse and worse, and he did things with those sharp teeth and nails until the frat boys said they no longer loved him. When he took advantage of their absence one afternoon to chew the bottoms off all the new lace curtains, the boys vowed vengeance. Sad indeed would have been his fate, had not two tender-hearted boys rescued him. For safety's sake he rode in a big military coat pocket until a new home could be found for him. And that is how a little prairie-dog is running around the waxed floors of a university laboratory. This marks the end of Friday's third adventure.

And as in all lives there is woven a thread of tragedy, so it came to Friday. One sad day, when no one knew the door was open, he plunged down the elevator shaft, two stories deep, to the cement floor below. When we picked him up, we thought he would never scold us again; but after he had lain very limp for several minutes, he drew a deep breath and gave us a couple of very short, very quavery little barks. We wiped the blood from his mouth, where a sharp tooth had gashed the cheeck, and looked him over for broken bones. Two teeth were loosened, and one front leg was badly bruised. Friday spent several days sleeping without interruption. When these had passed, he spent two days working with the loosened teeth, pressing them back and

FRIDAY LIKES CIGARETTES AN APPEALING ATTITUDE

forth with his little paws, until they fell out. Now it happens that kind Mother Nature has provided very nicely for all the little rodents, of which Friday is one. When a tooth is broken off or falls out, a new one immediately begins to form, provided the soft pulp at the base of the tooth is uninjured. Friday now has two little white tips showing through, and it won't be long before he will be fully equipped for eating roots and nuts again. And with his recovery from his eventful fall, we will call this the end of Friday's fourth adventure.

Friday goes into his bed of straw about five o'clock every afternoon. He sleeps straight through until noon the next day, when a great scratching and clawing evidences his desire to be helped out of his tall box. Then comes a couple of hours of scampering here and there, investigating boxes, baskets, and corners. He has a funny little "Come-on, here-we-go" lope that is delightfully happy in its abandon. A tap on the floor is a signal for him to hurry along toward the tapper; something worth while may be in store.

A TYPICAL PRAIRIE-DOG POSE

He is especially found of cornmeal mush, picking up a pawful and carefully licking it off, especially between the fingers. He is also very fond of creamed peas after they have been mashed and the skins taken out. In goes his mouth, like a little pig, and the pea soup gets up over his nose and down his chin; but he never stops till the dish is empty. He drinks milk, eats canned corn, loves piecrust, boiled rice, cooked raisins, and, in fact, nearly everything, with the exception of cabbage and potatoes. On the last two items he kicks and kicks hard; for when he does n't like a thing, he does just what the naughty little boy or girl does at table—throws it as far as he possibly can. He likes his food warm, and when he finds it cold, he takes both little paws and spills whatever is in the dish right out on the floor.

Being a prairie-dog, one would expect Friday to like warmth, and he certainly does enjoy it, the hotter the better. He crawls under the radiators, where he flattens himself out like a little rug, with feet sticking out as far as it is possible, and there he sleeps for an hour or more. He took a great liking to an army hat worn by one of the students, so an old one was given by one of the boys. Friday uses this for a sleeping-bag every day, for it sits close to the radiator and is such a cozy spot.

SHOWING HIS PRETTY PAWS

Friday is seven months old now and nearly full grown. If he should return to Prairie-dog Town, what tales of the wide world he could tell them! Perhaps they would scoff at him as a romancer, so I think it just as well that he stay where everybody wonders what will be the next adventure of Friday.

MARJORIE SHANAFELT.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

As we have often explained, it is a constantly recurring joy to note how a certain battalion of our ardent young army forges to the front one month, and another leads the van the next. In one issue, perhaps, the camera-lovers head the line, and in the following number the young folk who draw with pen or pencil take precedence. Last month our troubadours fairly excelled themselves with an array of little poems remarkable for poetic thought and a fine sense of melody. This month the prose-writers came forward with a rush that would not be denied and almost overwhelmed us with the number and variety of their offerings. In sheer desperation we were forced to let the department overrun its usual limits by two pages, and even this increase falls far short of doing justice to all the young contestants, several of whom will have to be content this month with a place of honor on the "Special Mention" list.

Much remains to be said in praise of this November exhibit as a whole and in particular. But in lieu of saying it, we are selfish enough to give place to a young writer who has made ST. NICHOLAS very happy. We are deeply indebted this month to one of our Honor Members, who, under cover of the prose subject, has seized the opportunity to offer a graceful tribute, very tenderly and beautifully written. It would be unfair to let it crowd any young competitor from the body of the LEAGUE pages, but we gratefully print it here in the Introduction so that all LEAGUE members may share in the pride and pleasure it has brought to us.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 237.

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badges, **Francis Stewart** (age 14), Tennessee; **Ruth Thorp** (age 11,) Ohio; **Constance Marie O'Hara** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Josephine P. Wells** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Lois M. Allen** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Phyllis A. Whitney** (age 15), California; **Dorothy Jeanne Miller** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Rosamond Tucker** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Jeanne Hugo** (age 15), Minnesota; **Margery Saunders** (age 12), New Hampshire; **Meyer Lisbanoff** (age 15), New York; **Ruth E. Calvert** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth Fowler** (age 12), New York; **Elizabeth Cleaveland** (age 13), Minnesota; **Margaret Rawyler** (age 16), New York; **Esther Strass** (age 16), New York; **Sidon Harris, Jr.** (age 10), Texas.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Mary Harriett White** (age 13), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **M. Myfamwy** (age 16), Virginia; **Donald Fay Robinson** (age 14), Massachusetts.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Elizabeth Judd** (age 15), Connecticut. Silver Badges, **Sarah A. Zimmerman** (age 14), Ohio; **Marjorie Henderson** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Lloyd Berrall** (age 15), District Columbia; **Anne Lloyd Basinger** (age 11), Connecticut.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Catherine Briggs** (age 16), California. Silver Badges, **Thankful Cornwall** (age 10), New Jersey; **Gertrude Wadsworth** (age 16), North Carolina; **John Ferenbach** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Barbara Traub** (age 11), Michigan; **David Guilbert** (age 16), Washington; **Joseph Stirling Graham** (age 13), Maryland; **Virginia Flynn** (age 13), California; **Mollie Ross** (age 13), New York; **Esther Howland** (age 13), New York; **Emily B. Newman** (age 17), New York.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Ardra Drina Hodgins** (age 15), Maine; **Susie Cobbs** (age 13), Alabama; **Cornelia B. Hussey** (age 13), New Jersey.

BY THANKFUL CORNWALL, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY GERTRUDE WADSWORTH, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY SILVIA WUNDERLICH (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

For more than three years I have been able to mark a red circle around one day in each month. It does not always happen to be the same day, but it is always the same event (the visit of a friend) that makes that circle possible. Oh, what a dear friend he is! How entertaining, companionable, and thoroughly enjoyable! First, he tells me stories. No one else can tell them as he does. I am no longer sitting at home, but am perhaps a princess, or maybe an aviator in France. Next he tells me of great men and women. Then, too, he shows me pictures and gives me puzzles to work out. But he does n't do quite everything; I have my choice of writing themes or poems, or of taking photographs or drawing. These things, ordinarily a task, are a pleasure when I do them for him.

He has never yet given me a chance to thank him for the lovely red-letter days he gives me each month. So right here I want to thank him ever so much. And now can't you guess who he is? He is you yourself, dear ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE!

'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

O THOU, whose boughs have tossed 'mid storm and wind,
Or heav'nward stretched themselves, serene and high,
Or shown in outline black against the sky—
In thee the birds, God's gentle creatures, find
A refuge safe, to build their nests behind,
'T is there the small, weak, baby birdlings try
Their wings, when first they dare creep out to fly,
And leave the nest, so soft and feather-lined.

Beneath thy branches Age may sit and drowse,
And there may Toil and Weariness find rest;
And Love may meet his heart's own mistress there
In spring, when birds are caroling in air;
And of my life the sweetest hours and best
Were spent, in spring, beneath thy spreading boughs.

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY JOSEPHINE P. WELLS (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

A GREAT man stands before a multitude of people —his people. He speaks. To their strong American sense of humor it is ludicrous that the thin, high-pitched voice should come from so large a man. A hushed, but unmistakable, titter runs through the crowd. Then silence of but a second, and the President continues, "Conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

As he goes on, his voice strengthens, until its tone is deep and powerful.

He draws toward the close: "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

It is over.

After a long look at the throng assembled there, the speaker turns to his seat. Still the deep silence, which has been kept during the speech, is uninterrupted. Not a hand is lifted in applause. "It was the most perfect tribute that has ever been paid by any people to any orator."

Surely, the day of the Gettysburg Address was a red-letter one for the whole nation.

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY LOIS M. ALLEN (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

ON April 25, 1919, I witnessed one of the most thrilling sights of this war, the welcome-home parade of the 26th (Yankee) Division. The elaborate decorations, the throngs of eager spectators, the banners, the cheers, and laughter not unmixed with tears, must have told the war-worn veterans far better than words that America was unspeakably proud of them, and unspeakable glad to have them safe home again. They are safe home, and many of their comrades are "safe home" in a deeper and truer sense of the word—they who have "Gone West"—and the cheers and tears were for both, the valiant living and the heroic dead.

How nobly their commander led them, and how proudly he reined in his handsome sorrel, for who would not be proud to lead such soldiers? And the wounded—could any wound in this world keep them from grinning delightedly at this demonstration of appreciation by the folks at home? And the men, the men who had seen Chemin-des-Dames and St. Mihiel, who had been the pivot of the greatest advance in history, were marching before me, marching sixteen abreast, mile upon mile of them, khaki-clad, straight as arrows, strong as young lions, genuine Americans in spirit, exploits, and their love of liberty. As far as eye could reach there stretched a sea of steel helmets and shining bayonets, rising and falling with an even, steady regularity. Something rose in your throat as you watched them, and

"AT WORK." BY JOHN BRANDT, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

something swelled in your heart, while your eyes were dim with tears.' It seemed as though man had been brought nearer perfection by these lads who had been through the hell of war, and came out with souls bright and shining. God keep them so forever and ever, and grant that we may "keep true faith" as nobly as they!

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY PHILLIS A. WHITNEY (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

DOROTHY MARTIN had never had a real birthday party in all her life, for the Martin family had lived on a ranch ever since Dorothy was born. There had been no friends to ask to a party, and therefore no party. Now they were in the city, and to-day was the little girl's twelfth birthday. Twelve friends were coming to the party. Mother had said that it was going to be a red-letter day in more ways than one, and Dorothy was anxiously waiting for the forbidden doors going into the parlor to open.

At last the moment came, and she and her friends trooped in. Dorothy stared in surprise at the scene before her. Of course, she had always known that a red-letter day meant a happy day, but here was a really, truly red-letter day. On the wall at one end of the room hung a string of red letters spelling her name. On other walls were fastened red letters spelling different happy wishes. Then, most wonderful of all, in the middle of the table there twinkled twelve red candles on a white frosted cake.

After it was all over and Dorothy was sitting still, thinking of the happy time she had had, the door suddenly opened, and before her stood her sister in full Red Cross uniform. The sister had just arrived from France, where she had been doing hospital service.

"Well," said Dorothy, after her surprise was over, "I think you 're the best red letter of all."

"A CHEERFUL SUBJECT." BY ELIZABETH JUDD, AGE 15.

A RED-LETTER DAY

(*A True Story*)

BY DOROTHY JEANNE MILLER (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

NEVER had I been so lonely as I was that rainy, cold November morning. "If only it would stop raining—if only I could find something to do—if only—" well—there were a hundred more such thoughts.

At last, after an almost endless morning, afternoon came. Hoping to find some amusement, I went into the library; but even there I could find nothing which I cared to read. Everything I really enjoyed, such as the works of Edgar Allan Poe, Mark Twain, and even Shakspere, I had already read—in fact, there were stories by authors like Louisa Alcott, and Frances Burnett, which I had read many times. I had learned long ago that the lower shelves with their large books, most of them too heavy to handle, offered no thrilling tales.

Sitting on the floor, I glanced along the rows of encyclopedias, French and Latin lexicons, and—words cannot express my surprise at seeing them—*twenty volumes* of ST. NICHOLAS, all well bound. At once I began looking through them, and found that each one contained six numbers. They belonged to father when he was a boy, and extended from the year 1885 to 1895. Little had I ever thought that those black covers concealed such beautiful stories as "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Juan and Juanita," and "Lady Jane."

It was a day never to be forgotten by me. Indeed, who could find one hundred and twenty numbers of ST. NICHOLAS at one time and entirely new to you—then forget that memorable day?

'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS

BY M. MYFANWY MOSTYN (AGE 16)

(*Silver Badge*)

BENEATH the spreading boughs I lay and dreamed
  The summer wind danced softly to and fro;
My eager fancies widened till it seemed
  The summer world broke into song, and, lo!
I slept serenely on, lulled by the breeze.

The murmur of the river reached my ear:
  The grass-blades rippled 'neath a swaying bough.
The sleepy drone of insects, too, I hear,
  The tinkling bell of many a straying cow
That wanders slowly, resting at her ease.

Sweet summer days, when one can live outdoors,
  Who does not love this joyous season best?
These radiant, balmy days, when Beauty soars
  To the high hills, and lingers there to rest,
And paints in glorious splendor all the west!

THANKSGIVING—A RED-LETTER DAY

BY FRANCES STEWART (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1919*)

THANKSGIVING was originated by the Pilgrims in 1621. The Pilgrims had been through a terrible winter. Food had been very scarce, and there had been much sickness among them; many had died. Their first harvest was successful, so Governor Bradford set aside a day for public thanksgiving. Afterward, there was a great feast, and they made merry for three days. They were now on friendly terms with the Indians, and Massasoit and his

BY JOHN PERENBACH AGE 13
(SILVER BADGE)

BY FLORENCE E. FINLEY, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

BY CATHERINE BRIGGS, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON APRIL, 1917.)

BY MARY ELIZABETH REVELY AGE 17.

ninety men were there to join them in their thanksgiving and feasting.

We have kept up this custom, and on the last Thursday in every November we give public thanks to God for the blessings of the past year

That the war is now over and our boys are coming home victorious, and for the League of Nations, we are very thankful.

I think that Thanksgiving Day is more of a "red-letter day" to us now than ever before.

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY RUTH H. THORP (AGE 11)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January*, 1919)

Ah, Senors, you ask me to tell you of a red-letter day. I, fresh from Manila, know naught of your American festivals. I tell you of ours. The greatest one we have—by the saints, how we do carouse!—is the day on which your much-honored Admiral Dewey—may the saints rest his soul!—defeated the Spanish forces.

BY MARJORIE MCDOWELL, AGE 12.

What is that? You ask if I am not a Spaniard? *Si*, Senors, but my heart is for the Philippines and our ruling America. I have made my home in Manila all but the first ten years of my life. I do not remember much of Spain, nor do I much care, for all my life I have been trained to hate the Spanish rule. My father was an exile, my mother a slave. I have been brought up on tales of Spanish cruelty. Senors, it was unbelievable.

But to continue. You Senors, as Americans, know the details of the great fight. I will not dwell upon these. No, I will tell you of what you know nothing, of the great emotions of the people of Manila And who better fitted for this than I—I, Felipe de Lessan, who felt it all, whose heart throbbed in response to every cannon-shot? I am an old man now, Senors, and it was twenty-odd years ago; but

"AT WORK." BY CLARENDON E. SEIBERT, AGE 15

all is clear to me as though it had happened but yesterday.

We of Manila thronged the outskirts of the city, watching the battle with wide eyes and dilated nostrils, tense in every nerve; men shouting, children whimpering, women screaming as the crash of war rent the air. Ah, Senors, I find no words to tell of that great red-letter day that meant so much to us—the Battle of Manila Bay.

'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS

BY BRITON NIVEN BUSCH, JR. (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

'Neath spreading bougs in old Broceliande,
A wood-nymph sat beside a fountain clear;
And with a garland in her slender hand
Waved welcome to a gay knight, drawing near.

Enchanted by her loveliness, he came
And bent his knee the mossy bank beside,
Pleading that she should trust his tender aim
And leave her leafy woods to be his bride.

Laughing, she answered, "Sir, these eager vows
Are needed not, for I have long been thine;
And thou hast dwelt with me 'neath spreading boughs
Far from the fret of court and tourney-line."

"Tell me the name, fair nymph," the knight replied,
"For what these wild words mean I cannot guess."
She smiled again her slow, sweet smile, and cried,
"Oh, favored knight, my name is Happiness!"

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY ROSAMOND TUCKER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was early evening, the glowing colors of a radiant sunset having not yet faded. The last long, slanting rays shone into a cozy room, and lighted up a mother's tired face—a mother, thinking of her boy in France, who, just yesterday, it seemed, had climbed on her knee and begged for "just one more story." She thought of the hardships he would undergo, and the dangers, and then of the glorious cause for which he fought—liberty, humanity, and civilization. Pride glowed in her breast, for her boy had won the *Croix de Guerre;* but, oh! how her mother-heart longed and hoped and prayed for a day, marked on her calendar with bright red—the wonderful day his ship would reach port on its home-voyage!

And hers was not the only one marked so; for across the water her boy had a red-letter day, too—the day he would land in America. As he sat at a table in the barracks, he thought of home and mother. He pictured her seated before a glowing hearth, the flames lighting up her face; and he was beside her, telling how he won the *Croix de Guerre* Then his mother would—

"Lights out!" called the corporal, and his reverie was rudely interrupted by the bustle and confusion which followed.

As the dawn of a new day was announced by streaks of crimson in the sky, a mother and a boy stood watching it; the mother in a garden, gay with flowers, the boy on a ship nearing port.

Just as the sun slipped up from behind the hills, and smiled brightly down on all the world, a mother pressed her boy to her heart, crying, "My boy! oh! my boy!"

And a soldier, kissing her tenderly on her rosy lips, replied, "Mother! my own dear mother!"

It was their red-letter day.

"AT WORK." BY BARBARA TRACY, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

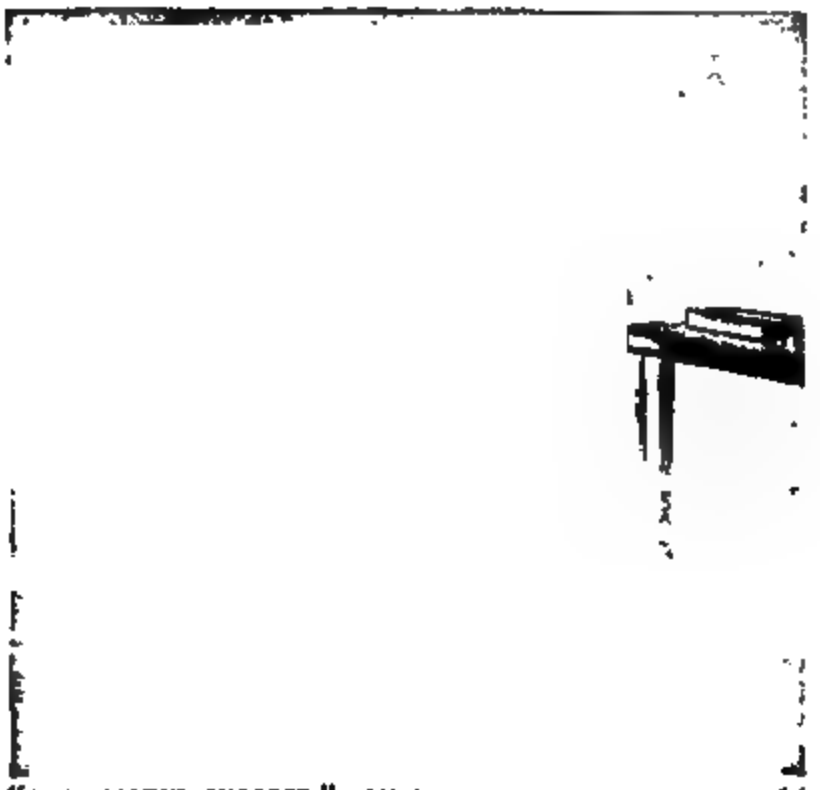
A RED-LETTER DAY.

BY JEANNE HUGO (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

The world looked exceedingly black to eight-year-old George as he sat on the front porch and brooded over his troubles. Nature had given him a great affliction in the form of beautiful golden curls, which his mother had cruelly refused to cut. Worst of all, his schoolmates called him "dear darling Dorothy," "Mama's pet," "sweet little Claribel," and other odious names.

Just as he had decided he would n't stand it another day he heard his mother's voice, "Georgie dear, come and have your hair washed." He crawled up to the scene of torture, but his mother was n't there. He gazed disconsolately at the wash-bowl for a while; then a great idea seemed to strike him. Lying close beside the cake of green soap was a small box of dye, marked "green." He hurriedly opened the box, and, to his delight, the soap and cake of dye were exactly the same color. He quickly transferred the two, and soon afterward his mother came up. Poor woman, she had plentifully soused and soaped his curly pate before she discovered the dreadful fact. As she gave a shriek of dismay, ominous sounds of sizzling and boiling-over came from the kitchen below. "Oh! my strawberry jam! George, wash that stuff off immediately." She



"A CHEERFUL SUBJECT." BY SARAH A. ZIMMERMAN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

rushed wildly down-stairs, and George succeeded in reducing the color of his hair to a bilious greenish-yellow.

There was no hope for it—the lovely curls had to be literally shaved off. It was certainly a red-letter day for George when the sea-green tresses were laid aside; only red was not the influencing color in his letter day, but *green*.

A RED-LETTER DAY

(A True Story)

BY KATHARINE MATTHIES (AGE 14)

On Friday morning, March twenty-third, 1917, we left home for Palm Beach, Florida. We reached New York in time to do some shopping before going to the Pennsylvania Station. While we were in the station we saw ex-President Roosevelt. That evening we were in the dining-car when he came in and sat at the table across the aisle from us. That was the first we knew of his being on the train.

The next morning I was first as we went through the cars on our way to breakfast. I opened the door and stepped into the dining-car. A sudden lurch threw me against a man who was coming towards me. I drew back and saw ex-President Roosevelt smiling at me. He said, "Good morning," and shook hands with me, making some remark that I do not remember. He was on our train all day long, and I saw him several times. The next morning I heard that he had left the train during the night and gone across country to the Gulf Coast.

'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS

BY MARY HARRIET WHITE (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1919)

When America called her sons
  To fight and free their land,
They gathered 'neath an elm-tree,
  A small, but loyal, band.

Many the hardships they suffered,
  But bravely they fought and died,
And the old elm-tree at Cambridge
  To-day is America's pride.

That tree saw the birth of a nation,
  And as long as it lives it will tell
Of the men who fought for their country,
  And of those who for liberty fell.

"AT WORK." BY EMILY B. NEWMAN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY MARGERY SAUNDERS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

My mother had gone down-stairs to prepare breakfast, leaving my brother and me up-stairs to finish dressing. When we had completed our toilet and

A CHEERFUL SUBJECT
BY LLOYD BERRALL, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE.)

BY MARJORIE MENDERSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

BY ALICE C. SNIFFEN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

arrived down-stairs, mother suggested that we go to the cellar and watch my uncle (who had just arrived the night before) and my father make the furnace fire. To this suggestion we readily assented.

Instead of making the fire, we found father squatting on the floor, while my uncle was standing behind him. Underneath father's coat something was wriggling. My brother said first, "A bird," then, "A cat," and so on.

Soon a little black nose projected from its former hiding-place. Next came a little fuzzy brown face, dark brown eyes. Last, but not least, were two dear little soft downy ears. In unison my brother and I cried, "A dog!"

So it was—an Irish terrier puppy, of course the cunningest ever born. But best of all, it was my very own!

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY MEYER LISBANOFF (AGE 15)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE day was at last over, as all good things are in time. The college clock had just struck the hour of ten, but "Plug" Hardy could not sleep. As clearly defined as if he were living through them once more, came back the events of the day.

Again he saw himself sitting on the side-lines, as he had done for almost four long years, waiting for the chance that never came. Harvard was in the throes of its greatest football battle of the year, when suddenly there came a lull in the strife, and a figure was seen lying motionless on the field. Hardy groaned as he realized that Bryant, the great half-back, was out of the game; but suddenly he was galvanized into action as he heard the captain's sharp voice calling him into the fray. His chance had come!

The next few moments were history. Plug saw a slip, a fumble, and the next moment he was away, away, the ball under his arm, running like a meteor, until he placed the pigskin between the goal-posts. Redoutable old Yale was beaten, and by a substitute at that!

A thunderous cheer filled the heavens as twenty thousand mad Harvard "rooters" poured forth their yell of acclaim. And Plug? Covered with blood and dirt, but supremely happy, he was borne away on the shoulders of his comrades in the supreme moment of his life."

"They call me 'Plug'," Hardy soliloquized. "The coach said I was too light, had no chance; but I stuck, and he did n't have the heart to fire me."

"Yesterday I was unknown," he mused; "to-morrow my name will be in all the papers. This has certainly been my red-letter day—in more ways than one," he added, as he thought of the big red H, the athletic insignia, his final reward.

"AT WORK." BY DAVID GUILBERT, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"AT WORK." BY JOSEPH STIRLING GRAHAM, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE)

'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS

BY DONALD FAY ROBINSON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

'T is midnight, and the fairy folk
In troops arrive upon the scene.
'Neath spreading boughs of elm and oak
They dance amid the mosses green.

Beside a brooklet, tumbling down
In haste to reach the vale below,
The fays in green, the elves in brown,
Are dancing what the fairies know.

They dance the secret of the bee,
And things no mortal eye has seen;
They dance the story of the sea,
The foaming waves of blue and green.

'T is cockcrow, and the fairy folk
In troops depart to spend the day
'Neath spreading boughs of elm and oak,
Hid from the summer sun away.

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY RUTH E. CALVERT (AGE 17)

(*Silver Badge*)

WHAT day is more of a red-letter day in the heart of every true American, as well as every one of the Allies, than the eleventh of November, 1918, the day of the signing of the Armistice! On the eleventh hour of this day the fighting, which had been waged for over four long years, ceased

What joy the news to cease firing brought to our boys, but still more joy to the soldiers of our Allies who were sorely wearied by four years of ceaseless fighting! Such rejoicing that took place among them, the peasants joining in! At last the cloud was lifted. Air-raids and long-distance guns were to be feared no more. In London and Paris, typical of all other Allied cities, mirth and joy ran riotously. The end had come of four long years of hardships that seemed unending, in most cases each family giving at least one life to the cause.

Over here the streets of our cities and towns filled as soon as the whistles blew announcing the wonderful news while it was still dark. Every one who could find something with which to make a noise, did so. Long rolls of rainbow-colored confetti fluttered from the highest buildings, horns and whistles blew, bells rang, flags waved, everybody cheered, wild with joy. Those who had some loved one overseas were especially happy, knowing that their boys were now safe. There were some, though, who would not have a soldier boy to return, but were happy in the thought that, in making the supreme sacrifice, their boys had helped to bring about this joyous day.

Ever will this day remain in our hearts, above all others, as the day when democracy won the fight for civilization against autocracy, and "right conquered might."

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY DOROTHY GREEN (AGE 13)

SURELY there will never be such a day as the day when Daddy (the best daddy in the world) came home after four years' fighting in France.

He had joined the British Army as soon as the war broke out, had been wounded twice, and decorated with the Distinguished Service Order.

It was Christmas Eve, and although the Armistice had been signed, Daddy had not yet been discharged.

We were decorating the Christmas-tree, and hanging holly and mistletoe around the room. Everything looked very gay, and we only needed one thing more, and that was Daddy.

"Don't you wish he would get home for Christmas?" said my sister to me.

"Oh, don't I, though!" I answered. But I had no sooner spoken when there was a sound of footsteps on the path, and then the door opened, and in walked Daddy!

Oh, what a time we had! We were just so happy we did n't know what to do. Daddy helped us trim the tree, and then told us of some of his adventures, but he would n't tell us how he won the D. S. C. But that 's just like Daddy!

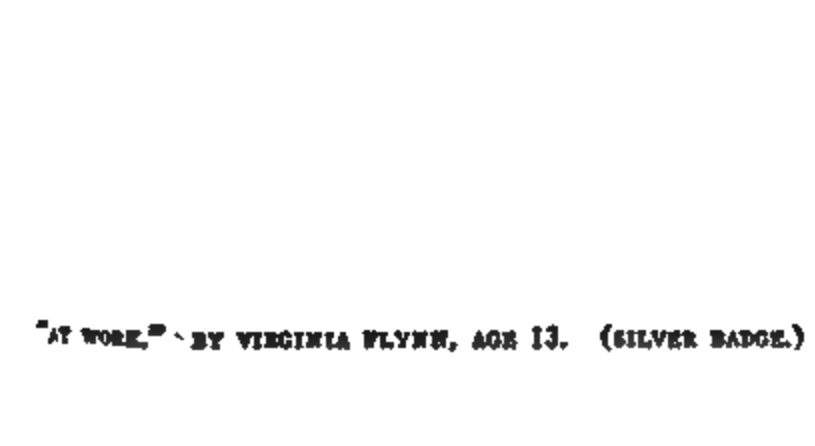
MY RED-LETTER DAY

BY ELIZABETH CLEAVELAND (AGE 13)

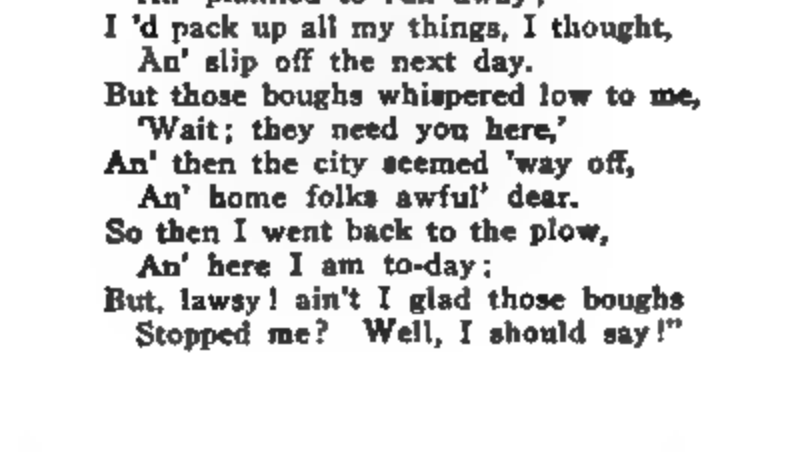
(Silver Badge)

I AWAKENED bright and early that morning, determined to do *anything* to make the time fly until the afternoon, for then I was to see my uncle, of whom I had heard so much. I told mother I was going to work all the morning, so that the time would go faster, but being only half-past five, going on six, I did n't succeed very well, and spent most of the forenoon in the sand-pile.

After lunch, I was taken to a hotel, where we met my uncle, who was fat and jolly, as uncles should be, and also made the acquaintance of a large delicious-looking box of candy. Then it was that I learned that we were going to the circus! This was to be my first circus, and the Chicago Coliseum seemed like endless space to me. Everything, however, was quite marvelous—the horse which stood among the flames high in the air, the statues, the trapeze performers, and all went well until the clowns came upon the scene with their terrible slap-sticks; but the climax was reached when one clown, imitating a farmer, appeared, and, looking straight at me, yelled, or, as it seemed, roared, "Maggie! MaggIE!" each time ending in a terrific shriek. This was too much for me, and I set up an answering howl; so I had to be led across the straw-covered ring, out of that huge building. However, my woes were soon drowned in "crackerjack," and, as I reconsidered, a quite delightful time had been had by me, if not by others, for, strange to say, the others were n't afraid of clowns and wanted to stay! So passed my red-letter day.



"AT WORK." BY VIRGINIA FLYNN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"AT WORK." BY MOLLIE ROSS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS

BY MARGARET HUMPHREY (AGE 12)

SAID Silas Smith, farmer:

"I allers liked those spreadin' boughs,
'Cause, when I wuz a boy,
The city called to foolish me.
I thought it wuz all joy.
I laid beneath those spreadin' boughs
An' planned to run away;
I 'd pack up all my things, I thought,
An' slip off the next day.
But those boughs whispered low to me,
'Wait; they need you here,'
An' then the city seemed 'way off,
An' home folks awful' dear.
So then I went back to the plow,
An' here I am to-day;
But, lawsy! ain't I glad those boughs
Stopped me? Well, I should say!"

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY ELIZABETH POWLER (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

As I was walking through the village of C——, I noticed consternation among the inhabitants.

Just then the fire-engine dashed by, and I understood, and, falling in line with the hurrying pedestrians, soon came upon the scene of distress.

Firemen were pouring floods of water on a burning bungalow at the end of the town.

Suddenly, a maid came from the rear of the house where the flames had not yet reached, and shrieked, "Miss Mary 's asleep in her room!"

There was a cry from the villagers, for little seven-year-old Mary, Judge Brentine's only daughter, was a great favorite.

Suddenly, Mary's beautiful St. Bernard, Prince, dashed into the building, past the firemen, up the stairs, and into Mary's burning bedroom.

But Mary was not there.

Prince rushed through all the up-stairs rooms, and suddenly stumbled over a little prostrate form at the end of the hall, where poor Mary had crept and then dropped, exhausted.

Prince fastened his fine, strong teeth in Mary's clothing and half dragged, half carried her down the almost falling stairs to the open.

A shout of relief came from the spectators, but the brave dog rushed away from caressing hands and into the cottage again.

The air became tense with silence once more, for who could be left behind in Judge Brentine's bungalow? Judge Brentine and his wife were bending over Mary's reviving figure.

After what seemed hours to the waiting crowd, Prince came limping out of the house. His hair was singed in many places, but there was a proud look in his eyes, and he held his head up. Right to Mary's side he dashed and dropped in one little hand—*Mary's doll!* It certainly was a red-letter day for Prince as well as for Mary.

"AT WORK," BY ESTHER ROWLAND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A RED-LETTER DAY

BY CONSTANCE MARIE O'HARA (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1919*)

PENNSYLVANIA'S own, the heroic Twenty-eighth, marched up Broad Street, Philadelphia, to the tune of the cheers of thousands. It seemed such a little while ago that those khaki-clad lads marched off to war! Now they were marching back, "Victory" written on every face. There were some we knew. Freckled John Jones, the worst boy in the neighborhood, just passed by; his coat was laden with medals that told of heroic deeds done. Then a coffin, draped with a flag of gold stars, passed by; instantly every head was bowed. The people, clad in black, wearing a twinkling golden star, lifted their heads proudly; their faces wore a noble look of resignation; tears welled in some eyes, beyond human endeavor to control. At times, above the martial music of the bands, a voice high and clear would call, laden with the purest love, "There 's my boy!"

Our boys were home at last. Surely it was a red-letter day to Pennsylvanians.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Marion W Smith
Agnes M. Duff
Muriel Stafford
Catherine Parmenter
Margaret C. Thaw
Jack Steiss
Birkbeck Wilson
Lois D. Holmes
Katrina E. Hincks
Margaret Mackprang
Ruth G. Tarrant
Louisa Butler
Juana Albraum

PROSE

Esther Straus
Elise A. Peterson
Mary G. De la Hunt
Sidon Harris, Jr.
Dorothy Reynolds
Alice C. Paxson
Mary L. Tarbox
Margaret Garrison
Margaret B.Walton
Emily Caire
Helen E. Waite
Mary Zacharias
Helen G. Davie
Dorothy D. De Lay
Alice B. Haight
Margaret Rawyler
Betty Perkins
Katherine Mead
Margaret Durick
Jeannette K. Finnemore
Olwen Leack
Mildred Augustine
Catherine E. Turney
Marion Irons
Alice Weaver
Marion Wadsworth
Helen L. Duncan
Leonore Gidding
Anne Waldron
Marjorie Peakins
Dorothy Toombs
Noel Halsey
Katherine L. New
Junia Bright
Sarah B Ferguson
Jean V. McClure
Carolyn Dormon
Katherine P. Hicks
Lydia C. Baker
Maud M. Mason
Irene Dodds
Charles E. Smith
Isabelle T. Ellis
Helen B Hayes
Mary K Slate
Elizabeth L. Turner
Catherine W Carson
Eleanore M. Chamberlain
Clifford J. Bentley, Jr.
Betty O'Reilly
Madeline Nagle
Martha E. Lichti
Pauline Guye
Renze Moen
Mary J. Folsom
Ethel Skinner
Henrietta H. Brannon
Natalie C. Hall
Elizabeth Foster
Mary E. Raub
Cornelia B Smith
Madeleine Girvan
Rebekah Canterbury
Evelyn L. Everitt
Helen Gottfried
Anna Moreland
Katherine Wyler
Louise Seaman
Elsa Adolphsen
Myra D. Nisbet

DRAWINGS

Worthen Bradley
Katherine C. Swan
Janet Blossom
Elizabeth C. Smith
Cora M. Clare
Grace Holcomb
Jessie Adkins
James Griffiths
Marcia Van der Veer
Winifred Matthews
Keith Hepburn
Edward E. Murphy
Peggy Whitehead
Dorothy M. Patty
Elizabeth H. Eddy
Mary La Vancha Russell

PHOTOGRAPHS

A. M. Miller, Jr
Elizabeth Kirkwood
O. Lindsay Clarkson
Nicholas F. Palmer
Dorothy Applegate
Sarah K. Willard
Virginia B. Scully
William Toth
Helen Miller
Frances Lowell
Edith Showers
Kingston S. Seibert
Mary Holden
Juliet T. Offutt
Betty Nicholson
John W. Griswold
Carolyn Stone
Alma J. Stiles
Elreeda Grosdidier
Elise H. Harrison
Margaret W. Dodsworth
Kenneth Ross
Ella N. O'eall
Carol Finley
Eunice C. Campbell
Margaret Ramsburg
Martha Richardson
Mary E. Stockton
G. Stewart Brown
M. Isabella Watt

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

VERSE

Elizabeth Dow
Brenda H Green
Elizabeth R. Beach
Fanita Laurie
Katharine Putman
Helen F. White
Willie F. Linn
Archibald Rutledge, Jr.
Marion Blatchford
Ruth O'Malley
Jessica L. Megaw
Eleanor Chamberlain
Dorothy Hetzel

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."
BY CHARLOTTE W. STEPHENS, AGE 15.

Marthedith Fumas
Alice Roberts
Mary Parke
Eloise F. Burt
Eleanor Tyler
Dorothy E. Ducas
Alice M. Champitt
Charlotte Reynolds
Mary Truesdale
Josephine Rankin
Emily W. Koehler
Elizabeth M. Haslach
A. Virginia Shepherd
Anne I. Faulkner
Dorothy Glidden

PROSE

Frances Bischoff
Lucia Elmer
Florence Lott
Meredith Wilson
Therese Hart
Catharine E. Schuyler
Laura M. Smith
Mary M. Kern
Dorothy Heinke
Katherine A. Frederic
Sylvia M. Kurson
Ellen Hallowell
Jean Haynes
Frank A. Southard, Jr.
Eleanor D. Noble
Marie Fowler
Ruth Bressley
Leonora J. Hanna
Mary Welburn
Mary F. Spaulding
Katharine Dukette
Helen H. Dan
Harriet Knapp
Gwynn M. Dresser
Olyve Rennings
Frances E. Riley
Elizabeth Wentzell
Hanah Luth
Catharine Kinchelve
Louise H. Baker
Elinore Wilson
Marion A. Snyder
Elizabeth Morton
Mollie B. Clyde
Francis Donaldson, Jr.
Paula Neumann
Mary H Stoddard
Jean Loebenstein
M. Norma Nearing
Nancy Hull
Anita T. Potts
Miriam E. Fogg
Ruby Nilson
Jacob Jankowitz
Mary McGachu
Josephine M. Miller
Marian Parr
Olive Z. Mulford
Katharine S. Conning
Elizabeth Dudley
Mary N. Greer
Virginia L. Bennett
Emily Baldwin
Alice A. Walter
Dorothy Van A. Fuller
Ruth Van Wagner
Frances M. Frost
Elizabeth Hamburger
Constance T. Ponier
Frances Forbes

PHOTOGRAPHS

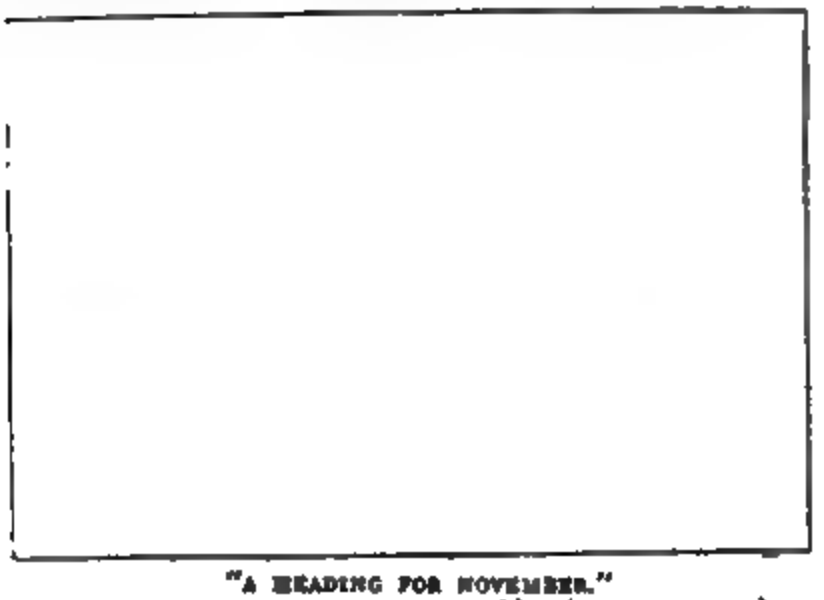
Martha C. Dukes
Heloise Adler
Natalie Burggraf
Joan Nilson
Theresa Clarkson
Margaret E. Sloggett
Mary F. Bond
Mary B. Stacker
Estherline J. Mason
Ruth Tobin
Margaret Schnable
Clare M Applegate
Elizabeth Beardsworth
Helen Symonds
Beatrice Poser

DRAWINGS

Janice Thompson
Frances L. Purnell
John H. Whitcomb
Jane B. Bradley
Jeanette Warmuth
Barbara S. Thayer
Ruth Hungerford
Jane A. Carlton
Jean Gunther
Emelyn Wyse
Cecile M Creveling
Helen M. Hager
Ione Finch
Vincent P. Jenkins

PUZZLES

Mona Morgan
Bessie H. Simpson
Rhoda Hellman
Jean Offner
Harriott S. Collier
Hilda J Miller
Sybil and Herlinda
Elizabeth C. Snow
John M. Trout, Jr.
Elizabeth Adams
Jean Crawford
Helen E. Mosher
Gwenfread E. Allen
Edward Fitzhugh, Jr.
Virginia Siegman
Elizabeth M. Ramsey



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."
BY ANNE LLOYD BASINGER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 241

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Owing to the delay in publication, **Competition No. 241** will close **December 5.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Call of the Wild."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Friend."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Taken at Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Round," or "A Heading for **March.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

EDITORIAL NOTES

ST. NICHOLAS AND THE CHILDREN'S BOOK-WEEK

If, as seems inevitable at this writing, the present number of St. Nicholas, due November 1, should not reach subscribers and the news-stands until *after* the expiration of the "Children's Book-Week," November 10-15, our readers will hardly need to be told that the delay has been due to the lamentable strike in the printing houses of New York, which has caused so many periodicals to suspend or postpone publication.

And knowing that this fact would be understood at a glance, we preferred not to make any change in our cover-design or substitute another contribution for the article on the Children's Book-Week, even though they may appear "after the event." For there is nothing that St. Nicholas has more at heart than good reading for young folk. To provide it is, indeed, the chief aim and purpose of the magazine. And the campaign in aid of it will not cease, of course, with the end of the six days set apart by publishers and booksellers for special observance of Children's Book-Week. Instead, let us hope that the stimulas and encouragement given to the movement by this project will focus the attention of young readers and their parents upon the need and the supply of good books for boys and girls, with lasting benefit to all concerned.

A CORRECTION

St. Nicholas for once has to "own up" to a mistake—and in a baseball story, too. Several correspondents have called attention to the oversight, which is well described in the following letter:

Dear St. Nicholas: "The Grove Jokes," in your September number, is a good story, but it is bad baseball. Every school-boy knows that, with a man on third, his run does not count anyhow if the batsman is thrown out at first for the third out of the inning. Is n't that so?

Yours sincerely,
Rufus S. Woodward,
Ex-player and coach.

"Yes, it *is* so, and thank you!" must be the reply from St. Nicholas. The author, Mr. Arthur Wallace Peach, admits his mistake in the following response:

After ten years of writing athletic stories for boys, I am sorry indeed to have to confess that your correspondents are right in regard to "The Grove Jokes." The story was written twice in pencil and then copied on the type-writer. In the first and second drafts, which I have before me, Ben tried the hit-and-run play as the *second* man up, after the first batter was out and he knew the crisis was at hand. How under the canopy my absurd mistake slipped in is beyond me! The blame is entirely mine; and though the story was type-written by an assistant, that does not excuse me. I thought I had read the text carefully both in manuscript and proof.

My regret for this crass blunder is the keener because I have always taken great pride in the accuracy of the technical side of my stories. I have played baseball, football, and basket-ball in "prep" school and college. I have coached and assisted in coaching several teams, one of which won a state championship. I am in constant touch with athletics and do not write as an onlooker merely. Years ago I took great pride in spotting errors in athletic stories. Now I know how the other fellow felt.

To which need be added only the statement that an almost unaccountable oversight will happen now and then in even the "best-regulated" magazine, as everywhere else. But St. Nicholas is fortunate in the fact that such an "error" as the one here mentioned never fails to be "spotted" by the watchful eyes and keen wits of its young readers, and therefore is corrected as promptly as possible.

The St. Nicholas League, even with extra pages, is crowded to overflowing this month, but the following delightful little tribute by an eleven-year-old poet must not be lost to the League's other members nor to all our readers:

"'NEATH SPREADING BOUGHS"

BY MARY E. SOUTHWICK (AGE 11)

'Neath spreading boughs
There is a swing,
And, oh, it is
A lovely thing!

You just sit in,
And swing your feet
Back and forth
With steady beat.

Then, all at once,
You begin to go,
Slow at first—
Yes, very slow.

Then faster, faster
You do go,
And never more
Do you go slow.

Until it seems
As if you 'd fly;
And then you let
The old cat die.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

Transpositions. Jane, Ruth, Mary, Lois. Tom, Don, Joe, Sid.

Alphabetical Puzzle. 1. S-team, esteem. 2. B-deck, bedeck. 3. D-feet, defeat. 4. L-fin, elfin. 5. I-deal, ideal. 6. Crow-k, croquet. 7. Will-o, willow. 8. Calf-a, cafe. 9. Kale-x, calyx. 10. Cook-e, cooky.

Charade. Post-age.

Illustrated Central Acrostic. Balaklava. 1. Cabin. 2. Chain. 3. Melen. 4. Crate. 5. Baker. 6. Helve. 7. Plate. 8. Gavel. 9. Quail.

Cross-word Enigma. Eucaliptus.

Hidden Proverbs. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A stitch in time saves nine.

A War Acrostic. Chateau Thierry. 1. Cannon. 2 Helmet. 3. Anchor. 4. Target. 5. Engine. 6. Armory. 7. Ulster. 8. Trench. 9. Heroes. 10. Iodine. 11. Ensign. 12. Rifles. 13. Rocket. 14. Yankee.

Novel Acrostic. Initials, Dardanelles; sixth row, Australians. Cross-words: 1. Display. 2. Arduous. 3. Reverse. 4. Dictate. 5. Anglers. 6. Nosegay. 7. Ennoble. 8. Laconic. 9. Literal. 10. Evident. 11. Shyness.

Triple Beheadings and Double Curtailings. Clemenceau. 1. Exe-cut-ed. 2. Mis-lea-ds. 3. Cal-end-ar. 4. Com-men-ce. 5. Mod-era-te. 6. Pre-not-ed. 7. Pro-cured. 8. Lib-era-te. 9. Dep-art-ed. 10. Dis-uni-te.

To Our Puzzlers: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to St. Nicholas Riddlebox, care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

Answers to all the Puzzles in the August Number were duly received from Bessie H. Simpson.

Answers to Puzzles in the August Number were duly received from "Two M's," 9—Elizabeth Faddis, 9—Florence S. Carter, 9—F. Halsted Sillick, Jr., 9—Mary and Ruth, 9—Mary Catherine Hamilton, 9—Helen H. McIver, 8—Margaret Noyes, 8—John F. Davis, 8—Gwenfread E. Allen, 8—Mary Rachel Ashley, 8—Frances S. Shoreland, 8—Harriet L. Rosenwater, 8—Mildred F. Gardiner, 8—Catherine O'Gara, 7—Grace R. Lewis, 7—Helen A. Moulton, 7—Miriam J. Stewart, 7—Dorothy J. Miller, 7—Winifred C. Shaw, 7—Margaret Trautwein, 7—Helen Laraway, 7—Ruth Labenberg, 7—Marie L. Everhardy, 7—Natalie Moulton, 7—V. Ball, 6—Ruth and Gladys, 6—M. B. Lee, 4—Damon and Pythias, 4—D. Dowd, 4—S. Hyde, 4—W. Pratt, 4—E. Hayter, 3—A. L. Atkins, 3—J. Phelps, 3—B. Corfield, 3—M. Fairbairn, 3—Elizabeth Hughes, 2—F. de Maurice, 2—C. H. Russell, 2—L. Camp, 2—F. DuBarry, 2—M. I. Fry, 2—M. E. White, 2—C. B. Hussey, 2. One answer, Barbara Wendell—K. McE.—B. C. D.—M. F. H.—W. I.—A. R. H.—R. G.—F. C. C.—G. G.—E. S.—E. B.—G. C.—H. E.—E. Y.—M. B.—E. C. M.—L. H.—D. M.—O. A.—C. D.—L. K.—D. M. C.—M. F. B.—C. E. K.—E. R.—M. S.—A. F. B.—M. G. P.—Z. B.—A. O.—M. G. C.—C. F. N.—D. H.—D. S.—Twins—L. T.—H. L. B.—B. T.—M. B.

CHARADE

Look up and not down for my *first;*
And down and not up for my *second;*
My *whole* 's not a cousin or aunt,
And yet a connection is reckoned.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the Christian name of a prominent man.

Cross-words: 1. One of the United States. 2. A country of Europe. 3. A city in the State of Washington. 4. A southern county of Vermont. 5. A vast Asiatic region. 6. The capital city of one of the United States. 7. A city of Scotland.

G. ELEANOR MACLEAN (age 17), *League Member.*

WORD-SQUARE

1. A bird. 2. A bird. 3. To turn away. 4. Courage. 5. To go in.

EVELYN HEYMANN (age 13), *League Member.*

ENDLESS CHAIN

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the eighteenth word will be the first two letters of the first word.

1 A masculine name. 2. A place of public contest. 3. Pertaining to the nose. 4. Permit. 5. Possessed. 6. To draw out. 7. The Italian word for hundred. 8. A subject. 9. The etheral fluid circulating in the veins of the gods. 10. Rank. 11. To eat away. 12. An evil spirit. 13. A vegetable. 14. Assault. 15. Air. 16. A disease of rye and other cereals in which the grains become black. 17. A quadruped. 18. Wandered from the right.

ADRA DRINA HODGINS (age 15).

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

Example: Triply behead and triply curtail machines that raise people or things from one floor to another, and leave a large vessel. Answer: Elevat-ors.

1. Triply behead and triply curtail one who engages in combat, and leave a club used in baseball.

2. Triply behead and triply curtail, eating away gradually, and leave a measure of length.

3. Triply behead and triply curtail disinheriting, and leave to possess.

4. Triply behead and triply curtail a follower of Darwin, and leave to gain.

5. Triply behead and triply curtail carried away by force, and leave a short sleep.

6. Triply behead and triply curtail an officer of the law, and leave a cooling substance.

7. Triply behead and triply curtail below the standard, and leave a negative connective.

8. Triply behead and triply curtail visionary, and leave a machine for separating the seeds from cotton.

When these words have been rightly guessed, beheaded, and curtailed, the initials of the eight three-letter words will spell the surname of a famous man.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, JR. (age 14), *League Member.*

Here are eight words of two syllables each. The objects numbered 1 and 2 form one word; 3 and 4 form another word, and so on. The eight words answer the following definitions: 1. A game. 2. A stroke. 3. Sometimes used by an author. 4. Often eaten. 5. A stream. 6. To harass. 7. A bird. 8. Useful in a new country.

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *fast* to *slow* in six moves.
2. Change *sulk* to *sing* in three moves.
3. Change *take* to *give* in five moves.
4. Change *come* to *gone* in three moves.
5. Change *walk* to *ride* in six moves.
6. Change *five* to *nine* in three moves.
7. Change *hand* to *foot* in six moves.
8. Change *find* to *lose* in five moves.
9. Change *hack* to *cart* in five moves.
10. Change *lake* to *pond* in six moves.

RUTH JAMESON (age 15), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE COMPETITION)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a President of the United States, and another row of letters will spell the name of another of our Presidents.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A frame used in counting. 2. Lower. 3. To loathe. 4. Motive. 5. One who prepares matter for publication. 6. To breathe with a whistling sound. 7. A scoffer. 8. Chronicles. 9. A French wine. 10. An old name for an outer skirt. 11. Girdles. 12. Hidden from the understanding. 13. Bigoted.

SUSIE COBBS (age 13).

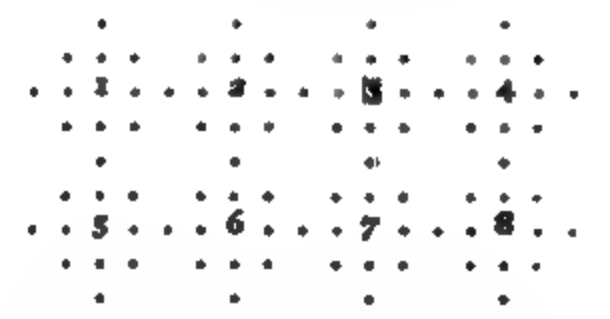
DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE COMPETITION)

My firsts are in Chickamauga, but not in Bull Run;
My seconds, in Champion's Hill, but not in Shiloh;
My thirds are in Stone River, but not in Vicksburg;
My fourths are in Chancellorsville, but not in Kernstown;
My fifths are in Fort Donelson, but not in Cold Harbor;
My sixths are in Gettysburg, but not in Cedar Creek;
My sevenths are in Appomattox, but not in Fredericksburg;
My eighths are in Fort Sumter, but not in Perryville.
My *whole* name two battles of the Civil War.

CORNELIA B. HUSSY (age 13).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS



In solving this puzzle, follow the above diagram, though each diamond has seven words, instead of the five shown.

I. 1. In singly. 2. Everything. 3. To mix, as metals. 4. Plays upon by artifice. 5. Veins of metal. 6. An affirmative. 7. In singly.

II. 1. In singly. 2. The beard of barley. 3. Regions. 4. Amiably. 5. Spruce. 6. Crafty. 7. In singly.

III. 1. In singly. 2. The human race. 3. "The root of all evil." 4. Often encountered in France. 5. Requires. 6. An affirmative. 7. In singly.

IV. 1. In singly. 2. An exclamation. 3. Speedily. 4. Trembling. 5. Sour substances. 6. Entity. 7. In singly.

V. 1. In singly. 2. A common article. 3. A vagrant. 4. Well-informed. 5. Corundum, in grains for polishing. 6. To go back and forth. 7. In singly.

VI. 1. In singly. 2. To observe. 3. An ointment. 4. Becomes yellow. 5. To call forth. 6. A sheep. 7. In singly.

VII. 1. In singly. 2. To fold. 3 A city of northern France. 4. Making salt. 5. Worked diligently. 6. Termination. 7. In singly.

VIII. 1. In singly. 2. To deface. 3. Less. 4. A passage leading to a ship. 5. A European tree. 6. Fled. 7. In singly.

FRANCES M. SEGNER (age 16), *Honor Member*.

ESS, PURELY VEGETABLE. INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S
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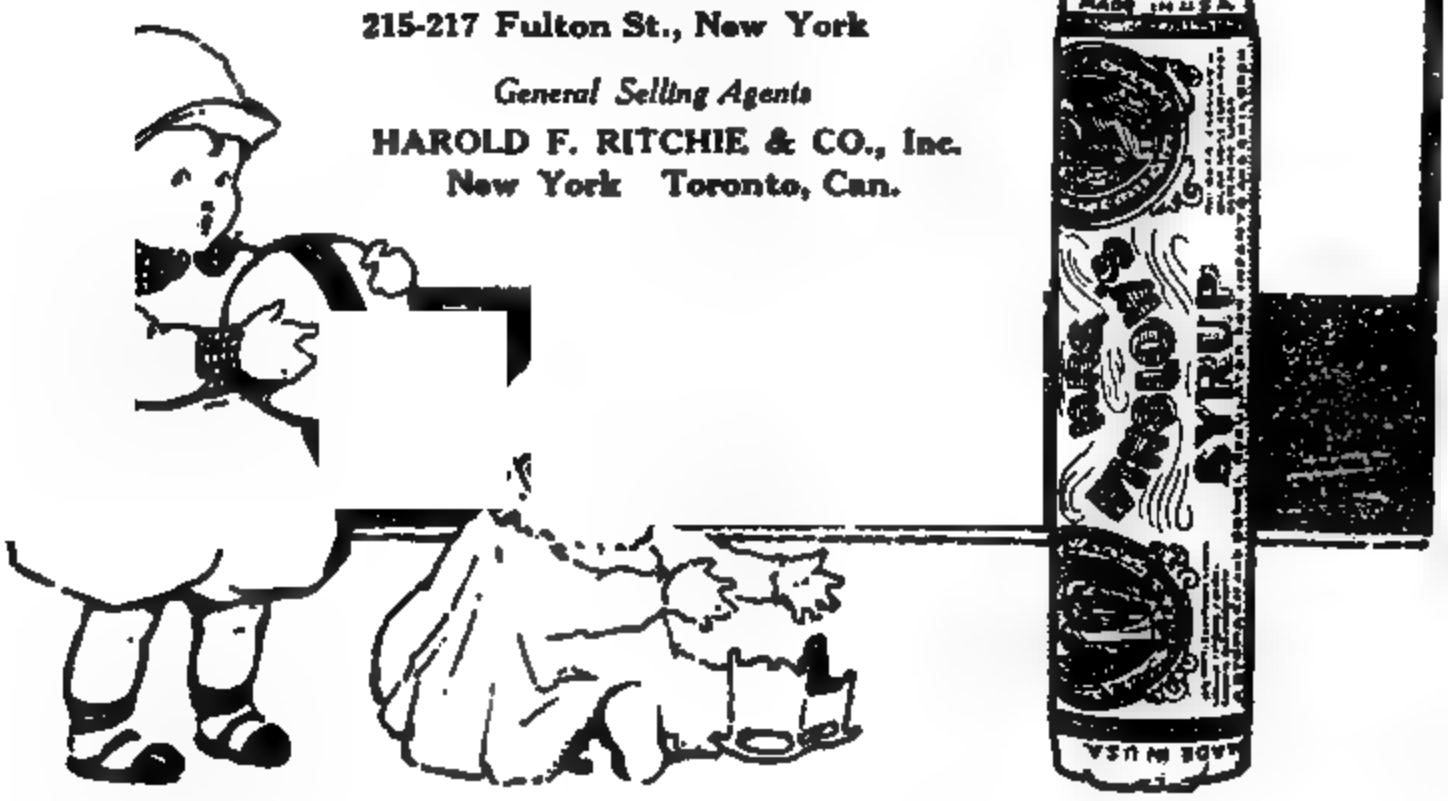

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"Just like Dad's Union Suit!"

BOYS who wear Hanes winter weight Union Suits know what it means to be cheerily warm and comfortable. And, boys like Hanes best because they are just the same as Daddy's Unions, only fleecier! Hanes *elastic knit* supplies lots of "give" for hard play and work; and Hanes *quality* stands the severest test! These Union Suits cannot be equaled for wear at any price!

Hanes snugs up mighty cozy to your neck and wrists and ankles. Their fleeciness will delight you. The closed crotch *stays closed*—that's sure! Faultless workmanship, flat unbreakable seams; lap-seam shoulders; reinforced, non-stretching buttonholes; reinforcements at every strain point; pearl buttons *sewed on to stay!* Made in sizes covering ages from 2 to 16 years. Two- to four-year-old sizes have the drop seat.

Hanes for Men is the standard winter underwear value. It is unbeatable at popular prices. Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers. You cannot excel Hanes for warmth, comfort and long service. If your dealer does not have Hanes, write us at once.

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Warning to the Trade. *Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the Hanes label.*

On bended knees the black slaves served COFFEE

In this dazzling fashion, coffee was served in the court of Louis XIV:—

"In gorgeous costumes, on bended knees, black slaves presented coffee in tiny cups of egg-shell porcelain, with saucers of gold and silver and embroidered silk napkins, to the grand dames of the period".

Coffee is not now in any sense a luxury. It is the most democratic of drinks. It is found everywhere, enjoyed by everybody,—rich and poor. Coffee costs less than a penny a cup.

The *charm* of coffee,—who will deny its zest, its savor, its gusto? Coffee has subjugated nearly every nation,—edged its way around the habitable globe. Simply because it most fully *satisfies* the complex craving for food and drink.

In America, coffee as a beverage, is safely and firmly established in public favor. It is now used more extensively here than in any country of the world. The annual consumption is more than one *billion* pounds! It is on the menu of the millions. Coffee is part of our national life—as staple as bread and butter—the *"Universal Beverage."*

Coffee has earned this important place by the sheer might of merit,—by reason of an amazingly pleasing appeal to the taste,—by the force of its genuine wholesome goodness. It tastes good. It smells good. And by the verdict of the masses expressed in daily life—*it is good.*

Coffee is cheering, soothing, comforting, sustaining *and healthful.* Ask the soldier in the trench. Ask the sailor at sea. Ask the laborer in his cottage. Ask the millionaire in his mansion.

Coffee is *"man's drink."* A sturdy, hearty, flavory, savory drink. A real chummy, clubby drink. It greets the busy man at breakfast. It meets him at the conference luncheon. It regales him at dinner. And again at his club banquet.

Where prohibition prevails,—coffee becomes even more *popular.* We see the revival of the good old-fashioned coffee house, where men may meet, and mingle in honest, manly, friendly spirit,—where they may toast each other in a "bumper" of their favorite brand of coffee.

Coffee—*the Universal drink*

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BOYS and girls often have sore throat from using a dentifrice with drugs in it. And, besides, the drugs are apt to effect the nose and stomach.

Your doctor will tell you that it is foolish to run these risks. And you can easily avoid them by using Dr. Lyon's, which contains no drugs and, therefore, never starts up irritations, or leaves an unpleasant after-taste.

Dr. Lyon's thoroughly cleans the teeth, and its cleaning and polishing serve to preserve them and keep them white. Cleaning is as far as it is *safe* for a dentifrice to go—or you to go.

Dr. Lyon's gives complete dental safety to he whole family, and more and more families are appreciating the fact every day.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc., 525 West 27th Street, New York.

The germ enemies of the teeth are most active at night because the mouth is at rest and they can work undisturbed between the teeth where particles of food may remain

Cleanliness is the only solution—the simple, safe, and common-sense cleanliness given by Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Every mouth needs that — and a dentist's advice twice a year.

The delicious flavor of Colgate's makes care of the teeth a pleasure—a feature especially valuable in the case of children who object to the "druggy" or "burning" sensation of strongly medicated dentifrices.

Mother Goose Booklets—each with 8 pages of the dear old rhymes—in a beautiful cover printed in full color A set of 12 booklets (all different) will be sent on receipt of 21c. in stamps.

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for any outing.

The Flavor Lasts

A charming story of Kentucky and the Stage

BLUE GRASS and BROADWAY

By **MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS**

Miss Daviess tells all her stories with hearty good humor, with exhilarating zest, and with that swiftness of movement and that snappy dialogue which especially appeal to American readers.

"Blue Grass and Broadway," her latest novel, concerns itself with the love story of Patricia Adair, a small town Kentucky girl who comes to New York and is plunged into the midst of that world which is at once the gayest and most tragic, the most brilliant and the most dangerous—the theatrical world. Her happiness and that of others is at stake; in setting forth the adventures of Patricia and the people, both good and bad, who circle about her, Miss Daviess has used her most charming story-telling gifts. And she knows the world of Broadway, where her plays are produced, as well as the Blue Grass region, where on a farm she spends at least half her time. "Blue Grass and Broadway" is one of the gayest stories of the season.

Illustrated. Price $1.50

President Wilson reads mystery stories for diversion

The Mystery of the 13th Floor

***By* LEE THAYER**

A double-twisted mystery story with a delightful love theme intertwined. The problem is, not only who killed Lawyer Stone, but how could he have been killed at all under the circumstances.

"An excellent story, with an intricate plot ingeniously worked out to a satisfactory ending, and a mystery that will tax, if not wholly baffle, the powers of the most astute and resourceful reader to solve in advance. . . . Running like a golden thread through the intricacies of the plot is the story of the love of a girl of sterling worth for the suspected nephew."—*Boston Transcript.*

Frontispiece. Price $1.50

At All Bookstores Published by **THE CENTURY CO.** **353 Fourth Avenue New York City**

Conspicuous nose pores

How to reduce them

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores to reduce these enlarged pores: Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *lump of ice.*

Do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently.* It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

For a month or six weeks of this Woodbury treatment and for general use, a 25c cake will be sufficient. Get a cake today.

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Write today for sample—For 6c we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment together with the booklet. "A Skin You Love to Touch." For 15c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 2012 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

In Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2012 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

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SAVAGE

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if some of his happiest memories do not center around boyhood days spent with his rifle in field and forest.

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Some day he is going to bring home a rifle, and is going to train you fully in its use and care.

He is not going to let anyone else do this—he wants the fun of it himself—it is part of your education he need not delegate.

Your future will be safeguarded by such knowledge, and you will have merry times together.

The sturdy, accurate Savage Junior Rifle will please you both. See it at your dealers or write for a catalog.

22 calibre Savage Junior. 18-inch round barrel single shot model. Shoots .22 short, long, and long rifle cartridges. Bolt action modeled after best military rifles. Genuine walnut stock with steel buttplate. Bead front and adjustable rear sights. An arm which wins the respect of experts.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

because it gives prompt relief from *aches* and *pains*, is safe and *pleasant* to use and is positively *harmless*.

Girls Like

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

because it keeps little *cuts* and *bruises* from being infected, contains no acids or minerals and best of all because *"a little goes a long way."*

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Furthermore

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Absorbine, Jr. $1.25 a bottle at druggists or postpaid

A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address on receipt of 10c in stamps.

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Greatest *reliability, ease, comfort, safety, continued service*—those are the things you're assured of by the Corbin Duplex. The guarantee of a $10,000,000 corporation stands squarely back of every one of them.

Read all about it in the Corbin Duplex Catalog. Glad to send one on request.

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Dull Calf Blucher Educator for Men	*Black Kid Laced Educator for Women*	*Dull Calf for Misses, Children and Infants*

When Your Children are Grown up

WHEN they are no longer children, but men and women, will they have feet that are bent and twisted—with corns, bunions, ingrown nails, callouses, fallen arches?

Not if you will put the little feet into Educators—the shoes that let the feet grow as they should!

Always look for EDUCATOR on the sole. There can be no protection stronger than this trademark. It means that behind every part of the shoe stands a *responsible manufacturer*.

"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" contains surprising foot facts. Free. Send today.

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3-IN-ONE

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FREE. Write for a generous free sample and 3-in-One Dictionary.

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Growing children more often than not ***need additional nourishment*** to help sustain growth and keep vigorously well.

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Family Toy Talk II

From the time a child is born, he enters a period of mental development. This lasts as long as his mind is able to grasp new thoughts.

First, children are taught at home by the parents or nurse. Then comes the going-to-school time, and here the teacher further aids the childs mental training. So on and on we humans develope our minds constantly.

During the earlier period of the childs life, one important aid to education is sometimes overlooked by parents. They fail to realize that toys are not necessarily simply playthings.

Parents should choose toys for their children, with the idea in mind that they can be made to supplement what the children are being taught. Toys may play a decided part in instruction.

Let parents realize that the childs appreciation of quality and worth are being cultivated as they play. Cheap toys do not create a sense of value. So, from the very beginning buy good things, whereby the children really learn to excercise care in keeping them.

In America, toy manufacturers are endeavoring to put the idea of vocational training in their toys. Children do not sense small reproductions of essential products as imitations, nor are they that.

Better than through books, does the growing child learn the all-important lessons of precaution and necessity of care, from his so called "playthings".

This movement toward early vocational training even in toys is psychologically sound and it adds rather than detracts pleasure from the childs leisure hours.

We have learned to realize that play as well as work should have a definite purpose.

There must be both mental and physical training. It must be realized that it is possible by a wise selection of toys to establish early the foundation of future study.

From the puzzle or game, which develope quick and logical thinking to the practical construction toys, all serve an end. As the mind is developed, so there must be exercise and fresh air for the growing body.

No country in the world has brought the educational, instructive, mental and physical developing toys to such a high point of perfection as has America.

American Toys are real quality. When you think of good toys, you need think of no others than those made right here in the United States.

Family Toy Talk No. III will appear in December

Christmas Joy for Girl and Boy

Make it a Flexible Flyer Christmas! The cleanest, liveliest, most healthful sport of the season—sledding with the famous FLEXIBLE FLYER. Its patented, non-skid runners which grip ice or snow asy and coasting safe, comfortable new steel front takes up shock, n and prevents splitting of seat and Saves shoes and prevents wet feet. en sizes—38 to 63 inches long. Look for the *name and flying eagle* trade mark on seat. None genuine without it.

FREE Cardboard model shows how the Flexible Flyer steers. Write for it.

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Flexible Flyer

—the famous steering sled with non-skid runners

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

STAMPS OF THE ARMISTICE

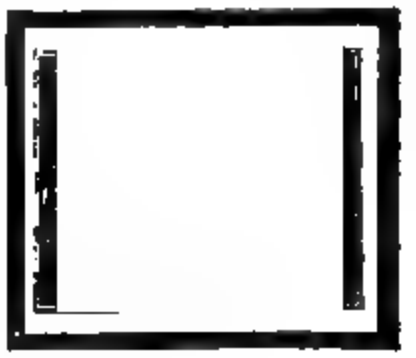
UNDER this general heading is included a long series of stamps issued during the period of the Armistice. All of them have an interest apart from their appearance, from their design, from their wokmanship. Many of them indeed are very crude from an artistic standpoint. Most of them are from countries whose names are almost meaningless—nations newly created from the ruins of Russia, or the readjustments of German, Austrian, and Balkan territory. Indeed, the boys and girls are going to find geography a much more difficult study than did their fathers and mothers.

One of the most interesting of these new countries which has issued stamps is Mesopotamia, the land of Bagdad and the Arabian Nights, a country around which much youthful imagination has always centered; so much so, that the country has seemed like a fairy-tale rather than a real place. One is almost sorry that it has turned real and has issued stamps. These, however, are yet only a series of surcharges upon the current stamps of Turkey. The surcharge reads as follows: At the top of the stamp is the word, "IRAQ." (Now our readers must n't ask us what that means, for at present we do not know: but if any one of them can tell us, we should be glad to hear from them.) At the left are the words (reading up) "In British," and at the right (reading down) "Occupation." At the bottom is the new value in annas and rupees, instead of paras and piasters. For instance, the 1 anna is upon the 20 paras, the 2½ annas, upon the 1 piaster; the 1 rupee, upon the 10 piasters. The surcharges make a striking contrast to the color of the stamp, and the set is really very beautiful

In our last month's issue we illustrated two stamps from Fiume, over which city there is so much excitement at present. These stamps, perhaps, cannot be called "national." They belong rather to the "revolutionary" group of the Armistice. We illustrate two more of them this month First, the large head of Liberty with a star in her hair. This is the type of the lower values, 2, 3, and 5 centesimi.

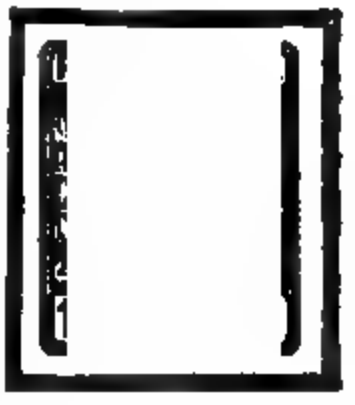
The second illustration is called "View of the Port." But really the whole interest centers in the right foreground, where is shown a citizen of Fiume nailing to the mast of a ship the flag of Italy. This is intended to indicate the absolute determination of the inhabitants to unite themselves with the Government at Rome. This design appears on the higher values of the series, from 60 centesimi to 10 corunas.

Poland is one of the countries which has come into prominence among stamp-collectors on account of its armistice issue of stamps. For many years stamp collectors rather enjoyed this country, because, having issued only one stamp (and that, by the way, a very attractive one), it was easy to fill the only space in the album assigned to it. But Poland is now making up for lost time. A number of stamp issues have already appeared. The first Polish set that we saw was surcharged upon a series of stamps issued by the City of Warsaw, and illustrated upon STAMP PAGE some time ago. These stamps were usually spoken of as the "Citizens Local Post." The illustration gives an idea of the stamps. The second Polish picture is of another issue This issue is divided into parts, or sections. The first has the values in pfennings and marks, and is for use in what might be called the Warsaw-German section of this new nation. The second has the same design, but is for use in Galicia and has the value in heller and krona. Both sets come perforated and imperforate. The next



higher values—marks and kronas in both sets. The sixth Polish stamp is a later issue, showing the Polish eagle conspicuously in the center. This is the most striking series so far issued. The others are less ornamental and more crudely printed.

Here is a new country entirely. What shall its name be? On the stamp it appears as Latviga. Others call it Lettland, some Lettonia. It is a part of old Russia, and we understand the capital is at Libau. There are three distinct issues of this country, all of the same design, but of varying



(*Continued on page* 48)

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

IT is so named because here every *St. Nicholas* reader can find the names and addresses of leading stamp dealers. Selected stamps for young folks are their specialty. Mention *St. Nicholas* in writing them and be sure always to give your name and complete address, as well as that of parent, teacher or employer as reference. Be sure to get permission first. We are careful to accept the advertisements of only the most reliable stamp dealers, and if you have any unfair business dealings with *St. Nicholas* advertisers advise us promptly. We are always glad to help solve your stamp problems. Write us when you want information.

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You can't imagine how much I love you! You are the nicest magazine! Mother used to take you when she was a little girl, and Dad used to borrow you! M. C.

NICHOLAS FOR 1920

PUBLISHER'S PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

With its October number, ST. NICHOLAS passes another milestone in its triumphant progress toward the half-century mark, now almost in sight. The November issue begins the forty-seventh volume of this incomparable magazine for young folk, known the world over and universally beloved, wherever the English language is read or spoken, as the special friend and comrade, chum and crony, of boys and girls—in short, their "own particular, pet, *pippin* of a magazine," as one ardent boy-admirer puts it.

A bit more seriously, perhaps, than is its custom, but just as cheerfully as ever, ST. NICHOLAS completes another year of its happy and useful existence, and begins with another, the forty-seventh.

How thick is a bound volume of the boys' and girls' magazine? Call it three inches. It is really more, but call it that. We shan't stop to measure, though the red-and-gold beauties are close at hand: very exact measurements are so unromantic! Three inches to the year; forty-six years! is one hundred and thirty-eight inches of bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS! A file half again as high as that extraordinarily tall man from Texas, whose pictures were printed in the newspapers not long ago; or more than twice the height of a good-sized, growing youngster, when he reaches five feet, and feels, and is, "almost a man." It is a whole library in itself.

But all this is merely a measure of quantity. What really counts is quality. You know what ST. NICHOLAS is now. Your big brother or sister will tell you that it was the same a few years ago; and your father and mother, uncles and aunts, will tell you it was the same when *they* were boys and girls. Don't you, often and often, catch them reading *your* copy—and forgetting dull grown-up things, like business and household cares, while they renew their childhood with a dip into the Saint's unfailing Fountain of Youth! Of course you do!

That we would say to boys and girls and their parents, is the test of quality, the measure of merit. For forty-six years ST. NICHOLAS has met the requirements of young readers; the hardest requirements there are—as well as the best worth trying to meet. One ST. NICHOLAS writer remarked, right here in the publication-office: "I 've written hundreds of articles for the grown-ups, and it never bothered me a bit. You can fool most of them most of the time. But it frightens me to write for ST. NICHOLAS—because you can't fool the youngsters—not *ever*!"

ears make the Saint older in wisdom, but they cannot smother his jovial smile in wrinkles. We *are* us, because these are serious times. We are cheerful, because there are all our ST. NICHOLAS boys girls growing up with the wit and the wisdom, the facts and the fun of this magazine stored away heir minds and their hearts to make them better, stronger, wiser American citizens! Before long the folk must turn the world over to younger and hands; it will be time to take a fresh And that is where, that is exactly where ST. NICHOLAS influence comes into play. As l friend said of it some time ago: "It is given to exercise so far-reaching an influence upon minds, and thus upon the future of the "

magazine is a school without a schedule; it only the hours you *want* to give it. It is a without discipline, for a youngster with OLAS needs no sharp eye to watch him. It without hammering home a moral. It without trying to look more learned t is *always* doing something for you.

t do for you in 1920? Many fine and gs! More than ever! And, *among* (for the list is far too long to give

"MOTHER! DADDY 'S GOT MY ST. NICHOLAS"

My grandmother gives me ST. NICHOLAS *for Christmas each year, and I think I love it better than anybody else I know, though I never saw anybody who did n't think it the best magazine ever printed.* M. E. L.

A DEPARTMENT FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS

Beginning with the October issue, ST. NICHOLAS is going to publish a Department for those boys who are not content to sit by and watch others do things but want to have a finger in the pie themselves. The "Do Things Editor" has a lot of brand new how-to-make ideas on hand that he is going to put into that department, but he is not going to fill it all by himself. Useful devices that can be rigged up out of odds and ends, home-made apparatus, shop kinks—these are what the Editor wants. Boys who have made anything themselves are invited to write to the Editor about it. They will be asked—not for ideas that they have seen somewhere else, but for plans that they have worked out themselves—with complete instructions and sketches that have dimensions on them, so that others can follow out the plans. The Editor will pay for all the material he uses.

BOYS BUILDING A BRIDGE: BOW-STRING SPAN IN POSITION

The department starts off this month with a most interesting "how-to-make" serial, by A. Russell Bond, called "Packing-house Village." It will tell just how to build houses out of big packing-boxes. They will not be toy houses nor doll houses, but real honest-to-goodness dwellings, big enough for boys to get inside of and live in. Being made of packing-boxes they will cost little, and yet they won't look like boxes when they are finished. They will have gable roofs, chimneys and verandas, and they will be fitted with furniture made from smaller boxes. The plan is to have a lot of boys club together and build a whole village, with cottages and barns and windmills, with stores, post office, fire-engine house, town hall, etc. Streets can be laid out, with mail-boxes and fire-alarm boxes on the corners, and there can be a park with a summer house and a bandstand in it. How to contruct all these buildings and the furniture and fittings will be told in detail so that any boy who knows how to handle a hammer and a saw can make them. Added to the pleasure of building the village there will be the joy of organizing a town government, with mayor and common council, police and fire department.

Be sure to keep your copies of ST. NICHOLAS because if you don't start building a Packing-box Village right away, you will surely want to do so before the series is ended.

BIOGRAPHY AND INSPIRATION

Another joyous and important influence of the magazine is that of awakening in its young readers the sense of the meaning of beauty of life, in its finer possibilities, of arousing high ideals by acquainting them with the men and women of noblest character and achievement. Inspiring biographical sketches have always been a prominent feature of ST. NICHOLAS, as instanced by the fine series "More than Conquerors" by Ariadne Gilbert, and a similar double set of articles, "Heroes of To-day" and "Heroines of Service," by Mary R. Parkman. Both these gifted and experienced teachers will contribute biographical papers to the new volume, and thus provide an invaluable stimulus to the minds and thoughts of the young folk from month to month. And as a companion series there will be interesting articles about some of the great artists of the world, such as a sketch of "Velasquez," the famous Spanish painter, and a charming account of "Two Florentine Friends"; a fine tribute to Sir Edwin Abbey, "a painter of quaint romance"; while the pages of the various issues will be constantly enriched, as usual, by reproductions of great pictures by the leading artists of to-day. ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls invariably become lovers of the best in art and literature. In proof of the art-quality of the magazine, this spontaneous endorsement is well worth reprinting!

MANUFACTURERS' AIRCRAFT ASSOCIATION, INC.
501 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

EDITOR,
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Manufacturers' Aircraft Association I wish to congratulate ST. NICHOLAS. The cover design on the June issue is *by far the best example of popular aeronautical visualization that I have ever come across.* I chanced to see the original at Brentano's and was impelled to write to you.

Yours very truly, LUTHER K. BELL.
(Information Department.)

THE BIGGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD: PUTTING THE SPINDLE INTO THE TURBINE CYLINDER

I am a teacher. I wish you could see the improvement in reading, both oral and silent, that has resulted from the use of ST. NICHOLAS *instead of the ordinary school reader!* E. C.

Several admirable serial stories will be published in ST. NICHOLAS including a narrative of stirring adventure in the far northwest.

"BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH"

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

"Oh, boy!" How would you like to go on a trip with three other boys in search of a great, blue pearl, which an Indian chief found in a strange stream in the interior of a strange island—the hunting-ground of one of the huge brown bears, the greatest carnivorous animal known. A lumber king agrees to finance the trip, and Old Jud Adams, a famous trapper, resolves to go along. The three boys chosen need another, and decide to choose the one that shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Meet in which their school is to compete.

Who wins the prize, and how, and so becomes a member of the "Argonauts," as they call themselves; and how they cross the continent and find no one can go to the Island of the Bear except those who have "qualified" to the Indians' satisfaction by some unusual act of bravery; how Will, Jud, Fred, and Joe, each and all at last achieve the right to go; will be revealed in the story which is a "thriller" from start to finish, but no wild melodrama. It is based on the facts of experience and natural history, set forth with a master's pen.

Mr. Samuel Scoville, Jr., a Philadelphia lawyer, has found time in the intervals of his profession to explore many interesting haunts in the wilds and to make a remarkably vivid report of what goes on there. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has printed several of Mr. Scoville's nature articles, and calls him "the best of city naturalists."

FROM "BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH"

ST. NICHOLAS, too, in recent numbers, has given to young readers several invaluable natural-history papers by Mr. Scoville. In "The Boy Scouts of the Wilderness," he wrote a story that will hold any reader enthralled from first to last. The characters of that fine narrative reappear in the new serial, and ST. NICHOLAS boys will find adventure to their liking and "slathers" of youthful courage and grit in "Boy Scouts in the North."

"THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA-LARK"

BY R. H. BARBOUR AND H. P. HOLT

Authors of "Lost Island" and "Fortunes of War."

No writer of today knows boys and boy-nature better than Mr. Barbour or can portray them in livelier style. His boy-talk is "the real thing" and his pictures of boys at school, in sport, in danger or play, afloat or ashore, are remarkably true to life. He is at home with their very thoughts; and in Mr. Holt he has found a skilled and enthusiastic collaborator, who, from long training as a writer and unusual personal experiences in a varied career, contributes much to the building up of a great narrative of adventure and a thrilling climax.

The new serial is the best of the stories which these two gifted authors have written; and a novel sort of mystery, unexplained until the exciting finish, helps to intensify the reader's interest in the kaleidoscopic dangers that beset the young heroes of this absorbing narrative, and the pluck that finally brings them through in triumph.

"THE CRIMSON PATCH"

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc., etc.

Mrs. Seaman's stories have grown so popular with the girls who read ST. NICHOLAS that no volume of the magazine would seem complete without one of these "tangled webs" of mystery—unsolvable in advance by any reader, but yet unraveling themselves so simply and satisfactorily at the close beneath the spell of the author's magic. And in all these stories the girl characters are blithe, fine-natured American lassies with very human interests and feelings, which win sympathy from the start.

"The Crimson Patch" will be found fully equal to The Boarded-up House, The Sapphire Signet, Three Sides of Paradise Green and The Shipper Point Mystery. Indeed it is quite likely to be voted the best of all.

"THE TREASURE-CHEST OF THE MEDRANOS"

BY ELIZABETH HOWARD ATKINS

This is an entrancingly interesting and picturesque serial for girls—and for everyone who enjoys a beautifully-told-story. The scene is laid in the California of a century ago when the Spanish dons and grandees were in possession and lived in almost regal state, while in the background lurked "bandidos" (bandits) who had the polished manners of gallants and would suddenly appear on a fete day and dance with high-born ladies whose jewels they were all the time secretely planning to capture.

In this genuine little masterpiece a new author has conjured up a fascinating vision of a romantic era now past and gone, and has filled it with scenes of color and tragedy, comedy and charm. In short, there is here a new classic in juvenile literature.

And not many years ago, its author was contributing, as an active young member, to the pages of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

FROM "THE CRIMSON PATCH"

I am always on the front porch the first of the month, waiting for you; and when you come, O Boy! I am "dead to the world." R. E. G. D.

SHORT STORIES, FUN, ETC.

"DAR I GO FO DE FOFE TIME"

As for the short stories, poems and ballads, tales of adventure, of imagination, of "human feeling and devotion," and rhymes and pictures of fun and frolic, their name is legion and they have come to be recognized, and looked forward to, as simply a part of ST. NICHOLAS itself,—entertaining, amusing, enthralling or uplifting, as the case may be. A war-worker in France, who has recently returned, writes spontaneously: "When I was in Europe, the stories that came back most vividly were the ones that I read in ST. NICHOLAS when I was growing up. I have always been thankful that I was 'raised' on ST. NICHOLAS stories and pictures." And a recent letter from far-off Korea says: "Even here we cannot do without your magazine, as we wish our children to grow up under its influence. It must follow us through the years."

In the two departments, "The Watch Tower" and "Nature and Science"—each of which is regarded as an invaluable aid by teachers and parents—the boys and girls are kept abreast of the progress of historic events and national endeavor, and of the latest discoveries in science and the nature-world, from month to month. And to every issue of the now famous "ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE"—"their *own* department"—the ambitious young readers of the magazine contribute stories, poems, drawings, and photography of amazing merit and cleverness. There is no more potent influence in the development of character and achievement among American young folk than this beloved organization.

"SATISFIED." BY HORTENSE LUCAS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

ST. NICHOLAS, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Enclosed please find ($3.00 / $5.00) for which please send me ST. NICHOLAS for (1/2) years beginning with the

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S-11-19.

"DADDY, DON'T FORGET TO STOP AT THE POST OFFICE AND BRING HOME MY ST. NICHOLAS"

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR DECEMBER, 1919.

		Page
A World-Christmas-Tree. Verse (back of frontispiece) Illustrated by George Varian.	Sophie E. Redford	97
Frontispiece: "The door swung back, and a Knight stood there." From the Drawing by Maurice L. Bower.		
America. Verse. Illustrated by George Varian	Eleanor Duncan Wood	99
The Treasure-Chest of the Medranos. Serial Story Illustrated by W. M. Berger.	Elizabeth Howard Athins	100
The Real St. Nick. Verse. Illustrated by C. Clyde Squires	Florence Boyce Davis	108
The Adventure of the High King (The Wondering Boy Series) Verse. Illustrated by Maurice L. Bower.	Clara Platt Meadowcroft	109
"One Minute Longer." Story. Illustrated by Edwin F. Bayha.	Albert Payson Terhune	112
A Thoughtless Billy-Goat. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch	Mrs. John T. Van Sant	120
The Scamper Children. Verse. Illustrated by Harriet O'Brien.	Seymour Barnard	121
The Ice-Cream Soda Spirit. Story. Illustrated by Charles M. Relyea.	Fanny Kilbourne	126
A Christmas Error. Verse.	Edwin L. Sabin	133
Boy Scouts of the North. Serial Story. Illustrated by George Avison.	Samuel Scoville, Jr.	137
The Challenge. Verse.	Arthur Wallace Peach	141
"Merry Christmas, Miss Blakely!" Story. Illustrated by Ralph P. Coleman	Linda Stevens Almond	142
The Crimson Patch. Serial Story Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.	Augusta Huiell Seaman	149
The Discontented Little Prince. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch.	Ellen Manly	158
For Boys who do things: Packing Box Village. A See-Saw Merry-Go-Round. Illustrated from Diagrams and Photographs.	A. Russell Bond	164
The Watch Tower. Illustrations from Photographs	Edward N. Teall	169
Nature and Science for Young Folks: Illustrations from Photographs. **Timber-Wolves in New York** (W. J. Perry) — **Forestalling the Spring** (S. Leonard Bastin) — **What the Great War Did for Platinum and Silver** (James Anderson) — **A Queer Bonfire** (Walter K. Putney) — **A Rope Mattress — Frost Music** (S. Leonard Bastin) — **How's Weather for Flying?**		174
For Very Little Folks:		
Letters. Verse. Illustrated by Edna A. Cooke	Hilda W. Smith	180
Brother Elk and the Bunny Family Celebrate Christmas Drawing by L. J. Bridgman.		
St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated.		182
The Letter-Box		190
The Riddle-Box		191
St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons	Advertising Page	52

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A WORLD CHRISTMAS-TREE

BY SOPHIE E. REDFORD

Could we but have a Christmas-tree
For all the world, oh, what would be
The gifts upon its branches hung
To be distributed among
The eager peoples standing by?
What would you give, and what would I?
Would silks or furs or rarest lace
Or gold or diamonds have place
Upon the branches of a tree
Designed to bless humanity?
Or would we rather fasten there
The gifts we know would banish care?
Does not the world have sorest need
Of sympathy and kindly deed?
Place on the topmost bough a star
Whose points these Christian graces are:
Faith, hope, and charity, good will,
And justice, every heart to fill.
Entwine each branch upon the tree
With festoons of fidelity,
With courage, patience, gratitude,
A cheerful thought, and happy mood,
With peace and joy and gentleness.
Such gifts would bring true happiness.

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVII DECEMBER, 1919 No. 2

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CHAPTER I

THE CABALLERO AND THE BUREAUS

A CARRIAGE, the first ever seen in Alta, California,—upholstered in shiny black leather and drawn by two black ponies, quite as glossy, driven by a stalwart young Indian,—had drawn up before the hacienda at the Rancho del Pazo.

It was a day in early summer, about a century ago. But how little the beauty of a day changes from century to century! Customs change, and manners, and the very face of the old world alters, but a June day is never old-fashioned. There was a little breeze stirring the green leaves of the grape-vine, the sun shone warmly, and beyong the long adobe ranch-house the mountains swam in blue mist.

It might have been a June day in the California we know, yet who are these people descending from that imposing equipage? They are not of our time, certainly. They are strange, picturesquely dressed in bright colors, and agreeably romantic looking.

Don Fernando Medrano leaned a little stiffly on his manzanita walking-stick. He was tall, with immense dignity. He paused, as he stepped from the carriage, and removing his sombrero, which was ornamented elegantly with gilt braid, he endeavored to brush the dust from it with his sleeve. His hair shone like silver in the almost tropical sunshine.

"Ah, you are afraid of what Josefa will say!" exclaimed the lady who followed him, in a teasing voice.

It was his sister Doña Serafina Valencia. She was quite old and remarkably withered, yet she sprang lightly from the carriage without assistance, adjusted her bonnet, and looked about her with keen, sparkling glances. She reminded one of a little bird, she was so quick, her eyes were so round and bright.

Lastly, a tall, graceful girl alighted from the carriage. A typical Spanish beauty was Doña Ysabella Medrano, with a patrician nose, a skin of creamy whiteness, like the petals of the magnolia. Her eyes, dreamy and dark, were shadowed by long lashes, and her black hair, demurely parted and looped over her ears, gave her face a quaint dignity. She was Don Fernando's eldest daughter and resembled him. For Don Fernando, too, had that splendid nose. And so had his sister Doña Serafina. In Don Fernando's face, which had grown thin and narrow with the passing years, it rather resembled the prow of a ship; in Aunt Serafina's, it was like a dainty beak and only added to the birdlike impression.

Doña Ysabella had hardly stepped from the carriage before she was violently clasped in the arms of—was it a woodland fairy, a Castilian dryad, perhaps, who had appeared sud-

denly in the doorway, under the little guardian Madonna—a woodland fairy in a green dress? No, it was merely Felisa Medrano, but we will take a good look at her immediately, or as soon as we have seen who is just behind her, almost filling the doorway with her large bulk.

It is old Josefa, the family nurse (and tyrant), who lifts her plump hands in astonishment and reproof. Who, her expression plainly says, would have ventured to travel through the lonely mountain pass between Santa Barbara and the rancho, with only a single Indian as body-guard, but Doña Serafina and her brother Don Fernando? A pair of children, certainly! As if traveling back and forth on the stage, under suitable protection, were not bad enough! Would Don. Fernando—see the dust on his hat—never forget that he was no longer a young and adventurous caballero! The mountains were infested with *bandidos.* What would Aunt Serafina do in the presence of a desperado armed to the teeth—the redoubtable El Señor Carlos, for instance? thought Josefa, grimly.

And while she is thinking all this, we are looking at little Felisa Medrano. One can see that the two girls, Felisa and the fair Ysabella, are sisters. But where is the nose? It has missed Felisa entirely; for that, at times, is the whim of family noses, however famous. Felisa herself had often wondered at the omission, as she regarded those ancient portraits, brought from Spain, of stiff ancestresses in still stiffer garments, upon the walls of her father's house. Every face had its version of the nose. It was positively startling.

"No, *Felisa mia,* you will never be a beauty," Josefa, the old nurse (who was the only mother Felisa ever remembered) was fond of saying.

And Felisa would feel her small nose, and admit that it was hopeless.

For the famous nose was an inheritance as real—in a family which prided itself upon a worthy and admirable past—as some others of which we are to hear in this story. Yet Felisa, you would agree with me, had managed to be pretty without it. She would never be a beauty, that is true (Josefa was right). But her warm, almost golden, coloring reminded one agreeably of a Gold of Ophir rose. And she had a smile that was all her own, which dimpled her mouth deliciously at the corners, which lit her dark eyes with little sparkling gleams like stars, which even gave that most plebeian nose a whimsical, inquiring tilt and tempted many people to kiss her immediately.

"*Ysabella mia!*" she cried, embracing her sister fervently.

Then she flung herself into the arms of the little old lady, exclaiming, "Thou hast been gone such a long time, Aunt Serafina!"

Doña Valencia pretended that she must stand on tiptoe to embrace her youngest niece, who had grown so tall during her absence. She herself was very small. She had tiny hands and feet, and was so slender that a puff of wind might blow her away.

And at once the little girl thought of what Josefa had so often said, in a tone of solemn warning to her nurslings, Ysabella and Felisa, "Thy Aunt Serafina is too fond of chillies ever to have grown up properly."

Doña Serafina Valencia kissed Felisa in dainty little pecks, first her cheeks, then her lips.

"Is there not a kiss for me also?" inquired Don Fernando, looking down the Medrano nose anxiously. "I, too, have been gone a long time."

"But not far away to the City of Mexico, like Aunt Serafina!" protested Felisa.

She put her arms about her father's neck, pressing her face against his cheek. Then, looking at him intently, she exlaimed, "But, *papá mia,* thou dost look weary!" (A sentiment which Josefa promptly echoed, with prodigious sniffs.)

Don Fernando settled with a sigh in his familiar worn chair in the patio, removed his hat, and mopped his moist brow with a red silk handkerchief. He had been wonderfully jolted upon that three-hour drive from Santa Barbara in the new carriage, which had no springs. But he was not one to complain; he merely smiled and went on mopping.

Aunt Serafina laughed. "Felisa, thy poor papa—no wonder he looks weary!" She shook her ear-rings lugubriously. "He has been robbed, my precious one!"

"*Cielo!* It is just as I thought!" cried Josefa, before Felisa could find her voice. "The minute I looked upon thy papa *I knew it had happened!*"

"Do not interrupt me, Josefa, and I shall explain everything," said Aunt Serafina.

"Yes, I am fat and old and know nothing!" Josefa burst out, with offended pride. "No one listens to what I say! And look what happens! You are robbed!"

She shrugged her shoulders impressively and fanned herself with her apron.

Aunt Serafina lifted her delicate eye-brows and sighed a little.

"Yes. It was sure to happen one day or another," she agreed seriously. "For all the world," she continued, "know of the treasures of the Medranos—our pearls, our gold and silver plate, our honor, our pride, our nose, even! And there are those who would rob us of them all, dear Josefa, and of other treasures as well. What would you, when one meets with the most wicked *bandido* in all the Californias—"

"El Señor Carlos!" It was Felisa this time who had interrupted Doña Serafina.

Aunt Serafina laughed again, and drew Felisa close to her. "No, my child, one yet more formidable than the great Carlos himself—a certain Don Felipe Alvarez. He has stolen—what do you think—one of the treasures of the Medranos! Yes, he has robbed us—of Ysabella!"

"But she is here!" cried Josefa, appearing from beneath the apron, and staring at the young lady in question as though to discover whether or not she were real flesh and blood.

"Yes, until San Antonia de Padua's Day," replied Doña Valencia, with a little smile of complacency, "when there is to be a grand wedding at the house of Uncle Pedro and Aunt Serafina in Santa Barbara! Life is so dull at times! So what could be more delightful? All the world will be there, Josefa, and thou hadst best begin baking the *tortoni* immediately."

For once, Josefa was rendered speechless. She looked almost tearfully at Ysabella. Her nursling to be married! And only twelve days ago, when the child and her father had departed on their innocent little expedition to greet Don Pedro and Doña Serafina, no one had ever heard of this Don Felipe Alvarez! Poor Josefa clasped Ysabella against her broad bosom, which heaved with sighs.

Aunt Serafina delighted in the sensation her news had caused.

"Come, I will tell you the whole story, for it was my fault," she acknowledged, looking from one to another with a whimsical expression in her bright eyes.

She settled gracefully into a chair, and fanned herself with a gauzy little black fan.

"When one returns from a journey," she began, "one should always bring home something for the children. Is it not so, *Felisa mia?*"

By way of answer, Felisa fell upon her aunt's neck, crying, "Oh Aunt Serafina!" and kissed her like an enthusiastic puppy, and jumped up and down. And Nino, the old house-dog, began to bark; and Tito, the big yellow cat, asleep in the corner, rose with an injured expression, and walked away waving his plumy tail and thinking: "One never does have anything *but* a cat-nap at the Rancho del Pazo. The abode of peace, indeed! It 's anything but peaceful."

Out of the corner of her eye, Felisa saw that Bonifacio, the young Indian, was removing a large, interesting parcel from the carriage. What could it contain! In another moment it had been opened, and, enraptured, she was gazing upon the most beautiful dress she had ever seen—a dress made for a princess, or was it the garment of a fairy, woven of moonshine and rose petals?

"Oh, Aunt Serafina!" she cried again, once more threatening to overwhelm the little old lady with her embraces.

"What would you?" said Aunt Serafina, beaming. "It is only my pleasure—to bring home something for the children. And what treasures one can find in that wonderful city which was once," she sighed, "my home! No wonder that thy Uncle Pedro prefers to keep me in Santa Barbara, when there are no shops worthy of the name! The bureaus, *Felisa mia!* The laces! The ear-rings! Carriages! Bonnets! The little slippers! Fans! Vests of yellow satin! Even the bronze horseman in the Square cannot be indifferent. He looks straight down into the window of a shop where an old man with but one tooth in his head, and that as white as a tombstone, sells shawls. A shawl for my Ysabella—that is the inspiration of thy Aunt Serafina!"

Doña Valencia paused to take breath, and then exclaimed, "It was to be the most beautiful shawl in the Americas!"

Her expression of solemnity, her sigh, the trembling of her big black-jet ear-rings demanded sympathy from her hearers for what was to come, had there not been such a twinkle lurking in her bright eyes.

"'So? Next week I shall have it for you,' said the old shopkeeper, obligingly. At the same time he showed me what he had. There was one, *Felisa mia,* vermilion with black roses, so exquisite that I declare to you I lost my heart to it immediately. Yet would one not wait for the most beautiful shawl in the Americas, since it is promised? Meanwhile the days pass all too quickly. I have bought two bureaus (what delight I take in them, my child, with their secret drawers,

where one may hide away one's jewels and one's love-letters!), a bonnet, and the new carriage. Thy dress is completed to the last stitch. For Maddelena Gomez I have chosen a little sparking fan; for her sister Dolores, a tall comb; for Pedro Perez, thy uncle's name-child, who kisses one so solemnly, a toy lamb with a black nose—you shall see it. I have forgotten no one. But the shawl! Alas! the shawl of the Americas! Every day it is promised. Every day it has not come."

Poor Aunt Serafina sighed. Her dolorous expression would have wrung a heart of stone.

"And then" (the very feathers in the new bonnet seemed to droop in sympathy) "one hears suddenly—there is not time even to wash one's face—that the *Santa Maria* is to sail from San Blas sooner than we had expected. The messenger is breathless. The *diligencia,* my child, is at the door, as it were! Yet my one thought is—no gift for my Ysabella! *Cielo!* I shall have to buy the vermilion shawl, after all. I ran through the streets,—every one stares at me,—past the equestrian statue, to the little shop. And it is gone! There is nothing—no present for my Ysabella! 'Yes, Doña Valencia' (how the white tooth gleamed! I shall always remember it!), 'the wife of the governor purchased it but yesterday!' I am dazed; who would not be? I stand there in the shop as though turned to stone. No gift for my Ysabella! Uncle Pedro appears in the doorway. His face is red, his cravat under one ear. He has run all the way after me. A crowd is gathering. Uncle Pedro takes my arm roughly. 'We will miss the boat, do you hear?' I am thrown into the coach, into that ill-smelling, dark interior. I weep. Of what use are tears? But there is no gift for my poor Ysabella—unless"—Aunt Serafina paused once more to get breath—"I should give her one of the bureaus."

"And did you?" asked Felisa, and she looked at her sister as if half expecting Ysabella to produce a bureau, triumphantly from some place of concealment about her person.

But Aunt Serafina smiled, and crossed her small feet upon old Nino's back (he made an obliging footstool), remarking, "Ah, but, Felisa, all young ladies desire something *ornamental!*" and went on with her story.

"How I wept," she continued, "as I leaned in the dimness of the coach against what I supposed was thy Uncle Pedro's shoulder! Yet suddenly something tells me that the shoulder is an unfamiliar one! *Cielo!* It belongs not to thy uncle, but to a young and charming caballero. Yet he is not a stranger. I have waltzed with him at the governor's ball, where we had discoursed pleasantly—was it not?—of bureaus. He is all sympathy, and to him I confide the cause of my sorrow: 'I have no gift for my Ysabella.'

"A ray of sunshine penetrates into the interior of the *diligençia,* and the young man smiles upon me; an idea is reflected upon his charming countenance.

"'Doña Serafina, take me!'

"What! Shall I take *thee* as a present for my Ysabella?

"'Even so, Doña Serafina. Take me with the bureaus.'

"And even then," said Aunt Serafina, complacently, "I reflect—he is most suitable, much more so than the shawl bought by the wife of the governor."

"God guard us, Doña Serafina!" It was Josefa. Her voice was husky with emotion, and she wiped her eyes in an obtrusive manner upon her apron.

Aunt Serafina laughed lightly. (Naughty Aunt Serafina!) "Yes, it was my fault," she exclaimed, with a mock sigh and a shrug of her slim shoulders. "But, then, one must always bring home something to the children!"

Felisa's eyes danced as she gazed at her aunt and then at the fair Ysabella.

"So that was what you brought to Ysabella!"

"Yes, and a very nice present Don Felipe makes, as you shall see, for a young lady," said Doña Valencia, emphasizing her remark with piquant, birdlike nods and glances. "So ornamental! So much more suitable than the vermilion shawl bought by the wife of the governor."

"Aunt Serafina," Felisa began.

"Yes?"

"Tell me—did you wrap Don Felipe in paper and tie him with pretty ribbons, like a *real* present?" she inquired.

At that moment Felisa positively, with her impish expression, resembled her incorrigible aunt.

"What a pity I did not think of it!" cried Aunt Serafina.

"But you gave her a choice?"

"A choice?" Aunt Serafina did not understand.

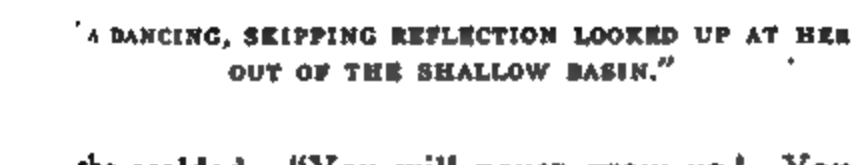
"I mean," exclaimed her niece, with deliberation, "it was to be Don Felipe *or a bureau,* was it not?"

"Exactly. Well, she preferred him to a

bureau, *preciosa mia!* One should *always* bring home something to the children!" said Aunt Serafina again. But the bureaus have come in for very little attention—charming bureaus, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and small shells."

Ysabella bent down and kissed the little old lady.

"Oh, how frivolous you are, Aunt Serafina!"



"A DANCING, SKIPPING REFLECTION LOOKED UP AT HER OUT OF THE SHALLOW BASIN."

she scolded. "You will never grow up! You are no older than Felisa this very moment—and naughty. Just to think how you have nearly frightened Josefa out of her wits, telling her that poor Papa had been robbed!"

"But it is true; he is a terrible robber," replied Aunt Serafina, undaunted. "He will steal thy heart, too, Felisa, and even than of Josefa, who is so afraid of *bandidos.*"

She rose, kissed both her nieces affectionately, and prodded Bonifacio (who had gone to sleep in the sun on the carriage step) with her parasol.

"Wake up, Bonifacio. We must return to Santa Barbara—to Don Pedro and the bureaus. Such sweet bureaus, *Felisa mia!*"

And Aunt Serafina adjusted her bonnet, a tall affair with majestic feathers and twinkling bead ornaments, a scandal to the ladies of Santa Barbara, who still wore the enveloping mantilla, or rebozo. Into the carriage, disdaining Don Fernando's hand, she sprang lightly, settled herself upon the creaking cushions, and raised a small greenish yellow sunshade, with a flounce of black lace. It cast a ghastly pallor upon her face.

"That is what happens," Josefa whispered in Felisa's ear, "when one eats too many chilis!"

The carriage creaked in its newness of leather. Bonifacio flapped his reins proudly, and the little black ponies curved their glossy necks.

Aunt Serafina threw a kiss to Felisa.

"*Adios!* I shall see thee next at the wedding fiesta in they new dress."

Felisa sighed happily.

"Aunt Serafina brings one very nice presents, does she not, Ysabella?" she said to her sister when at last the carriage had disappeared behind the madroño-trees.

"I am perfectly satisfied with mine," laughed Ysabella, embracing her little sister. "*Cielo!* and it might have been a shawl—or even a bureau!"

CHAPTER II

FEARS AND ANTICIPATIONS

It was three days later—that much nearer to San Antonio de Padua's Day.

Felisa was laughing gleefully to herself as she hopped on one foot around the fountain. A dancing, skipping reflection looked up at her out of the shallow basin—an elf with flying, short black hair, with dark blots for eyes, and a flash of white teeth, all amusingly distorted, with no nose at all, as far as one could see.

And what was that! She paused. Another head had appeared in the picture. Ah, it was only good old Nino behind her, wagging his tail, regarding her with moist eyes. She clasped him around the neck, and he kissed her impudently.

"I am sure he must be much nicer than a bureau," she remarked suddenly. Of course, she referred to Don Felipe Alvarez, that delightful "present" Aunt Serafina had brought to Ysabella. "And to-day we shall see for ourselves, Nino."

And Felisa resumed her joyous skipping on the other foot.

Suddenly a head appeared at a small window in the adobe wall—Josefa's head, enveloped in a preposterous purple-crimson reboso.

"Maledicté! thou wilt certainly destroy thy clean dress before Don Felipe Alvarez sets foot in the patio, my child! Thou wilt take a great tumble into the fountain there, or else tear thy skirt on the rose-bush. God gave thee two good feet to stand upon. Do so, or else," Josefa, always a prophet of disaster, continued, "something is sure to happen."

Felisa stood upon both feet, demurely smoothing out her skirts.

"Indeed, Josefa, I am being very careful. Not a bow is disarranged. See? Is it time yet?" she asked.

"For the stage? *Maledicté!*" Josefa replied, with exasperation. "I should hope not. I am about to arrange the hem of thy sister's wedding-gown."

Felisa looked in through the doorway. Over it, in her serenity, stood the little Madonna in her niche. She had been standing there in all weathers ever since Doña Concepcion Menendez, the mother of Ysabella and Felisa, had come to the *rancho* as a bride. The folds of her gown had lost all but a little of their original splendor of silver and blue. She was made of wood, clumsily carved, but for all that she had a benignant expression. *"La Paz sea en esta casa."*—Peace be to this house,—was carved in quaint lettering beneath her feet, on the lintel of the door. To-day she cast her benediction upon a very worldly affair indeed, as affairs went at the Rancho del Pazo.

The big table in the center of the room was covered with silks, laces fine as a cobweb, glittering embroideries in gold and silver. What a patch of color they made in the big bare room! The old portraits on the walls seemed to look down their noses with astonishment.

Presently Ysabella Medrano entered, with the air of a queen, though she could not refrain from laughing a little over her shoulder. One must not take the occasion too solemnly, though one was hardly blessed with the levity, perhaps, of Aunt Serafina, for it *was* an occasion. Ysabella was wearing her wedding-gown.

She walked with a slow and dignified step, as though already marching to music. Her proud little head, with its wings of black hair, was surmounted with a tall fanlike comb of tortoise-shell. Little ruffles of lace lay on her shoulders like butterfly wings. She was ready for flight!

"You are a beautiful white peacock, Ysabella!" cried Felisa, clasping her hands in admiration.

The bride's train spread out behind her, a foam of shimmering, silver-flecked whiteness. Yes, a white peacock; or was it not like the spread of the waves as they broke (one saw them from Uncle Pedro's house) upon the beach at Santa Barbara?

"I beg of you!"—the ever watchful Josefa was behind her,—"another minute, and it is ruined!"

She caught the train up from the floor, fearful lest a speck of dust mar its white purity. She had made the dress for Ysabella.

Ysabella surveyed herself in the mirror, turning this way and that, smiling at the reflection. No wonder she was in a mood of melting gratitude.

"Thanks to thee, dear Josefa," she said, patting the crimson rebozo, "I shall look—well, a little worthy of the Medrano Inheritance!"

"Thou wilt wear"—Josefa lowered her voice mysteriously—*"the pearls?"*

"So my father has promised."

"The gold and silver, then, is to come to light—after all these years!" Josefa still spoke in whispers.

Ysabella nodded, her fingers on her lips.

"Why are you so pale, Josefa?" Felisa asked suddenly, bending her head to peer curiously into the old woman's face.

"Ay de mi!" Josefa crossed herself. "One never knows. One never knows," she repeated lugubriously.

And Felisa thought, "Josefa is afraid of the *bandidos.*"

A pat here, a pull there, sideway glances from her long, dark eyes—Ysabella was clearly, openly, flirting with her reflection in the mirror!

"Cielo!" cried Josefa, who was either all praise or all blame, according to the occasion, "Thou art like an angel from heaven!"

She descended, with laborious signs, on her knees before the vision.

"Maledicté! thou art not saying thy prayers to me, Josefa!" Ysabella cried, looking over her shoulder in pretended astonishment and distress.

Indeed, Josefa very much resembled a humble suppliant before some holy shrine.

The old woman chuckled.

"What would you?" she mumbled,—her

mouth was full of pins,—"I am arranging the hem here."

"Where?"

"*Maledicté!* Stand still, Doña Ysabella, I beg of you. Now I have lost a pin, and there are but seven left of the twelve Doña Serafina gave to thee on thy birthday."

"Perhaps thou hast swallowed one," suggested Felisa, helpfully.

"Heaven forbid! Alas! I would rather swallow the leather boots of my grandmother, which I am to wear to the wedding," cried poor Josefa, to Felisa's shrieking delight, "than so useful a—no! Praise Heaven! here it is in a crack." And she recovered the missing pin between thumb and finger.

Felisa lingered in the doorway. A warm breeze lifted a strand of her short dark hair and blew it across her forehead. The afternoon was so still that she could almost imagine that the little wind from over Santa Ynés brought upon it the echo of the sweet-toned bells in the Mission of Santa Barbara, even a whiff of the sea, mingled with the heavy sweetness of the magnolia in Aunt Serafina's garden.

"And yet—I am really awake," Felisa thought, "and nothing could make me any happier," a sensible point of view; but she was wrong, as you shall see.

And the Medrano Inheritance! With a little shock, Felisa remembered it, and scolded herself, "To think that I had almost forgotten our Inheritance!"

We are to hear much of the Medrano Inheritance in this story, so it is time that we should know something about it. When it is mentioned, one speaks in whispers, like Josefa, and thinks of the greedy *bandidos* who would no doubt give everything in the world to get their clutches upon it. Pearls, and gold and silver plate are not to be sniffed at. Already all the world of Alta California knows their history and stirs at the well-founded rumor that these splendors, not seen since the death of Doña Concepcion Medrano (she wore the pearls at her wedding in Santa Barbara, just as her daughter—how time flies!—is to wear them upon a similar occasion on Saint Antonia de Padua's Day), are to see the light of day again. It is whispered that tortillas are twice as delicious when eaten from a silver plate, that it gives, for instance, to the wing of a chicken a flavor almost divine! And when one's lips are pressed to the golden rim of the famous goblet, one staggers not from the intoxication of the ambrosial beverage, but—what would you?—because the flagon is so heavy. And we shall see presently for ourselves that it is all true, because Doña Ysabella is to be married, and everybody is going to the wedding who is able to walk.

"THE NEW CARRIAGE, DRIVEN BY A STALWART YOUNG INDIAN."

As befitted a Medrano, Felisa thought of these things with a certain pride and no little curiosity. She herself had never seen the Inheritance. She had the vaguest idea of its history. In some way it was connected with a queen. The more she thought of it, the more curious she became, the more impatient to know all that was to be known of this Inheritance of the Medranos.

Past Ysabella, in the gleaming white dress, her eyes wandered as she stood in the doorway, to the old portraits on the wall—that row of dignified forebears.

And there were the pearls, painted always with painstaking care, displayed in every portrait; for were they not the proudest possession of the Medranos?

There was beautiful Doña Maria Narcissa, to whom they had been given. The necklace trailed from her thin little hand. She looked anxious, as though the responsibility were almost too great for one so small and timid! But not so with her successor, Doña Maria Ysabella. That haughty lady looked one straight in the eye; indeed, Felisa had been accustomed since infancy to feel the eye of Doña Maria Ysabella somewhat uncomfortably fixed upon herself, especially when she forgot her manners. Doña Maria Ysabella wore the pearls three times wound about her plump throat. And here was Don Maria José. He could not, preserving his manly dignity, wear the pearls, but in one hand he held the goblet, in the other, the famous necklace. He seemed continually to be offering them to some one outside the picture. Perhaps it was to his daughter,—Felisa's grandmother,—whose dark eyes reminded the little girl strangely now of Ysabella, now of herself. They reposed, the pearls, in the dark tresses of Doña Narcissa Felisa Ysabella Maria—the name had grown longer as the necklace, it is to be confessed, grew a little shorter.

The portraits seemed to smile upon her mysteriously, and she said to herself, "Papa will tell me about you, and you, and you, and our Inheritance, and in a day or two I shall see it!"

(To be continued)

THE REAL ST. NICK

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

Now here 's the way that good St. Nick
  Has always looked to me:
Well muffled in a scarlet coat
  That reaches to his knee,
His cheeks as plump and round and red
  As the reddist plum could be;
With whiskers floating out behind
  Like cotton in the air,
And underneath his tassled cap
  A rim of wooly hair.
Ah, can't you see him? Bless his heart!
  If I could have my pick,
Of all the saints of all the days,
  I 'd cling to good St. Nick.

He has a spanking reindeer team—
  Of that we need no proof,
For have n't we all heard them go
  Trit-trotting o'er the roof?
And St. Nick scales the chimney-shaft,
  And brushes off the drift,
And then comes hurtling downward
  Like a giant chimney-swift.
Of course, he might come in the door,
  Quite decorous and grand,
But I hope he keeps to chimneys
  Just as long as chimneys stand.

He comes a-stealing in at night, and never waits to knock,
And chuckles softly as he fills each stocking and each sock,
And then hops nimbly in his sleigh and flourishes his whip.
And I hope that every Christmas-tide he makes a longer trip,
Till every child in every land may claim him for a friend!
And, oh, I hope he lives—and lives—until the world shall end!

The Adventure of the High King

(THE WANDERING BOY: SEVENTH BALLAD)

By CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

> *Then he [Arthur] put on his corset, fashioned of steel, that an elvish smith made with his excellent craft; . . . His sword he hung by his side; it was wrought in Avalon with magic craft. A helm he set on his head, high of steel; . . . He hung on his neck a precious shield, . . . His spear he took in hand, . . . and then leapt he on his steed, the fairest knight that ever host should lead; never saw any man better knight none, than Arthur he was, noblest of race!*
>
> *Layamon's Brut.*

THE High Hall towers were fallen, fallen! The garden was waste and sere;
The lord of the manor far away fought bravely with sword and spear.
His lady had bound her brows with white, and served with her gentle hand;
For the harbor gates had been forced at last, and the foe was in the land.

Now weary, weary, along the way the Wondering Boy trudged on;
The teardrops dried on his pallid cheeks, and his breath was almost gone.
Afar behind him and far ahead stretched the wide, gray, lonesome moor;
But he came to a fair round hill at last, and he knocked at the low green door.

The door sprang back, and a Knight stood there, in glittering armor drest:
White were his faery shield and sword, his casque and his floating crest.
"Sir Knight," said the Boy, "to England's aid!" Then his tired knees gave way.
"O dear little son of a dear, dear land, I have waited long this day!"

At his side stood a white steed, silver-shod, and the Knight sprang swift to his back,
With a tender arm round the Wondering Boy as they leaped up the airy track.
"Sir Knight," said the Boy, "we be two good men, but the foe come thousands strong."
The Knight was smiling. "Look back," he said, "and see how our comrades throng."

And, lo! from the corners of the sky they came in a shining train,
The valiant Knights of King Arthur's court: Iscawndred and Owain,
Peredur, Kay, and the glorious host no land can match for might:
Bright-armed they rode, and the vaulted sky was filled with a dazzling light.

Brightest among them the White Knight shone, and the Boy cried suddenly:
"Are you King Arthur, the great High King?" "I am Arthur," answered he.
While up from the host went a mighty shout, a pæan of wild acclaim,
"Arthur!" Ringing from lifted shields, "Arthur!" the echoes came.

Far to the east stretched the English line, where faint, war-wearied men
Barred with their swords the English ways; but they stood as one to ten
Before the march of the hostile hordes, line upon steely line,
Gray as the dust and thick as the dust, their eager swords a-shine.

One side was a fair broad water spread, with shadowy ships in wait;
One side lay the fields and the flowered lanes of England's dear estate;
Beyond were the quiet English homes, bowered in moonlit green,
Where children slept in their curtained beds, while their fathers stood between.

Knee to knee with the crowding foes, backward and backward pressed,
Till at last their thin-worn line gave way, and a path lay wide to the west;
But while each man to his neighbor turned in a fear that found no speech,
There came the rush of a mighty wind, and Arthur stood in the breach!

High overhead rang joyous cries as his knightly legions came.
The English echoed the shouts below when they heard that magic name.
"Arthur is with us, the great High King! Arthur himself comes back!"
The air was filled with a cloudy fire, and they spurred to a fresh attack.

Nothing the strangers saw or heard; they were dulled of sense and soul;
Only they knew that the scattered band once more was a glowing whole;
Only they felt that this new-found strength was a force that could not yield;
And seized with a sudden nameless fear, they fled from the battle-field.

They swam to their ships and sailed away to some far, outlandish shore;
And the men of England went home again, to waken in dread no more;
For on every headland and shining peak stood, silvered in sentinel lights,
The white-mailed warders of lasting peace—the King and his English Knights.

"ONE MINUTE LONGER"

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

WOLF was a collie, red-gold and white of coat, with a shape more like his long-ago wolf ancestors' than like a domesticated dog's. It was from this ancestral throw-back that he was named Wolf.

He looked not at all like his great sire, Lad, nor like his dainty, thoroughbred mother, Lady. Nor was he like them in any other way, except that he inherited old Lad's stanchly gallant spirit and loyalty. No, in traits as well as in looks, he was more wolf than dog. He almost never barked, his snarl supplying all vocal needs.

The Mistress or the Master or the Boy—any of these three could romp with him, roll him over, tickle him, or subject him to all sorts of playful indignities. And Wolf entered gleefully into the fun of the romp. But let any human besides these three, lay a hand on his slender body, and a snarling plunge for the offender's throat was Wolf's invariable reply to the caress.

It had been so since his puppyhood. He did not fly at accredited guests, nor, indeed, pay any heed to their presence, so long as they kept their hands off him. But to all of these the Boy was forced to say at the very outset of the visit:

"Pat Lad and Bruce all you want to, but leave Wolf alone. He does n't care for people."

Then, to prove his own immunity, the Boy would proceed to tumble Wolf about, to the delight of them both.

In romping with humans whom they love, most dogs will bite more or less gently,—or pretend to bite,—as a part of the game. Wolf never did. In his wildest and roughest romps with the Boy or with the Boy's parents, Wolf did not so much as open his mighty jaws. Perhaps because he dared not trust himself to bite gently. Perhaps because he realized that a bite was not a joke, but an effort to kill.

There had been only one exception to Wolf's hatred for mauling at strangers' hands. A man came to The Place on a business call, bringing along a two-year-old daughter. The Master warned the baby that she must not go near Wolf, although she might pet any of the other collies. Then he became so much interested in the business talk that he and his guest forgot all about the child.

Ten minutes later, the Master chanced to shift his gaze to the far end of the room, and he broke off, with a gasp, in the very middle of a sentence.

The baby was seated astride Wolf's back, her tiny heels digging into the dog's sensitive ribs, and each of her chubby fists gripping one of his ears. Wolf was lying there, with an idiotically happy grin on his face and wagging his tail in ecstasy.

No one knew why he had submitted to the baby's tugging hands, except because she *was* a baby, and because the gallant heart of the dog had gone out to her helplessness.

Wolf was the official watch-dog of The Place, and his name carried dread to the loafers and tramps of the region. Also, he was the Boy's own special dog. He had been born on the Boy's tenth birthday, five years before this story of ours begins, and ever since then the two had been inseparable chums.

One sloppy afternoon in late winter, Wolf and the boy were sprawled, side by side, on the fur rug in front of the library fire. The Mistress and the Master had gone to town for the day. The house was lonely, and the two chums were left to entertain each other.

The boy was reading a magazine. The dog beside him was blinking in drowsy comfort at the fire. Presently, finishing the story he had been reading, the Boy looked across at the sleepy dog.

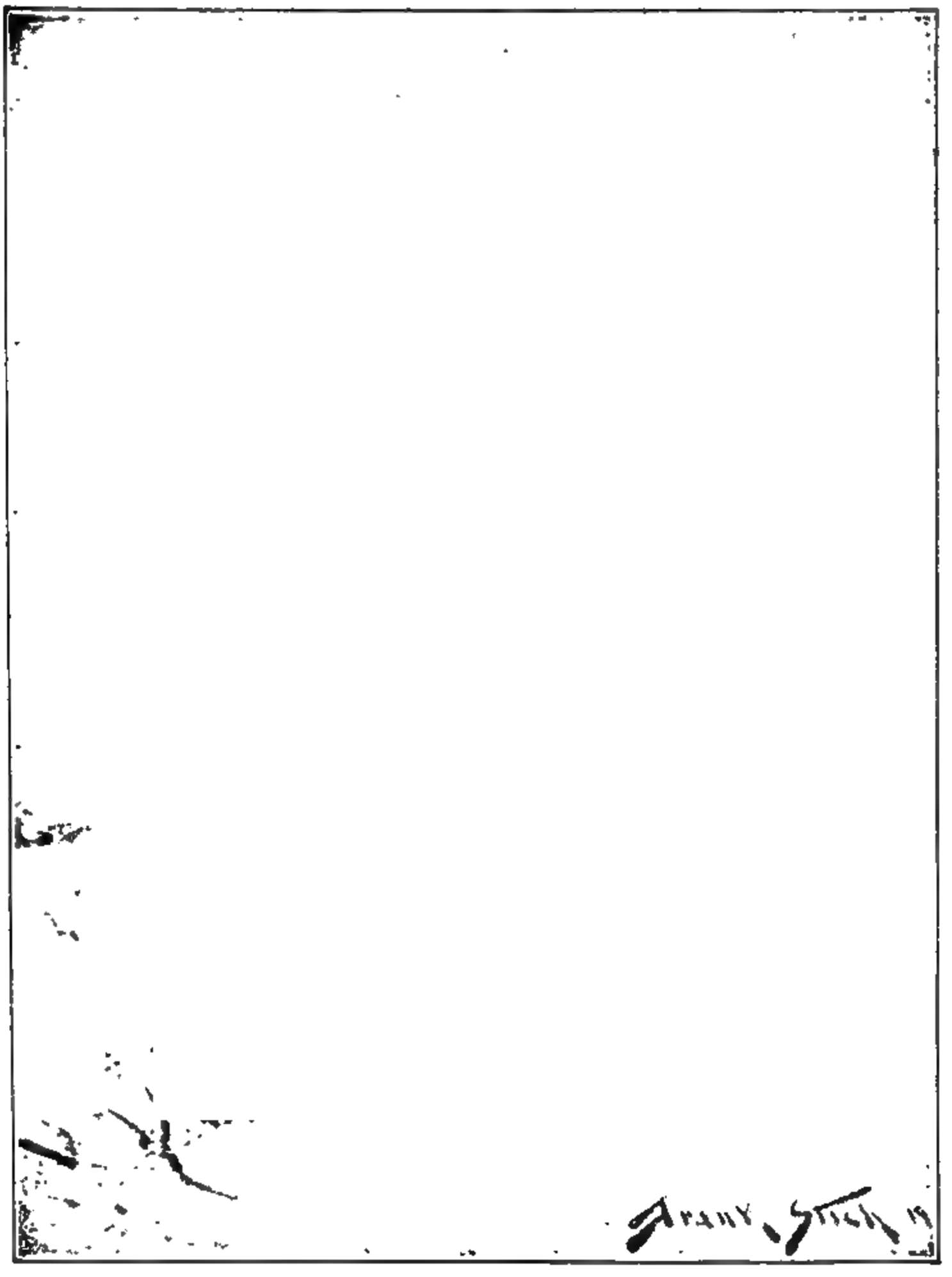
"Wolf," he said, "here 's a story about a dog. I think he must have been something like you. Maybe he was your great-great-great-great-grandfather, because he lived an awfully long time ago—in Pompeii. Ever hear of Pompeii?"

Now, the Boy was fifteen years old, and he had too much sense to imagine that Wolf could possibly understand the story he was about to tell him; but long since he had fallen into a way of talking to his dog, sometimes, as if to another human. It was fun for him to note the almost pathetic eagerness wherewith Wolf listened and tried to grasp the meaning of what he was saying. Again and again, at sound of some familiar word or voice inflection, the collie would prick up his ears or wag his tail, as if in the joyous hope that he had at last found a clue to his owner's meaning.

"You see," went on the Boy, "this dog lived in Pompeii, as I told you. You 've never been there, Wolf."

Wolf was looking up at the Boy in wistful excitement, seeking vainly to guess what was expected of him.

"And," continued the Boy, "the kid who owned him seems to have had a regular knack for getting into trouble all the time. And his dog was always on hand to get him out of it. It 's a true story, the magazine says. The kid's father was so grateful to the dog that he bought him a solid silver collar. Solid silver! Get that, Wolfie?"



"OUT OVER THE SLUSHY SNOW THE TWO STARTED" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Wolf did not "get it." But he wagged his tail hopefully, his eyes alight with bewildered interest.

"And," said the Boy, "what do you suppose was engraved on the collar? Well, I 'll tell you: *'This dog has thrice saved his little master from death. Once by fire, once by flood, and once at the hands of robbers!'* How 's that for a record, Wolf? For one dog, too!"

At the words "Wolf" and "dog," the collie's tail smote the floor in glad comprehension. Then he edged closer to the Boy as the narrator's voice presently took on a sadder note.

"But at last," resumed the Boy, "there came a time when the dog could n't save the kid. Mount Vesuvius erupted. All the sky was pitch-dark, as black as midnight, and Pompeii was buried under lava and ashes. The dog might have got away by himself,—dogs can see in the dark, can't they, Wolf?—but he could n't get the kid away. And he would n't go without him. You would n't have gone without me, either, would you, Wolf? Pretty nearly two thousand years later, some people dug through the lava that covered Pompeii. What do you suppose they found? Of course they found a whole lot of things. One of them was that dog—silver collar and inscription and all. He was lying at the feet of a child. It must have been the child he could n't save. He was one grand dog—hey, Wolf?"

The continued strain of trying to understand began to get on the collie's high-strung nerves. He rose to his feet, quivering, and sought to lick the Boy's face, thrusting one upraised white fore paw at him in appeal for a handshake. The Boy slammed shut the magazine.

"It 's slow in the house, here, with nothing to do," he said to his chum. "I 'm going up the lake with my gun to see if any wild ducks have landed in the marshes yet. It 's almost time for them. Want to come along?"

The last sentence Wolf understood perfectly. On the instant, he was dancing with excitement at the prospect of a walk. Being a collie, he was of no earthly help in a hunting-trip; but on such tramps, as everywhere else, he was the Boy's inseparable companion.

Out over the slushy snow the two started, the boy with his light single-barreled shotgun slung over one shoulder, the dog trotting close at his heels. The March thaw was changing to a sharp freeze. The deep and soggy snow was crusted over, just thick enough to make walking a genuine difficulty for both dog and boy.

The Place was a promontory that ran out into the lake, on the opposite bank from the mile-distant village. Behind, across the high-road, lay the winter-choked forest. At the lake's northerly end, two miles beyond. The Place, were the redy marshes where a month hence wild duck would congregate. Thither, with Wolf, the Boy plowed his way through the biting cold.

The going was heavy and heavier. A quarter-mile below the marshes the Boy struck out across the upper corner of the lake. Here the ice was rotten at the top, where the thaw had nibbled at it, but beneath it was still a full eight inches thick, easily strong enough to bear the Boy's weight.

Along the gray ice-field the two plodded. The skim of water, which the thaw had spread an inch thick over the ice, had frozen in the day's cold spell. It crackled like broken glass as the chums walked over it. The Boy had on big hunting-boots, so, apart from the extra effort, the glass-like ice did not bother him. To Wolf it gave acute pain. The sharp particles were forever getting between the callous black pads of his feet, pricking and cutting him acutely.

Little smears of blood began to mark the dog's course; but it never occurred to Wolf to turn back, or to betray by any sign that he was suffering. It was all a part of the day's work—a cheap price to pay for the joy of tramping with his adored young master.

Then, forty yards or so on the hither side of the marshes, Wolf beheld a right amazing phenomenon. The Boy had been walking directly in front of him, gun over shoulder. With no warning at all, the youthful hunter fell, feet foremost, out of sight, through the ice.

The light shell of new-frozen water that covered the lake's thicker ice also masked an air-hole nearly three feet wide. Into this, as he strode carelessly along, the Boy had stepped. Straight down he had gone, with all the force of his hundred-and-ten pounds and with all the impetus of his forward stride.

Instinctively, he threw out his hands to restore his balance. The only effect of this was to send the gun flying ten feet away.

Down went the Boy through less than three feet of water (for the bottom of the lake at this point had started to slope upward toward the marshes) and through nearly two feet more of sticky marsh mud that underlay the lake-bed.

His outflung hands struck against the ice on the edges of the air-hole, and clung there.

"THE DOG . . . TUGGED WITH ALL HIS FIERCE STRENGTH" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

Sputtering and gurgling, the Boy brought his head above the surface and tried to raise himself, by his hands, high enough to wriggle out upon the surface of the ice. Ordinarily, this would have been simple enough for so strong a lad, but the glue-like mud had imprisoned his feet and the lower part of his legs and held them powerless.

Try as he would, the Boy could not wrench himself free of the slough. The water, as he stood upright, was on a level with his mouth. The air-hole was too wide for him, at such a depth, to get a good purchase on its edges and lift himself bodily to safety.

Gaining such a finger-hold as he could, he heaved with all his might, throwing every muscle of his body into the struggle. One leg was pulled almost free of the mud, but the other was driven deeper into it. And as the Boy's fingers slipped from the smoothly wet ice-edge, the attempt to restore his balance drove the free leg back, knee-deep into the mire.

Ten minutes of this hopeless fighting left the Boy panting and tired out. The icy water was numbing his nerves and chilling his blood into torpidity. His hands were without sense of feeling as far up as the wrists. Even if he could have shaken free his legs from the mud, now he had not strength enough left to crawl out of the hole.

He ceased his uselessly frantic battle and stood dazed. Then he came sharply to himself. For, as he stood, the water crept upward from his lips to his nostrils. He knew why the water seemed to be rising. It was not rising. It was he who was sinking. As soon as he stopped moving the mud began very slowly, but very steadily, to suck him downward.

This was not a quicksand, but it was a

deep mud-bed, and only by constant motion could he avoid sinking farther and farther down into it. He had less than two inches to spare at best before the water should fill his nostrils; less than two inches of life, even if he could keep the water down to the level of his lips.

There was a moment of utter panic. Then the Boy's brain cleared. His only hope was to kep on fighting—to rest when he must for a moment or so, and then to renew his numbed grip on the ice-edge and try to pull his feet a few inches higher out of the mud. He must do this as long as his chilled body could be scourged into obeying his will.

He struggled again, but with virtually no result in raising himself. A second struggle, however, brought him chin-high above the water. He remembered confusedly that some of these earlier struggles had scarce budged him, while others had gained him two or three inches. Vaguely, he wondered why. Then turning his head, he realized.

Wolf, as he turned, was just loosing his hold on the wide collar of the Boy's mackinaw. His cut forepaws were still braced against a flaw of ragged ice on the air-hole's edge, and all his tawny body was tense.

His body was dripping wet, too. The Boy noted that; and he realized that the repeated effort to draw his master to safety must have resulted, at least once, in pulling the dog down into the water with the floundering Boy.

"Once more, Wolfie! Once more!" chattered the Boy through teeth that clicked together like castanets.

The dog darted forward, caught his grip afresh on the edge of the Boy's collar, and tugged with all his fierce strength, growling and whining ferociously the while.

The Boy seconded the collie's tuggings by a supreme struggle that lifted him higher than before. He was able to get one arm and shoulder clear above the ice. His numb fingers closed about an upthrust tree-limb which had been washed down stream in the autumn freshets and had been frozen into the lake ice.

With this new purchase, and aided by the dog, the Boy tried to drag himself out of the hole. But the chill of the water had done its work. He had not the strength to move farther. The mud still sucked at his calves and ankles. The big hunting-boots were full of water that seemed to weigh a ton.

He lay there, gasping and chattering. Then, through the gathering twilight, his eyes fell on the gun, lying ten feet away.

"Wolf!" he ordered, nodding toward the weapon, "Get it! *Get* it!"

Not in vain had the Boy talked to Wolf for years as if the dog were human. At the words and the nod, the collie trotted over to the gun, lifted it by the stock, and hauled it awkwardly along over the bumpy ice to his master, where he laid it down at the edge of the air-hole.

The dog's eyes were cloudy with trouble, and he shivered and whined as with ague. The water on his thick coat was freezing to a mass of ice. But it was from anxiety that he shivered, and not from cold.

Still keeping his numb grasp on the tree-branch, the boy balanced himself as best he could, and thrust two fingers of his free hand into his mouth to warm them into sensation again.

When this was done, he reached out to where the gun lay, and pulled its trigger. The shot boomed deafeningly through the twilight winter silences. The recoil sent the weapon sliding sharply back along the ice, spraining the Boy's trigger finger and cutting it to the bone.

"That 's all I can do," said the Boy to himself. "If any one hears it, well and good. I can't get at another cartridge. I could n't put it into the breach if I had it. My hands are too numb."

For several endless minutes he clung there, listening. But this was a desolate part of the lake, far from any road, and the season was too early for other hunters to be abroad. The bitter cold, in any case, tended to make sane folk hug the fireside rather than to venture so far into the open. Nor was the single report of a gun uncommon enough to call for investigation in such weather.

All this the Boy told himself as the minutes dragged by. Then he looked again at Wolf. The dog, head on one side, still stood protectingly above him. The dog was cold and in pain, but, being only a dog, it did not occur to him to trot off home to the comfort of the library fire and leave his master to fend for himself.

Presently, with a little sigh, Wolf lay down on the ice, his nose across the Boy's arm. Even if he lacked strength to save his beloved master, he could stay and share the Boy's sufferings.

But the Boy himself thought otherwise. He was not at all minded to freeze to death, nor was he willing to let Wolf imitate the dog of Pompeii by dying helplessly at his master's

Unconsciously he tightened his feeble hold on the tree-branch and braced himself.

FROM the marshes to The Place was a full two miles. Despite the deep and sticky snow, Wolf covered the distance in less than six minutes. He paused in front of the gate-lodge, at the highway entrance to the drive. But the gardener and his wife had gone to Paterson, shopping, that afternoon.

Down the drive to the house he dashed. The maids had taken advantage of their employers' day in New York to walk across the lake to the village to a motion-picture show.

Wise men claim that dogs have not the power to think or to reason things out in a logical way. So perhaps it was mere chance that next sent Wolf's flying feet across the lake to the village. Perhaps it was chance, and not the knowledge that where there is a village there are people.

Again and again, in the car, he had sat upon the front seat alongside the Mistress when she drove to the station to meet guests. There were always people at the station, and to the station Wolf now raced.

The usual group of platform idlers had been dispersed by the cold. A solitary baggageman was hauling a trunk and some boxes out of the express-coop on to the platform to be put aboard the five o'clock train from New York.

As the baggageman passed under the clump of station lights, he came to a sudden halt, for out of the darkness dashed a dog. Full tilt, the animal rushed up to him and seized him by the skirt of the overcoat.

The man cried out in scared surprise. He dropped the box he was carrying and struck at the dog to ward off the seemingly murderous attack. He recognized Wolf, and he knew the collie's repute.

But Wolf was not attacking. Holding tight to the coat-skirt, he backed away, trying to draw the man with him, and all the while whimpering aloud like a nervous puppy.

A kick from the man's heavy-shod boot broke the dog's hold on the coat-skirt, even as a second yell from the man brought four or five other people running out from the station waiting-room.

One of these, the telegraph operator, took in the scene at a single glance. With great presence of mind he bawled loudly:

"MAD DOG!"

This, as Wolf, reeling from the kick, sought to gain another grip on the coat-skirt. A second kick sent him rolling over and over on the tracks, while other voices took up the panic cry of "Mad dog!"

Now, a mad dog is supposed to be a dog afflicted by rabies. Once in ten thousand times, at the very most, a mad-dog hue-and-cry is justified. Certainly not oftener. A harmless and friendly dog loses his Master on the street. He runs about, confused and frightened, looking for the owner he has lost. A boy throws a stone at him. Other boys chase him. His tongue hangs out, and his eyes glaze with terror. Then some fool bellows:

"Mad dog!"

And the cruel chase is on—a chase that ends in the pitiful victim's death. Yet in every crowd there is a voice ready to raise that asinine and murderously cruel shout.

So it was with the men who witnessed Wolf's frenzied effort to take aid to the imperiled Boy.

Voice after voice repeated the cry. Men groped along the platform edge for stones to throw. The village policeman ran puffingly upon the scene, drawing his revolver.

Finding it useless to make a further attempt to drag the baggageman to the rescue, Wolf leaped back, facing the ever larger group. Back went his head again in that hideous wolf-howl. Then he galloped away a few yards, trotted back, howled once more, and again galloped lakeward.

All of which only confirmed the panicky crowd in the belief that they were threatened by a mad dog. A shower of stones hurtled about Wolf as he came back a third time to lure these dull humans into following him.

One pointed rock smote the collie's shoulder, glancing, cutting it to the bone. A shot from the policeman's revolver fanned the fur of his ruff as it whizzed past.

Knowing that he faced death, he nevertheless stood his ground, not troubling to dodge the fusillade of stones, but continuing to run lakeward and then trot back, whining with excitement.

A second pistol-shot flew wide. A third grazed the dog's hip. From all directions people were running toward the station. A man darted into a house next door, and emerged, carrying a shotgun. This he steadied on a veranda-rail not forty feet away from the leaping dog, and made ready to fire.

It was then the train from New York came in, and momentarily the sport of "mad-dog" killing was abandoned, while the crowd scattered to each side of the track.

From a front car of the train the Mistress

and the Master emerged into a Bedlam of noise and confusion.

"Best hide in the station, Ma'am!" shouted the telegraph operator, at sight of the Mistress. "There is a mad dog loose out here! He 's chasing folks around, and—"

"Mad dog!" repeated the Mistress in high contempt. "If you knew anything about dogs, you 'd know mad ones never 'chase folks around' any more than typhoid patients do. Then—"

A flash of tawny light beneath the station lamp, a scurrying of frightened idlers, a final wasted shot from the policeman's pistol, as Wolf dived headlong through the frightened crowd toward the voice he heard and recognized.

Up to the Mistress and the Master galloped Wolf. He was bleeding, his eyes were bloodshot, his fur was rumpled. He seized the astounded Master's gloved hand lightly between his teeth and sought to pull him across the tracks and toward the lake.

The Master knew dogs, especially he knew Wolf, and without a word he suffered himself to be led. The Mistress and one or two inquisitive men followed.

Presently, Wolf loosed his hold on the Master's hand and ran on ahead, darting back every few moments to make certain he was followed.

"Heroism — consists — in — hanging—on—one—minute—longer," the Boy was whispering deliriously to himself for the hundreth time as Wolf pattered up to him in triumph across the ice, with the human rescuers a scant ten yards behind!

A Thoughtless Billy-Goat

By MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

SMALL Polly washed her children's clothes and hung them in the sun,
And Tubby Spriggles' goat came by and ate them, every one.

First he ate a button, then he ate a string,
And then he made a meal of it and finished everything.

Every frock and every frill, every lacy skirt,
And then he nipped the clothes-pins off and had them for dessert.

THE SCAMPER CHILDREN

By SEYMOUR BARNARD

On evenings when the wind is high,
And cloudy billows across the sky,
You 've heard a patter like the rain,
And buffets on your window-pane:

You did n't know that just without
The Scamper Children played about,
And beat your windows as they spec
As if they too would go to bed!

The Scamper Children, so they say,
Are boys and girls who kept at play,
Who 'd never, never leave their game
And come within when bedtime came.

And so these children, every one,
Were made to romp and made to run,
Were made to skip and made to hop,
And never more allowed to stop.

And when for months they had to ro
Without so much as going home,
As children might, in such a fix,
The Scamper Children took to tricks.

And this is what they undertook:
To gain a home by hook or crook!
"We 'd be successful, too," they
cried,
"If *all* the Scamper Children
tried!"
They searched among them-
selves and got

The swiftest runner of the lot,
And sent him, fast as he could
go,
To Cuba, Haiti, Mexico,
To Isle of Man and Finisterre
(There 're Scamper Children everywhere)
And Cattegat and Skager-Rack
To bring the Scamper Children back.

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And cloudy billows across the sky,
You 've heard a patter like the rain,
And buffets on your window-pane:

You did n't know that just without
The Scamper Children played about,
And beat your windows as they spec
As if they too would go to bed!

The Scamper Children, so they say,
Are boys and girls who kept at play,
Who 'd never, never leave their game
And come within when bedtime came.

And so these children, every one,
Were made to romp and made to run,
Were made to skip and made to hop,
And never more allowed to stop.

And when for months they had to re
Without so much as going home,
As children might, in such a fix,
The Scamper Children took to tricks.

And this is what they undertook:
To gain a home by hook or crook!
"We 'd be successful, too," they
cried,
"If *all* the Scamper Children
tried!"
They searched among them-
selves and got

The swiftest runner of the lot,
And sent him, fast as he could
go,
To Cuba, Haiti, Mexico,
To Isle of Man and Finisterre
(There 're Scamper Children everywhere)
And Cattegat and Skager-Rack
To bring the Scamper Children back.

All in the space of blindman's-buff
On came the children, sure enough!
From every portion of the world
You 'v

And m
Upon o
Popped
Atop e

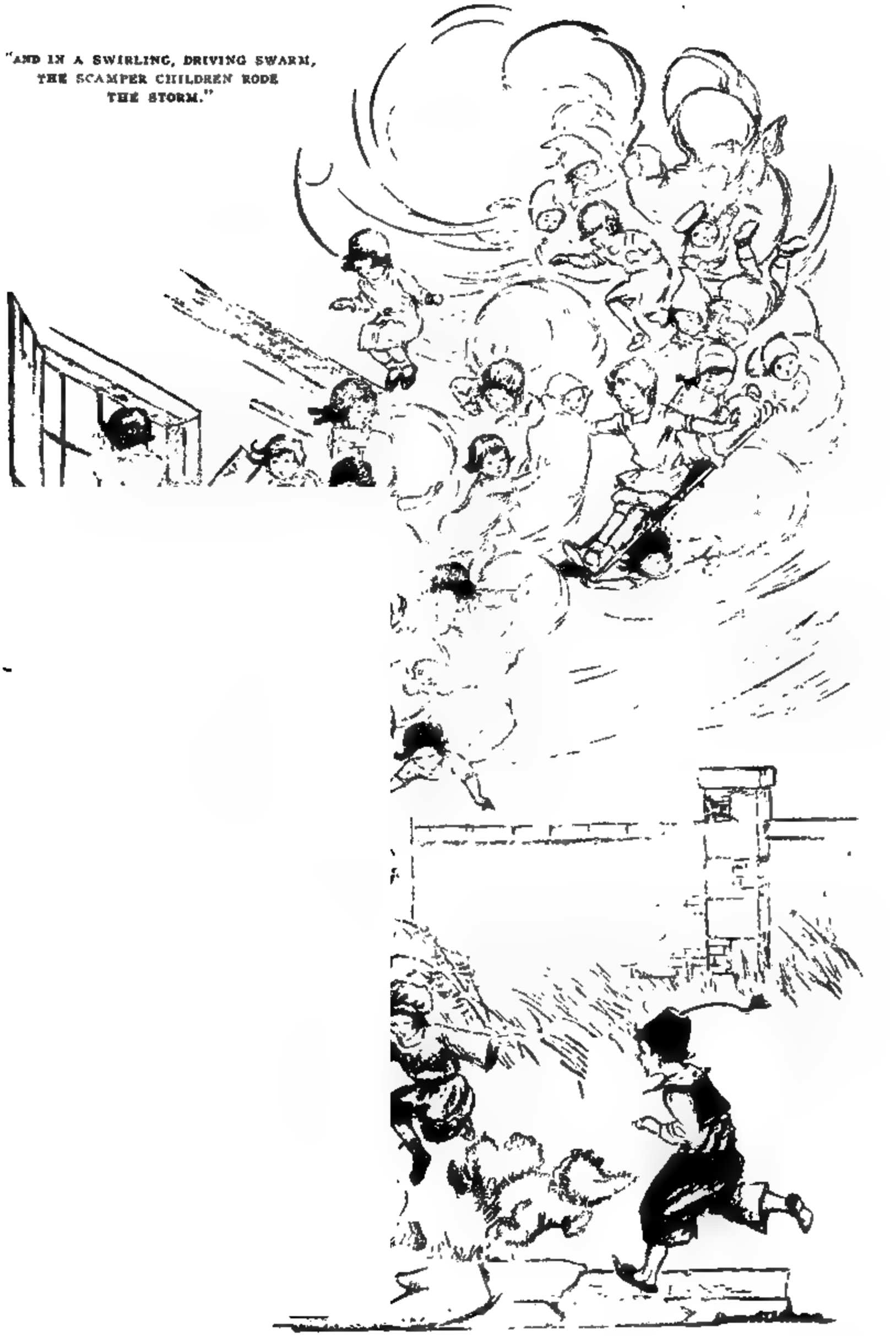
Around
The Sc
To wai
Then, a

"I 'm t
"Once i
"And a
"I 'll s

Ere lon
Began
And in
The Sc

They p
And tu
They b
And sw

"AND IN A SWIRLING, DRIVING SWARM,
THE SCAMPER CHILDREN RODE
THE STORM."



But all too late, for with a crash
Down came the open window-sash;
Some sleeper wakened by the blast,
Arose to make the window fast.

Then one, the brightest of the lot,
Descried the yawning chimney-pot,
And down into the chimney piled
Each eager, agile Scamper Child.

First one by one, then score by score,
The Scamper Children in did pour;
It was a mad, unseemly race
To gain the cottage chimney-place.

But when within the chimney-flue
The last had disappeared from view,
Forthwith was heard a frightful
noise,
And back came Scamper Girls and
Boys.

:s, wiped their eyes,
. with their cries;
ioked and sneezed again.
'ricane.

ey-pot, pell-mell,
when the children fell,
within the cottage woke
to give the fire a poke.

Then up and out the
chimney-flue
Poured sparks and smoke
—and children, too!
Such choking fumes on
every hand
Were more than Scamp.
Child could stand:

And wheezing, coughing,
blinded, burned.
The children knew not
how they turned,
tipped and jumped till it
was plain
'd reach their native land
again.

:here the Scamper Chil
dren roam,
ut a place to call a home;
:lled to run, compelled to
hop,
ever more allowed to stop.

WITHIN
E WOKE
GIVE THE
OKE."

ND OUT THE
.UE POURED
SMOKE—AND
(, TOO!"

in paying the Martin bills, the three had taken turns in going to church; one always, sometimes two, stayed home to prepare dinner.

"They don't give him one single penny to spend," Kathleen explained. "I was talking to Mrs. Lloyd about it after church this morning. They 're going to have a boy from a farm near Clearwater down here right after Christmas for the second semester at University."

"You mean the society is paying all his expenses for the year?" gentle old Mr. Thompson asked.

"Not exactly," Kathleen said. "They pay for his tuition and for all his apparatus—he 's going to take dentistry, and that costs a lot. He 's very smart, they say, and awfully poor. Mrs. Lloyd heard about him and suggested that the society do something. So they 've found a place where he can work for his board, take care of the furnace and shovel snow and everything. He 's going to work in the book-store Saturday nights to pay for his books. But they are n't giving him one single penny to spending money?"

"Cheer up, Kathleen," young Mr. Willis advised; "if he 's as busy as all that, he won't have time to spend any, either."

"Oh, a person always has time to spend a little." Lois came to her sister's support.

"Of course they have," said Kathleen. "I told Mrs. Lloyd that I should think he 'd need a little for—oh, for car-fare and ice-cream sodas and things like that. She 's an awfully unsympathetic woman. She said he would board right near the campus so that he would not have to take the cars, and that she did n't think the Friendly Help would care to buy ice-cream sodas for him. I don't care—I think it 's mean!"

Kathleen attacked her salad with sympathetic vigor, and the four boarders considered the case of the dental student. Brusque, businesslike Miss Dempsey agreed with the Friendly Help Society; the organization was doing quite enough for him. Tom Willis assured Kathleen that she had not approached the church worker right.

"The idea of mentioning ice-cream sodas on a day like this!" he said. "It 's cold enough for him to freeze his own. That 's the trouble, Kathleen; you did n't choose a symbol likely to arouse sympathy. Why, at present, I can't shed a tear over a person who might have to go without ice-cream sodas for the rest of his natural life."

Miss Dunn, the pretty little domestic-science teacher, agreed with Kathleen.

"I think they ought to give him just a little money to do what he likes with," she said. "It hurts a young man's self-respect not to have a penny in his pocket. A person has feelings, even if he is accepting charity. It would n't cost much, and it would make all the difference in the world in his feelings."

Mr. Thompson's comment was in the nature of a practical suggestion.

"Why don't you start a fund yourself?" he asked Kathleen, "and send it to the young man for a Christmas present? You ought to be able to get a little contribution from every one who feels that an occasional ice-cream soda in life does no harm."

Kathleen's eyes lighted eagerly.

"Would n't that be fun! I believe I will. How long is it till Christmas?"

"Over three weeks," said her sister. "Come on, let 's! I 'll help."

In spite of being two years the older, Lois usualy "helped." It was fifteen-year-old Kathleen who saw the visions.

"That 's a good idea," Willis agreed. "Let the Friendly Help pay his necessary expenses; you get the dole for hyacinths to feed his soul."

"I 'm not joking," said Kathleen, eagerly. "I really want to do it. I think it 's mean to help anybody by giving them what they need and then not want them to have a bit of fun just because you 're helping them. Goodness knows ever since the Consolidated failed I 've always had whatever I could sell the rags and bottles for to do exactly as I wanted to with, and nobody knows how many times it 's just *saved* my social position."

"I think it 's a good idea, too, Miss Kathleen," said Mr. Thompson. "And as it was my suggestion, I 'll start the fund off with five dollars."

"Five dollars!" Kathleen gasped at such munificence.

"If I had five dollars," said Tom Willis, solemnly, "I should get married."

So the plan was started. It was Lois's turn to have the "rag money" and she gave it all with a recklessness which left her social position endangered for weeks. Miss Dempsey, although officially disapproving of everything connected with Christmas presents and with this scheme in particular, drew Kathleen aside one evening and gave her three dollars.

"I never was paid for overtime work before," she said. "And I was just thinking that it would n't be right for that young man to be in town all winter and not hear any good music. If he gets a gallery seat, he can hear six symphony concerts with this."

"Oh, thank you *so* much!" said Kathleen. And her shining eyes made Miss Dempsey feel so much like a philanthropist that she was exceptionally pleasant all the evening.

"Well, how 's the Ice-cream-soda Fund coming on?" Tom Willis inquired at dinner a few night later.

"That reminds me," said Miss Dunn, "that I 've got a dollar for it. A girl borrowed a dollar from me a long time ago, and I 'd forgotten all about it. She returned it to-day, and I happened to think about the class dance. The Dents always have one in February, and a man would feel awfully out of it if he could not go. I think the tickets are just a dollar."

"I lent a fellow five dollars a long time ago," said Tom Willis, "and if he ever pays that back, you can have it for the fund. Oh, don't look so pleased, Kathleen; I know the fellow."

But it was the very next day that he came home from the newspaper office early and hunted up Kathleen with a sheepish grin.

"Here 's your five," he said. " I was simply knocked out. That fellow never paid back any money before in his life. Everybody was joshing me for being easy and lending to him."

As Kathleen tucked the bill away in the cigar-box that held the Ice-cream-soda Fund, Willis made a suggestion.

"If you write any letter when you send this present," he said, "tell the boy to hang on to this five and any more he can, and, if he gets a chance to join a professional society, to do it. I was pretty hard up when I was in college, and I passed up a department 'frat' because I did n't feel I ought to spend the initiation fee. I 've always regretted it."

But as Christmas drew nearer, the fund, that had started at so brisk a pace, began to limp. Santa Claus appeared in half a dozen different store-windows; the shopping aisles were gay with green and flaming poinsettias; the old market on First Avenue North became a forest of spicy-fragrant evergreen-trees;

everybody became intent upon his own Christmas. Kathleen canvassed briskly among her high-school friends, but their gifts, when they came at all, were in nickels and dimes.

A week before Christmas, Mrs. Martin came home from the church, smiling. She had taken a satchel of half-worn clothes to send to a poor family, and on the way back she had found a dollar bill lying in the snow right on Nicollet Avenue.

"I suppose everybody has his pet extravagance," she said, as she gave Kathleen the money, "and the theater is mine. I can't remember a time when I would n't gladly give up my dinner to see a good play. You tell the young man that I want him to see the best thing that comes to the city this winter with this dollar."

"I wish I could give something, myself," said Kathleen. "Everybody 's helped but me. And nobody wants to do it any more than I do. I simply have n't *any* money. I never lent anybody any, so they can't return it; and I can't imagine ever finding a penny. I 'd spent all I had on Christmas presents before we thought of this plan, and there won't be any more rag money for a month."

"Never mind, Miss Kathleen," said the white-haired boarder, "you gave the spirit to the fund. That is the most valuable gift of all."

But Kathleen was not satisfied. And the very next day she had her chance to do her share.

"A letter from Uncle Will," Lois called.

As Kathleen opened it, a check for ten dollars fluttered out.

"We have n't forgotten how kind you were to Aunt Hattie last summer," she read, "and we want you to buy yourself whatever you like best for your Christmas present."

"Oh, Kathleen!" Lois's voice was all unselfish pleasure in her sister's good fortune; "you can get your pearls!"

Kathleen's "pearls" had been a family joke for a year. There was a very pretty string of imitations in a jeweler's window, and every time Kathleen passed, she stopped to gaze longingly at it. She had declared that if she were ever suddenly rich, the necklace was the first thing she would buy. So, early that afternoon, she and Lois set off for the jeweler's.

"It seems terribly funny to be getting anything I 've wanted so bad," Kathleen said. "Of course, I 've never dreamed of really having them, but I go blocks out of my way just to look at them. There is a string of real ones in Hudson's window, and I was looking at them the other day, and it really seemed to me as though they did n't look half so rich as the imitation. I guess I 'm prejudiced, just as a mother is about her own baby. I 've wanted this particular string for so long and so hard that I just feel attached to it."

She was silent for a few moments, musing over her good fortune.

"I suppose it 's awfully silly to get them," she said, "there are so many things I need more. I could get some new shoes, and— But somehow—it 's funny, Lois—I need the shoes in a worldly way, but I want the pearls in a—a simply unearthly way. Of course, it could n't really, but I feel as though just having them would make me happy."

"I know," said Lois, sympathetically. "Just the way Mr. Willis is always joking about the Ice-cream-soda Fund, calling it 'hyacinths to feed thy soul.' "

"Yes," said Kathleen, "just like the Ice-cream-soda Fund."

Her voice was suddenly uneasy, and she walked along in silence for two blocks. Outside the jeweler's window, she paused to look at the string hungrily.

"Is n't it lovely, Lois?" she asked. "Just look at the lavender lights—and the rose and gold—"

"In the core of one pearl, all the shade and the shine of the sea!" Lois quoted.

"I don't care if it is a silly notion," Kathleen declared, "I never saw a real pearl that had half such lovely colors in it."

The two girls went into the store, and the friendly clerk laid the string on a white satin cushion before them. Kathleen lifted the beads lovingly and let them trickle through her fingers.

"Yes," said the clerk, "ten dollars. And a bargain, too."

Kathleen held the string around her neck and looked at the pearls in the mirror. To her admiring eyes, they lent a touch of unreal beauty to her rough tweed school-coat. But she laid them back on the white satin cushion.

"I guess I 'll—I 'll think it over," she said.

"What on earth did you want to think it over for?" Lois asked, as soon as they were on the snowy street again. Kathleen turned to her sister almost tearfully.

"Lois," she said, "I 'm afraid I ought to give that money to the student."

"To the Ice-cream-soda Fund?" Lois asked incredulously.

Kathleen nodded, looking back at the pearls, which the clerk was replacing in the window.

"Well, I think," said Lois, frankly, "that you must be stark raving crazy! What on earth—"

"I had forgotten all about him till you said that about hyacinths. I 've been thinking about him for days—Lois, he is n't going to have any decent clothes, coming from a poor farm like that. Will you ever forget the way that funny little freshman at High School looked? Don't you remember, the one who came from somewhere up north and wore that awful, tight suit?"

"The one the boys called String Bean?"

"And that they all made so much fun of and the girls laughed at and I found downstairs in the furnace-room *crying!* I 'll tell you, when a boy fifteen years old cries, he feels *terribly*. I 'll never forget it as long as I live. If this young man should have to go through that and I could stop it by going without my pearls—"

"Oh, Kathie! I think that would be silly. You 've wanted those pearls for a year—you don't even know he 'll be shabby—"

"Oh, yes, I do," said Kathleen, forlornly. "I 'm as sure of it as though I 'd seen him. And I 'm afraid I 'll never get any pleasure out of the pearls; every time I look at them I 'll think about that freshman crying in the furnace-room. It is terrible to be queer and laughed at, and—"

"Well, I must say I think *you 're* queer," said Lois, unsympathetically.

She did not have Kathleen's flaming imagination. To her, this unknown student was the object of a worthy, mildly amusing charity; to Kathleen, he was a flesh-and-blood boy, shy, shabby, coming alone and friendless to a strange city.

Twice the next day, she passed the jeweler's shop and stood looking at the pearl necklace. That evening, at dinner, she announced that she was adding her ten dollars to the Ice-cream-soda Fund. A chorus of protest went up around the table. All of the family knew of Kathleen's "pearls"; her enthusiasms were never of the kind that could be hidden under a bushel. Miss Dempsey even begged Mrs. Martin to insist upon the child's buying the ornament.

"I passed her this afternoon looking at those beads, and she looked like a hungry boy outside a bakery."

But Mrs. Martin decided that Kathleen might spend her gift as she chose.

Four days before Christmas, the fund was added up. The total was twenty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents. Mrs. Thompson added a dollar and a quarter to make it even thirty. After some discussion, it was decided to make the gift "From Unknown Friends."

"He 'll know then that it does n't come from the Friendly Help Society," said Mrs. Martin,

"SHE STOPPED TO GAZE LONGINGLY AT IT."

"and he won't feel that he must account to them for what he does with it."

"I told Mrs. Lloyd we were sending it," said Kathleen, "and she thought it was fine. She is as sympathetic as anybody when it 's somebody else's money."

Miss Dunn left, to spend the Christmas

holidays at home; Mr. Willis lived too far away to go home; and Miss Dempsey and Mr. Thompson had no homes, or, as gentle, courteous Mr. Thompson put it, "no other home."

The next evening at dinner they decided that the gift must have reached its destination. They had great fun conjecturing about what the student must have thought.

"I noticed by the paper to-night," Mrs. Martin said, "that David Warfield is to be here some time in February. I do hope he will go to see him."

"And Kreisler is to play at one of the Symphonies later in the spring," said Miss Dempsey. "If he only looks ahead and saves enough to go at that time!"

There was a little silence, then Tom Willis glanced up from his coffee.

"A kid brother of a chap I know has just been pledged to the best dental society here, and I 'm going to have him look out for this fellow. They go in strong for brains, so they keep their fees mighty low. He ought to be able to manage it if he gets a chance to join."

So they all planned for the unknown boy on the Clearwater farm, wishing for him the particular happinesses they held most dear.

"I stood outside that new haberdasher's on my way home from school till I almost froze my face," Kathleen confessed to her sister later, as they were undressing. "They are advertising after-holiday sales, and it is just surprising what nice-looking clothes you can get very cheap. I got so excited planning out just what things he 'll have that won't look so bad and what he 'll have to get new. People talk about its being more blessed to give than to receive, but they never say how much fun it is. Why, I went past the jeweler's right afterward and saw my pearls, and they looked so different to me! I was thinking about that poor little freshman in the furnace-room and about how spiffly our boy will look, and, do you know, when I looked at those pearls they had lost all their—their unearthly look. I just stared at them, and I said to myself, 'Why, you 're nothing but a string of beads, after all!'"

The day before Christmas was Sunday and Kathleen's turn to go to church. She came home, her eyes shining.

"I have a letter," she announced breathlessly, "from our student. He sent it in care of Mrs. Lloyd. He noticed the Minneapolis postmark and knew we must have heard of him through her. I have n't opened it at all; I waited so we could all hear it together."

There was an interested silence as Kathleen tore open the envelop, and read:

Dear Unknown Friends:

I 'm not going to try to find out who you are, because I know from the way you sent your present that you would n't want me to. But I should like to have you know how glad I am to get it. It is the only money I ever had in my life that I have n't had to do some definite thing with, and I am—I am—

Kathleen stopped to turn the page, looked eagerly down the next sheet. Suddenly, her glance paused; she read over a line incredulously. Her eyes and mouth opened wide.

"What do you think," she demanded in an awful voice, "he has bought with our money?"

All at the table leaned forward in breathless interest.

"An engagement ring!"

There was a moment of stupefied silence, then the whole family went off into a gale of laughter. It was too unexpected, too grotesque, to be met in any other way. Even Miss Dempsey laughed till she had to wipe the tears away from her glasses.

"Well, I must say that he 's in a fine position to be engaged!" she said.

"An engagement ring!" gasped Tom Willis. Oh, my grandmother! It 's lucky we did n't send him forty dollars, or he 'd have set himself up in housekeeping. An engagement ring! Holy smoke!"

In the hilarity, nobody noticed Kathleen. Her eyes were fairly blazing with anger.

"I don't see *how* you can laugh about it," she said, "after the way we planned and scrimped and worried to get that money. And then to have him just waste it like that! I don't think it 's a bit funny."

"Well, he 's missing an important part of education in not hearing any good music. That 's true enough," said Miss Dempsey.

"He won't think it 's so all-fired funny," Tom Willis agreed, "when he begins to need the money. Now a department 'frat' would have made a lot of difference to him."

"Now he 'll go around as seedy-looking as that freshman boy," said Kathleen, "and with the after-holiday sales, he could have—I had it all planned out for him. I don't care, I think it 's horrid! And when I think that I gave up my p-pearls so that some girl I never even heard of could have a r-r-ring—"

Kathleen was tired and excited, and, to her disgust, her voice choked and a tear trickled down the side of her nose.

She tried to put her grievance out of her

"'OH, THEY 'RE BEAUTIFUL!' SAID KATHLEEN" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

mund and throw herself into the preparations for the tree they were to have in the evening, but all through the afternoon she was conscious of a miserable undercurrent of hurt. She felt cheated, as though her gift had been flung back with a sneer.

She forgot the student altogether, though, when dusk fell, sweet and gray with all the mystery of Christmas eve. Mr. Thompson had insisted that the family must have a Christmas-tree, and Tom Willis had appeared with it over his shoulder the night before. It stood in a shadowy corner of the library, glistening with fairy tinsel, twinkling with stars of candle-light. Tom Willis did the honors, and never was a Santa Claus ready with jollier, funnier quips and cracks. The very first package he took from the tree was "For Kathleen, with best wishes from Miss Dempsey."

"Why, you said you did n't believe in Christmas presents!"

"I don't," said Miss Dempsey, her lips twitching with amusement, "but I thought that in this particular case—"

It was a long, slim box, and Kathleen opened it eagerly. Lying in a nest of cotton was a string of pearl beads.

"It is n't the string you wanted," Miss Dempsey said; "I went down the first thing, but it was gone. This was the nearest like it that they had, and—"

"Oh, it 's simply beautiful!"

Kathleen let the white beads drip through her fingers, devouring them with her eyes, and Miss Dempsey decided that there might be something in the custom of Christmas giving, after all.

"'I SNAKED THIS OFF THE TREE WHEN I SAW HOW POPULAR MY CHOICE HAD BEEN,' HE SAID"

The third package was for Kathleen from Mr. Thompson. The box was from Hudson's, and with a queer little feeling of premonition, Kathleen lifted the cover. On the satin padding was a string of pearl beads, its tiny clasp set with brilliants winking in the candle-light.

"I 'm sorry my gift is a duplicate," he said, "but I did want you to have your pearls—"

"Oh, they 're beautiful!" said Kathleen, "and they 're different lengths. Oh, I love them both!"

When all the other presents had been given out, the last package of all was for Kathleen—"With love from Mother and Lois." It was the string of pearl beads she had so often gazed at hungrily in the jeweler's window.

"With love from Mother and Lois."

Kathleen knew how large ten dollars seemed right now. "With love from Mother and Lois." Instead of the gleaming white beads, she was seeing Lois's shabby gloves, the made-over

waist she would wear instead of a new one; she saw her mother sewing late in the evening, walking home from market to save car-fare. Her throat tightened with a sudden choking ache. The gleaming pearl beads stood for all the scrimping, the planning, the saving; they were the royal, reckless extravagance of love.

Kathleen touched the string with a tenderness that was reverent; mysteriously, all the "unearthly" beauty of the pearls had come back, the lights lavender, rose, and gold, soft yet bright, brighter because she saw them through hot, blurring tears.

An hour later, Tom Willis found her sitting alone at the front window. The room was dark, but the light from the street lamp outside shone on three strings of pearl beads glistening in her lap. Her voice was still husky.

"All my life," she said solemnly, "I 've heard people say that the spirit of a gift is what counts, but somehow, I never understood before just what the spirit of a gift could be—"

"You mean that you don't mind if you have got three presents almost exactly alike?"

"Mind? Why—"

With a sheepish grin, Tom Willis pulled a long, slim box out of his pocket.

"I snaked this off the tree when I saw how popular my choice had been," he said. "It is n't as good a string as those others. I could n't raise ten dollars to keep from being shot at sunrise, but—but—" All his gay ease of manner had left him; he shuffled awkwardly. "I don't imagine the clasp is eighteen carat," he said, "but, believe me, the spirit is."

After a bit, Kathleen dried her eyes resolutely.

"Mr. Thompson and Miss Dempsey said they would n't feel a particle hurt if I should give one of their strings to Lois," she said. "She likes pearls almost as well as I do—she just does n't talk so much about it. But I 'm going to keep this string and the one from Mother and Lois as long as I live. They 're—they 're—"

Her voice threatened to become husky again, but she cleared her throat resolutely.

"And I 've been thinking about the student. I don't care if he did buy the ring—there! We gave him the money as a gift, but it was just like the Friendly Help Society—each one of us had some special thing in mind, Miss Dempsey, music; you, the society; me, his clothes—"

Tom Willis grinned.

"We gave him the money for ice-cream sodas," he said, "and we wanted him to eat ice-cream sodas if he choked to death on them."

"Probably he won't mind going shabby a bit, any more than Mother and Lois minded—" Kathleen had to stop to clear her throat again. "It seems as though the spirit is being kind of —kind of passed on, does n't it? He must have had a happy time buying that ring!"

A CHRISTMAS ERROR

WITH a *"Rooty-toot-toot!"* and a *"Rooty-toot-toot!"*
Bennie is playing his little tin flute;
And with *"Rumpy-tum-tum!"* and a *"Rumpy-tum-tum!"*
Jamie is beating his wonderful drum;
And out on the porch, with a number of mates,
Susie is trying her new roller-skates;
So while there 's good will, without any surcease,
It strikes me that somewhere we 've mislaid the peace!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

BOY SCOUTS OF THE NORTH

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT.

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, shows the Boy Scouts of Cornwall his wonderful collection of gems. He has the famous black diamond of Captain Kidd and a number of other remarkable stones. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl wich he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts him and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the Shuman, or Medicine-Man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest carnivorous animal ever known. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insits on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete.

CHAPTER II

THE MILE RUN

AT last the day of the games dawned, as days have had a habit of doing for several years back. The whole school gathered at the station to go with their team to the college town where the games were to be held. There was Mike, wearing a wonderful new Panama, ostentatiously cheerful and full of good stories and funny jokes, as always before a competition. Mr. Sanford was there in white flannels, and Pop Smith, the pop-corn man, a little old man with a long white beard who looked like a gnome and who claimed to be the official mascot of the Cornwall team. Besides these there were several thousand rooters—at least, they sounded like several thousand. Probably, if counted by numbers and not by noise, they would total fifty. Just as the train was about to start, there was a volley of toots, and down the road whirled a red racer, out of which tumbled old Jim Donegan and Jud Adams.

"I 'm here to see fair play," rumbled the lumber-king.

"Yep," piped up old Jud, to Mike, "I 'm comin' too, in case any of them kids give out and you need a real runner."

Every seat in the vast grand stand which surrounded the college athletic field was filled with rooters from the different schools belonging to the association. As Cornwall High marched on down to their seats, there was a tumult of shouts and laughter from thousands of boys and girls wearing other school colors.

"Now we can start," howled one cheer-leader through a megaphone. "The Backwoodsmen are here!"

"Three cheers for the Also-Rans!" yelled another.

"*Rah! Rah! Rah!* for the Tail-Enders!" came from across the field.

"You just wait a bit, you fellows over there!" bellowed Jim Donegan, with his face redder than his tie, which was saying a good deal. "We 'll show you some surprises to-day."

"Don't talk back to them," suggested the principal; you 'll only make them worse."

"They can't be any worse!" howled old Jim. "I *like* to talk back to 'em."

In the stillness of the dressing-rooms the Cornwall team missed all this. The air was heavy with the smell of raw alcohol, with which brawny rubbers massaged the muscles on which so much depended that day. Worried trainers and troubled captains passed back and forth whispering last words of advice and warning. Here and there could be caught glimpses of boy athletes, all looking a little white and drawn. Some chewed gum, others wore a fixed smile. Some yawned continually, and some shivered as if with a chill as the strain of the weary waiting affected each one of them.

Old Mike wasted very little time in making speeches.

"Lie down, you fellows; keep off your feet and take things easy," he counseled. "You all feel nervous and scared and uncomfortable and as if you can't run worth a cent. That 's the way you ought to feel before a race. I handled Owen the day he first ran under even time in the hundred. Just before the final heat he could n't talk, his teeth chattered so; but he went out and beat the pick of the world. Charlie Kilpatrick could n't eat for two days before the international games

between Great Britain and the United States at Manhattan Field in 1895. I had to threaten to lick him to keep him from starvin' to death; yet he went out and beat the other side all to death and broke the world's record in the half-mile. You chaps ain't anything to look at, a homelier bunch I never saw," went on the old man, "but—you 're fit to run for your lives and you 're going to clean up these city fellows to-day."

So he went on, beguiling the time with many an athletic story, jollying, joking, encouraging, until his team were as comfortable as could be expected. Suddenly a shrill whistle blew outside. Then a leather-voiced announcer bellowed through a megaphone at the door of the training-house. "All out for the first heat of the hundred!"

Boots Lockwood was the only sprinter in the school who had shown enough speed to be entered in the dashes. He was a long, gawky, awkward boy with a comical freckled face and always joking. Only Mike, that judge of boys and men, knew what fire and force were hidden in that awkward body.

"Don't hurry," he said craftily. "It 'll be five minutes at least before they 're ready for this heat. Let the rest of 'em worry out on the track awhile."

Then Sid, the rubber, slapped a big handful of raw alcohol on Boots's sinewy back and suppled up his lithe muscles with a final rub-down. Thrilling all over with the cold tingle of the alcohol, Boots laced on his spiked shoes, and, gripping his new corks, trotted out to join the rest of the entries on the long straight-away, where the dash was to be run. The rest of the waiting team shouted encouragement to him.

"Go to it, old scout!" yelled Captain Bright, from his corner.

"Eat 'em up, Boots!" squealed Bill Darby, who was in the half.

"Show me how to do it," urged Ted Bacon, who was in the next event—the quarter-mile.

Quite different were the remarks that greeted him on the track, where the contestants were waiting for the clerk of the course to finish his roll-call.

"Cornwall 's here; let 's go!" one shouted.

"Don't make him run; *give* him the heat!" yelled another; while even the badged officials found time to smile at the gawky, freckle-faced country boy. None of this made any impression on Boots. He grinned cheerfully at spectators, officials, and competitors alike, although his freckles stood out a little brighter than usual as his face whitened under the strain. He trotted back and forth a few times to limber up, and a moment later found himself lined up in the first heat. There was such a crowded entry that the clerk announced that first place alone would qualify in the finals. This meant hard going for Boots, for, of the other three men, one was Dole, the winner of the year before, while Black, the champion of the Hill School, the largest in the State, had broken the interscholastic record at his school spring games.

"Now—boys—I 'll—tell—you—to—get—set—and—then—fire—you—off. Any—man—breaking—off—his—mark—before—the—pistol,—goes—back—a—yard," clattered the starter, jumbling the words together according to the time-honored custom of starters.

Boots drew the outside place. There the going was a little soft, but he did not have a man on each side of him. The champion had the inside position, while next to Boots was the record-breaker from Hill. For a moment the whole place throbbed with the cheers of the different schools, while Boots unconcernedly dug his marks in the cinders with his spiked shoes.

"On your marks!" shouted the starter, and Boots fitted his feet into the little holes which he had dug.

"Get set!" came next.

Remembering the advice of the crafty Mike, who had been one of the greatest of professional sprinters in his day, Boots bent over as slowly as possible, knowing that the starter would not shoot the pistol until every competitor was in place. As he finally put his hands on the ground, fully half a second after the others, he straightened out his arms and leaped forward from both feet just as the pistol went off. It was a perfect start, and only possible for one who could control his nerves enough to hold back. Like a flash he broke away a good yard ahead of the others. The unexpectedness of being beaten off their marks by an unknown runner flagged the spirits of the others for the tiniest fraction of a second, and sprinting is made up of fractions. At the fifty, Boots was fully six feet ahead of his field. Then the record-holder, who was a wonderful finisher, began steadily to overhaul him, with the other two hard on his shoulder. Holding his breath and running as he had never run before, Boots sped down his lane on the long smooth track, while closer and closer he could hear the *pat-pat* of the speeding feet behind. Ten yards from the finish, the other

was almost at his shoulder. Then it was that the boy drew upon the fighting fury which lay within him and which had made him Mike's choice. Calling on every last ounce of reserve speed, and with every atom of nerve and will concentrated on keeping unbroken the swift, rhythmical beat of his stride, he breasted the tape by a tiny fraction of a second ahead of the other. So close had been the finish that the three judges had to confer together before

"LEAPED FORWARD FROM BOTH FEET JUST AS THE PISTOL WENT OFF"

the announcer bellowed to the world at large: "Lockwood, Cornwall High, wins first heat of the hundred! Time, ten flat!"

Boots jogged back to find that the world had changed. There were scattering cheers instead of jeers everywhere, while from the far-away section that had been assigned to the Cornwall High School came a storm of shouts and yells, which always ended with "Boots Lockwood!" Old Mike met him at the start and slapped him joyfully on the back.

"You 're a corker, me boy!" he shouted. "I knew you could do it. You 've killed off the worst in the first heat. The final 's a pipe for you."

When Boots came back to the dressing-room, everybody pounded him on the back. The four-forty, as the quarter-mile is termed in cinder-path parlance, came next. It was to be run in one heat, and Billy Darby sallied forth to do or die. Following Mike's directions, he leaped into the lead at the crack of the pistol, and ran his first hundred yards at sprinting speed, forging far ahead of the field. Unfortunately, he let the excitement of the race run away with his judgment. With a long lead and going strong, it seemed an easy matter to cover the rest of the distance at top speed; but no human legs and lungs have yet been constructed which will allow man or boy to sprint a quarter-mile without slowing up somewhere. Poor Billy turned into the stretch well ahead of the bunch, but here his legs began to wabble, and a red-haired youngster from the Hopkins Grammar School flashed by him, and, almost at the tape, an entry from the Haverford school crowded past him into second place. At any rate he had scored, for first place counted five points, second, two, and third, one.

In the meantime, Buck Whittlesey and Ted Bacon, the biggest and strongest boys at the

Cornwall school, had been giving the field a taste of country muscle in the twelve-pound shot. Although neither of them had been able to master the tricky drive of the arm and the snappy reverse of body and legs which enables a shot-putter to get everything possible into his put, yet by main strength they managed to score three points for the school with a second and third respectively. By this time the final of the hundred had been called, and Boots fulfilled Mike's prophecy and romped away from his field, winning the event by a full yard and scoring five points with a first for Cornwall again in even time. In the two-twenty, the experience and finishing powers of Black of Hill were a little too much for him, and Boots had to be content with second place.

When the pistol cracked for the start of the half-mile, there did not seem to be a chance for Johnnie Morgan, Cornwall's entry to score a place; but after a game race, he staggered in an unexpected second, adding two more points to Cornwall's mounting score.

The hurdles hurt Cornwall more than any other event. Try as he would, Mike had not been able to teach any of the boys in a single season the hurdle step, which looks so easy and is really so difficult. Hill fattened her score by eleven points in those two events, and went well into the lead. The high jump was another event which helped Hill and hindered Cornwall. Not a point did her entries score. In the broad jump, Dick Johnstone hit the take-off only once in three tries, but that once carried him over twenty feet and gave Cornwall another second.

It was evident that the fight lay between Hill and Cornwall, and that, in order to win, it would be necessary for Cornwall to score firsts in all of the three remaining events. As the audience realized that the fight was between the largest and the smallest of the entries, a wave of sympathy went out toward Cornwall. Flags flared and fluttered through the different sections everywhere, and there was a storm of cheers and shouts, all ending with "Cornwall!" Above them all, however, could still be heard the shattering *"Brek-e-kck-kek!"* cheer of the great Hill School, which had sent over a thousand rooters to the games that day. Old Mike, who had been coaching Dick at the jumping-pit, came hurrying in.

"Everybody 's yellin' for Cornwall!" he said. "Everybody wants us to down Hill. We can do it! Now, fellows, a long cheer for Captain Bright, who 's goin' to win the pole-vault; for Joe Couteau, who 's got the five-mile in his pocket; and for good old Freddie Perkins, who 's goin' to end up by takin' first place in the mile! Now altogether!"

The little team stood up and gathered around Mike, who was standing on the rubbing-table. Some were covered with the grime and sweat of their races, others were still sick and faint from their efforts. Some had won and others had lost, but all alike joined in the long cheer of the Cornwall High School with the names of the last three competitors at the end. The echoes had hardly died away when the door burst open and in rushed old Jim Donegan, his hat off and his bristling gray hair standing up like the quills of a porcupine. He rushed to the rubbing-table, and, catching up the twelve-pound shot which lay there, banged the long-suffering table for attention.

"Boys," he yelled, "I 'm an old man and I have knocked all around the world and I 've seen many a grand scrap in my time, but never have I seen such a set of young tigers as you fellows are! I 'm proud of every one of you! We 've got these Hill School chaps licked to a frazzle. All we got to do is to win these last three events, an' I 'll tell the world *—we 're goin' to do it!* There ain't nobody can down old Bill Bright or beat out Joe Couteau. They licked a gang of moonshiners, and they 'll just eat up that Hill team. Moreover, I 've got a hunch right now that Freddie Perkins gobbles up the mile. Them 's my sentiments!" and the old man banged the twelve-pound shot down on the table and rushed out again, to yell for Cornwall.

While they were finishing the finals in the high and low hurdles, in neither of which Cornwall had won a place, Will Bright had been vaulting surely and steadily through the preliminary stages of that long-drawn-out event, the pole-vault. At eleven feet, all the competitors had dropped out except Will and an entry from Hopkins and Hill respectively. Once, twice, and three times each of the others essayed the bar, only to fail.

On his first try, Will soared up like a bird, with a perfect take-off. Then, just as he started the arching swing which was to carry him over, there was a splintering crack and the ash pole broke at some hidden flaw about five feet from the end. There was a shout of warning and horror from the spectators as Will's body plunged down headlong toward the jagged point. The boy's quick eye, however, saw his danger even as he fell. With a writhing twist in mid air, he swung his body out toward the landing-pit, just grazing the

sharp fragment, which ripped through his jersey, tearing the skin of his left side. Instantly the whole front of his running-shirt was stained with bright red. Half a dozen men rushed to pick him up, but Mike was there first of all.

"Some one get a doctor!" shouted a badged official, bustling up.

"I 'm going on," panted Will, recovering his breath, which had been knocked out of him by the fall, "if I can get a pole."

"Say, Cornwall, you 're a good sport!" said the defeated Hill entry. "Take my pole. I 'd rather be beaten by you than anybody I know."

"That 's the talk," said old Mike, heartily, as Will shook hands with his late opponent. "There 's good sporting blood in both of you."

The Hill pole was a built-up bamboo, with the strength and snap of a steel spring. With a good run, Will made a beautiful take-off. Up and up he rose in the air until he was level with the bar. Suddenly he slid his left hand up to his right with a quick snap, and his body arched up and over the bar. His progress back to the dressing-house was a triumph. Halfway back, they met Jim Donegan tearing along toward them, wearing the flowing and resplendent badge of an inspector of the course, which he had inveigled out of the management. His duties, as he understood them, were to run around the field and root early and often for Cornwall, in spite of every attempt on the part of other officials to stop him.

"Five more points!" he chanted ecstatically, patting Will gently on his moist back. "We 've got 'em beat!"

Just as they reached the dressing-house, the five-mile event was announced.

"Go to it, boy!" yelled old Jim to Joe Couteau, Cornwall's only entry for that event. "Remember how you used to run down jackrabbits in the Northwest. Hustle out and tear off five more points for Cornwall."

Joe grinned cheerfully around the circle as he laced on the pair of moccasins which, like that other great Indian distance-runner, Deerfoot, he wore in place of spiked shoes. These moccasins and his dark face made a great sensation.

"Hi! hi!" bellowed the Hill School contingent. "Get on to the Injun, Big Chief. *Woo-woo! Whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo!*" and striking their mouths with their hands, they achieved what they fondly believed to be an Indian war-whoop. Although there were twelve entries, yet the crowd believed that there was only one man in the race. That was Lowell of Haverford, the record-holder who for two years had won the event easily. The only son of an old Boston family, he was much shocked that he should be expected to run against an Indian. At the end of the first mile he led the bunch by fully fifty yards.

Joe as he passed the starting-post for the fourth time began to increase his speed. One by one he cut down the men ahead of him, and by the time that the fifth quarter was finished he was abreast of the little bunch of five runners who were toiling along nearest the far-away leader. Then without an effort and with a swinging, easy gait he began to go through the field. One or two tried to fight him off, but the steady, even gait which ate up the ground like fire wore them down until he was running second to Lowell, who was now nearly a hundred yards in the lead. At the end of the third mile, Joe had cut this down to thirty yards. As he swung past the starting-post at the beginning of the fifth and last mile, it was as if a mask had suddenly dropped from his impassive face, so keen and eager and confident it showed. The long tireless lope quickened and quickened until Lowell heard the rapid, even *pat-pat* of moccasined feet coming nearer and nearer. Throwing a glance over his shoulder, he caught sight of the dark face of the Indian surging up beside him. Stung by the sight, he put on a burst of speed and for a hundred yards or so drew away well ahead of his opponent. Joe kept on unconcernedly with the same swinging, even gait. Without looking at his opponent, he seemed far more interested in the shouting, cheering crowds in the grand stand.

Soon the approaching beat of the moccasins stung Lowell to a new effort, which for a moment carried him out of ear-shot. Yet even as slackened his speed, the sound of the flying feet behind him came relentlessly nearer and nearer, until the Indian's even breathing was at his shoulder. Again he spurted, but it was a last effort, and in a few moments Joe was once more and for the last time abreast of him. As they ran neck and neck, the two were in strange contrast. Lowell's face was wrinkled and drawn as he strained every nerve and muscle to hold his place, while the Indian, with his effortless gait, seemed to regard his exhausted rival with an amused curiosity. At the end of another lap the Indian quickened his even stride and took the lead, drawing away from his opponent with every beat of his moccasined feet. Again and again Lowell

"LOWELL HEARD THE RAPID, EVEN PAT-PAT OF MOCCASINED FEET COMING NEARER AND NEARER"

spurted gallantly; and though now and then he gained some of his lost distance, the gap between himself and the leader kept widening. On the last lap Joe cut loose and covered the distance at almost sprinting speed, finishing fully half a lap ahead of Lowell and breaking the tape and the record at the same time. Then, to show how little the race had taken out of him, he kept on for an extra lap, cheered to the echo by every section in turn as he passed. Even the Hill delegation gave the little dark record-breaker a tremendous send-off.

Cornwall had scored twenty-four points to twenty-five for Hill, and a roar of shouts and cheers swept across the field. Every thing depended on the last race of the day—the mile-run. The Hill delegation, in spite of the frantic efforts of four fat policemen, surged out and dragged across the track their mascot, a reluctant bull pup wearing the Hill colors, thereby throwing an exceeding baneful hoodoo on all the entries save those of Hill. Not to be outdone, Cornwall pulled little Pop Smith across the same part of the track, kicking and squealing and struggling while his long white beard waved in the wind. Haverford had a band. So did Hill. Likewise Hopkins. And these bands played and tooted and fifed and shrilled and drummed and made every kind of noise that ever tortured the ear-drums of mankind. For fully fifteen minutes the pandemonium kept up, until the policemen and all of the officials, except one gray-haired inspector of the course, were worn out in their attempts to restore order.

Only in the Cornwall dressing-room was there silence. Mike himself gave Fred a final rub-down, and every man on the team crowded around to pat him on the back and shake his hand and wish him luck. It was a very cold hand, clammy with the weary terror of waiting that frets into the courage of the bravest. Fred's eyes however, had a steady fire in them, and his face, although white, was set as steel.

"It 's up to you, my boy," was all Mike said.

"I 'll do my best, Mike," returned Fred, very quietly. Just then the door opened and in burst Mr. Sanford, quite different from the dignified principal of the Cornwall High School whom the boys saw every day. His hat was gone, his face was nearly as red as Jim Donegan's, and his tousled hair stood up like the crest of a cockatoo. He hurried up to Freddie, panting as if he himself had just come from a race. In one hand he held two battered, scarred running-corks, in one of which was a large round hole.

"Freddie," he said, "these are my old mascot running-corks. I 've carried them in nearly a hundred races. They 're yours now. Squeeze 'em hard and bring back the championship to old Cornwall to-night. That round hole," he went on, "is

"BOTH BOYS . . . SAW AHEAD OF THEM THE THIN RED THREAD."

back and forth across the little arena. Moran, the Hill miler,—slight and beautifully built, with a mocking, resolute face,—although not a record-holder, had won the event the year before in fast time. He was older than most of the other boys, and for two years had run on the team of a city athletic club. He had undoubtedly more experience than any other entry there. The Cornwall entries had planned to have Morgan set the pace, keeping it slow enough to allow Fred's sprint to have a chance in the straight.

As the pistol cracked, John dashed across from the outside and took the lead. Unfortunately for Fred, Moran was an old hand at racing, and when he saw Morgan slow down his pace, jumped at once to the conclusion that the other Cornwall entry wanted to save himself for the finish. Racing up, he passed John and, taking the pole, skimmed down the back-stretch at a tremendous clip. With a sprint, Cornwall's second string again won the lead as they neared the end of the first lap, but lost it the minute he tried to slow the pace. As they whirled past the starting-post in a bunch, Fred himself tried to set the pace, hoping to slow it down. Yet hardly had he slackened a little, when Moran went past him with a rush. It was evident that he intended to make a runaway race of it from the very start and would take no chances in the home-stretch. Fred set his teeth grimly and buckled down to the task of following his pace.

At the end of the half-mile Morgan dropped out. Moran still kept the lead, with Fred just back of him, while right behind Fred were the Haverford and Hopkins entries, running craftily, hoping that the leaders might run themselves off their feet before the finish. For the third time the first four swept past the starting-post, and began the bitter third quarter, that quarter which tests the very soul of a racer, when the ache of the distance makes the taxed muscles and the flagging brain alike cry for rest, with the finish still a weary way off. Moran quickened his pace a little, and Fred strained every muscle to hold his place. His chest felt as if bound with a choking iron band, and his legs began to acquire that strange, numb feeling which is the protest of sorely taxed muscles.

Now it was that the long, tiresome cross-country runs of the winter showed their effect. Back of all his exhaustion, Fred still had the feeling of something in reserve. Yet every stride seemed to rack his very vitals, and the numbness seemed to be stealing from his legs to his brain. Suddenly a great gong clanged. The leader had passed the starting-post and was beginning the last lap. The sound seemed to tap new reserves of energy in Fred's lithe body, and he found himself plunging forward faster and faster as they whirled around the first curve into the back-stretch. At last came the final turn, and under a thunder of cheers the two turned into the back-stretch and quickened their speed.

Just then from behind with a rush came up the Hopkins entry. On the outside he passed Fred and challenged Moran, who had drawn away a yard or so ahead. Neck and neck he raced with him down the stretch, but, with the finish still twenty yards away, suddenly plunged headlong, his laboring body unable to stand the strain which the untimely sprint had imposed upon it. He fell right across Moran's path, and the latter had to swerve out to avoid tripping over him. This was Fred's chance. With a staggering plunge he shot forward on the inside, and in another second was running neck and neck with the leader. Only ten yards of terrible struggle lay between them and the thin red thread that marked the goal where the impassive judges and the timers, with stop-watches held aloft, stood. Fred's legs seemed made of lead. All of his speed at the finish seemed to have been drained by the tremendous pace. Bright flashes darted before his eyes, while the shouts of the spectators seemed to come from afar.

"Come on, Freddie! Come in! Come in, Cornwell!" he heard faintly. Moran led by an inch at the last yard, and both boys, with hot, misty eyes, saw ahead of them the thin red thread which seemed to waver and move backward. Gripping the mascot corks, Fred's finger sank into the deep hole, and the feeling called him back to himself for the fraction of a second. Setting his teeth and gripping his corks until his knuckles showed white, he drew upon the last tiny fragment of reserve power which he had left, and at the end of last stride threw himself through the air like a diver. Even as he plunged unconscious, he felt the blessed pressure of the thread as it broke against his breast, a tiny inch before Moran's up-raised foot. Then the arms of Mike and Donegan were around him as they carried him back to the dressing-room.

"I knew it was in you. *I* knew," old Mike said, but his voice broke even as he spoke.

It seemed a long time after, although it was only a few minutes, when Freddie opened his eyes again. The first thing he saw were the admiring faces of Will and Joe. The first thing he heard was Will's whisper.

"You 're going with us after the Blue Pearl!"

(To be continued)

THE CHALLENGE

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

Where the pipes of Pan were playing
Underneath the August moon,
And the fairy hosts were dancing
To the lilting, laughing tune,
Now the legions of the winter
Shout across the whirling snow,
And their brazen trumpets clamor
Where the hill crests gleam and glow.

Sweet are pipes of Pan when playing
Underneath a golden moon,
When the cherry-trees are blooming
And each blossom has a tune;
But the bugles of the winter
Have a summons gay to hear
When they call us out to battle
With a high and ringing cheer.

Hear the summons of the trumpets
Rolling down the valleys far;
Coward is the heart that lingers
Where the glowing wood-fires are!
Hear the challenge of the bugles
Calling from their stormy posts,
Daring us to meet in battle
With the winter's snowy hosts!

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, MISS BLAKELY!"

By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

EVERYBODY stood in awe of Miss Blakely and said she was proud, stingy, and queer. She was a stern-visaged woman, nearing the fiftieth mile-stone, and she lived alone in a huge house with two servants. No one visited her, except, of course, a very few intimate friends, and little children actually whispered when they passed the premises.

But something happend one autumn. Jane Herriot, aged ten, with the warmest of brown eyes, the sunniest of curls, and the gentlest of hearts, moved into Miss Blakely's neighborhood. She had not heard the unpleasant tales concerning Miss Blakely, for somehow or other Jane did not hear unpleasant things; and perhaps if she had heard, she would not have believed them. So one morning she stood for a great length of time outside the great iron fence, gazing upon the bare trees and shrubbery, and the fountain, and thinking what a delightful place it must be in summertime. Then she saw Miss Blakely come out on the pillared porch and walk slowly up and down.

"I suppose she is very lonely," thought Jane. "I think I 'll go in to see her some day—tomorrow, maybe, if Mother says it is all right. And I know what I 'll do: I 'll take her one of Julia's eggs." Julia was Jane's pet hen, and she thought one of Julia's eggs would be quite the choicest gift she could take when she paid a call.

So the next day, after obtaining her mother's permission, Jane went to see Miss Blakely. Hannah, the kind-looking serving-woman, was a little dubious about admitting Jane, but Jane assured her, with the most engaging smile, that Miss Blakely would be glad to see her and besides, she had a present which she wanted very much to give her. Then Hannah, shaking her gray head a trifle uncertainly, led the undismayed Jane into the great library, filled with endless books and huge furniture.

"Sit down," she said, trying to speak coldly; but certainly she found it difficult, for Jane had such lovable ways that it took a great deal of courage for any one to be the least bit unpleasant to her. "I 'll go see if Miss Blakely will come down."

Miss Blakely came down, plainly provoked at Hannah for permitting Jane to cross the threshold, but curious to see what sort of child this was who would dare to come to her house without being invited. So she stood in the doorway, severely surveying Jane with her cold blue eyes.

"How d' ye do, Miss Blakely?" said Jane, instantly jumping up. "I 've been wanting to come to see you ever since we moved into the bungalow. You know, we live now in the bungalow at the end of the street."

Miss Blakely made no reply. She continued to stand stock-still, her lips pressed in a rigid line, thinking she had never come in contact with a more forward-talking child.

"Maybe you 've seen me standing outside," pursued Jane, wishing Miss Blakely would come into the room and be more sociable; "but I suppose not, or you would have called me in."

Miss Blakely narrowed her eyes. Hannah, standing slightly behind her mistress, nervously rubbed her hands, hoping against hope that Miss Blakely would not hurt the little girl's feelings.

"And I have brought you a present," Jane went on, blissfully unmindful of her frigid reception.

"Present!" Miss Blakely had at last found her voice, also her eye-glasses, for she suddenly popped them on her sharp nose and gazed at Jane a trifle more keenly. "What sort of present could you bring me, you silly child?"

Jane thought a moment. She was not altogether pleased at being called silly, but suddenly she remembered that her mother had said Miss Blakely was not used to children, so perhaps she thought they were all silly.

"I have brought you an egg," Jane announced, stepping slightly forward.

"An egg? Absurd!" Miss Blakely exclaimed. "What do you think I want with an egg?"

"But it 's one of Julia's eggs, and Julia is—"

"Ridiculous!" snapped Miss Blakely, plainly exasperated. "I suppose your mother put you up to this nonsense."

"Oh, no!" Jane hastened to say, somewhat crestfallen. "Mother does n't know I brought the egg."

"Well, no wonder you 're such a bold child," retorted Miss Blakely, "allowed to run wild this way."

"But I don't run wild," said Jane, perilously near tears. "And if you think you don't want the egg, I 'll go."

"You should never have come," was Miss Blakely's sharp rejoinder. "Show her out, Hannah. The very idea of presuming to come to a place where you were not invited!" she added, more to herself than to the astonished Jane.

Hannah stepped on the front porch after Jane and very carefully shut the door and said good-by in the kindest possible way.

"Good-by," Jane replied, feeling very sorry that she had made the call. But she comforted herself with thinking Miss Blakely was not well and regretting that she had not asked for that lady's health. Beyond a doubt, that was the whole trouble. And the very next day, when Miss Blakely rode by in her wonderful automobile, the audacious Jane (Miss Blakely thought she was audacious) ran out, waving her hand.

"Well, what is it?" Miss Blakely asked after she had told her chauffeur to stop, and felt very much annoyed to think she would let a chit of child make her do something against her will.

"I 'm sorry I went to see you yesterday," said Jane, standing on tiptoe. "But when you 're well, I 'd like to come again." Jane had really concluded Miss Blakely was sick. "And maybe then you will be glad to see me."

"Humph!" retorted Miss Blakely. "Go on, William."

After that, Miss Blakely kept seeing Jane, and Jane invariably nodded her sunny head and smiled and waved her hand, and the curious part was that Miss Blakely did not appear so terribly displeased. As a matter of fact, though she would not have admitted it to a living soul, it was refreshing to find some one who did not stand in awe of her. Then one day the almost impossible happened, for the automobile actually stopped at the bungalow by Miss Blakely's order and Jane was invited to go for a ride.

"I wish you would come to see us some time, Miss Blakely," begged Jane, when at last they were back, and after Jane had effusively expressed her thanks for the lovely drive.

"We shall see," answered Miss Blakely. She was wondering, as she drove away, if she had done the right thing in taking Jane out and thereby encouraging the child's extremely friendly nature. But at least she was glad

"SHE STOOD . . . OUTSIDE THE GREAT IRON FENCE."

she had made up for the inhospitable reception she had given Jane the day she came with the egg.

Strange things happen. Shortly after that, Miss Blakely was taken sick, and when, at length, she was convalescing she discovered she wanted to see Jane; in fact, she wanted to see her so much that Hannah was stopped from her work one afternoon and went post-haste to bring Jane. Jane explained to Hannah that her mother was out, but, as soon as she returned, she would be right up.

"Where does your mother go and leave you so much?" Miss Blakely asked a little fretfully when Jane finally put in her appearance.

"Oh, did n't you know my mother gives music-lessons to lots of children?" asked Jane, drawing up a small rocker close beside Miss Blakely. "She is helping Daddy pay for our bungalow, and I 'm helping, too."

"And pray tell what can *you* do to help pay for a house?" demanded Miss Blakely, her eyes dwelling curiously upon Jane.

"Well," said Jane, leaning forward and clasping her little hands, and looking straight into Miss Blakely's face, "it was this way. I saved up my money and bought Julia. She is the most wonderful layer, Mother says, that ever was; and I sell her eggs and put the money with the money Mother makes, and you would be surprised how it counts up."

"You don't say!" briefly commented Miss Blakely.

"And Daddy says every little bit helps," Jane proceeded. "But he says goodness only knows when we will ever get it paid for, with things so high. Still, I am glad eggs are high, for when I get a whole dozen it seems like an awful lot of money."

"How was it you brought me one of those eggs when you were saving them to sell?" questioned Miss Blakely, her keen eyes fastened intently upon Jane.

"Because I wanted you to have one," promptly returned Jane. "You see, Julia is really and truly mine; and when I give away one of her eggs, I give away something that is really and truly mine and the nicest thing to give."

"I see," said Miss Blakely. "I was under the impression that children were selfish and greedy. You don't appear to be so."

Jane made no reply. She was thinking how thin and pale Miss Blakely looked, and feeling very sorry for her.

"What does your father do to make a living, Jane?" Miss Blakely suddenly inquired.

"He is the head bookkeeper at the Harvey paper-mills," said Jane; "and we are paying Mr. Harvey for our house."

"You 'll be a long time paying Benjamin Harvey," observed Miss Blakely, in a sharp voice. "Oh, well, that is none of my affair," she added, a moment later. "Now, Jane, I am going to let you ring that silver bell on my desk, and Hannah will bring us some tea and cake."

Jane jumped up, only too delighted to obey such a pleasing order, and pretty soon in came Hannah, broadly smiling, and carrying a tray of all kinds of delightful things.

"Oh, it looks like Christmas!" tinkled Jane. "And, please, may I help you, Hannah?"

"Now, ain't she the thoughtful little thing?" asked Hannah. "Yes, indeedy, honey, you can hand Miss Blakely a napkin and her grapefruit."

Jane was so delighted that she fairly danced forward to serve Miss Blakely. Then Hannah suggested that it would be nice to draw up a small table between them, and Miss Blakely agreed that it would be more comfortable.

"What lovely times you must have Christmas!" she said, her happy eyes traveling over the inviting repast. She did not see the scowl which suddenly grew above Miss Blakely's eyes.

"I think holidays are tiresome and stupid," Miss Blakely said abruptly.

"Yes, you do get very tired," agreed Jane. "Mother and I go so many places and do so much that Daddy says we are just no account before the day is over."

"What do you do to make you so tired?" inquired Miss Blakely, pouring the tea from a nice fat teapot.

Jane's blue eyes sparkled as she proceeded to tell of the fun she and her mother had.

"Why we carry gifts around, just little things we have made, and of course we have to stay a little while at each place; but, oh, it 's lovely! And what do you think Daddy says, Miss Blakely?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Miss Blakely. "What does he say?"

"Well, he says if we don't stop, he is going to make us join that dreadful society somebody got up about not giving Christmas presents." Jane made a funny little grimace. "But, of course, he does n't mean it."

"I suppose," said Miss Blakely, "you are referring to the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving—the S. P. U. G."

"That 's it!" Jane laughed right out loud,

and Hannah told William afterward she did not mean a bit of harm when she said it almost sounded heavenly to hear such precious laughter ringing in that lonely house. "But the things we give are n't useless at all," Jane proceeded. "I just wish we *could* give them some useless things, and so does Daddy, for he was only funning about that society. We have some pet families—may I please pour some tea?" Jane broke off. "It 's such a funny, fat pot, is n't it?"

Miss Blakely nodded in assent. Then, "What do you mean by 'pet' families?"

"Well, the ones we kind of take a special interest in," tinkled Jane. "There are the Ames's, you know, who are so awfully poor. Their father was killed on the railroad, and their mother has to be out all day working, oh, so very hard that it just hurts you to look at her. Well, of course, we have to give them what Mother calls 'practical' things. This year, Mother has knit the cunningest sweaters for the twins out of an old one of hers; and she made Horace, who is my age, two shirts out of Daddy's; and we have the nicest fix-up dress for Mrs. Ames, fixed from things you 'd never believe!" Jane's lovely little face was all aglow when she lifted it to Miss Blakely's and f o u n d that lady interested in her recital. "But, still, there are many things we just *have* to buy, like s t o c k i n g s and gloves; and we are going to give old Mrs. Harper a bag of flour, and—"

"I should think it would bankrupt you," interrupted Miss Blakely, "considering you are trying so hard to pay for your house."

"Mother says it nearly does," Jane replied. "But, you see, we don't give m u c h t o e a c h other."

Miss Blakely gazed upon her small guest in genuine amazement.

"You mean to tell me you do without to give to t h e s e p o o r families?"

Jane nodded her sunny head. "Did Hannah make these nice cakes?" she asked.

Hannah stepped forward, all smiles. "You like them, do you, honey?"

"They are just scrum—" Jane remembered she was out visiting and refrained from saying "scrumtious." Then, pretty soon, it was time to go home, and after declaring to Miss Blakely over and over again that she had never had such a perfectly lovely time, she

"'I HAVE BROUGHT YOU AN EGG,' JANE ANNOUNCED"

fairly flew to the bungalow to tell her mother of her wonderful visit.

And one afternoon a week later, when Miss Blakely was strong enough to go out, she stopped at the bungalow; and Jane's pretty little mother ran out to the automobile, begging Miss Blakely to come in, and then thanking her for all her kindness to Jane.

"Tut! Tut!" said Miss Blakely, who could think of nothing else to say. Then, "Is Jane home?"

"Just back from school," replied Mrs. Herriot. "I will call her."

"I want to borrow her," Miss Blakely pursued, "for a little shopping expedition. I am not any too strong yet, and I think Jane could give me a great deal of assistance."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Mrs. Herriot, looking and acting very much like a little girl herself, "Jane will be wild with joy. Why, you are just perfectly lovely to her, Miss Blakely." And excusing herself, she hurried into the house and soon came out with Jane, who was radiant at the prospect of helping Miss Blakely with her shopping. Then Jane kissed her mother good-by, hopped into the big car beside Miss Blakely, and away they sped down the road.

"Now, Jane," began Miss Blakely, "I am interested in your 'pet families.' I have been ever since the day you had tea with me."

"Then maybe you will go around with us Christmas morning when we take the presents?" cried Jane, clapping her hands.

"No, I won't do that," replied Miss Blakely. "I am going to let them come to me—that is, the children of the families."

"At your house, Miss Blakely?" asked Jane, in astonishment.

"At my house," repeated Miss Blakely.

"But, Miss Blakely, are you sure—?" Jane paused a moment. "You don't like children. Maybe—"

"Not as a rule," interrupted Miss Blakely, "but you set me thinking—in fact, it has annoyed me that I could not think of anything else. And I have also thought a great deal about you and your parents being perfectly willing to do without things to help those miserable people who were absolutely nothing to you."

"But it makes us very happy," said Jane.

"Very well," proceeded Miss Blakely. "And if it makes you so happy, I am going to see what it will do for me—that is, with your help. So my idea is to get a tree, Jane," she went on, "trim it beautifully, hang their gifts on it, and invite the children of these 'pet families' of yours to come to my house on Christmas morning."

Jane was fairly bubbling with suppressed excitement. "Oh, it 's too wonderful!" she cried in soft ecstasy. "Why, you must be the very kindest person in the world, Miss Blakely!"

"But I am not," Miss Blakely quickly denied. "I have, however, made up my mind to find out if I have been cheating myself of something, and I hope to know this Christmas."

That afternoon the sales-people and others in the various shops looked in blank astonishment as little Jane Herriot and "queer stingy Miss Blakely" went about their shopping. Jane was too happy for words. It seemed too wonderful to be true to be actually buying things for the Ames's, the Hills, the Harpers and McCloskys that she had never dreamed it would be possible to give them. Occasionally, she caught Miss Blakely's hand and gave it a warm little squeeze; and Miss Blakely, who had never indulged in such an adventure, began to feel curiously warm and glad all over.

It was a very wonderful tree that Miss Blakely and Jane, with William's assistance, trimmed a few days later. There were practical gifts, to be sure, but there were certainly any number of other gifts which the S. P. U. G.'s would undoubtedly have frowned upon. Why, there were dolls, mechanical toys, horns, a wee piano for the Ames baby, an express-wagon for the twins, games, and so on and so on, until Jane declared she was dizzy in getting them straightened out. Hannah simply could not stay in the kitchen, where delicious odors came from the oven. Never before had so much fun and excitement gone on in that house.

The front door-bell pealed, and pretty soon Hannah came in to say Mr. Harvey was in the parlor and would like to see Miss Blakely for a few minutes. Miss Blakely turned sharply. Hannah's quick eyes saw the slightest semblance of color come into her pale cheeks, and then Miss Blakely did something she had never done in another's presence—she looked at herself in the mirrow before she left the room.

"William," whispered Hannah, "it 's been twenty-two years this Christmas since he set foot in this house. What does it mean?"

"I 'm not one to tell things that ain't my business," returned William, in an undertone, "but day before yesterday I drove her out to the Harvey paper-mills, and they talked.

They did!" ended William, solemnly shaking his gray head.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed poor Hannah, sinking into a chair.

William nodded toward Jane.

"I 'd say so," said Hannah. She 's bound to bring luck, bless her little heart!"

"Hannah," Jane said, turning around, "I want you to do something for me, please. Here is something I have made for Miss Blakely, and I want you to tie it on the tree early in the morning, before she comes down."

"I guess there 's nothing Hannah would n't do for you, you little darlin'," answered Hannah, patting Jane's bright curls.

Then Miss Blakely came in, and somehow or other she seemed different from what she had been when she left the room, and her eyes held a sparkle, and there was something like a tremor in her voice when she said:

"Hannah, Mr. Harvey will eat Christmas dinner with us."

On Christmas morning there came to Miss Blakely's aristocratic front door such a crowd of chattering, laughing, happy boys and girls that the whole neighborhood was set astir. Jane and her mother and father had arrived beforehand, wishing Miss Blakely a "Happy Christmas!" and Miss Blakely declared the wash-cloths with the gay borders, which Jane had crocheted her very self, were quite the prettiest ones she had ever seen. Hannah stepped forward to thank Jane for a cunning

"'I AM SORRY I WENT TO SEE YOU YESTERDAY,' SAID JANE"

pin-cushion; and William said never had he owned such a beautiful necktie; but, best of all, Jane had knit it. Then Hannah opened wide the library doors, and there came an uproarious, "Merry Christmas!" from the crowd.

When those children actually beheld the tree ablaze with lights and a-glitter with decorations, they appeared spellbound. Not a word, not a sound came from them. They simply stood in silent awe and amazement. Nor did the grown-ups know what to do; they, too, were silent, looking at the children with blurry eyes. But Jane knew what to do.

"'WHY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND,' SHE SAID, WITH A PUZZLED FACE"

"This tree is yours, children," she said in her direct way. "You remember I told you that Miss Blakely had a perfectly wonderful surprise for you. This is it," gesturing toward the shimmering tree, with its weight of amazing packages. "So you can hunt for your names, and when you find them, you must thank Miss Blakely, for she is about the very kindest person in the world."

"Jane!" protested Miss Blakely. Her cheeks had grown pink and her eyes were bright, and Jane's mother thought her pretty.

Then there was shouting and laughing, and Jane, right in the midst of the crowd, was helping them find their names and just as eager with delight as they when the paper was torn from the packages and the gifts revealed. Oh, what an hour it was! Never had there been so much laughter, noise, and joy in the Blakely house. Never had so much genuine happiness stirred Miss Blakely's heart.

Suddenly, Hannah was having her turn. She was inviting them in the dining-room; and this time it was Jane who could not believe her eyes. There was the table with lighted candelabra, wreaths of holly encircling them, and loaded down with fruits, nuts, cakes, and candies, besides a bag at each place to be taken home to the parents. It was so wonderful that Jane could think of nothing to say. So, while they were being served, she stole back to the library to take a peep at the tree. Suddenly Miss Blakely was beside her.

"Jane," she said in a low voice, "you must have missed your name."

"Why, I did n't look for my name," answered Jane, in surprise.

"Did n't you expect anything?" asked Miss Blakely, studying the sweet, upturned face.

"Not with all this," replied Jane.

"Well, suppose you run your hand 'way inside the tree," suggested Miss Blakely.

Jane obeyed, bringing out a long envelop.

"Why, I don't understand," she said, with a puzzled face, as she drew out a document.

"It means, Jane," said Miss Blakely, "that your bungalow is paid for. It 's my gift to you."

"Oh!" cried Jane, in breathless wonder. "But, no, it can't be, and maybe you should n't, and besides, I don't deserve it. I—I have n't done anything for you—oh, dear, I don't know what to say! And Mother and Daddy will not want you to do so much, dear Miss Blakely."

"It is all right, Jane," Miss Blakely said, her hand coming down affectionately on Jane's little shoulder. "I will make it all right with your mother and father, for you, my dear, have given me a priceless gift—you have shown me how to be happy in making others happy. You have given me a great deal, Jane, more than you realize, and God bless you for your happy heart!"

THE CRIMSON PATCH

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Slipper-Point Mystery," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALLMENT

LIFE in a big hotel, in a city teeming with war work, was a new experience to Patricia Meade. She had come there to stay for three months with her father, Captain Meade, lately returned from overseas, who was in the city on a secret mission for the government. During their first evening in the hotel, he warns her to beware of spies and foreign secret agents, who were everywhere, and who, he fears, will try to discover his secret. At dinner, that night, Patricia objects to their waiter, whom she dislikes at first sight and fears is a spy; but her father laughs at her fears. Later she notices, at a near-by table, a beautiful woman and a young girl of her own age, who piques her curiosity by her rather unusual appearance and conduct. Patricia discovers after dinner that these two are occupants of the room directly opposite hers, and happens to catch the young girl watching her from the doorway. They strike up an acquaintance, which pleases Patricia, but the young girl's strange manner, half friendly, half repellent, puzzles her. She resolves, however, to try to become better acquainted with this odd neighbor.

CHAPTER III

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL

IN spite of her resolution to get better acquainted with her mysterious neighbor, however, Patricia made no further progress in that direction for several days. These were spent in a round of sight-seeing with her father through the big, busy manufacturing city in which they were staying, at present so absorbed in its war work and munition making. After that came a series of delightful trolley-trips through distant and picturesque parts of the surrounding country. And when she was

at leisure at all, Patricia spent not a little time with Mrs. Quale, finding a real delight in her quaint, sunny, comfortable company. During their wanderings, it chanced that she and her father took few meals at the hotel. And thus it fell out that she saw nothing, or almost nothing, of the curious couple that had so interested her on the first night. Once, indeed, she did have a brief glimpse of them at breakfast, but the older woman only acknowledged her presence by a friendly little nod. The girl never so much as turned her head or looked in Patricia's direction.

Then, on the sixth morning after their arrival, came a change. Captain Meade announced it as they were taking their leisurely breakfast.

"We 've done all the gadding about that I 'll be able to indulge in for a while," he told her. "I must settle down to business now, and I 'm afraid you 'll be left pretty much on your own hands."

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't mind very much," she replied lazily dallying with the grape-fruit. "I 'm so tired of being on the go that I 'll appreciate a little rest and quietness."

"I must go off this morning to be gone almost all day," went on Captain Meade. "You will be a little lonely, perhaps, but there 's always Mrs. Quale. Don't rush her too much, however. Remember she 's a very busy woman. But you can always turn to her in emergencies or if you need advice."

"No, I won't bother her," returned Patricia, "and I think I 'll spend the morning over at the sea-wall in the park. I love it there, and it 's just the place to take some knitting and a book and perhaps write some letters. Will you be back to lunch?"

"I hardly expect to. Order a lunch sent to the room, or go down to the dining-room if you prefer, but don't wait for me."

"Oh, I 'll have my luncheon sent up-stairs, I guess," sighed Patricia. "I detest that Peter Stoger more every time I see him. I feel as if he were spying on me constantly. I can't understand why you don't realize it, too."

The captain smiled as they rose to leave the table. "Poor Peter would be surprised, and horrified probably, if he realized he was posing as a German spy for your benefit. But suit yourself, Patricia, about luncheon, and don't be alarmed if I 'm not back till late. If I 'm not here by dinner-time, ask Mrs. Quale if you may dine at her table."

"I surely will," agreed Patricia." And I—I beg your pardon!" The latter remark she addressed suddenly to the handsome woman whom she now knew as Madame Vanderpoel, who was breakfasting alone at her own table, and, as they were passing, had touched Patricia, a trifle hesitantly, on the arm.

"It is I that must beg *your* pardon," she answered. "I am going to be so bold as to ask a very great favor, though I do not even know you, but I am in great trouble and perplexity this morning."

"Why, I 'll be glad to do anything, of course," began Patricia, in surprise.

"I was sure you would. I read it in your face. That is why I ask," Madame Vanderpoel hurried on. "I am called away to New York this morning on the most urgent business—something that cannot be postponed. Unfortunately, my dear little charge, Virginie, Mademoiselle de Vos, is quite miserable—a violent nervous headache; she is subject to them frequently, poor little soul! I dread to leave her alone all day in the care only of that stupid chambermaid, yet my business is such that I simply cannot postpone it. Would it be imposing too much on your kindness to ask you to stop in there occasionally, just for a moment or two, to see that she is as comfortable as possible? You are, I believe, just across the hall from us, so it would not be a long journey."

"Why, I 'll be delighted to!" agreed Patricia, heartily. "I 'll sit with her just as long as she cares to have me. Don't worry about her at all. I 'm famous as a nurse, too, for my mother never has been very well, and I 'm used to waiting on her."

"Oh, thank you so much!" breathed Madame Vanderpoel, seemingly much relieved. I 'll be so much easier in mind. I leave almost at once after breakfast. Go in as soon as you like. Just knock at the door and open it. I 'll leave it unlocked. I can never repay your kindness."

"That solves the problem of my day for me, Daddy," remarked Patricia, when they were back in their rooms. "I 'll stay around here and visit Virginie de Vos (My! but I 'm glad I know her name at last!) every little while. I 've been real anxious to meet her, and did n't know how I was going to get the chance."

But the captain frowned a little doubtfully. "It 's all right, I suppose, and you could n't very well refuse, but I rather wish you did n't have to come in contact with any strangers here. They may be all right—and they may not. These are queer times, and you can't

trust any one. Get Mrs. Quale to go in with you, if possible, and don't stay there more than fifteen minutes at any time."

Patricia opened her eyes wide with astonishment. "Well, of all things! You don't suspect people like *that* of—of anything queer, do you?"

"I suspect no one, and trust no one in this entire establishment except, of course, Mrs. Quale. But don't get another attack of 'spies' on the brain, just because I warned you to be ordinarily cautious. It 's probably all right. I 'll be back by eight o'clock, anyway. Now, good-by, honey, and take care of yourself."

Patricia waited until nearly ten o'clock before essaying her first visit to the sick girl across the hall. Then, obedient to her father's injunction, she called up Mrs. Quale on the house telephone, to ask if that lady would find it convenient to accompany her. But the clerk at the desk informed her that Mrs. Quale had gone out for the day, leaving only her maid. Patricia had seen this woman several times, quiet, elderly, and notably hard of hearing, and who, Mrs. Quale said, had been in her service for many years. So Patricia was left with no alternative but to make her first venture alone.

"I 'm sure Daddy would n't want me to neglect the poor little sick thing, even if Mrs. Quale is n't there," she told herself as she knocked at the door of number 404, across the hall.

She had vaguely expected to find the sick girl in bed, her head swathed in bandages, the room darkened and orderly. The sight that met her eyes as she entered, at a half-muffled "Come in," was as different as possible from that picture. The room was in great disorder, and bright with the glare of the morning sun. Both of the twin-beds were unmade—and empty. But at one of the windows, her back to the room, stood Virginie de Vos, staring out into the street. She did not turn round as Patricia entered.

"I beg your pardon—good morning," ventured Patricia, timidly. "I came at the request of your—of Madame Vanderpoel, who said you were ill. Is there anything I can do for you? Ought n't you to be in bed?"

Still with her back to her visitor, Virginie shook her head. Suddenly, however, she whirled around. Her eyes were red and swollen with crying, but there were no tears in them now.

"Thank you—oh, very much! It is so thoughtful of you to come! My head does not ache—at least, not now. I am better. I do not need any care."

"But surely, there must be something the matter! You—you cannot be feeling quite well. Madame Vanderpoel said you were suffering severely," returned Patricia, thoroughly puzzled.

"Whatever it was, I am better now," muttered the girl, almost sullenly. "But you are —you are so kind!" she added, and her eyes lit up with a friendly gleam for an instant.

"Look here," cried Patricia, in sudden determination, "perhaps you *are* feeling better, but your headache may return. Now, I have a plan to propose. It 's very hot and glaring and noisy in this room. You see, it 's on the street side and you get all the racket from this busy avenue. Beside that, it has n't been made up yet. Come over and spend the morning in our sitting-room with me. It 's so quiet and pleasant there, for it faces on the little park at the back. I 'll darken it up, and you can lie on the couch, and I 'll read or talk to you—or just let you alone to sleep. *Please* come!"

Her manner was so cordial, so urgent and convincing, that Virginie visibly wavered.

"I ought—I ought not." She hesitated. "You do not know—you cannot know—"

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Patricia, impatiently. "What earthly reason could there be for not coming? Just come right along, and we 'll have a lovely time. I 'm awfully lonesome, and you probably would be, too, alone here all day. So come!"

Very reluctantly the girl assented and followed Patricia. Once established in the cool, pleasant, half-darkened sitting-room, however, her hesitancy seemed suddenly to vanish. Patricia insisted that she occupy the couch, which she finally consented to do, though patently more to please her hostess than herself.

"I am not sick; my head does not ache at all. Madame Vanderpoel was—er—mistaken." And, indeed, she looked the picture of health, now that her eyes were returning to a normal appearance.

"Never mind. She must have been worried about you, or she would n't have asked me to see to you. So lie down here for a while, and I 'll sit by you and do this fancy-work. I suppose I ought to be knitting, but I do get so tired of it at times. Do you ever embroider?"

"Ah, I—I love it!" cried Virginie, in sudden enthusiasm. "Anything of the—artistic I love and have studied to do." It was when she grew excited, Patricia noticed, that her language became a trifle confused.

"Tell me," Patricia suddenly asked—"that is, if you don't mind—what nationality are you? I had thought perhaps you were French."

The girl's manner again grew restrained. But she only replied in a voice very low and tense, "I am a Belgian!"

Patricia impulsively dropped on her knees by the couch and took both of Virginie's hands in her own.

"You poor, poor darling!" she murmured. "And did you—were you driven out of the country?"

"We lived in Antwerp," Virginie replied simply. "My father and I have always lived there. My mother is long dead. When the war came, I was being educated—in one of the best schools. At first it was thought there would be no danger. Antwerp was thought to be—what you call—impregnable. Then, when the Germans had taken Malines and Louvain and Liège, Madame Vanderpoel (she is my mother's sister-in-law), came to take me away from the school, to take me to England. She told my father it was too dangerous, that he should flee also. But he would not go. He is an old man, and I am the last of his children. He was too old for army service, but he said he would remain and defend his villa there in Antwerp. He declared the city could not be taken. But he insisted that I go away to England—to safety. He sent me from him, though it broke our two hearts—and I have never seen him since. You know what happened to Antwerp."

She hid her face in the pillows and shook with unrepressed sobbing. Patricia knew not what to say to comfort the stricken girl. For several moments she only smoothed the dark hair in silence, but her touch was evidently soothing, for Virginie presently sat up and dried her eyes. She continued no further, however, with any personal disclosures.

"We too have suffered," began Patricia, thinking to divert her mind from herself,—"suffered dreadfully. You know, my father went over with the army when the war first broke out here, and when we bade him good-by, we knew there was a big chance of never seeing him again. But when we got word, a few months later, that he had been wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans, we were *sure* we should n't. The suspense was simply frightful. I never want to go through such a thing again as long as I live. Six long months it was, and we had no idea what had happened to him. We almost hoped he was dead, because the things we read of as happening to the prisoners were so unspeakable. And then he escaped and came back to us—we never knew a thing about it till he was brought home one day. I thought Mother would die with the joy of it. She 's in a sanitarium now—getting over the shock of it all. So, you see, Virginie dear, I know what you have suffered, and I 'm sure your troubles are going to vanish—just as ours did."

But Virginie only shook her head. "It is not possible. You do not know all—you cannot. My father is—perhaps—worse than dead. He—but still, I feel very close to you. We have both suffered. We understand—each other. I—I love you!" And she kissed Patricia impulsively on both cheeks.

Another silence followed, the girls sitting close together on the couch, in wordless, understanding sympathy. Suddenly Virginie sprang to her feet, her dark eyes gleaming. "Hush! Listen!" she cried. "I heard a strange rustling outside the door. Can it be—some one listening?" She hurried to the door and pulled it open, Patricia close at her heels. The corridor was empty.

"It was probably only a maid going by," laughed Patricia. "You 're as scary as I am. I do believe. I heard it, too. But let 's go and settle down again. I 'm sure we 're going to be the best kind of friends. Is n't it lucky we 're right across the hall from each other?"

But Virginie did not assent to the latter question. Instead, she put one of her own. "Do you speak French at all?" she inquired. "I have studied the English, but I speak it with difficulty. I *think* only in French, and I can express myself better in that tongue. It is my native language."

"Oh, I 'd love to talk French with you!" agreed Patricia, joyfully. "Father made me study it and speak it with him ever since I was a little girl. But I have n't had much practice in it lately, and I don't believe my accent is very good. We 'll use it all the time, and you can tell me when I make mistakes."

So they began to chatter in French, to Virginie's evident relief, and her manner presently lost much of its restraint. At noon Patricia sent down for a delicious luncheon to be served for them both in the room, but was thoroughly disgusted to find that her pet aversion, Peter Stoger, had been sent up with it. And though he seemed anxious to arrange the table for them, she summarily dismissed him, shutting and locking the door after him with a shudder.

"I thoroughly detest that man," she confided to Virginie. And, rather to her surprise, Virginie heartily agreed with her.

"I know. I feel a great dislike toward him. I think he is an enemy. I think he is—watching."

"Precisely what *I 've* thought!" cried Patricia. "Is n't it queer that we 've both felt the same about him! Uhg! I wish now that we 'd gone down to the dining-room. We could have sat at your table. You have another waiter. Well, never mind. Let 's enjoy ourselves now, anyway."

The afternoon wore away, finding the two girls still in each other's company, still exchanging girlish confidences over fancy-work and books. But they did not refer again to Virginie's father, and both seemed to avoid any reference to war subjects in general. Patricia longed to take the girl more into her own confidence about her father and his affairs: but, mindful of Captain Meade's constantly reiterated warnings, she resisted the impulse.

At half past five Virginie remarked that she must return to her room and dress for dinner, as Madame Vanderpoel would soon be back.

"Tell me," asked Patricia, "why do you not call her aunt, as she is your mother's sister-in-law? It would be natural."

Virginie suddenly retired to her shell again. "I never have," was all she vouchsafed. "I—do not know why—that is—" They were walking toward the door as she replied. All at once she stopped, tensely rigid. "There it is again!" she whispered. "Do you not hear it?" There was indeed a curious intermittent sound, as of some one cautiously tiptoeing down the carpeted corridor. Patricia opened the door with a quick jerk.

"'YOU SEE,' WHISPERED VIRGINIA, CLINGING TO PATRICIA SPASMODICALLY!"

The hall again was empty. But at the far end of the corridor, where it turned into another, the wall was illumined by a brilliant patch of sunlight from some window out of sight. And blackly on that patch of sunlight, as on a lighted screen, was outlined the silhouette of a man's form, and of something

else that he evidently carried in his hands.

"You see?" whispered Virginie, clinging to Patricia spasmodically.

"Yes, I see!" answered Patricia.

The motionless silhouette was unmistakably the form of Peter Stoger, carrying a tray.

CHAPTER IV

THE CRIMSON PATCH

"I DON'T like it all, somehow, and yet I can't exactly tell you why." Captain Meade shuffled the books and magazines on the sitting-room table, rearranging them precisely and absent-mindedly. On his forehead was an anxious frown.

"But, Daddy," cried Patricia, "what possible objection can there be to my being friends with that lovely girl? She is so lonely and so sad! I just love her already. Think what she has suffered—and is still suffering! It seems as if it would be simply cruel not to be friends with her now, after what she has told me."

"But the very things you 've told me about her and your conversations with her make me feel there 's something strange about the whole affair. She 's not as candid and open in manner as I should like. She seems to be hiding something all the time. And her relationship to that Madame Vanderpoel appears singular. She says the woman is her aunt, by marriage, yet she does n't seem to care to call her so. I am deeply sorry for the girl, if her story is true, as it probably is, but I feel as if there is much that she is concealing. And I frankly confess that I do not like that Madame Van derpoel. Why should she have told you that the girl was ill with a severe headache, and then you go in and find her in the best of health, apparently? Things don't hang to gether, somehow."

"Well, what am I going to do?" demanded Patricia, almost in tears. "Madame Vanderpoel has invited me to go with them on a trip to Creston Beach to-morrow and spend the day with them there. I suppose she wants to do something in return for my looking after Virginie to-day. She spoke to me about it as we passed her table to-night. You had gone on ahead to speak to Mrs. Quale. I told her I 'd ask you about it. Are you going to say I must n't go?"

The captain tugged at the end of his short mustache and strode up and down the room perplexedly. At length he spoke. "You simply must trust me in this matter, honey, and remember that I 'm not an old tyrant, but just a cautious Daddy, striving to do what is best for us all. You will have an engagement with Mrs. Quale to-morrow. Fortunately she suggested to me this evening that perhaps you would care to spend the morning with her and help her select some wall-papers for her house that is being re-built and decorated. And let me offer just this wee bit of advice. See as much as you want of this little Virginie when you can be with her alone. She is a poor, forlorn child who is suffering greatly—of that I feel certain. And I believe there is no harm in her. But avoid, if you can, any engagement or invitation which includes the older woman."

"Father, what do you suspect her of? What are your suspicions about her?"

"I suspect her of nothing. I do not care for her on general principles. Sometimes we have only instinct to trust, and mine tells me, just now, simply to be careful. That 's all. Now call her up on the 'phone and say you will not be able to accompany them, and thank her, of course, for so kindly thinking of you."

Patricia did as she was bid, and was answered by Virginie, who said Madame Vanderpoel was not there. "I 'm so sorry that I 'll not be able to go, but Father had made another engagement for me," Patricia assured her, and there was a murmured reply over the instrument that the captain could not catch. But when Patricia hung up the receiver, her face was a study in perplexity.

"What do you think she said, Daddy? 'I am not sorry. I enjoy seeing you more by ourselves.' That was all, but is n't it singular? I don't believe she cares for that aunt of hers. And yet, I can't understand why. Madame Vanderpoel seems lovely, to me, and she appears to be so fond of Virginie. I 'll take the hint, however. And it fits in very nicely with what you advised me to do, too. Oh, by the way, Daddy, I nearly forgot to tell you what happened this afternoon. And if you don't think that Peter Stoger is spying, after you hear it, I give up." And she described to him the strange incident in the hall.

This time the captain did not laugh at her fears. Instead, he frowned and looked worried. "That does certainly seem suspicious. I 'll have to look into the matter," he vouchsafed, and refused to discuss the incident further.

IN the two weeks that elapsed after the foregoing incident, the friendship between the girls increased, after a fashion, but Patricia was at

times sorely puzzled and perplexed by the strange moods and whims and actions of her new companion. On one day they would be in each other's company for several hours, visiting in the Meade's attractive sitting-room, where they read or sewed, or taking long walks or trolley-rides into the country. On these occasions Virginie would be almost clinging in her confidence in, and affection for, Patricia. Not the tiniest flaw would mar their intercourse, and Patricia would acknowledge herself more deeply interested than ever in this attractive girl. Then on the next day, perhaps for several days following, Virginie would seem distant, reserved, morose, sometimes almost disagreeable. She would pass Patricia with the coldest nod, refuse to make any engagement to be with her, and almost seem to resent any advances toward the furtherance of their friendship. Patricia worried and grieved about it in secret, though she would not openly acknowledge, even to her father, that Virginie's singular conduct hurt her.

Madame Vanderpoel, on the contrary, always seemed most cordial and friendly, and while she never commented on her ward's conduct to Patricia, would often cast at her a deprecatory and apologetic glance when Virginie was more than usually disagreeable in manner. Plainly, the girl's strange conduct tried her sorely, though she was always very sweet about it and ignored it whenever possible. Never again, since the first occasion, had she attempted to induce Patricia to accompany them anywhere or spend any time in their united company. Altogether, so thoughtful and agreeable was she, that Patricia, more fascinated by her than ever, often found herself wishing that she were at liberty to see more of this pleasant Madame Vanderpoel.

One rainy afternoon, Captain Meade having gone out, to be away till a late hour that night on a lecture engagement, Patricia called up her friend on the house telephone to ask her to come across the hall and spend the rest of the day with her. She did this in considerable trepidation, for Virginie had been more than usually morose and disagreeable and distant for a number of days past. As it happened, it was Madame Vanderpoel who answered the 'phone.

"Why certainly, my dear! Virginie will come over at once," she replied cordially. "She has been quite lonely this afternoon, and wishing for something to do. You are very kind."

Patricia had just begun to frame an answer, when, somewhat to her surprise, the receiver at the other end was suddenly hung up and the connection cut. The action was very abrupt. And though she told herself she certainly *must* have been mistaken, she thought she had heard, before being cut off, a voice in the room with Madame Vanderpoel declaring, *"I will not go!"* It was all very puzzling.

Virginie did not come in for some time, and in the interval Patricia framed a resolution. She would fathom this girl's singular conduct to-day or never, even if she had to ask the most personal questions to do so.

When the little Belgian at last arrived, she was polite, but distant, in manner, and distinctly unhappy. To Patricia's cordial remarks she returned only monosyllabic answers, was restless and ill at ease. They were sitting together on the couch, each pretending to be deeply engrossed in her fancy-work, when Patricia with widly beating heart, suddenly determined that the time had come to put her resolve into effect.

"Virginie," she began, abruptly turning to the girl, "won't you tell me what is the trouble? What have I done to offend or annoy you? You are often so strange in your actions toward me. I cannot understand it. I—"

But she got no farther. To her intense amazement and dismay, Virginie suddenly threw herself across the couch in a passion of wild and violent weeping. It was several moments before Patricia could sooth her back to a state where she was able even to speak.

"Oh, I knew you would think this! I knew it. I knew it!" she sobbed. "I knew the time would come when I must explain—or lose your friendship. If you only could trust me. If you only knew—"

Patricia, at a loss for words, could only squeeze her hand in silent assurance.

"But you never will know—and I never can tell you!" she went on wildly. "I love you—I love you—as I love no one else on earth now—beside my father. Do you believe that?"

"I believe it if you say so," Patricia assured her quietly. "I feel sure you are telling me the truth." Her calm, soothing manner was having its effect on the girl's hysterical condition. Virginie herself suddenly became calmer.

"I wish you would make me a promise," she continued. "If you knew my life and all that I have to endure,—all the puzzling, bewildering things that are pulling me this way and that—things that I perhaps can never tell you,

because they would concern others,—I know that you would promise me this, never to care whether my manner seems cold toward you; never to think unkind thoughts of me, no matter how I may act—to say to yourself always, when I seem the worst, 'Virginie loves me; she does not mean this mood for *me!*' Could you make me that promise, Patricia? Some day, if God wills, I may be able to explain."

"Indeed, Virginie," cried her companion, sincerely touched, "I trust you every way and always! I 'll never be annoyed any more, no matter how you act. I 'll understand that it 's something quite outside of myself that is causing it. Will that make you feel any better?"

Virginie did not answer in words, but the grateful pressure of her hands was sufficient response. The atmosphere having thus been cleared, Patricia abandoned the subject and plunged gaily into something quite different.

"You told me once, Virginie," she began "that you had done a good deal of work in water-colors at various times, but you have never shown me any of your sketches. Have you any here with you, and if so, could I see them? I 'm awfully interested in that sort of thing, though I don't do much of the kind myself."

"Ah, yes!" cried Virginie, brightening at once. "I have a whole portfolio in my room. I will go to fetch it. I love the work, and I turn to it whenever I have an opportunity." She ran out of the room and hurried back with a batch of color sketches that she spread out on the couch. They were really exceedingly clever, as Patricia recognized at once.

"Why, this is wonderful. You are a real, out-and-out artist, and I never realized it before!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I dabble a little in that sort of thing myself

"'AH, WHAT BEAUTIFUL, WHAT UNUSUAL WORK!' SHE MURMURED"

once in a while, but I 'm not a great success. I do wish I had inherited some of father's artistic ability. He can do beautiful work, but I only just love it and admire it."

"Ah, your father is also an artist?" demanded Virginie, interested afresh.

"Well, I don't know that I 'd call him exactly an *artist,*" qualified Patricia. He can draw and paint 'most everything fairly well, but he does excel in one thing. He 's crazy about it,—it 's a regular hobby with him,—entomology, you know, the study of bugs and moths and caterpillars and butterflies, and all that sort of thing. And he can make the most beautiful sketches of them. Many 's the day I 've gone on a long butterfly hunt with him, and then have come home and watched him make sketches of the specimens we 've caught. Just let me show you some of the things he 's done. I think he has a number of his pet sketches in his trunk. He never travels without them." Patricia brought her father's sketches and placed them in Virginie's hands.

And now it was Virginie's turn to exclaim over the really beautiful work of Captain Meade. There were caterpillars and moths and butterflies, executed with consummate skill and exquisitely colored; each labeled with its own name and species. Virginie marveled over their curious titles.

"Ah, but see here, what singular names—'The Silver Spot,' 'The Red Admiral,' 'The Painted Lady'! Why are they so called?"

"I think it 's mainly because of the different marking on the wings," answered Patricia. "You see, each one—but what 's that? Some one knocking?" She ran to the door and opened it. Madame Vanderpoel stood outside.

"Do pardon me," she began hesitatingly. "I am making this little blouse for Virginie and have just come to a place where I can go no farther till I try it on. May I come in?"

"Why, surely!" returned Patricia, courteously, and Madame Vanderpoel entered. As Patricia had feared, however, there was an immediate chilling of the atmosphere as far as Virginie was concerned. The girl said not a word, but obediently, if ungraciously, slipped the pretty blouse over her head and stood in silence while Madame Vanderpoel made some necessary alterations. The lady herself strove to appear quite unobservant of the change and chatted on brightly while she completed her work. Patricia, bewildered and uncomfortable, also tried to appear as though nothing unusual was the matter. But she found the task difficult. At length, Madame Vanderpoel, declaring herself satisfied with the result, rose to go. While passing the table, however, she noticed Captain Meade's sketches, and, laying down her sewing, stopped to examine them.

"Ah, what beautiful, what unusual work!" she murmured, taking them up, one by one, and asking Patricia some questions about them. But at last she took her departure.

"Oh, by the way, may Virginie stay and have dinner with me here in our rooms?" questioned Patricia, before she left. Madame Vanderpoel gave her consent and was gone.

It was some time before Virginie recovered her spirits after this interruption, but when she was herself again, the two girls resumed their now wholly delightful intercourse.

"Let 's send down for some sarsaparilla and fancy cakes!" suddenly cried Patricia. "I 'm hungry and thirsty, too, and it 's a good while till dinner-time." She telephoned her wish to the office, and Chester Jackson presently knocked at the door with the order.

"Golly!" he cried suddenly, catching sight of the mass of sketches on the table, "but them 's purty things! You 'd think they was the real article lit all over the place. Can I look at them?" Patricia laughingly gave her consent, and he turned them over, chuckling at their names. But he, too, at length departed, and the girls were not interrupted further till dinner-time, when Patricia asked to have the meal served in the room.

It was Peter Stoger who entered later with a heavily laden tray, approached the table, glanced about helplessly a moment, then planted the tray directly on top of all the sketches littered over its surface.

"Oh, be careful!" cried Patricia, in dismay. "Don't you see what you 're doing? Hold the tray until I remove those things." Peter indifferently lifted the tray while she hastily collected the sketches and put them aside. Then he stolidly resumed his work of arranging the meal, and withdrew.

It was late when Captain Meade returned. Patricia had been telling how she had spent her day, and had just come to the part where she had showed his sketches to Virginie.

"Great Jupiter! You *did!*" he cried distractedly. "Why on earth did n't I warn you not to! I never dreamed you 'd be tempted to do such a thing. Where are they—quick?"

Patricia watched him in a mystified daze as he nervously shuffled them over. What could it all mean? Had she done wrong?

"It 's just as I feared!" he groaned. *"The Crimson Patch is gone!"*

(To be continued)

And he could n't abide the least delay,
But wanted his will at once, they say.

NOW, nothing one said could ever convince
This queer little genuine first-class prince

The king, he fretted; the queen, she cried;
The courtiers groaned, and the maidens sighed.
But the prince had something, himself, in view.—
Something, indeed, entirely new,—
And he said to them all: "I want the moon!
And I bid you know that I 'd like it *soon!*"

SON of my heart," the queen replied,
"Be never a wish of thine denied!
Let the moon be gotten at once!" she cried.
"It shall grace the top of our Christmas tree!"
Then much distressed were the maidens fair,
And the courtiers gasped in blank despair;
The chamberlain frowned and scratched his head;
But never a word was rashly said,
For there was n't a soul did care to try
To fetch the moon from her place on high.

Then the king cried: "Now in our time of need
Should the fairy godmother come at speed;
For surely none but the fairies know
The road to the moon from the earth below!
Our herald shall summon the lady fair,
And beg that her magical staff she bear.

THE godmother came at the monarch's word

THEN circles three on the ground she drew,
And thrice on a silver whistle blew,
And thrice she struck with the magic stick,
Then called on the prince to mount it quick.
"Now mind thy manners!" she sternly said.
"Thou art lost if a single tear be shed;
For there 's never a place in all the skies
For even a prince who frowns or cries!
And forget thou not that thy hold be tight,
And thou safe shalt ride to the moon to-night!"

FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—III

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battlefront of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc.

THERE are three cottages shown in the plan of Packing-box Village which was published in the October issue of ST. NICHOLAS, and of course it will not do to build them all alike, or our village will look like a factory town. We are rather limited in our architecture by having to build our houses out of boxes, but two houses can be made very different in external appearance by giving them roofs of different design. The cottage described in the November issue was a two-room house with a plain gable-roof. We could make it look like an entirely different cottage if we used two gable-roofs, one over each room, but that over the rear room at right angles to the first one. Better still, suppose we add a third box and make an ell-shaped house, such as that indicated at the corner of Main Street and Cottage Place.

THE ELL-SHAPE COTTAGE

FIGURE 1 is a roof plan of the cottage, with the three boxes, *X*, *Y*, and *Z*, shown in dotted lines. The boxes will have to be treated as they were in the two-room house, that is, the tops will have to be removed and the sides framed at the top. The side of box *Y* where it joins box *Z* and the side of box *X* where it joins box *Y* should be removed, and doorways will have to be cut leading from one room to another. There is one gable-roof over the two boxes *X* and *Y*, which we shall call the main roof and which is constructed exactly as was the roof over the two-room cottage.

The roof over the front room, *Z*, will be a little more difficult to construct, particularly where it joins the main roof. For this roof we shall need two gables, such as are shown in Fig. 2. One of these gables, which is to be at the front of the house, must be boarded up as shown at *A*. The other gable, however, can be merely a skeleton gable as shown at *B*. The construction of the gables was fully described the two previous issues.

The gables must be set up on the ground, as shown in the drawing, just far enough apart to rest on the box *Z* and clear the roof over box *Y*. Be sure that the gables are vertical and at the right distance apart, and then fasten them in this position temporarily by means of strips, *C*, *C*, nailed to the eaves, and diagonal strips, *D*, *D*. The strips *D*, *D* must not extend to the peak of the gables, because we shall have to have room to nail on at least one of the roof boards at each side before they may be removed. After the gables have been set up, as shown in Fig. 2, mount them on the box *Z*, as in Fig. 3.

Lay a roof board on the gables, resting it, temporarily, on a couple of nails as shown. This board should be long enough to allow for cutting it off at an angle where it meets the main roof. In order to get the proper angle, take a board, *E*, with its two edges truly parallel, and lay it flat on the roof board, with one edge resting against the main roof. Then, along the opposite edge of the board *E* draw a line, which will show us where to cut off our roof board. This line is marked *F*, *F* in Fig. 4. First cut the board along this line, *F*, *F*, keeping the saw at right angles to the face of the board, that is, on the line *G*, *G*. Now if we set the board in place again, we shall find that while the inner edge fits neatly against the main roof, the outer edge of the board will stand away from it. This means that we shall have to undercut the edge of the board as indicated by the line *H*, *H*. Just what the angle should be between the lines *G*, *G* and *H*, *H* will depend upon the slant to the gable roof. The undercutting may be done either with a saw, a plane, or a draw-knife; and it does not matter if we cut too much, for it is not necessary to have the inner edge of the board bear against the main roof as long as the outer edge does. Having cut one board, we have a pattern by which all the rest of the boards may be cut.

The roof boards may now be fastened to the

gables, and after the two boards have been nailed on at the ridge of the roof, the diagonal braces, *D*, may be removed, and eventually the braces, *C*, after a few more roof boards are fastened on. When the boards are all on, the projecting ends may be sawed off about a foot from the gable, *A*.

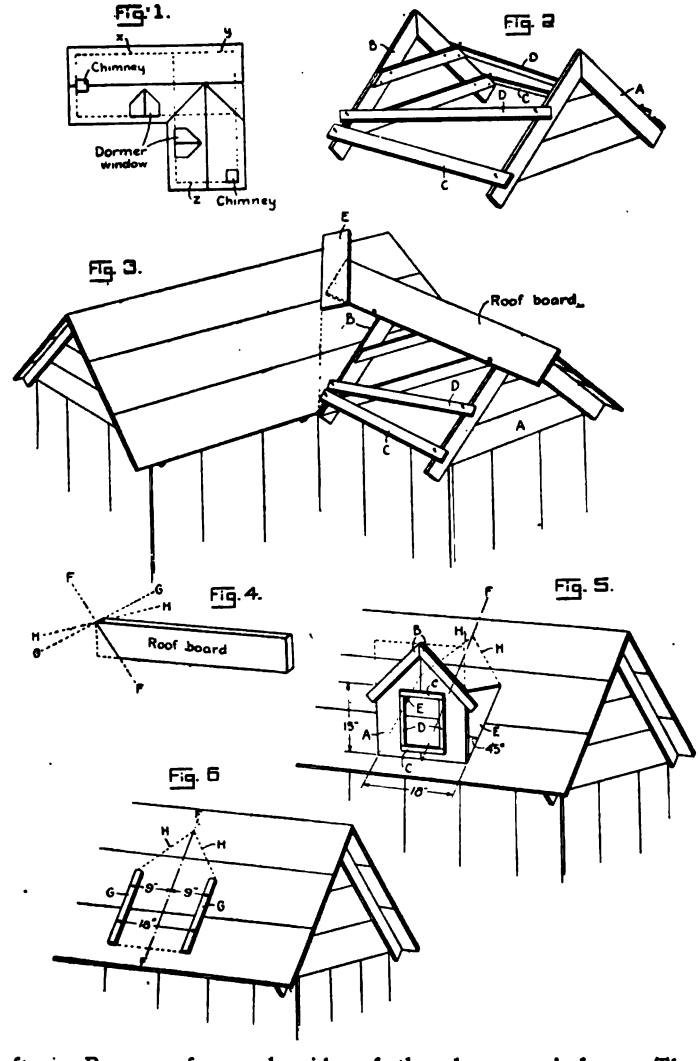
The main roof is not cut away where it meets the front roof. This may be done, if desired, but it simplifies the construction to let the main roof run clear through from front to rear of the ell. This will leave a pocket back of the gable *B*, which may be boarded up and fitted with a door, providing a handy closet for the storing of odds and ends.

DORMER-WINDOWS

WHILE we are on the subject of roofs, we may as well look into the contruction of dormer-windows, as these add a good deal to the appearance of the house. Figures 5 and 6 show how a dormer-window may be made. First, we must construct the outer wall of the dormer-window, which should be made of a couple of boards fastened together with battens to form a wall, *A*, 18 inches wide and 2 feet high. The lower edge of the wall must be beveled at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to rest on the roof of the house. Measure up 15 inches from the bottom at each side of this wall, and draw diagonal lines from these two points to the top of the wall at the center. This will show us where to cut off the wall so as to form a gable. The part cut away is shown by dotted lines in Fig. 5. On the face of the wall, the rafters, *B*, are nailed. They are strips of wood not more than 2 inches wide, mortised at the peak and extending a couple of inches or so beyond the wall at the eaves.

Before proceeding further, we had better cut the window, which should be an opening measuring about 8x10 inches, and, as in the case of the other windows, it should be framed with strips, *C*, *C*, at the top and bottom, and side-strips, *D*, before the opening is cut out.

The next step is to build the two wings, *E*, *E*. These are made of a couple of boards fastened together with battens, so as to make a piece 15 inches square. A line is drawn diagonally from one corner to the other, and the piece is then cut into two triangles, one



for each side of the dormer-window. The wing-pieces, *E*, *E*, are now nailed to the side of the boards *A*, *A*, as shown in Fig. 5.

This done, we may prepare to set up our dormer-window. First, we must draw a center line, *F*, *F*, (Fig. 6) at right angles to the roof, and two other lines 9 inches each side of it, to mark where the wings, *E*, *E*, are to come. Nail a couple of strips, *G*, *G*, to the roof along these lines. The dormer-window is now set on

the roof about a foot from the eaves, or far enough to bring the face of the dormer-window in the same plane as the face of the house, and the wing-pieces, *E, E,* are nailed to the strips *G, G.* Lay a rod from the peak of the dormer-window to the main roof, on the line *F, F,* and be sure to have it perfectly level. This will give us the point where the ridge of the roof of the dormer-window will meet the main roof, and from this point lines are drawn to the wing-pieces, *E, E,* which will show us where the roof of the dormer-window will join the main roof. This done, we may proceed to nail our roof boards on the dormer-window, cutting them off at an angle, which will be the same as that used on the roof boards shown in Fig. 4. The dormer-window should have an overhang of at least 4 inches beyond the wall *A.*

Another improvement to our roof is to provide a chimney not set astride the ridge, as was described in the last issue, but apparently emerging from the side of the roof at some convenient point. All we need to do is to take a long box of square section, and saw off the lower end at an angle of forty-five degrees, when it can be nailed to the roof, as shown in Fig. 7, driving the nails in on a slant.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

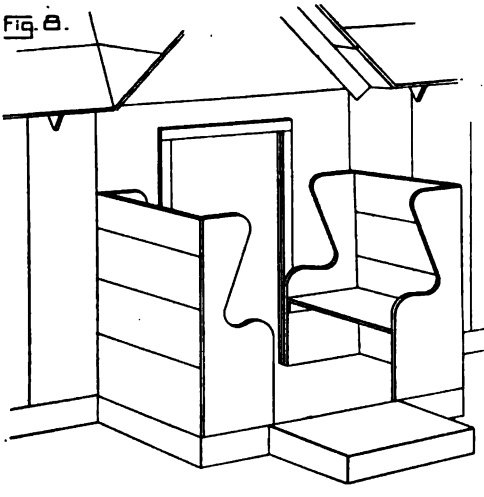


Fig. 9.

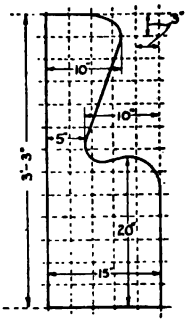


Fig. 10.

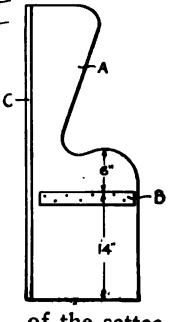


Fig. 11.

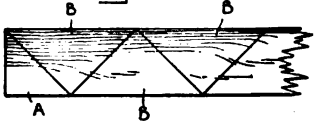


Fig. 12

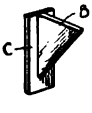
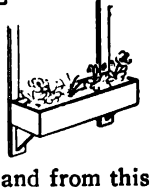


Fig. 13



A DUTCH STOOP

ANOTHER way of varying our cottages is to vary the design of the front entrances. Instead of having a porch, such as was described in last issue, we may provide one of the houses with an old-fashioned stoop. The old Dutch stoop consisted of a platform without any roof, but with a couple of high-backed settees on each side of the doorway. For the sake of variety, we might arrange our boxes all in a line and have our stoop in front of the middle box, with a gable over the doorway. Fig. 8 give us an idea of the appearance of such an entrance.

The settees are easily made if one has a compass-saw, with which he can cut curves. First, we must lay out the side-pieces of the settee, as shown in Fig. 10. These will have to be three feet, three inches high, 10 inches wide at the top, and 15 inches wide at the bottom. The best plan is to take a board 10 inches wide and add to it another 5 inches wide. Often boxes come with boards that are tongue and grooved, and these will serve our purpose admirably. In order to get the proper curve for the upper part of these side-pieces, take a big sheet of paper and lay it off with vertical and horizontal guide-lines, as shown in Fig. 9. With these guide-lines, it will be a simple matter to draw a curve approximately like that shown in the figure. The paper pattern should be pasted on one of the side-pieces, when the board may be cut by sawing along the curved line right through the paper. After one of the side-pieces has been cut out, it

can be used in place of the paper as a pattern for the other side-pieces.

Fourteen inches from the bottom of the side-pieces (*A*, Fig. 10) nail the battens, *B*, for the seat boards to rest upon, and along the rear edge of each side-piece nail strips, *C*, about an inch square, against which the backs of the seats are to be nailed. The stoop should be about two and a half feet wide, which means that the side-pieces of the seats must be spaced as far apart as that, and then seat boards, at least an inch thick, must be cut out to fit between two side-pieces. They are nailed to the battens, *B*. This done, the settees should be set on the platform of the stoop and carefully leveled up, so that the side-pieces stand perpendicularly, after which boards are nailed to the strips *C* to form the backs of the seats.

WINDOW-BOXES

THERE is another ornamental feature that may be added to improve the appearance of our cottages, namely, flower-boxes at the windows. Boxes about 6 inches deep and a little longer than the width of the window may be used. They need not be more than 9 or 10 inches wide. To support them we shall need brackets, which may be constructed as shown in Fig. 12. The three-cornered wooden pieces are formed not by cutting a corner off a board, as shown at *A* in Fig. 11, but by cutting pieces out of the board, as shown at *B, B, B*. The advantage of this is that the grain of the wood will not run vertically or horizontally, but will run diagonally to the box and the face of the house. A corner-piece is nailed to a board, *C*, by driving nails through from the back of the board, and the box is nailed to the bracket by driving nails into it from the top of the box. The brackets may then be nailed to the wall of the house just under the window-sill by driving nails through the pieces *C*. Window-boxes filled with geraniums or other flowers that have bright blooms will add wonderfully to the attractiveness of a cottage.

(To be continued)

A SEE-SAW MERRY-GO-ROUND

SEE-SAWING is lots of fun for a while, but it becomes monotonous after a time. Far more sport will be had if the see-saw is made to revolve as well as move up and down. It is not a very difficult matter to make such a merry-go-round see-saw after the plans given in the accompanying drawings.

Work should be started first on the stand of the machine. For the head of the stand we shall need a wooden disk. Instead of cutting this out, which may prove bothersome to one who is not experienced in the use of tools, we may knock out the bottom of a couple of peach baskets and nail them together, with the grain of one running at right angles to the other. The upper face of this circular head should be covered with a sheet of tin, as shown in Fig. 1. At the center of the head we shall want to place a bolt for the see-saw to revolve upon. This should be a ½" bolt about 4" long. Take a block of wood about 3" square and 1½" deep and bore a ½" hole through the center of it to receive the shank of the bolt. At the under side of the block the hole should be enlarged to receive the head of the bolt. This block (*A*, Fig. 1) may then be nailed to the head, *B*, with the threaded shank of the bolt projecting upward. We must now cut out two pieces, *C* and *D*, 8" long and 1½" wide, which should be notched at the center, so that they may be fitted together to form a cross. The head must be nailed to this cross.

For the legs of the stand we shall need four pieces 3" wide and 2'-0" long. Opposite pairs of legs must be conn the bottom by m braces; for insta legs *E* and *F* are connected by means of the brace *G*, and the legs *H* and *I* by means of the brace *J*. The braces *G* and *J* are also notched at the center, so that they will fit together and form a cross. It will be noticed that the leg *E* is nailed to one side of the brace *G*, and the leg *F* to the other side of the brace. In the same way the

FIG. 1

leg *E* is nailed to one side of the piece *D*, and the leg *F* to the other side of it. The legs should have a spread at the bottom of 4′-0″, and, in order to make the stand steady, the braces *G* and *J* should be connected by means of pieces *K*.

Fig. 2 shows the stand completely assembled. Care must be taken to cut the legs at the bottom so that they will bear evenly on the ground. This may be done by setting up the stand on a smooth floor and propping it up so that it stands level, after which a strip of wood 3″ wide is set up on the floor against a pair of opposite legs and a line is drawn on them along the upper edge of the strip. The same is done with the opposite pair of legs, and then the legs are sawed off on these lines.

FIG. 2

For the revolving head (*L*, Fig. 3) of the machine we shall need a piece of wood 2″ deep, 3″ wide and 12″ long. Two ordinary casters must be fitted to the head so as to revolve on the tin surface of the stand head. At the center of the revolving head a hole must be bored to receive the bolt projecting from the block *A*. The see-saw is to rock on bolts *M*, projecting from the ends of the revolving head. The best way of fitting these bolts in place is to bore a couple of holes in the top of the revolving head (as shown in Fig. 3 and in the sectional view, Fig. 5) just large enough to receive the nuts of the bolts. Holes are then bored in the ends of this head through which

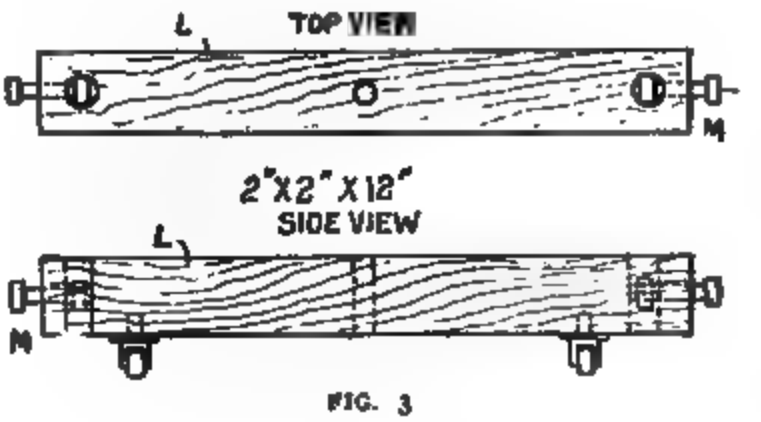


FIG. 3

the shanks of the bolts may pass to engage with the nuts. These bolts should be about 3″ long.

For the see-saw body we shall need two strips of wood, *N*, Fig. 4, 12′-0″ long, 3″ wide, and ¾″ thick. These should be spaced apart by means of a couple of spreaders, 12″ long, shown at *O* in Fig. 4. The ends of the two strips are then brought together and nailed and on them are secured a couple of seats. In front of each seat there should be a vertical post, *P*, Fig. 5, for a hold.

The see-saw may now be assembled by fitting the body, *N*, over the revolving head, *L*. Holes are bored through pieces *N* to receive the bolts *M*. The bolts are passed through these holes into the head, *L*, and are screwed into the nuts. Then the head is fitted on the bolt that projects from the block *A* and is held in place by a nut. This completes the machine, and it will be lots of fun swinging up and down on it and spinning around at the same time.

GORDON BRUCE.

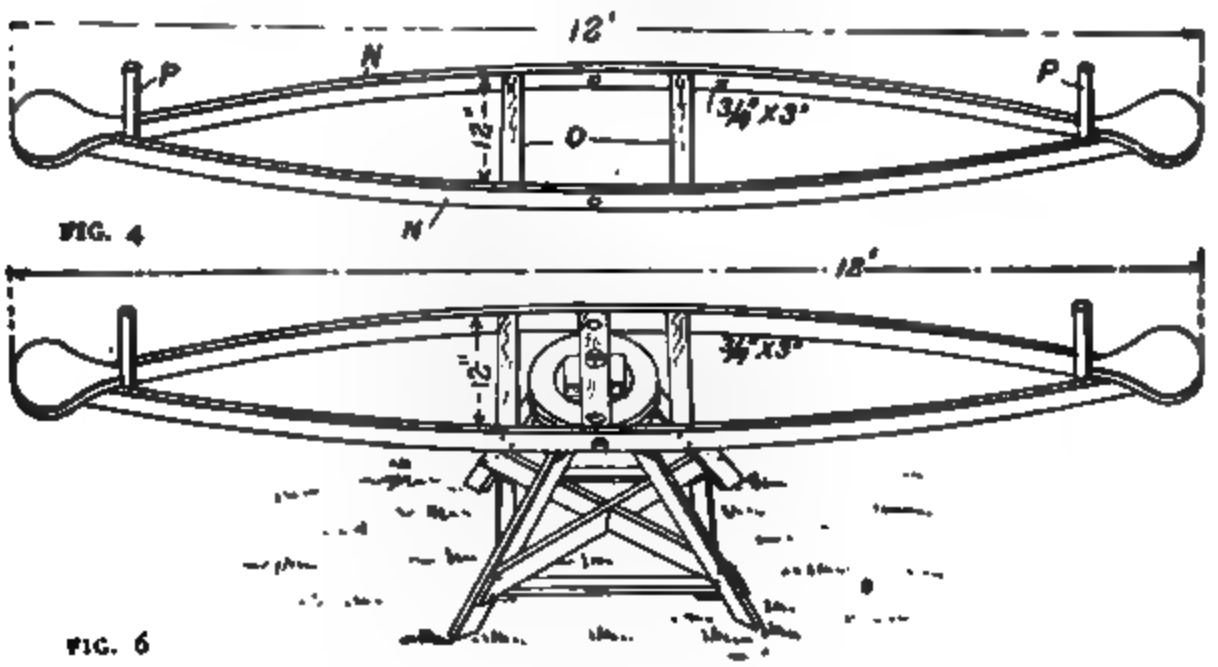


FIG. 4

FIG. 6

THE SEEDS OF REVOLUTION

By EDWARD N. TEALL

THERE is a story about an old lady who said she 'd had a great many troubles in her life—most of which had never happened. It was much to be hoped, in the latter days of October, that the troubles which seemed to be about to descend upon us might somehow be prevented from happening. Worrying about them, of course, could do no good. (Worrying *never* does any good!) But the clouds were so very black that the country had to prepare for a storm.

THE WATCH TOWER does not look for trouble. It looks for just the other sort of thing. But we cannot gaze at a dark sky and say, "What a beautiful day it is!"

The situation was extremely serious. Only a fool could have said there was no reason to be alarmed. A huge black wave of discontent was sweeping over the country. Strike followed strike, and the "industrial unrest" spread fast and far. Instead of a peaceful, happy, and busy people, we seemed like a restless, half-sick nation. The suspicion of injustice caused angry desire for revenge.

Gradually this vague discontent and lack of harmony took more definite form. The revolutionists organized on a larger scale. Yes, revolutionists! For back of the labor troubles, there was deliberate disloyalty and opposition to the Government of our United States. It is not a bit more than the truth to say that in October, 1919, this country faced a peril as great as that of the months before the Civil War.

In 1860 the question was whether States had the right to secede from the Union. In 1919 it was whether any part of our population could be greater than the Government, whether the interests of any minority could prevail over the interests of the nation as a whole.

Probably it was a clear understanding of the fact that the one way to settle a difficulty is to get each side to state its position definitely that led the President to call a conference of men representing capital, labor, and the public. Perhaps it was a mistake to have the conference assemble without a program. Possibly the President thought such an arrangement would lead to a more candid debate. But the conference broke up without achieving any positive results. One important object was accomplished, however, in showing the people at large where the leaders of each side stood.

Finally, when the leaders of the coal miners' organization refused to call off the strike set for November 1, by which the operation of all the mines would be stopped, the Government took a firm stand. The Cabinet prepared, and the President signed, a proclamation declaring that the strike was illegal, unjustifiable, and in direct opposition to the welfare of the nation, and that *every power* of the United States Government would be used to suppress this revolutionary movement.

And so it came to a show-down between the forces of lawlessness on the one side, and Uncle Sam and his loyal friends on the other. Probably by the time this number of ST. NICHOLAS is out, we shall know whether the America of Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt is to be preserved in accordance with their ideals, or is to be bruised and battered by those who put their own desires above the interests of this great nation. For there are men in this land who would wreck it, as Trotzky and Lenine have wrecked Russia, to gain their own selfish ends. There are leaders of

labor who would betray the honest, loyal, laboring man.

The boys and girls of America can do two things to help: they can quietly, but determinedly, oppose disloyal, disorderly talk. And they can help greatly in the important work of Americanization.

Keep cheerful, keep busy, and show everybody that Young America is forever on the job!

©Charlotte Fairchild.
A CRUSADER OF THE RED CROSS

A CHEERFUL ECHO OF THE WAR

EIGHT million women did Red Cross work in this country during the war. If anybody thinks it was n't work, let him consider these facts and figures:

In less than two years they made and assembled 371,000,000 articles of use for sufferers in the war. This product was valued at nearly a hundred million dollars. It included surgical dressings, hospital garments and supplies, garments for refugees, and various comforts for the soldiers.

In a single month, last February, the Red Cross workers took care of nearly 300,000 home-service cases. In all, half a million or so of families had help, advice, or comfort of one sort or another from this splendid organization.

Figures don't tell the story. Ask "the boys"! When you consider the work done by the Red Cross overseas and at home for soldiers, sailors, and their families,—on the field, in camp or hospital, and in thousands of houses where those who stayed behind bravely bore their burdens of anxiety and distress,—you just simply have to "hand it to" the women and girls!

And credit for one tenth of this good work is given to the juniors.

People say they are "tired of hearing about the war," but there 's nothing dreary or painful in this part of the record.

THE ROOSEVELT FLAG

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, being a good American, loved his home. He might be President in the White House; he might be touring the world, the honored guest of kings and emperors, or hunting in the far-off jungle: but always his heart was at home in Oyster Bay.

A short distance out from Oyster Bay, on one of the Long Island country roads, is a little red brick school-house where some of the Roosevelt children began their education. Here the Colonel used to go every year to take part in the Christmas exercises; and here it was, most fittingly, that on his birthday anniversary the forty-eighth star was sewed on the Roosevelt Memorial Flag by girls of the school.

The flag, which had been carried across New York State by relays of boys, was then borne from the school-house to the near-by grave of the ex-President, and was spread over it. It was late in the autumn afternoon,

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SCHOOL-BOYS OF OYSTER BAY CARRYING THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL FLAG.

and the ceremony was performed in silence, broken only at sundown by the solemn notes of a bugle, sounding Taps.

No finer honor was paid, or could have been paid, to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. The memorial speeches at Washington could not have pleased him so much as this simple ceremony, near his home and by the children he loved. Theodore Roosevelt was not only the warrior who fought for the square deal; he was the friend of Young America, the boys and girls who will be the American men and women of to-morrow.

ITALY AND AMERICA

PROBABLY it does not seem strange to you young Americans, this business of our being involved in Italy's problems, but to us who are older, it is hard to "get." The United States has, of course, frequently had reason to be interested in events in other lands, and concerned over the policies of European governments. But it is quite a new thing for us to be actually taking part in European politics.

Now, there 's a deep question for you. It 's too deep for *us*—and some of the statesmen who must try to answer it seem to be floundering. Perhaps we ought to try to keep our good old United States out of it, or perhaps the time has really come when we can't help giving up our old-time "isolation."

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

THE visit of the royal family of Belgium was a delightful affair all round. If all kings had been like King Albert, perhaps—you know?

Of course we were particularly hearty in our greeting to the king, queen, and prince because in America we are all kings, queens, princes, or princesses. Probably it was a spirit of true friendliness, without a tinge of disrespect, that made it possible to hear on the streets of New York questions like these: "When is Albert going down the avenue?" and even this: "Did you see King Al yesterday?"

The queen won all hearts with her unaffectedly friendly manner. The prince made us all laugh when he escaped from a dull formal dinner to have some real fun with his young American friends at a dance. And the king must have added something like 100,000

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OUR ROYAL VISITORS THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM, AND THEIR ELDEST SON, THE CROWN PRINCE

000 friends to his list. We liked him when he rode to West Point in a plane instead of a train, and we loved him when he stood bareheaded at the tombs of Roosevelt and Washington, paying tribute to the memory of these great Americans and to the country they had so nobly served.

If all international relationships could be so pleasant, no wars could ever get started. The ST. NICHOLAS family joined joyously in the nation's salute to the King and Queen of the Belgians—with three special cheers for the Prince!

FLYING TO FRISCO

THE journey from New York to San Francisco used to be made in ships going all the way around Cape Horn. Then came the days of overland voyaging in prairie-schooners, the Pony Express, and finally the transcontinental railroad.

No, not "finally," for our gallant airmen have now made the flight from one coast to the other and back. And what is still to come, who shall say?

Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, the Flying Parson; Sergeant Kline, his mechanic; and all the other pilots and helpers who entered the wonderful round-trip cross-continent air race earned glory. Some of those who started the daring flight were injured; several lost their lives. Such is the price of progress.

Lieutenant Maynard predicted that before long air-planes would be making the trip from coast to coast in three days, and in "a year or two" there would be long-distance freight and passenger service.

General Mitchell, of the army air service, pointed out the military usefulness of the airmen's experience in this flight. America, he said "is probably the last of the great nations in her actual development of air power, military or commercial." Here 's a chance for Yankee brains and courage.

Wide World Photos.
THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF LIEUTENANT MAYNARD AWAITING HIS RETURN AT ROOSEVELT FIELD

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

Stop, look, and listen! Doing that when some young folks were discussing St. Nicholas, we heard one young miss say: "Oh, THE WATCH TOWER is for boys!" Good gracious! but that little niece of Uncle Sam's was wrong, w-r-o-n-g, *wrong!* How could a properly regulated Telescope, such as ours certainly is, possibly help seeing what the girls and women are doing, along with the boys and men, in and for the U. S. A. they *all* love? Is n't Mrs. Maynard, with the little Maynards, just as interesting to look at as her husband, "Parson" Maynard, climbing into his machine at the start of the cross-continent air race? The whole family appears in our pictures. It is n't possible to suppose that many St. Nicholas girls skip THE WATCH TOWER, and there ought not to be any who miss the fun. It will be well to remember, young ladies, you will soon be voters.

"Food prices tumble, U. S. bureau reports." That newspaper head-line looked pretty good. But the article showed that the "tumble" in September was a 2 per cent. one, while prices after it were still 88 per cent. higher than those of 1913. Still, if food prices were to continue going down 2 per cent. a month, consider what it would cost to eat in February, 1923!

There has been a good deal of talk about the poor pay of teachers in the schools and professors in the colleges; it is said that many of them have found that they can make much more money in other "lines." Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and other colleges are campaigning for funds. At Cornell, there appeared in a students' parade a transparency saying, "$125,000 will feed a prof and his family for a million years." If teachers and professors leave the schools and colleges to go into business, better salaries will have to be paid to get good men. Our boys and girls who are planning for their future need to know about these things. America will need good teachers more than ever in the next fifty years. There is no reason why good teachers should not be well paid. But this fact should also be borne in mind, that the life of a school-teacher or a college professor has some pleasures and rewards that are not open to those who go into business or the professions. One of them is the opportunity to go on reading, studying, and thinking. And it is no small thing, either, for those who like that way of living.

Wide World Photos.
LIEUTENANT BELVIN W. MAYNARD (AT THE RIGHT), HIS OBSERVER, AND THEIR MASCOT, TRIXIE

Finally, "last the best of all the game," here 's Christmas—the jolliest Saint's own day! And they do say it 's going to be one of the finest Christmases ever. Well, well, and so it should: a *giving* Christmas, a Christmas both joyous and thoughtful, and—don't you think?—just a wee bit more of a *religious* Christmas than we used to have five, eight, or ten years ago. Here 's to you all, a merry one!

TIMBER-WOLVES IN NEW YORK CITY

THREE timber-wolves, big, furry, and not nearly so ferocious as they look, are on the trail at the American Museum of Natural History. That every one has so far escaped their pursuit is due to the fact that the wolves are kept behind glass. But they appear very determined.

The representation is very true to life, for wolves are usually nocturnal in their habits, spending the day in their dens and going abroad at night. During a great part of the year they travel singly or in pairs, but in the winter they live together in packs and go in numbers in search of prey. One of the wolves is nosing the tracks of a deer. The second is sniffing the air as he slips out from between the gloomy evergreens. The third wolf is just mounting a little hill, his head low as he follows the scent. Their way is lighted by the soft, clear glow of the moon, and the night sky of deep blue sheds a blush luster over the whole scene.

The timber-wolf is a species commonly found throughout the West and Northwest. The particular scene shown represents the foot of the Arapaho Peaks, in the Silver Lake region of Colorado.

W. T. PERRY.

FORESTALLING THE SPRING

FEW people realize the ease with which the most beautiful sprays of spring blossom may be secured in midwinter. In January and February there is a great demand for blossoms for house decoration. There is a simple means of meeting this need, as you will see.

It is well known that the buds on flowering trees and shrubs are in a very advanced state before the plants go to sleep for the winter. Packed away into a small space are the bloom and foliage for the next season's growth.

Knowing this, we may anticipate the magic touch of spring and fill our houses with lovely flowers. The first thing is to go out into the garden or the orchard and gather branches of any of the spring-blooming shrubs and trees. Within the present writer's experience among the best sorts for this plan are cherry (wild or ornamental), plum (wild or ornamental), flowering currant (*Ribes*), Japanese quince, and almond.

See that you get boughs with plenty of buds on them. The practised eye of a fruit-grower will at once be able to distinguish these from the ordinary foliage buds. Even the uninitiated person will soon notice that the bloom buds are fatter and shorter than those which produce only leaves. Moreover, they are often grouped together on a short, twiggy growth.

BRANCHES OF WILD CHERRY BLOOMING INDOORS IN MIDWINTER

Take pains to get boughs of a shapely appearance, such as will look well in vases about the house.

When all the branches have been collected, take them indoors, and with a knife pare away several inches at the lower part of the stem. Then get jars or bowls of water and place the boughs in these. For about a week keep the branches in a rather dark corner, and then place them right in front of the sunniest win-

dow in a well-warmed room. Put fresh water in the jars every ten days, but this is all it is now needful to do.

In a very short while after bringing the boughs into the warm room the buds will begin to show that the change from the frosty air outside is appreciated. Quite soon the bloom buds will start to break open, and it will not be long before the branches are covered with the most beautiful flowers. These last in good condition for a long while, much longer indeed than is the case with sprays of a similar kind that open in the ordinary way.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

WHAT THE GREAT WAR DID FOR PLATINUM AND SILVER

HUGE war demands, combined with regular trade uses, for rare metals created a scarcity in the market for these products which sent the prices of some of them soaring far above the highest previous quotations.

Take platinum as an illustration. The constantly growing world-wide demand for it, coupled with an extreme shortage, caused a rise in value from $14.12 a troy ounce in 1901, to $36.05 in 1914, while in October, 1918, pure platinum was bringing $105.00 per ounce. Even in its unrefined state it was valued at approximately $90.00 per ounce, and almost impossible to obtain at that figure.

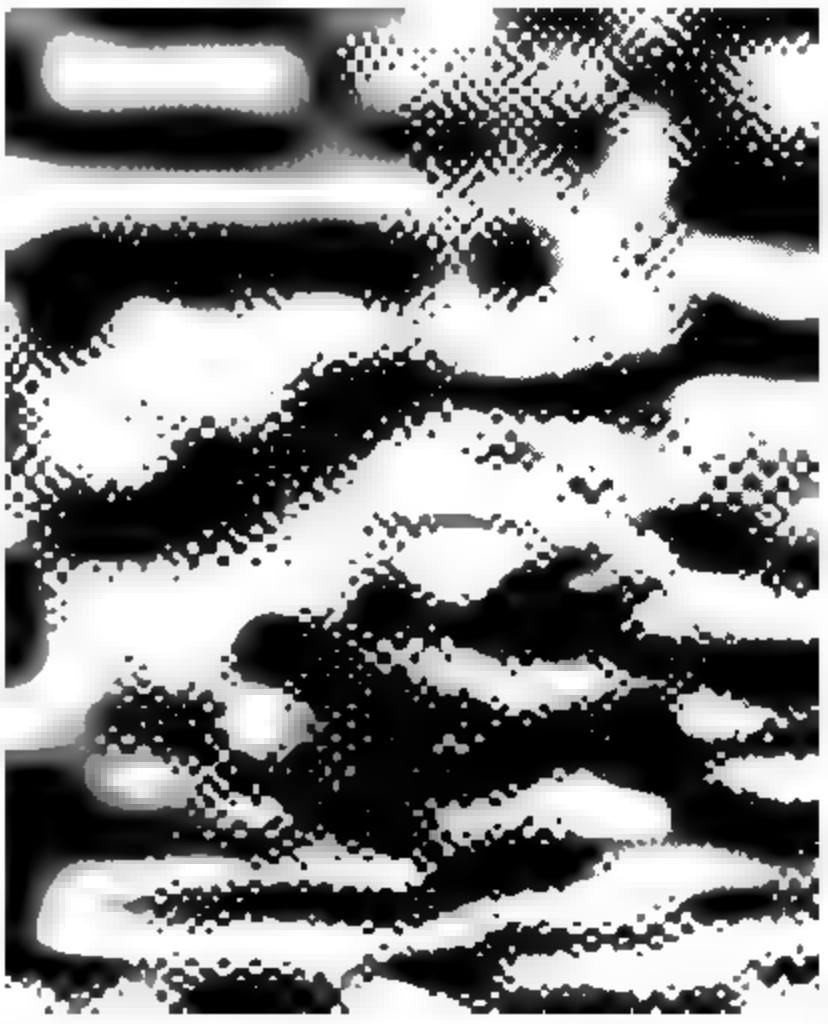
It was so scarce that when 21,000 ounces of this precious metal were brought into the United States they were regarded as a great prize and immediately commandered by the Government for the Ordnance Department, and deposited in the United States Assay Office at New York, where they were quickly refined and put into metallic form for immediate use.

These precious nuggets came from the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains in Russia. Because of the very disturbed conditions in that country, it would never have been safe to trust the shipment of this badly needed ore to the ordinary channels, so it was carried as personal luggage by an American citizen over the Trans-Siberian Railroad through Siberia to Vladivostok, concealed from the prying Bolshevik troops, and through Japan direct to the United States.

Having been refined and put into metallic form, this metal was drawn down into very fine wire and spun into platinum cloth, in which form it was utilized by the Ordnance Department in the manufacture of nitrates at the government nitrate plants.

The great importance of platinum for many special purposes is being increasingly appreciated. Most of us, however, know comparatively little about this metal, which lends interest to some very instructive investigations regarding it which Dr. George F. Kunz, an expert metallurgist, made for the Government.

According to Dr. Kunz, European knowledge of the existence of platinum dates back only to 1735. As early as 1741, Charles Wood, an English metallurgist, had already brought to England specimens of the new metallic ore from South America. In view of the fact that in 1916 platinum sold at five times the value of its weight in gold, it seems curious that from 1760 to 1790 it was employed in Spain for making counterfeit gold coins. To-



SOME OF THE PLATINUM NUGGETS (ABOUT ONE HALF CTUAL SIZE) COMMANDEERED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

day the value of the counterfeit is more than five times that of the genuine coin.

Of the amazing ductility of platinum, one of its great advantages over many of the metals, Dr. Kunz says that it may be better conceived when we consider that out of a single troy ounce of the metal is would be possible to make an almost infinitely slender wire that would reach from Santiago, Chile, across the continent to Rio de Janeiro, a distance of about 1800 miles. To draw out plati-

num so exceedingly fine, a wire of it is covered with a thin layer of gold. This gold-and-platinum wire is drawn to the thinness of the one, and the gold is then dissolved away. A portion of this second wire is then given a coating of gold, redrawn, and the gold covering dissolved. After this process has been several times repeated, the wire secured is so fine as to be virtually invisible to the eye.

The use of platinum in making jewelry dates very far back in its history. In the Peruvian Hall of the American Museum, New York City, there is a fine collection of platinum ornaments from Ecuador, consisting of rings, pins, bracelets, plates, etc. They were found in graves of the aboriginal Indian inhabitants of Ecuador. Its first known use for this purpose in Europe was in 1787, when it was used in making ornaments for the French crown.

Before the Great War over 90 per cent of the world's supply came from Russia, but the supply from that country had already shown signs of lessening. The deposits in Colombia, South America, rank second to those of Russia, but while they are being developed with greater energy than formerly, the work there is more or less irregularly carried on, and the slightly increased output goes but a small way toward making good the loss of the Russian metal. In the face of this situation, earnest and intelligent search for platinum is now being made in various parts of the world.

Another metal similar in appearance to platinum and used for many of the same purposes, which also experienced a sudden jump in price during the war, is silver.

The rapid retirement of gold from trade channels forced on governments and individuals a new respect for silver.

It is a curious fact that the movement of silver for 2000 years has been from west to east. In India alone there are 2,000,000 silversmiths that require two thirds of the world's output. There is no more interesting chapter in the whole romance of silver than this strange devotion displayed for the metal by the old East. Given a choice between gold and silver, the Hindu, the Chinese coolie, or Lascar sailor will take silver every time.

Apart from its employment as coinage and for certain war uses, there is an increased demand for silver in arts and industries. More trinkets and ornaments of solid silver were sold the last war Christmas than ever before. As there has been a gradual decline in the world's production of silver since 1911, it is easy to understand why the price of silver should have risen. In 1911 more than 225,000,000 ounces came out of the mines—a record production. In 1917, it was estimated, barely 170,000,000 ounces were produced. The curtailment of mining in Mexico, the shutting down of great copper mines which produce silver also, strikes, shortage of fuel, and the alarming rise in the price of chemicals necessary for the refining of silver accounted for the decline.

For three hundred years most of the world's silver has come from Mexico, the United States, Peru, Bolivia, and Australia; and within recent times Canada has added to this production from mines of incalculable richness.

In this country, Nevada still leads in the production of this metal, and now that silver has become so much more valuable, there is talk of reopening many of the abandoned mines on the Comstock Lode. This marvelous deposit has produced about $750,000,000 in silver, and it played an immense part in rehabilitating the finances of the United States after the Civil War.

JAMES ANDERSON.

A QUEER BONFIRE

ABOUT four miles north of Atchison, Kansas, is located Lake Doniphan. This lake is directly over fields of natural gas, which bubbles up through the water the entire year round in various places. These jets of gas, if we may call them such, vary greatly in size. Some of them are so large that they prevent the ice from forming over the spots where they bubble up, even though there may be a foot or more ice over the rest of the lake.

The smaller jets are not so powerful, and the gas from them gathers under the ice, and being warm enough to melt the latter slightly, often form pockets which are from fifteen to twenty yards square. These gas pockets are very handy indeed to any person crossing the lake on a very cold night, inasmuch as a natural bonfire can be lighted in an instant by simply cutting a small hole through the ice and touching a match to the gas as it escapes. Although the gas will burn but two or three minutes, its heat is enough to warm the chilled traveler and send him on his way rejoicing.

One precaution, however, has to be taken; that it, to stand with back to the wind, because otherwise the roaring flame is apt to be blown right against the traveler, who is thus likely to get badly singed.

WALTER K. PUTNEY.

A ROPE MATTRESS

THE native of India shown here is making a rope *charpoy*, or Indian bed. A completed bed stands behind him. Instead of placing the strands of the rope across the frame and weaving back and forth through them as we should expect, he employs an entirely different method. The only strands he places before the weaving begins are those that form the crosspiece at the right-hand end of the bed. He then stretches his cord from the nearer (right hand) corner to the farther (left hand) corner and back, and then starts his design immediately by drawing the cord under and over the two strands thus formed. He pulls tight as he works, and builds them up from one corner diagonally across to the other, around the wooden frame, over and under the cord in place, then around the frame and back to the first corner. He has worked along the sides of the frame and has nearly reached the opposite corner from which he started. When he has done this, the weaving is complete. All that there remains to be done is to wind rope from the loose end of the matting to the other crosspiece of the bed so that the slack can be pulled up. A mattress of this type is very cool to sleep on.

FROST MUSIC

A VERY curious happening is sometimes observed in winter in parts of Canada. This is known as frost music, and it has often puzzled a good many travelers. A friend of the writer was once riding along the shores of a lonely lake in winter. The water was covered with ice, and, all around, there was snow. Suddenly the air was filled with a strange moaning sound, which seemed quite unaccountable. There was not a breath of wind stirring at the time, and the spot was miles away from any human habitation. Sometimes the sound was so faint that it seemed to be a long way off, and then again it would swell out to a loud, deep note that filled the whole air. Much puzzled, my friend continued his journey, and it was not until later in the day that he heard the mystery explained.

As a matter of fact, he was told, he had been listening to the frost music. When winter sets in, the lakes are often frozen over very suddenly, and the sheet of ice imprisons a huge amount of air. This moves about under the hard covering, and as it passes from one part of the lake to another, it often forces its way through narrow channels and then the moaning sound is produced. It is strange to think that this air will not be set free until the springtime comes again and the ice on the lake melts.

S. LEONARD BASTIN.

HOW 'S WEATHER FOR FLYING?

SOME day it may be a common thing for those planning a pleasure dash by air to arrange with the Weather Bureau for daily reports, without risk of running into bad weather. Such an expedition, which started from Portland, Me., September 27, and, if all goes well, will end at Pensacola, Fla., in December, after visiting more than a score of the principal cities on the Atlantic coast and in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. The flying boat *NC*-4 is the craft taking this journey. When the flying boat stops at regular Weather Bureau stations, the lieutenant in charge of the expedition has the weather maps and forecasts placed at his disposal. At other points, the reports are telegraphed from convenient Weather Bureau stations to the fliers.

LETTERS

In winter, when the dark comes soon and toys are on the shelf,
I sit beneath the table and write letters to myself.
From one myself that goes to church in best new hat and coat
To t' other one that makes mud pies I write a little note.
There 's one that 's postmarked "Wonderland," from *Alice*, so I see,
To come some day and take with her a nice mad cup of tea.
The *Little Lame Prince* writes to me from his high, lonely tower;
He 'll lend to me his traveling cloak when I 've an extra hour.
A postal-card from *Mother Goose* begins: "My dear! My dear!"
And a funny note signed "Santa Claus" says, "Christmas Day is near!"
And as I start to write replies, when every one I 've read,
The tea-bell rings, and crawling out, I always bump my head.

Hilda W. Smith.

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY ELIZABETH ELEANOR CLARKE, AGE 16.

Last month, you will remember, we printed in this Introduction a graceful tribute to the League from an Honor Member. This month we give space here to an appreciative and affectionate farewell message from another Honor Member whose contributions will be recalled with pleasure by League readers:

LOOKING AHEAD.

BY RUTH GARDNER (AGE 17)

Looking ahead—that is what I am doing! Looking ahead to the time when I shall be too old to write for these pages—too old to work for the League, but never too old to love it!

The League has been one of my best friends, and —I do love it! It has helped me to find a work, it has encouraged me, it has taught me.

Now I have almost reached the place where I must say "Good-by." In the years to come, I will always remember and love the League. I shall read the contributions whenever I have a chance, I know, and read them with something akin to longing.

Good-by, dear League, and all success be yours!

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 238.

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Ruth H. Thorp** (age 11), Ohio; **Constance Marie O'Hara** (age 14), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Adelaide Humphrey** (age 13), Ohio; **Eudora V. Blakeney,** (age 13), North Carolina.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Dorothy E. Reynolds,** (age 17), Montana. Silver Badges, **Mollie L. Craig,** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Eloise Frye Burt** (age 15), Rhode Island.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Dorothy Burns** (age 16), Minnesota; **Lucy G. Olcott** (age 17), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Katherine C. Swan** (age 15), Indiana; **William W. Burgess, Jr.** (age 16), California.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Gold Badge, **Louise E. Manley** (age 15), Iowa. Silver Badges, **Evelyn D. Goetz** (age 13), New York; **Mary C. Ruff,** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Wendell Richardson** (age 10), New Jersey; **Dorothy Patty** (age 16), Nebraska.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold Badge, **John Roedelheim** (age 11), Pennsylvania. Silver Badges, **Harriott S. Collier** (age 14), Rhode Island; **Marjorie Whitehouse** (age 14), New York.

PUZZLE ANSWERS. Silver Badges, **Louise E. Alden** (age 13), Massachusetts; **Jane Patton** (age 13), New York; **Mary Jane Burton** (age 14), Ohio.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY LOUISE E. MANLY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY WENDELL RICHARDSON, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN CHRISTMAS CHIMES ARE RINGING

BY MARION BLATCHFORD (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

Oh, Christmas chimes! sweet Christmas chimes!
You make me think of happy times;
  Of love and friendship sweet;
Of sleigh-bells, evergreens, and snow,
Of children laughing as they go
  Along the crowded street!

Oh, Christmas chimes! sweet Christmas chimes!
You make me think of cruel times;
  Of pain and death and fear;
And of a land where war's long night
Has darkened many firesides bright,
  Where reigns no Christmas cheer!

You make me think of holy times;
Oh, Christmas chimes! sweet Christmas chimes!
  A stable dark and bare;
A manger rude, a golden star,
Bright angels singing from afar,
  A Baby lying there!

Oh, Christmas chimes! sweet Christmas chimes!
You make me think of quiet times
  When I have heard you ring;
For sometimes, when you 're chiming low,
To Bethlehem in dreams I go,
  And hear those angels sing!

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY RUTH H. THORP (AGE 11)

(*Honor Member*)

Toodles is a dear little brown-and-white fox-terrier with a short forever-wagging tail. His home is a comfortable house in a small Ohio town. His family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lane, Bob, Junior, and Gertie. He is a very devoted pup, and his family are as fond of him as he is of them.

Bob calls him a "trick dog." Do you want your paper? Toodles will bring it to you. Groceries, etc.? Send Toodles. Amusement? Oh, the many things that Toodles can do toward that end!

Now that you are introduced to Master Toodles Lane, you will know what consternation and chaos reigned when, one August day, Toodles disappeared. For weeks they searched for him, but in vain. Gertie cried for days, and then went into mourning. Bob had not his customary cheerfulness, and it was always thought that he retreated into a dark closet several times without apparent reason. He, too, wore mourning in the shape of black ties (when he wore them at all) and black hat-bands. Mother and Dad were very nearly as sorry as the children. Gertie always spoke of him as "the dear departed," and refused to let her grief be assuaged.

It was nearly Christmas, but "The Great Grief of Gertie," as Bob said, was still fresh.

"It won't be any Christmas at all without Toodles," she declared. But scarcely had she spoken the words when scratching was heard at the door. Gertie opened it, and there stood Toodles, a rope dragging from his collar. He barked, Gertie screamed, then both began to waltz around the room.

"Where *were* you, Toodles?" demanded Mother that night. Toodles only barked and wagged his tail.

"Anyway, Mother," said Bob, "he 's home for Christmas—and to stay!"

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

BY CONSTANCE MARIE O'HARA (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold on the "Old Homestead." And "old Sol" Sun, peeping in at every window, saw many happy little scenes which radiated the cheer of Christmas. The children with the first bit of light were up, and screaming with rapture at what Santa Claus had left them. Church bells merrily pealed forth their songs of joy. A great tree stood in the bay-window, and, from Grandpa and Grandma down to the youngest child, each received a present from its heavily laden branches. And then came dinner. Are any of us too old not to feel light-hearted at an "Old Homestead" Christmas dinner? The table is laden with delicious Christmas goodies, and across from each other sit Grandpa and Grandma, who have smiled across this same table for almost fifty years. And at each side sit sons and daughters, grandchildren, and "in-laws." But there is one missing, and on the mantelpiece is Ted's picture, with a tiny gold star hanging above it. And this star, like the star of old, which guided the shepherds on their way, helps and guides this family from bitter sorrow into the path of resignation and peace.

There are many "Old Homesteads" in America, and this Yule-tide many an old couple in the sunset of life will wait for their families to come home for Christmas. And this year there will hang over the mantel many a twinkling golden star.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY JOHN BRANSBY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY LUCY G. OLCOTT, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

WHEN CHRISTMAS CHIMES ARE RINGING

BY WILLIE FAY LINN (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

What are these sounds that break upon the stillness of the frosty air,
These melodies that waken all the slumbering echoes everywhere?
They are the songs of Christmas-tide, to every heart so dear,
Now sweetly played upon the chimes that ring both far and near.

How silently the whole world waits, and listens to those bells!
And with what hope and harmony their joyous music swells!
A brighter reawakening has come again to earth;
The old world leaves its past to greet a new and wondrous birth.

At first each pealing chime rings out the blessed tale alone,
And then they join with one accord, all blended into one.
How tremulous beneath the stars the great wide ocean lies,
Until the last clear, ringing sound upon its bosom dies!

O God, Who shaped with master hand the earth, and sky, and sea,
The full hearts of Thy creatures all, in love, are praising Thee!
Oh, help us to begin anew, at this glad Christmas time,
A life as fresh, as pure, as true as that which swells each chime!

A CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING

BY A. APPLETON PACKARD, JR. (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

It was Christmas Eve, 1783. In the Washington home, Mount Vernon, there were great preparations going on for the morrow; for was not the great man coming back, after eight years of war, to join in the Christmas cheer that home alone can give?

The preparations took the form of mistletoe and holly sprigs stuck in every conceivable place; loads of delicious food, that only a negro cook knows how to prepare; waxed floors for dancing; the tuning-up of old fiddles, and "sprucing-up" of the guest-rooms.

Invitations had been extended to neighbors far and near, and already the majority had arrived. Such bustle and happy excitement! Coaches loaded to the doors with belles and beaux, others on horse-back, on foot, in chairs, chaises, and wagons, high and low, flocked to greet the returning victor.

Late in the evening a pause in the arrivals occurred. Suddenly, the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. Visitors and slaves hastened to the doors, for General Washington had arrived! Sobs, laughter, and tears of joy evinced their varied interests.

The general was escorted to his room by the whole flock, and soon the house was darkened for the night.

Christmas Day was spent in pure joy by every one. Washington himself led his wife in the pretty Virginia country-dances; many a fair belle was caught and kissed by gallant beaux beneath the fragrant mistletoe, and every one certainly did full justice to old Hetty's splendid feast.

When it was all over, everybody realized that such a Christmas home-coming came seldom, but when it did, came with redoubled good cheer.

"A FAMILIAR OBJECT." BY KATHERINE G. SWAN, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING

BY EUDORA V. BLAKENEY (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

It was almost Christmas Eve, and Harvey Bowen walked to his office with a perplexed face.

"No," he said decidedly, "I will *not* have my home

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE."
BY BERTHA L. BEROLZHEIMER, AGE 13.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE."
BY MAURICE U. MINARD, AGE 14.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE."
BY LOU E. GAILLARD, AGE 12.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE."
BY ALBERT VANN FOWLER, AGE 15.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE."
BY RUTH WILCOX SMITH, AGE 14.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE."
BY ESTHER C. HENDEE, AGE 16.

taken away from Mother and Father. I will do without all the runabouts that ever were made."

He had overheard two men talking that day about a mortgage of one thousand dollars that had fallen due on his little home in Georgia. This was news to him, as his mother and father did not want him to know of it. The next day he went home for his Christmas.

After a loving greeting from his mother and father, he shouldered an ax and was off to the woods to get a Christmas-tree for the living-room.

The next morning every thing wore a Christmas air. Holly and mistletoe hung in every nook and corner; gorgeous odors came from the kitchen, and a cheerful fire burned on every hearth. But deep down in Mr. and Mrs. Bowen's heart they were sad, for on New Year's Day the farm would be gone!

As they cut the last gift from the tree, an envelop was handed to Mr. and Mrs. Bowen. They opened it and gasped. Then tears of joy sprang to their eyes, for there lay one thousand dollars and these words, "With love from Harvey."

That night, as they were going to bed, Harvey put his arms around his mother and father and, looking into their happy faces, said, smiling, "This has indeed been a glorious Christmas home-coming."

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY MARY C. RUFF, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN CHRISTMAS CHIMES ARE RINGING

BY MARTHEDITH FURNAS (AGE 15)

(*Honor Member*)

THE hills in silver stretch away,
  And shining hosts of stars look down
Upon the church's slender spire
  And on the huddled roofs of town.

A silent anthem seems to rise,
  The waiting hush to breathe a prayer,
When clear and sweet the chimes ring out
  Their message on the frosty air.

They tell a tale forever old
  To all the multitudes of earth,
Yet one forever marvelous—
  The ancient miracle of birth.

How on a still and solemn night
  A manger-bed of hay sufficed
To be the holy birthplace of
  Our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some call Him Lord and Mighty King,
  The Prince of Peace, the Undefiled,
But chimes ring out on Christmas night
  To Jesus the immortal Child.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY EVELYN D. GOETZ, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

A CHRISTMAS HOME-COMING

BY WILLIAM H. PAINTER (AGE 12)

LITTLE Jeanne was very happy, for her mother had received a letter from her father saying that he expected to be home by the last of January. Monsieur Guyot has been in the army three years and had been wounded three times. He was in the hospital now. There was another reason for her happiness, too. At the beginning of the war her three brothers had enlisted. François, the youngest, had gone into the aviation. After a year of fighting he was shot down behind the German lines and reported killed. There was deep sorrow in the little home, because not only François's name, but the names of his two brothers, also, appeared on the lists as killed. Two years later Jeanne's father received his third wound, and it was thought that he, too, would die. But then something happened that turned the tide. François came home! He had not been killed, as reported, but had spent two weary years in a prison camp. The father was so overjoyed that his wound was healing rapidly.

Christmas came around. Jeanne and her little sister, assisted by a kind-hearted doughboy, hung up their stockings, "American fashion." They did n't expect to find much in them, so imagine their surprise when, upon arising in the morning, they found the stockings piled full of presents. And their surprise was greater when, entering the dining-room for breakfast, they found their father sitting at the table. His wound had healed so rapidly that he had been able to get home for Christmas. He had told the nurses and men in his ward about his two little girls, and when he was discharged they gave him many presents for them. So the family spent the happiest Christmas they had had in many years.

WHEN CHRISTMAS CHIMES ARE RINGING

BY MOLLIE L. CRAIG (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE snow is swirling everywhere,
  O'er hill and valley flying;
The sleigh-bells ring in the frosty air,
  And the wind in the trees is sighing.
But from every lip rise carols sweet,
  Around the organ singing
Those dear old hymns the years repeat,
  When Christmas chimes are ringing.

At night, from every window-sill,
  A candle bright is glowing,
Peace, happiness, and right good will
  To every traveler showing.
And every one glad words of cheer,
  To rich and poor is flinging.
'T is the happiest time of all the year
  When Christmas chimes are ringing.

Stockings adorn the fireplace,
  And a tree in the parlor is standing;
Wreaths are hung in the window-case,
  The snow-covered road commanding.
'T is long since the Christ-child came to earth,
  His love and hope first bringing.
And in these ways we praise His birth
  When Christmas chimes are ringing.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

BY DOROTHY E. REYNOLDS (AGE 17)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December*, 1918)

It was the holy eve of Christmas-tide;
  Amid the spacious halls were gathering
Great lords and nobles, come from far and wide
  To join the Yule-tide revels of the king.

The corridors were hung with tapestries,
  And decked with mistletoe and holly green,
While, on the hearth, the Yule-log, burning bright,
  Shed its glad glow upon the festive scene.

The king in state sat at the table's throne;
  The boar's head and the wassail-bowl went round.
In jest and song the evening quickly sped;
  With toasts the royal feast was richly crowned.

But when the revelry was at its height
  A sudden hust fell o'er the merry throng;
Through the vast corridors no voice was heard,
  O'er trembling silence fell the midnight gong.

Then through the darkness came a low, sweet sound,
  The silvery chimes in the sharp air a-ringing.
On the night wind their heavenly music came,
  To the still earth its Christmas message bringing.

Softly as angel bells, but rich and full,
  Rising and falling, rang their sweet refrain,
Now sounding deep and low, now loud and clear;
  "Peace on the earth, "they sang, "good will to men!"

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

BY DOROTHY JEANNE MILLER (AGE 14)

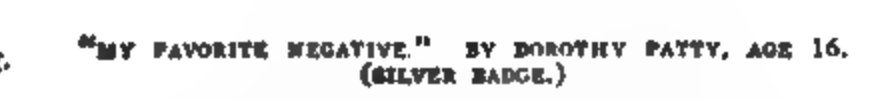
(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November*, 1919)

THE letter, addressed to Miss Harriet Conway, Cloverdale, Pennsylvania, and postmarked California, was very thin. Harriet was greatly disappointed when she found only the following note:

Dear Sis: I know how much you like riddles. I will give you a week to decipher this one, but, if you can't, I shall have to tell you the answer, as if it is important. TED.

27 27 36 6 15 45 39 18 45 9 54 27 39 57
13 69 36 13 13 24 15 13 54 13 24 57 60 3

Although there remained only two weeks until Christmas, all such things as shopping and making gifts were forgotten for the next day and the next. Both Mother and Father offered suggestions, and



"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY DOROTHY PATTY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

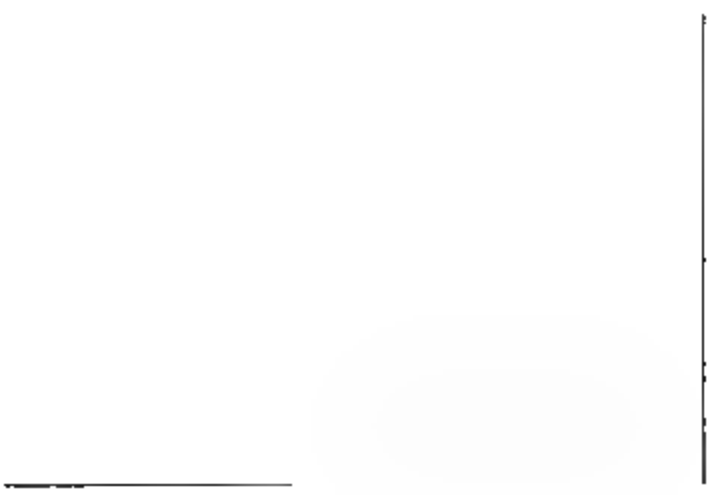
stories like Poe's "Gold Bug" were read; yet after three days the solution continued to be a mystery.

It was not until the fourth afternoon that Harriet discovered that, with the exception of the 13, all the numbers were divisible by 3. "I shall begin with A as 3, B as 6, C as 9, and so on," she said. "The 13 may be there to separate words because it is used so often," she finally decided.

i i l b e o m f o c h s t s
13 w l 13 13 h e 13 r 13 r i m a

For several moments she looked at what appeared to be another enigma. Then at last the puzzle was unraveled! Her brother, whom she had not seen for over a year, was coming home for Chirstmas!

It was in the drawing-room, decorated in its holiday attire of evergreens and holly, that, two weeks later, Harriet was saying to Ted: "It took me some time to see that the puzzle should be read up and down. Do you know," she added laughingly, "it made your home-coming nicer to realize that you were the clever person to think of such a unique way of letting us know you would be home for Christmas."



"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY HARMON GREEN, AGE 14.

"MY FAVORITE NEGATIVE." BY LEO L. LANDAUER, AGE 12.

"A FAMILIAR OBJECT," BY WILLIAM W. BURGESS, JR., AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN CHRISTMAS CHIMES ARE RINGING

BY ELOISE FRYE HURT (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

When the sun in splendor rising o'er the house-tops, white and cold,
Gilds the snow, and on the steeple glints again like burnished gold,
One may see the lonely figure of the sexton, bent and gray,
As he goes to ring the tidings in the dawn of Christmas Day:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Still the little town is sleeping, blanketed by glistening snow,
When the sexton's faltering footsteps nears the church-door, broad and low.
Up he climbs the swaying ladder to the steeple's highest spear,
For there only can the greeting sound so widely and so clear,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

On wings of song the village wakes to a day of joy and peace,
When the earth is filled with gladness and all thoughts of trouble cease.
Everywhere the chimes are ringing, peal on peal, the heavenly strain,
And the brimming hearts and voices swell and spread the sweet refrain:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHREY (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

The Croftons were very much disappointed. They had expected fifteen-year-old Doris to arrive on the morning train from boarding-school, to spend the Christmas holidays with them. But she had not come, for some reason or other. They had driven ten miles to town to meet the one train that stopped daily at B——, only to turn disappointedly homeward.

Mrs. Crofton surmised that Doris had missed the train and would come the next day.

Suddenly, about three o'clock that afternoon, Doris drove up, accompanied by Mr. Johnson, a neighboring farmer.

"We expected you home this morning," said Mrs. Crofton.

"I had quite a time," began Doris, tossing a new St. Nicholas to the twins, who eagerly grabbed it. "The St. Nicholas proved my undoing. You see, just before the train pulled into B——, I started a simply fascinating story. I was so engrossed I did n't even look up when the train stopped. I dimly recollect hearing the brakeman shouting something. As I was sitting well back in my seat, you probably did n't notice me.

"When I finished the story, I asked the conductor how soon we should reach B——, and you can imagine how I felt when he told me we had passed it ten minutes before! Well, I decided to get off at the next station. That 's what I did. The first person I saw was Mr. Johnson. He had been shopping, and he brought me home. I 'm afraid if I had started reading another story, I should n't have been home for Christmas!"

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PROSE

Fred Floyd, Jr.
Ines A. Miller
Margaret A. Buell
Virginia Ralston
Louis Wengrowsky
Ruth Brooks
Louise Cuyler
Luigina Carpenter
William W. Pinkerton, Jr.
Evelyn Everitt
Jean Douglas
Elizabeth Bunting
Mary S. Hopkins
Mabel Martin
Jeannette K. Finnemore
Frances Forbes
Julia P. Doughty
Martha Stiles
Virginia R. Wilde
Ella May Snyder
Rosamond Tucker
Alice F. Moulton
Sarah Moss
Margaret Garrison
Muriel Thomas
Elizabeth Dillingham
Elizabeth Sussman
Frances Armstrong
Eleanor K. Farmer
Mary McCullough
Naomi L. Williamson
Saralou Jordan
Betty Murray
Margaret Hyde
Dorothy Van Arsdale Fuller
Elinor E. Colby
Marie M. Martin

VERSE

Elizabeth M. Dukes
Isabella M. Laughton
Dorothy Daggett
Lois D. Holmes
Rosamond W. Eddy
Helen F. White
Margaret Humphrey
Helen G. Davie
Katrina E. Hincks
Aline Fruhauf
Josephine L. Miles
Virginia H. Clinger
Mary Sumner Benson
Margery Guiterman

PHOTOGRAPHS

Doris Lenhart
Mary E. Stockton
Milton H. Statler
Edith R. Penta
Francis M. Palmer
Edna Chase
Jane Schley
Marjorie Ware
Katherine A. Waxter
Ruth S. Baker
Eleanor L. Royal
Mary D. Mills
Hope Robinson
John C. Dreier
Kathleen K. Slinghuff
Blanche L. Cunningham
Bertha M. Dwinnell
Anita Kellogg
Frances Stewart
Anita Meyer
Mary A. Talley
Ellen F. Black
Eleanor Tilton
Cynthia Griffin
Louise Coleman
Florence Bucher
Susan Hawley
Jane S. Schwartz
Frances Crossley
John W. G. Tenney
Rae M. Verrill
Mildred Bernstein
Margaret Horton
Ruth Swind
Alice J. Dorman
Kathryn Keating
Elizabeth George
Caroline Arrington
Catherine L. Rea
Margaret Waldo Newcomer
Eleanor Robertson Jones
Mary Catherine Hamilton

DRAWINGS

J. Asher
Edward E. Murphy
Jeanette Warmuth
Mary Watson
Josephine Cowie
Weldon Melick
Priscilla Haselton
Mary LaV. Russell
Janet Blossom
Celia V. White
Miriam Serber
Dorothy P. K. Deaky
Dorothy Miner
Kathleen Murre-

Lynd K. Ward *Worthen Bradley* *Carroll Freeland*
Grace F. Holcomb *Mary E. Hoag* *Alice H. Harvey*
Evelyn H. Bulmer *Anne L. Basinger*
Selma Morse *Mary L. Garfield*

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Harriet McCurley
Lois Springmeyer
Madeleine Girvan
Ann Roe
Eunice W. Thompson
Isabelle L. Ellis
Phyllis B. Hodges
Jeannette Bailey
Benjamin Krantzor
Virginia M. Brown
Madeline Masters
Marian Frankenfield
Mary E. Reveley
Dorothy Wood
Kathleen Landers
Gertrude Smith
Helen Fein
Chiyo Herose
Susan K. Sims
Mary Jackson
Minnie Pfiferberg
Mabel Alton
Hugh L. Willson
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Geraldine Stoddard
Lois Bolles
Eleanor Spottiswoode
Helen D. Davidson
Silvia Wunderlich
Anna M Steed
Elizabeth Huger
Malvina Holcombe
Roscoe S. Scott

VERSE

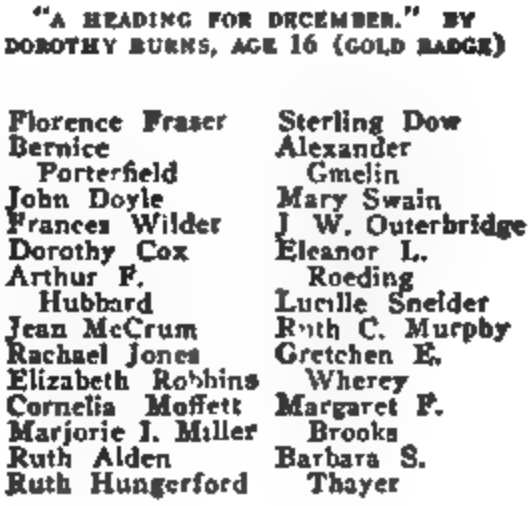
Mary E. Roche
Jessica L. Megaw
Dorothy Eckard
Charlotte Reynolds
John B. Korn
Jane B. Bradley
Gwendolyn Roberts
Martha L. P. Fuller
Evelyn B. Brownell
Polly Palfrey
Eleanor Tyler
Evelyn Whitehouse
Rita Salomon
Barbara Brewer
Betty Kuck
Bessie H. Simpson
Mignon Rittenhouse
Elizabeth Henry
Eleanor N. Smith
Mary E. Tracy
Isabel A. Lockwood
Brenda H. Green
Helen L. MacLeod
Miriam Bradley
Blanche Smith
Millicent F. Belknap
Caroline G. Thompson
Margaret Cronise
Edna G. Vernell
Louise S. Birch
Helen B. Hayes

DRAWINGS

Winifred J. Lisowski
Grace W. Allen
Vincent P. Jenkins
Janice Thompson
Boyd D. Lewis
Margaret L. Sutherland
Julia Sabine
Helen E. Mosher
Eleanor Evans
Peggy Embick
Israel Teichman

PHOTOGRAPHS

Jean Henderson
Elizabeth Cameron
Laurence B. Goodrich
Charles Pitt
Catherine Johnson
William A. Dalton
Margaret B. Lee
Mary L. Love
Hunter Haw
Henry Bealer, Jr.
Carolin Stephenson



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY DOROTHY BURNS, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE)

Florence Fraser
Bernice Porterfield
John Doyle
Frances Wilder
Dorothy Cox
Arthur F. Hubbard
Jean McCrum
Rachael Jones
Elizabeth Robbins
Cornelia Moffett
Marjorie I. Miller
Ruth Alden
Ruth Hungerford
Sterling Dow
Alexander Gmelin
Mary Swain
J. W. Outerbridge
Eleanor L. Roeding
Lucille Snelder
Ruth C. Murphy
Gretchen E. Wherey
Margaret F. Brooks
Barbara S. Thayer

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 241

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

Competition No. 241 will close **January 17.** Owing to the enforced delay in the issue of the November ST. NICHOLAS the subjects assigned for the competition last month, No. 241, are repeated for the present month. All contributions for this extended competition must be mailed on or before January 1st. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Call of the Wild."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of a Friend."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Taken at Home."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Something Round," or "A Heading for April."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

HONDO, AMAKUSA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Long ago I was told of ST. NICHOLAS, and I have ever since been very anxious to see it. My wish has been fulfilled at last, and nothing affords me greater pleasure at present than to pore over the pretty magazine after returning home from school. Every story in it, nay, every content, is full of life and interest, indeed. I am not the least exaggerating when I say that sometimes I even devour the advertisements.

I have lived four years on a sea-girt island in the south of Japan—a very small island secluded from civilization. Most of the inhabitants are peasants and fishers, and though surrounded by scenic beauty, we are, on the other hand, subject to innumerable inconveniences. Not only have we to live on humble fare, but also we have no chance to enjoy any such entertainments as are commonest in a town. Still I am happy and content, because ST. NICHOLAS is constantly with me.

I have been studying English for more than ten years, but what with my block-head, and what with my environment, I have made so little progress in my studies that I can not yet thoroughly understand your magazine without the help of a dictionary. Especially, since I came over to the island some four years ago, I have never seen any foreigner who spoke English, while there is even no Japanese who is competent to instruct me in the language. Thus, but for ST. NICHOLAS, I should forever remain destitute of any means of attaining proficiency in the branch.

I must confess that I am a grown-up man of thirty-four years old, engaging in teaching at a local middle school. But I am still a little boy as far as English is concerned, as an English preacher very cleverly remarked on my English several years ago.

Wishing well to you and all your readers, I remain,

Your most devoted reader,

SUNAO FUNASE.

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and I enjoy you very much. I got you for a Christmas present, and I think it was the best present I have ever had.

I have only seen one picture of the Columbia River Highway in ST. NICHOLAS, and I 'm sure others would enjoy seeing this picture I am sending, as Oregon's scenic beauties are not very well known.

This is a photograph of a picturesque bridge, taken from one of the falls. It is called Shepherd's Dell.

The highway follows the Columbia River, and is sometimes on the side of a mountain and sometimes down by the river. There are beautiful falls all along the way.

The highest place on the highway is called Crown Point, where you can look all up and down the great Columbia, and when the sun sets, the sky and the river are all lit up with a golden light.

Your interested reader,

ANITA KELLOGG (AGE 13).

YAKIMA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the wonderful spin I had through the clouds a few weeks ago. They have an airplane here, which passengers can go up in. My mother and aunt went down to the aviation field with me. We got there early, and the airplane was still in the hangar. We looked it all over. It was a Curtiss tractor biplane, with a 90 h. p. Liberty motor, 8-foot propeller, and 43-foot wing-spread. The mechanics rolled the plane out on the field, and soon after that the pilot came.

A man was to go up first, but he was a bit shy about going, so they let me go. I had to have a leather helmet and a pair of goggles put on; then the engine was started, and I got in. An airplane is not very easy to get into. The passenger sits behind the pilot. I was strapped in with a strap about six inches wide, then the aviator got in, and started the airplane going on the ground. We went faster and faster, and then we left the ground. It seemed perfectly natural to go off the ground. I put my arm out to throw some paper at the crowd on the field as we flew past, and it felt as though my arm would be blown off.

I felt real comfortable when I got accustomed to the noise of the motor and the strength of the wind. I felt so safe and snug away down in my seat, and I knew I had a good pilot. We went up 1800 feet, and it seemed as if I were right up in the clouds nearly. The sun could be seen shining through them, though the people below could not see it. I did not get the least bit dizzy, even when I looked straight down. It did not seem as if I was moving at all, except when I looked inside the machine. Then I felt as if I was going *very* fast. I felt no sensation whatever, except when the aviator made a sudden dip. Then I guess I lost my breath, as it felt something like a roller-coaster. The next time he dipped I did not notice any sensation. Once we turned sideways so far that the people watching from below thought the plane was going clear over. It seemed as if the earth was on one side and the sky on the other, and I did not fall or even lean toward the ground.

Some people think that an airplane rocks and rolls in the air like a ship on the ocean, but it does not.

I did not get cold, though the only wrap I had on was a silk sweater. The air was very fresh and good. Sometimes the wind was warm, when it came from off the motor. Once the pilot shut off the motor and asked me if I was all right. The wind made so much noice then I could hardly hear what he said.

We made a big swoop downward with the engine off. When we got quite low the aviator turned the motor on again and flew over toward the field. Then, to my sorrow, we landed. I hardly knew when we touched the ground, except for a few bumps as the plan erolled over the ground.

I did n't feel a bit sick or dizzy when I got out. Of course, I felt a little queer when the noise and strong wind stopped.

I have tried to describe my trip to you, but no one can tell how wonderful it is, and no one who has never flown can understand it.

Your interested reader,

ESTHER L. COTTINGHAM (AGE 14).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER

CHARADE. High-fen, hyphen.

Wyoming. 2. Holland. 3 Spokane. 4. Windham. 5. Siberia. 6. Jackson. 7. Glasgow.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL. Woodrow. Cross-words: 1. Wood-square. 1. Crane. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Nerve. 5. Enter.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Edgar. 2. Arena. 3. Nasal. 4. Allow. 5. Owned. 6. Educe. 7. Cento. 8. Topic. 9. Ichor. 10. Order. 11. Erode. 12. Demon. 13. Onion. 14. Onset. 15. Ether. 16. Ergot. 17. Otter. 18. Erred.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Browning. 1. Com-bat-ant. 2. Cor-rod-ing. 3. Dis-own-ing. 4. Dar-win-ian. 5. Kid-nap-ped. 6. Pol-ice-man. 7. Sub-nor-mal. 8. Ima-gin-ary.

WORD-ADDITIONS. 1. Ten-pins. 2. Pot-hook. 3. Pen-name. 4. Pan-cake. 5. Cur-rent. 6. Hen-peck. 7. Pea-cock. 8. Saw-mill.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Past, last, lost, loot, soot, slot, slow. 2. Sulk, silk, sink, sing. 3. Take, lake, late, gate, gave, give. 4. Come, dome, done, gone. 5. Walk, wall, tall, tale, pile, tide, ride. 6. Five, live, line, nine. 7. Hand, hard, hare, fare, fore, fort, foot. 8. Find, bind, bond, bone, lone, lose. 9. Hack, back, bark, dark, dart, cart. 10. Lake, late, lane, lone, bone, bond, pond.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Andrew Jackson; fourth row, Chester Arthur. Cross-words: 1. Abacus. 2. Nether. 3. Detest. 4. Reason. 5 Editor. 6. Wheeze. 7. Jeerer. 8. Annals. 9. Claret. 10. Kirtle. 11. Sashes. 12. Occult. 13. Narrow.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Antietam, Manassas.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. I. 2. All. 3. Alloy. 4. Illudes. 5. Lodes. 6. Yes. 7. S. II. 1. S. 2. Awn. 3. Areas. 4 Sweetly. 5. Natty. 6. Sly. 7. Y. III. 1. Y. 2. Man. 3. Money. 4. Yankees. 5. Needs. 6. Yes. 7. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Aha. 3. Apace. 4. Shaking. 5 Acids. 6. Ens. 7. G. V. 1. S. 2. The. 3. Tramp. 4. Shapely. 5. Emery. 6. Ply. 7 Y. VI. 1. Y. 2. See. 3. Salve. 4. Yellows. 5. Evoke. 6. Ewe. 7. S. VII. 1. S. 2. Lap. 3. Lille. 4. Salting. 5. Plied. 6. End. 7. G. End. 7. G. VIII. 1. G. 2. Mar. 3. Minor. 4. Gangway. 5. Rowan. 6. Ran. 7. Y.

To OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Louise E. Alden—Jane Patton—Mary Jane Burton—Frances Adkins—"Polly-Ardra"—William P. Pratt—Ruth T. Fulton—Louise Keener—Clarissa N Metcalf—Charlotte R. Cabell—Gwenfread E. Allen—Virginia Ball—Elizabeth Faddis—Buell Carey—John F Davis—Margaret Trautwein—Archibald Rutledge—David M. Hudson—Helen H. McIver—"Allil and Adi"—Mary and Ruth—"The Elm"—Helen A. Moulton—"Three M's"—Florence S. Carter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were duly received from Helen de G. McLellan, 10—A. Haley, 10—M. L. Butcher, 10—B. Beardsley, 10—M. J. Stewart, 10—R. M. Collins, 10—V. Pettee, 10—V. Penner, 10— R. Labenberg, 9—Dorothy G. Miller, 9—M. C. Hamilton, 9—M. Milsner, 8—Stanley and Leslie, 8—T. F. and M., 7—S Arnstein, 7—M. F. Potts, 7—K. H. McIsaac, 7—M. I. Fry, 7—K. Wilbur, 6—L. Laine, 6—E. F. Dana, 6—A Peters, 6—F. H. Hermes, 6—E. G. Hills, 5—C. S. Barnes, 5—E. I. Chase, 5—B Sharp, 5—E. Rhodes, 5—H. A. R. Doyle, 5—R. Lord, 5—I. Dodds, 5. Four answers, V. Whitney—P. G. Smyth—N Alling—M. T. Vernon—R. F. Bechtel—J. Howard—K. Kridel—M. Molt. Three answers, W. T. Logan—S. E. Lyman—B. Davis—M Griswold—C. Burtenshaw—M. Kidder—C. Whiting. Two answers, B. Hodgkins—M. Swords—S. Pick—D. Loudenbeck—E. Thomas—L. McKinney—W. Trask—G. E. Shepherd—H. J. Miller—H. Gilbert—B. Edwards—Louise and Dorothy—C. de Bernard—D. Hougstad—M. Swan—K. Chichester. For lack of space there cannot be printed the names of those who solved one puzzle.

REVERSALS

(*Silver Badge.* ST. NICHOLAS League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Reverse duration and make to send forth. ANSWER: time, emit.)

1. Reverse a strong flavor, and make a troublesome little insect.

2. Reverse a movement of the sea, and make to prepare for publication.

3. Reverse a former kingdom of Spain, and make a name for Christmas.

4. Reverse to exist, and make sin.

5. Reverse a heavenly body, and make certain roderts.

6. Reverse a famous volcano, and make a prefix.

7. Reverse to utter reproaches, and make one who falsifies.

8. Reverse to break suddenly, and make kitchen utensils.

9. Reverse to eat a meal, and make a feminine name.

10. Reverse an animal, and make a coarse grass.

11. Reverse comrades, and make to strike.

12. Reverse an exclamation of contempt, and make a ring of wood to go around a cask.

13. Reverse a Latin pronoun, and make a large wading bird that feeds on reptiles.

14. Reverse a masculine name, and make the name of a cruel Roman emperor.

15. Reverse compact and comfortable, and make certain weapons.

When the fifteen words have been rightly guessed and reversed, the initials of the new words will spell a man whom everybody honors.

HARRIOT F. S. COLLIER (age 14.)

ENDLESS CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first word described to make the first two letters of the second word, and so on. The last two letters of the tenth word will make the first two letters of the first word. The ten words which form the answer are not of equal length.

1. A Biblical personage. 2. A purple stone. 3. A class of ocean travel. 4. A masculine name. 5. A motion. 6. The opposite. 7. A prophet. 8. A kind of fur. 9. An African. 10. A highway.

JEROME A. LISCHKOFF (age 14), *League Member.*

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-three letters, spells a famous occurrence of almost three hundred years ago this December.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

(*Silver Badge.* St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is in crease, but not in fold;
My second, in hot, but not in cold;
My third is in brave, but not in bold;
My fourth is in punish, but not in scold;
My fifth is in silver, but not in gold;
My sixth is in bought, but not in sold;
My seventh, in primitive, not in old;
My eighth is in make, but not in mold;
My ninth is in forest, but not in wold;
My whole is loved by young and old.

MARJORIE WHITEHOUSE (age 14).

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Gold Badge.* Silver Badge won May, 1919.)

Each of the twenty-one words described contains nine letters. When these twenty-one words are rightly guessed and written one below another, reading downward, will each spell a famous type of aeroplane.

1. Rolling about, as in mire. 2. To come into a country of which one is not a native, for permanent residence. 3. Lacking. 4. Putting in order. 5. The union of two vowels sounds pronounced in one syllable. 6. The doctrine of things occult. 7. Pertaining to the Jewish princes called Maccabees. 8. To inspire with hope. 9. A famous poem by Whittier. 10. That which garnishes. 11. Rubbers. 12. The public declaration of a sovereign, showing his intentions. 13. Wrought with great care. 14. The act of ascending. 15. Persons who live near one another. 16. A mass or knot of nervous matter. 17. A "plug" useful in motors. 18. A majority. 19. Fit to be lived in. 20. Embodied in a human nature and form. 21. Sorrow for sins.

JOHN ROEDELHEIM (age 11).

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a name of a state.

Cross-words: 1. The surname of Wisconsin. 2. A city of Virginia. 3. A city of New Hampshire. 4. A city of New Mexico. 5. A city of Illinois. 6. A city of Michigan. 7. A city of Georgia.

ELIZABETH FAIRBANKS (age 10), *League Member.*

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTALINGS

Example: Triply behead and triply curtail heavy, and leave a vase. Answer: Sat-urn-ine.

1. Triply behead and triply curtail a letter that is not a vowel, and leave a descendent.

2. Triply behead and triply curtail unprejudiced, and leave dexterity.

3. Triply behead and triply curtail reserve, and leave a cold substance.

4. Triply behead and triply curtail a composer of sonnets, and leave a snare.

5. Triply behead and triply curtail satisfied, and leave a number.

6. Triply behead and triply curtail one who plays a certain brass wind instrument, and leave a snare.

7. Triply behead and triply curtail a sail extended by a sprit, and leave a pronoun.

8. Triply behead and triply curtail coarse brocades, and leave a feline.

9. Triply behead and triply curtail the island on which New York City is located, and leave a covering for the head.

10. Triply behead and triply curtail lack of modesty, and leave a lyric poem.

11. Triply behead and triply curtail capable of being beaten thin with a hammer, and leave a grassy field.

12. Triply behead and triply curtail pertaining to very young children, and leave an emmet.

13. Triply behead and triply curtail to dispel, and leave to drink in small quantities.

When these beheadings and curtailings have been rightly made, the initials of the thirteen three-letter words remaining will spell the name of a noted bishop of Myra.

MARGARET LOUGHLIN (age 15), *League Member*

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

NEW ISSUE

We had intended under this heading to illustrate this month more of the "Armistice" or "Mittel-Europa" stamps. But space seems to forbid. So we picture a new stamp from Zanzibar, the 15-cent multiple C A, deep blue in color. We do this for a peculiar reason. One of our readers writes us that he has a scrap-book in which he keeps all of the articles that appear on the Stamp Page of different periodicals. He cuts out the article and pastes it in his book, arranging it alphabetically. But he says that all of our articles come in the first part of the book; that he has n't yet a single article under the letter "Z"! We know of other readers who have such scrap-books, and we approve of the idea. So we oblige our young correspondent by illustrating a stamp from that most interesting country, Zanzibar. Zanzibar is ruled by a native sultan under a British protectorate. Its earliest stamps were surcharged on those of British colonies, but now it has stamps of its own design. The one we illustrate is characteristic of the lower values of the current set. The higher values show a native boat. The portrait is that of the present sultan, Kalif bin Harah.

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS is coming. It will soon be here. And there are certain number of our readers who firmly believe that Santa Claus reads STAMP PAGE. That is, if we may judge by the letters which reach us soon after the holidays. Anyhow, Santa Claus finds out who of our readers are on the roll of stamp-collectors. To such as these, there is nothing more welcome as a Christmas gift than something which in one way or another helps them in their favorite hobby. Indeed, one of the wisest things Santa Claus can do for a child is to give him this help. This is not the place to enter into a discussion with parents and aunties and teachers, explaining to them the educational advantages of stamp-collecting; or of trying to show them clearly how much of geography, of history, of spelling, or of all kinds of general knowledge is absorbed incidentally by the boy or girl who collects stamps. And there is n't any need of it, either, because Santa Claus already knows full well. It only remains for STAMP PAGE, from its long experience with young collectors, to suggest what might be desirable and acceptable gifts for an open-mouthed stocking on Christmas morning. In mentioning these, there is really a sort of sequence which may be observed. First, if it be that this young collector is not already possessed of a "home" for his stamps, his crying need is for something of that sort. He naturally wants a stamp album in which to place his treasurers. And here there is a large field for choice. One's purse has to be consulted, of course. For those of limited means, undoubtedly the best thing is the Junior International. Of course this is n't quite so big and important as the real International; it has n't so many pages or so many spaces. On the other hand, a small collection, or that of a beginner, is n't lost in it. When a boy shows his collection, it looks as if there were ever so many more spaces filled, and this is much more encouraging. Of course it is nice to have a real International and point out that the stamps which would fill in this or that space would cost at least a thousand dollars; it sounds so big and important! But on the other hand, a smaller book without these expensive pages is almost as good and certainly fills up much more rapidly. And what greater glory is there than to have a completely filled page! It is better to have a Junior International than just a National. The young collector is omniverous. He wants, and should collect, stamps from every country in the world. Indeed, were it possible to get them, stamps from the moon and stars as well. The wider his range of collecting, the more general knowledge will he pick up.

After the choice of an album, the next thing the young collector needs is a descriptive book of stamps which will help him to identify his treasures—teach him where they should go, what spaces to fill in his album. For this there is nothing equal to Scott's Standard Stamp Catalogue, with thousands of illustrations. This book may be purchased from any stamp-dealer; but unfortunately, this year the 1920 edition will not appear until March. Still, one could place an advance order for a copy to be delivered upon publication.

The next need is for stamps to put in the album. Here the opportunities are wide and various. For the boy who has only a few stamps (and it is for these young collectors that we are writing) the best thing is a "packet." Any stamp-dealer will tell you about these. Write to some of our advertisers for their lists of "packets" and "sets" and study them. Buy as large a packet as circumstances permit. One gets the best value in a large packet. One reader of STAMP PAGE wrote us last year that an aunt of his helped him a great deal with his collection. It seems that Santa Claus brought him a large packet with a thousand stamps in it. So he and his aunt talked it over and decided to use the packet as a "grab-box." Instead of looking at all the stamps at once, he "grabbed," taking out stamps one by one each time until he had picked out twenty-five. Then they put the packet away until these twenty-five were all identified and carefully placed in the album. We really approve of this idea. A few at a time keeps up the interest very much better than a mass all at once. The more advanced collector will not care so much for a packet: he will want to select his own stamps, pick out those which fill in empty spaces, or complete a row, or cover up a printed illustration. He will want to buy from "approval sheets." The best plan here is to buy for him a "credit-slip" with his favorite dealer. The boy can then invest this to suit his own desires, according to the needs of his collection. One boy wrote us that many of the early United States stamps bothered him, that he could not tell what was meant by "hard paper" and "soft paper"; so when he found in his stocking a credit-slip, he wrote to a dealer and asked for an approval sheet having these stamps on it, plainly marked with the catalogue number. In this way he got the stamps and

(*Continued on page 55*)

per

his tip-

g-g-g-gruff!—Jip lets out the most realistic bark you ever heard from a toy dog, and makes a big, startling spring for the coin

JIP just misses pouncing upon the coin as it drops safely into the box—for this amazing new toy is a real, durable bank, too the only novelty yet invented that makes your kiddies look upon saving their pennies as real fun.

Barks when he Leaps

If not carried at your regular Toy or Gift Shop, send $2.50 and we'll ship prepaid and safe delivery guaranteed anywhere in U. S.

GREAT CHRISTMAS GIFT—Price $1.50

AUTOMATIC

Dancing Doll

Does one hundred different steps to the music of any standard phonograph except Edison.)

Most amusing novelty. Delights young and old. Does not injure or mar machine.

Also DANCING DARKIES, $1.75
Combination, both toys . . . 2.00

If your dealer hasn't them we will ship direct to you.

NATIONAL CO., 167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.

Stamp Saving is a fascinating game. Join the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP CLUB and enjoy its benefits and fun. We will send you a membership blank, if you ask for it

TOY BUILDING BLOCKS
Patented July 2, 1918

KONSTRUCTO
Building Blocks

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Boys and girls can make with their own hands bird-houses, doll-houses, garages, wind mills and many other models.

Something amusing, interesting and instructive

Just the thing to ask mother or father to give you for a wonderful Christmas present.

Great fun at all times

For sale at any department or Toy Store in all large cities. If your dealer does not carry *Konstructo*, *write to us*.

Konstructo Company

Manufactured in PORTLAND, OREGON

Office and Salesroom, 103 W. 14th St., NEW YORK CITY

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

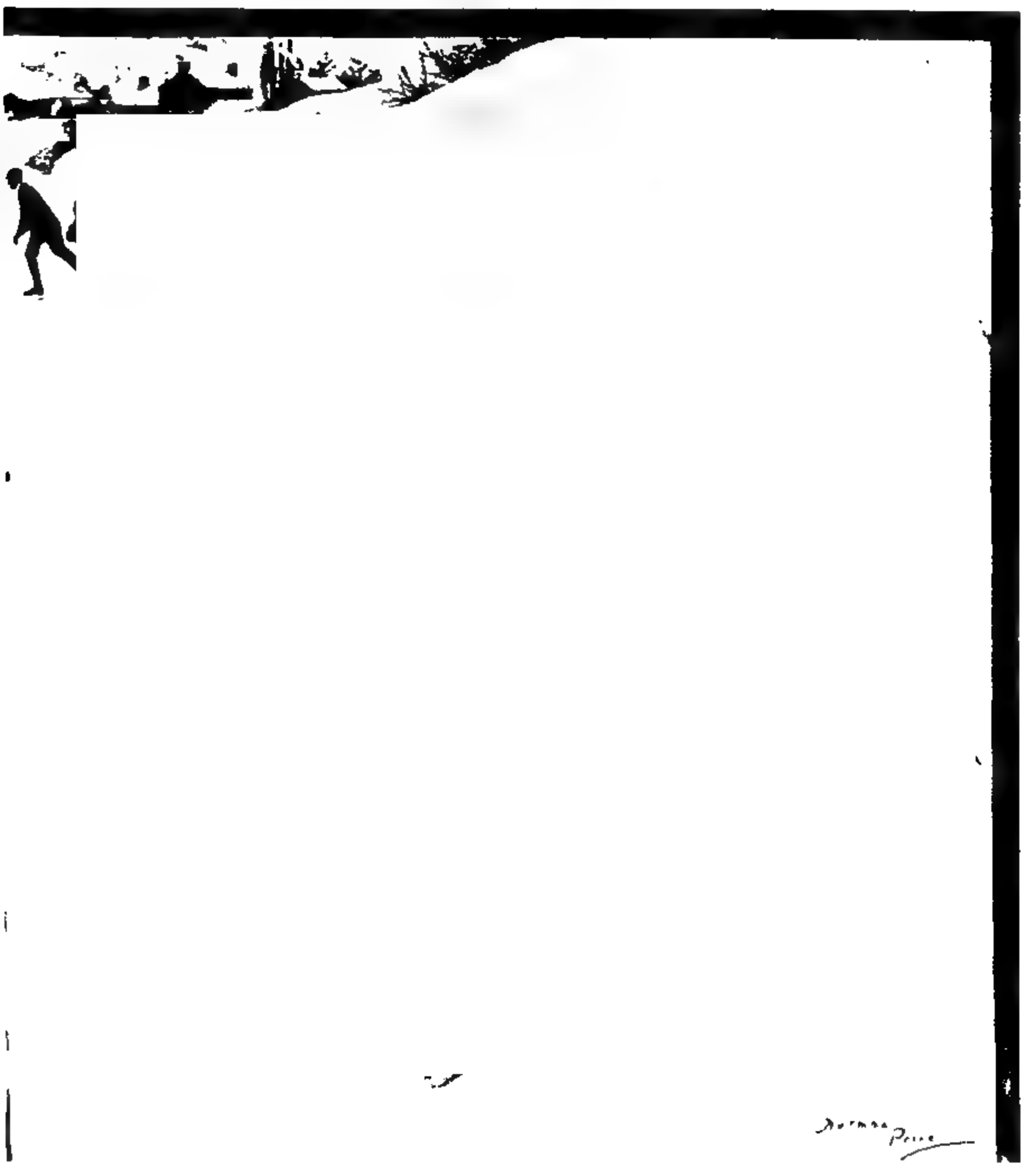
(Continued from page 55)

¶ Quite a few of our own stamps have either portraits of real Indians or Indian figures introduced into the design. We could not spare the space to list all of them. Very many of the long list of newspaper-stamps in the catalogue have the figure of an Indian as the central design. The heads on the one-cent stamp which you own (Scott No. 300) are portraits of real Indians. The central design is Captain John Smith. The Indian medallion at the right is the famous chief Powhatan, and the one at the left is his still more famous daughter, Pocahontas. She it was who saved Smith's life, and afterward married John Rolfe. Get your history and read up all about these people. It is wonderfully interesting, and your stamp will mean more to you forever afterward.

¶ There have been many stamps issued which have pictures of ships upon them. Even if we knew them all, we could not spare the space for a complete list. Nor could we in all instances give the name of the ship pictured. In many instances, as in the current issue of Bermuda, probably no special ship was in the mind of the designer.

ST NICHOLAS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Here's a wholly new idea—peach baskets, so good and so attractive-looking you will eat the basket, handle and all, and ask for more!

Make a salad of 1 cupful chopped apple, 1 cupful chopped celery, ½ cupful chopped nut meats and mix with mayonnaise dressing. Drain Libby's Peaches. Arrange, cut side up, on a bed of celery tops, heap centers with salad and top with mayonnaise dressing mixed with a little whipped cream. Cut thin strips from a stalk of celery, bend and insert both ends in peach so as to form handle.

And for a delightful pudding sauce, cook the peach juice with a level teaspoonful of cornstarch until thickened!

A Happy New Year Recipe

HERE'S a new Libby recipe that every woman will be happy to make and every family happy to eat!

Quite the simplest recipe, too. Scarcely any work at all and requiring only easily obtained and inexpensive materials. That's the real efficiency of the Libby foods. They are so good in themselves that they better everything with which they are combined.

Take Libby's Peaches, for instance. Great plump peaches, California's finest, put up in a honey-like syrup! Texture, flavor, fragrance—they can't be improved upon. Honestly, is there anything finer to eat in all the land?

Start the New Year right—with the resolution to let the Libby foods help you set a better table with less labor and less money!

Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 901 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Can., Ltd.
45 E. Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can

"Where queens sat broidering
While a page read out of a time-worn book."

(*See page 197*)

ST. NICHOLAS

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE SHIP OF GLASS

(THE WONDERING BOY: EIGHTH BALLAD)

By CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

"Merthyn, bard of Emrys, ... went to sea in a house of glass, and the place where he went is unknown."—Ancient Triads of Britain.

THERE were ships of silver and ships of gold from the tall white cliffs set sail;
The moon laid a path of pearl by night, the sun blazed a burning trail;
The seaweed tangled about their prows, and sea-flowers bloomed in their track;
To the East, to the West they sailed, but oh! for the ships that never came back!

And oh, for the Home Folk! Day by day they watched for a sail to gleam;
All night they lay in a weary sleep to watch and to wait in dream.
At the farthest edge of the wet seashore stood the Boy at the close of day;
The tide was out and the hollowed sands all purple and silver lay.

Far out he gazed with an anxious eye over miles of flowering foam;
"Oh where, oh where do the lost ships go, and why do they never come home?"
Nothing he saw but the white sea-rim, yet a voice said clear and low:
"Will you come away, little Wondering Boy, to find where the lost ships go?"

There, dimly gleaming, a ship of glass lay riding the glassy sea.
A knight stood up on the crystal prow—Merthyn of Emrys, he.
His brow was wreathed with the red seaweed; his coat with shells was hung;
His voice was the sound of faery bells in clear deep water rung.

"FAR OUT HE GAZED WITH AN ANXIOUS EYE OVER MILES OF FLOWERING FOAM"

Out under the fading sky they sailed in the wake of the pearly moon;
They followed her pathway night by night; they followed the sun at noon.
The sky was fair and the sea was fair, yet—presto! Suddenly
There came a strange and a dreadful sound of thunder beneath the sea!

The knight spoke soft to the startled Boy, as he stopped in his childish sport:
"Now fear thou not, little one, little one; we have only reached our port."
The sea rose up and the ship sank low, and the sky seemed far away;
And then—in a harbor of quiet sails, on a quiet sea they lay.

There were ships of silver and ships of gold from all ports of Christendom;
"For this is the Isle of Avalon, the port where the lost ships come."
The isle was peopled with Happy Folk, in the fields and the groves at play;
"But where, oh where are the poor Lost Folk?" Said Merthyn, "These are they."

The glass boat drifted along the sands, and they lightly sprang to the shore.
The Wondering Boy was happier than he ever had been before.
A clamor of joyous barking rose, and a faery dog, silk-white,
Came bounding over to welcome him—his lost little playmate, Sprite.

Then Merthyn led him by winding paths through the gardens, summer-fair;
Past little laughing and leaping groups that ringed round the roses there;
Past bowers of leafy fragrances where queens sat broidering,
While a page read out of a time-worn book in rhythmic murmuring.

They stood by a cave in a fair green hill. Dimly, as through a veil,
They saw the forms of the great High King and his knights in their shining mail.
"They wait till the day of England's need; each one shall hear the call;
And some have answered, and some not yet, and the High King last of all."

"'T is a lovely land—I am fain to stay; yet at home my mother dwells.
Sir Knight, may I take my little dog?"
Like the sound of silver bells
The knight made answer sorrowful:
"You could not keep him there;
For one who has dwelt in Avalon is happy no otherwhere."

The ship of glass spread a misty sail
And followed the moon's pale track,
Bearing the little Wondering Boy
To the white cliffs safely back.
And still from those shores the silver ships
And the ships of gold sail on,
To the East, to the West, and some, at last,
To the Isle of Avalon.

LEGER ST. JOHN, veteran explorer and traveler in the far North, drew his two younger comrades aside into a doorway of the church in Battle Harbor. His eyes sparkled with characteristic enthusiasm. "Listen to me, fellows. I 've just hit on a juicy bit of news. Want to share it?"

"Do we?" responded the older of the two boys he addressed. "You bet we want your news. We 're as hungry for news as an Eskimo is for blubber. Fork it over!"

The other lad grinned delightedly, as if he exactly shared the sentiment of his "pal."

"Listen, then. You know how long we 've been waiting for Oleson's ship that was to take us to Greenland on the year's exploring trip. Well, I 've just received a message that the old man has canceled the trip for the year because of inability to raise the funds he needs. It was half an hour ago when I got the letter and I was mighty downhearted, when who should I run into but an old friend of mine, Cap'n Slocum you know, the old grizzled sailor-chap."

"You mean the old fellow with a very red face?" said the older of the boys.

"The same," answered St. John. "When he spotted me he sings out, 'Well! Look what the dogs drug in!' and gave my right hand a grip that made me realize what a soft thing I was after all. And when he asked me what I was doing, I told him that I was a has-been and that my hopes for a scientific survey of the birds of Greenland had gone to smash. The old rascal winked at me then and said slyly, 'I can put ye next to a leetle bit of knowledge that 'll warm that cold scientific heart of yours!' I asked him what it was, and he said, 'Have ye e'er heerd of a bird called the great hauk?'

"'Have I heard of the great auk!' said I. 'The great auk! Have n't you ever heard of my essay, "The Final Distribution of the Great Auk?"'

"'I have not,' said the old man, unblushingly; 'but by some remarks ye let drop when last I saw ye, I inferred that ye were slightly interested in the subject.'

"I told him that 'slightly' was a feeble word to use concerning my interest in the great auk.

"'Well,' said he, winking at space, 'what would you say if I offered to take ye to where there is a living great hauk?'

"'There 's no such thing, worse luck!' said I; 'the last great auk was seen in 1844. Then the race became extinct.'

"'Don't ye know, me b'y,' said the old man, 'that there 's many a bird and beastie reported gone from the world when, as a fact, it 's not gone from the world, but seeking refuge from the savagery of man. I 've *seed* the great hauk, so I know it 's not out of fashion yet. And what 's more, me lad, if ye 'll jine me in a little trip I 'll take ye to the spot where I saw it.'

"'Where was that?' I asked.

"''T was on a wild, remote little shore down north—one of the group of islands around American Tickle. I sees a pair of the hauks on the beach near a little cave. I can take ye there on the chance of seein' 'em again, or perhaps finding their eggs.'"

"Well, what did you say?" asked the older boy, breathlessly.

"I said I 'd go, and I asked if you fellows could go too; and the old man said he 'd be glad of your help in manning the schooner."

"Good for you!" cried the older boy, excitedly, wringing the hand of St. John. "Is n't that fine, Jack?" he cried.

The other fellow grinned, "Sure it 's fine, Whitey," said he.

"We sail to-morrow morning with the turn of the tide," went on St. John. "So long, then, till supper-time to-night. Amuse yourselves as best you can."

"All right. Trust us for that!" called Whitey, as the explorer strode off; "hey, Jack, old boy?"

And Jack grinned his assent.

FROM the deck of the snug little schooner they watched the coast of Labrador slipping by. As the sun went down, Cape Spear loomed up ahead.

The weather roughened a bit during the night, but the crew handled the boat with that skill which is the inheritance of the Labrador fisherman. The breeze held, and they were past Boulter's Rock and Venison Tickle by breakfast-time. Jack would hardly look at the shore, he was so fascinated with the stately icebergs which they saw all day. Some loomed up out of the water on thin stems—these the captain called "mushrooms"; others had perfect natural bridges; a few soared up "like the Woolworth tower," Whitey said.

In the middle of the afternoon a heavy sea was running. The water heaved up curling green mountains; and into the liquid valleys between them, the schooner ran like a swift, live thing. "I guess I 'll put into Snug Harbor for the night," remarked the captain to St. John, who stood by him at the wheel.

They covered the half of Frenchman's Run in a wild smother of foam. Tall green seas fell thundering on the deck. Jack and Whitey, in oilskins, held on to anything within reach, and watched with deep interest, for they had not known such seas before. Once in a while they could see the black, wicked-looking coast, with its succession of naked cliffs, conveying to the mind the quality that has made the name Labrador stand for all that is grim and forbidding.

How smooth and quiet were the waters of Snug Harbor after the storm and scurry outside! Sunset emerged in splendor out of the end of the wild day, and as they sat at supper in the little cabin, with late sunlight streaming in through the portholes, Whitey stretched himself luxuriously.

"Say, Labrador 's a dandy place!" he exclaimed; a sentiment in which Jack fully agreed.

It was long after sunrise when the boys woke—and yet by Whitey's time-piece it was only five o'clock. After breakfast they went up on deck. There, half hidden, each behind a huge boulder, they saw the half-dozen houses of the settlement. The harbor was almost perfectly round, a snug, tight little bowl of sea-water hidden in that forbidding coast. On the low cliffs near the village they could see innumerable huskies, each dog with his nose up in the air, dolefully howling. As the schooner worked out of the harbor, that was the last sight they saw, the last sound they heard.

Whitey and Jack leaned over the rail together. They had discovered that the work they were supposed to do lay entirely in the imagination of the jovial captain. "Have a good time, b'ys," he would say; "ye 'll have lots to look at. I 'll tell ye when I needs ye." The wind had fallen, and they were only spinning off four or five knots an hour. "Gee! Look at that sea!" said Whitey, pointing. "Did you ever see anything like that?"

"No I did n't, ever," answered Jack.

Although the wind had gone down, the seas were still heaving skyward in huge, green, sloping hills. Far as the eye could reach, extended the wide and moving waste. Now and then a wave higher than the others slapped the side of the little craft and came aboard, burying the deck in a foot of water. The boys stood there, gripped by the feeling that has sent millions of boys to sea since that time long ago when the first hollowed log hoisted sail and launched out on green, tossing waters.

St. John was standing behind them. "It gets you, does n't it?" he said. "I never come up along this coast that I don't get hit with the tremendous fascination of this icy, savage sea. Everything up here is reduced to the simplest lines. Life and nature are stripped of ornament. Men are primitive as they can be without becoming savage."

"Yes, there 's something in it I can't explain," said Whitey. "I 've often wondered why these people stay here when there 's rich land and an easy living to be made in lots of places farther south. But I s'pose it gets them the way it gets us."

About noon they made a group of islands a little way out from the coast. The captain pointed. "It 's on one of these that I saw the auks. We 'll have to go through American Tickle, as it 's called, and anchor inside."

"Why do they call 'em tickles?" asked Jack.

"It 's the Labrador man's name for a narrow run between two islands," answered St. John; "in other words, a place so narrow that you tickle the sides of your craft going through."

All hands, except the steersman, now turned to and ate a hasty lunch. The captain took the wheel himself, for the operation of getting into the tickle was one that required the most skilled seamanship. The matter was complicated by three vicious-looking black needles of rock that stuck up out of the water just outside the inlet of the tickle.

At just the right distance from the entrance, the captain called out the order that let fall the sails. Everybody's labor was welcome in this emergency, and the boys had a real pride in helping handle the boat. Slowly then they drifted toward the black needles. With slight movements of the rudder the captain made allowance for tide and even for the pressure of the wind against the sides of his ship. They passed the nearest of the needles only six inches away, and a second later the high, precipitous black rocks on both sides of the tickle loomed up. Whitey was leaning over the rail on the port side, and Jack hung over the starboard.

"This rock is scraping my nose!" called Whitey. "How is it on your side, Jack?"

"I 've had to lean backward," called Jack. "If I had n't, it 'd have taken my face clean off."

Shut off from the sunlight by the high walls of this watery cañon, they felt the sudden increase of cold. Ghostly, silent, the schooner glided through the narrow way. The tickle made a sharp turn, and the captain looked anxious as he came to it. Slowly the vessel made the movement, obeying the rudder with exquisite exactness; but even so, the bowsprit slightly scraped the black rock as she swung about. A few yards farther on, and the tickle began to widen. Everybody breathed easy once more.

They dropped anchor in a narrow harbor completely shut in by high black walls. Both ends of the harbor were open to the sea, but in each case it was only through a narrow tickle that the waters came and went. The unceasing roar of the ocean could be heard from outside, but in the tickle there was an intense, calm loneliness that was all the more impressive for the furor of the encircling seas. "Not much chance of seeing the birds, I 'm afraid," said St. John, as he got into the skiff with the two boys and the captain, "but we 'll have a hunt for possible eggs. They 'll be more likely to be laid in a hidden ledge of the rock than anywhere else."

They found a tiny beach half-way up toward the north exit of the harbor, and there they beached the boat. The two boys agreed that they would keep together, while St. John and the captain searched in another direction.

"Say! This island is full of cracks in the rocks!" called Jack, who was first up the slippery side of the cliffs that surrounded the beach.

"Yes, we 'll have to look out not to fall down one," answered Whitey. "Gee, this is a mysterious-looking island! Why, it 's full of caves. Here, look at this, will you?"

He had turned a little to the left on an irregular ledge that he had found half-way up the face of the rock, and, entering a dark opening, had found himself in a sizable cave. It had a hole in the roof, very small, through which the blue sky was visible. "Say, this is a peach of a cave!" cried Whitey. "Why, there 's a chimney to take away the smoke and everything!"

"So it is," answered Jack. "Say!" he cried, excited by a big idea, "do you suppose Mr. St. John would let us camp in this cave to-night?"

"We can ask him. Guess he will. I sure would like to do it," said Whitey, enthusiastically.

They went out of the cave and explored further. They were astonished at the complexity of the island. It was filled with miniature mountains, having stony valleys between. There were many high cliffs, almost unscalable except with the help of ropes, and dozens of caves.

"It will certainly take us some time to explore this island," grunted Whitey. "You 'd never think it was anything like this just from seeing it on the outside, would you, Jack?"

"No, you would n't," answered Jack. "And I tell you, it 's very dangerous, too. You have to be careful, walking over these slippery rocks."

"That 's so," agreed Whitey. "If one of us fell into one of these cracks, there 's not enough rope on the schooner to get us out."

They found the further exploration of the island no easy task. It was a mass of caves and labyrinths, accessible only by crawling and climbing. The boys had never been on such an island before, and they became completely absorbed in the search. It was not till the ship's bell gave the signal for supper that they remembered time, and even then it took them half an hour to get back to the beach where St. John and the captain were waiting.

Whitey immediately broached the subject of camping out on the island. "Certainly!" exclaimed St. John. "I' d go with you myself, only I have to develop some negatives."

After supper the sun still shone into the little harbor, and the boys packed their duffle in the tiny skiff. As they pulled ashore, the captain called:

"Don't eat the egg, b'ys, if you finds it!"

They landed on the tiny beach, which was still in sunlight, being on the eastern island. On the previous visit they had been much excited by the discovery of the wreckage of a rowboat scattered on another little beach by the northern end of the island. Immediately on going ashore they walked and crawled to the northern beach and by making several trips, gathered enough of the broken boat to keep their fire going.

When it was ready to light and the sleeping-bags in place, they found that two hours had gone by. The sun had not yet gone down.

"Let 's go up to the ridge and have a look around before turning in," suggested Whitey.

They climbed to the central ridge of the island and looked out to sea. There were white and green icebergs floating majestically in the offshore waters, and one which they had not noticed before had slowly drifted down until it was now only a hundred yards from the island.

"Golly!" exclaimed Jack, "if she touches, let 's get on and explore! I 've never been on an iceberg."

"I 'm game for that!" cried Whitey, with enthusiasm; "she 'll be in by to-morrow, maybe."

They clambered down to the cave again and lit the fire. The oak made a warm, steady blaze

and gave plenty of light. Whitey started to explore their cave. It was roughly semicircular, about fifteen feet in diameter—not too large to be kept warm, nor too small to move about in.

"Say, Jack! here 's another opening," called Whitey. "Come and look."

He had found, in a fold of the wall, a narrow crack which seemed to lead somewhere.

"That 's great!" cried Jack. "Could n't we squeeze in and explore it?"

"You try it," suggested Whitey; "you 're small."

Jack squeezed through the opening without any trouble. "Come on through, it 's easy!" he called. He switched on his glow-light and showed Whitey the other side.

Whitey applied his more bulky form to the crack and tried to wriggle through. At the end of five minutes he had got himself wedged in the crack so that he could n't move one way or the other.

"Gee!" he cried, "I guess we 're done for! I 'm stuck here, and that makes you a prisoner. Looks as if we got to stay here all night."

"Yes," answered Jack, "and if a polar bear or something comes sniffin' around, he 'll get you, sure."

This thought seemed to give Whitey new

"'LOOK, WHITEY!' CRIED JACK, POINTING. 'WHAT'S THAT?'" (SEE PAGE 203)

strength. He made himself as small as possible, wriggled furiously, and, after a couple of minutes, he struggled through.

"Now," he gasped, "how 'll I ever get back? That 's what I want to know!"

"That 's easy," answered Jack. "Just stay here a couple of days till you get thin."

The prospect thus held forth did not seem alluring to Whitey. "I 'll bet there 's another way out,' n' I 'm goin' to find it. What do you say, Jack?"

"I think you 're right," replied Jack. "It 's kind of dark in here, but I 'm game to explore. Say, you don't suppose it 's something's den, do you?"

"Course not!" scoffed Whitey. "No animals, except small ones like foxes, have dens down this coast. I mean, in summer. And I would n't mind catching a silver fox worth about a thousand dollars, would you, Jack?"

"I guess not! Come on, then. Let 's go on. It 's getting a little darker outside. The sun 'll be down soon." Jack, the leader now by virtue of his smaller size, led the way along a tortuous passageway. Never had they known a place that offered so many twistings and turnings. They came to a larger cave, where the passageway they were on was crossed by three other corridors, and, after some hesitation, they took the one that they thought led toward the surface of the island. But after they had gone fifty yards, it plunged down again and they knew they must be going deeper than before. They turned back, but, to their dismay, could not find the three corridors from which they had started five minutes before.

"We must have gone down another crack without noticing," said Whitey.

The boys were by this time a little scared. They were buried in the heart of the island, completely lost. Whichever path they took, it seemed to lead nowhere. Fortunately, Whitey had on his wrist a little scout-compass, and as he knew that the island was less than a quarter of a mile wide from east to west, there was a chance that one of the passageways might lead them to an opening on the ocean side if they could only keep working toward the east.

Following this principle, they began to plan out a scheme of direction. Every crack that led toward the east, they took. Many times they found the cracks ended in a blank wall of rock, or else they narrowed down to nothing. The work was frightfully exhausting, and down there in the depths of the rocks the great cold and the dampness began to affect them. They had an awful feeling of being buried alive in their gloomy prison, yet with help within easy reach.

Jack was the first to give in. "Say, Whitey," he called faintly, "I 'm feeling kind o' weak and queer inside. Let 's just stop a minute, will you?"

"Sure, Jack!" answered Whitey. "You 're a little tired, that 's all. Say!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "d' you know what time it is? Twelve o'clock! We 've been down here three hours!"

Jack said nothing. He was staring at the glow-light, and there was a queer look on his face. "What is it, Jack?" asked Whitey; "what are you staring at the light for?"

Jack turned to his friend a horror-stricken face. "It 's going out, that 's what!" he cried hoarsely.

Whitey looked at the yellowing light. "Why, I brought mine!" he said, feeling in his pockets, one after the other. "No, I 'm wrong!" he cried. "Now I remember I left it on top of my bed in the cave. Jack, we 've got to save up the light. Every second counts. Shut it off while you 're resting."

Jack shut off the light, and the boys leaned against the wall. The silence and coldness of the labyrinth closed around them. In the darkness, Whitey realized how tired he was. For three hours they had been going without a pause. Utter weariness fell on him. For the time being his spirit sank to zero, and he saw only the worst. Starving and frozen, they would meet a horrible doom in the cold and gloom of the labyrinth. They were in a great stone tomb. Even if the captain and St. John could squeeze through the crack, and he knew they could n't, the chances were a hundred to one against a meeting.

Presently, Jack turned on the light and sighed wearily. "I 'm ready," he said.

The battery having been given a little rest, the light was not as yellow as before. Jack added the precaution of switching it off when they found themselves on a fairly straight stretch. After going on for about a hundred yards, they felt their way around a corner. Jack switched on the light. There, ahead, was another clear run, so he turned it off again.

They rested, leaning against the damp walls. "Do you see anything?" asked Jack, suddenly.

"No. Why?"

"Look again! Look straight ahead. I seem to see a queer sort of something. Maybe it 's just imagination."

Whitey stared ahead, and it seemed to him that it *was* a little different. The darkness seemed to be pervaded with a weird, greenish glow. "Don't switch on the light, Jack," he whispered. "Let 's move along and see what it is."

Even as he spoke, a childish terror clutched his heart and he half wished he had not spoken.

What could it be that was the cause of the mysterious and terrifying phosphorescence?

Silent as Indians, they stole along. The green effect turned to grey—and then it burst upon them that the thing they saw was not some dreadful and deadly vapor or an equally awe-compelling apparition, but—*light!*

They both yelled and hurled themselves forward regardless of bruises and collisions. A few seconds later, Jack violently halted. "Back!" he shouted. Whitey cannoned into him, almost knocking him over.

They had come out on a high and perilous ledge—a cliff, black and forbidding above; down far below, the sea. It was night, but the whole northern sky was aflame with the splendor of the aurora. It was the reflection of this on a great green iceberg, floating close in, that had thrown the weird light into their rock tomb.

"The iceberg!" yelled Whitey, "the one we were going to explore!"

"Yes!" answered Jack. "It 's almost close enough to jump to it. At sun-up, it 'll be touching."

They looked around their ledge. It jutted out half-way down the face of the black, wet cliff. It was absolutely cut off from access on any side. There was no path, no crack, no hand-hold of any kind.

"We 're almost as badly off as before," said Whitey, in dismay. "They 'll have to search for us and get us away with ropes."

"Look, Whitey!" cried Jack, pointing. "For the love of Pete, what's that?"

Whitey stared. At one end of the ledge a white object gleamed. A brighter flashing of the aurora had brought it to Jack's eye. Whitey shrunk back. "A bear or something!" he whispered.

"How can it be a polar bear?" questioned Jack, rather shakily. "They can't curl up as small as that?"

"Yes, it is small—no bigger than a dog," admitted Whitey.

"Why, it is n't even the size of a dog!" exclaimed Jack, in disgust; "it is n't bigger than a cat!"

"Maybe it 's a fox or a ptarmigan!" whispered Whitey; "they 're about that size."

"Gee! we 've lost our nerve being in the cave," jeered Jack "I 'll bet it 's only a white stone."

"Maybe you 're right," whispered Whitey, with a feeling of relief. "Let 's go up and see."

They crept along the ledge in silence. Within a foot of the motionless, white object they paused and stared at it.

"It 's a stone," whispered Whitey.

"So it is," agreed Jack. He put out a tentative finger and touched the thing. "Gee! How smooth it is!" he went on.

Whitey touched it with his hand. "It 's egg-shaped," he said. "Why, it *is* an egg!" he exclaimed. "It 's a bird's egg, Jack. An *auk's egg!* By Jupiter! we 've found the *auk's egg!*" he shouted. "Don't you see, Jack, there 's no other egg in the world like that. St. John told me all about it. Oh, Jack! We 've discovered the nest of the auk!"

"Why, I guess you 're right!" cried Jack, excitedly. "I can hardly wait till daylight. Won't we yell for help, though!"

They examined the egg with infinite care. It seemed to be about four and a half inches long and a little less than three inches across. The color was a pale olive-buff, marked with brown and black.

"What 's become of the mother and father auk?" asked Jack, in wonder.

"I don't know. Auks can't fly, so they must have had an entrance from this ledge to the upper surface of the island. I guess the mother auk laid the egg here and then maybe they were both frightened away, or even killed by some wandering polar bear."

"That sounds reasonable," answered Jack. "This island, with all its caves and runways, must have been about their last refuge."

Whitey yawned. "Auk or no auk," he said, "I feel awfully sleepy. Say, Jack, I 'm almost dead. Are n't you?"

Jack admitted he was. Now that the excitement of discovery was over, both the boys realized how tired they were. They placed the egg in a small, sheltered recess in the rock at the other end of the ledge, and, finding a safe level spot some distance away, lay down close together. Neither the great cold of the Labrador night nor the hardness of their bed had any power to keep them awake. Five minutes later they were both dead asleep.

WHITEY dreamed that some one had given him the job of grinding up tons of ice in a stone-crusher to make a giant feast of ice-cream. It was cold, freezing work, and he was longing intensely to get away from it. Then the grinding machine fell over and dumped the whole mass of ice on him. He struggled to free himself from it by shaking his limbs and slowly drawing himself out—and suddenly he was awake and sitting up! But the terrific noise of the ice-grinding went on. Whitey stared wildly around. It was broad daylight, but the sun was entirely shut off from them by the green, towering mass of the iceberg which had at last made contact with the shore and was slowly grinding its way along the rocks. That

was the noise that had given him the foundation for his dream. His limbs were so cold and numb that he could hardly move.

A sudden alarm came into his mind. The auk's egg! Was it injured by the small lumps of ice which were flying in all directions?

Slowly and stiffly, Whitey turned his half-frozen body and directed his eyes to the other end of the shelf where they had left the egg. It was gone! But there was that in its place which instantly sent his blood leaping through his veins in such absolute terror as he had never known before. An enormous polar bear was licking up the last fragments of the precious egg. He had climbed over the iceberg, where he must have been floating for days, and had easily leaped on the ledge when he spied the shining egg.

Instantly, Whitey lost all sense of personal fear. His mind was filled with a feeling of infinite outrage that the bear should destroy their precious egg. With a sort of unthinking passion, hoping that even yet he might save some fragments of shell, he shouted at the bear! "G'wan! Get out!" and staggering to his feet, he waved numb ineffectual hands.

The big white monster turned. In its eagerness for the egg, it had paid no heed to the two silent forms lying on the rock. Whitey, still fearless with rage, approached a little closer and shook his fist at the beast "G'wan!" he yelled, as if ordering a dog out of the house. Perhaps it was that half crazy boldness which saved the boy. The great brute turned and stared at him. Then suddenly he reached out a lightning paw and, with a gentle tap of it, struck Whitey out of his way.

One tremendous leap, and the big bear was back on the iceberg again. He flashed around a corner and disappeared. Whitey went spinning down into the deep, narrow, green strip of water between the island and the berg.

At Whitey's shouts, Jack had waked up, and he witnessed with stupefied senses the extraordinary scene between Whitey and the bear. Then he saw the white monster brush Whitey aside, and, with sudden terror, saw his pal spinning over the verge of the cliff. He jumped up, took two steps, and leaped after him. Down, down he went, until, with a shock of ferocious arctic cold, he hit the salt, freezing water. Whitey came up close by as he went down, and he grabbed the unconscious form and held it.

It was not till a week later that the two boys were able to compare notes. They were lying side by side in Dr. Grenfell's hospital in Battle Harbor. The case-card at the head of Jack's bed read, "Freezing"; and over Whitey's head was a card reading, "Freezing and contusions of the head." No one had been allowed to talk to them till they were out of danger. Then, on this bright, sparkling, sunny Labrador day, St. John had come in and was sitting between the two beds, helping them to piece out the thrilling story of their last hour on the island. "We went to the cave, when you fellows did n't turn up for breakfast, and found you gone. So we got a scare and started to row around the island, knowing that would be the best way to see you, wherever you were. We 'd got as far as the outer side of the berg, when we heard Whitey's yell, and then, a second later, an enormous polar bear bounded by us on the berg, plunged into the water and started across to the other islands. Well, you can imagine what we thought might have happened. We rowed like men possessed, and a few moments later we found Jack, half frozen himself, dragging you out of the water. He was delirious with cold and shock, but he was right on the job, every ounce of him. We got you back on the ship, gave you both what treatment we could, and put back to Battle Harbor. I 've been wondering ever since how in the world you got around to that side of the island and what you were doing."

Whitey sat up with shining eyes. "Has n't any one told you?" he cried. "Why of course not! How could they? Just listen!" And he went on to tell St. John the tale of their night's adventures. When he came to the story of their discovery of the auk's egg, St. John was on his feet, his face glowing with excitement.

"Where was the egg?" he cried; "on a big black ledge half-way up the cliff?"

"Yes," answered Whitey, eagerly, "and I saw that beastly polar bear eat up the last scrap of it —egg, shell, and all! I was never so mad!"

St. John gripped both their hands. "That polar bear saved your lives!" he cried.

"You 're joking!" cried Whitey.

"We saw the ledge," went on St. John, "and as we were rowing away, the captain pointed to it and said, 'Look yonder!' I looked. An upper mass on the iceberg had become loosened, and, even as we looked, it fell crashing down upon the ledge. Had you been there, you would have been crushed under a thousand tons of ice!

The boys looked at each other.

"Whew!" exclaimed Whitey, slowly; "I 'll never kill a polar bear as long as I liye."

"Same here!" cried Jack. "Whitey, I move we adopt the polar bear as our Totem."

"Shake on it," answered Whitey, thrusting out his hand.

Solemnly the pals gripped hands.

THE TREASURE-CHEST OF THE MEDRANOS

By ELIZABETH HOWARD ATKINS

CHAPTER III

THE STRANGER

DON FERNANDO was sitting in the sun fast asleep, with his hands folded on top of his manzanita walking-stick. Felisa planted herself before him.

"*Papá miá*," she said softly.

He did not wake up. His head nodded first on one side and then on the other. She kissed him on his broad, wrinkled forehead. He snored peacefully.

Ah, but Señor Medrano had earned the right to sleep well and peacefully, and to snore if he liked! For had he not walked with Don Gaspar de Portola, in the old days, from one end of Alta California to the other, in search of the Port of Monterey? That is history, and very fascinating history, too, and you must read it for yourself some day. For then, in the California of to-day, when you travel in your high-power motor on the King's Highway (it is still called *El Camino Real*), you will see more than most people in motors ever dream of seeing. A little band of explorers will be observed on the crest of those rolling hills where the poppies spread their carpet of gold; and on the blue Pacific, when the fog lifts, you will catch a glint of the white sail of the *Santa Maria;* you will pass a good padre (perhaps Junipero Serra himself, in his dust-colored robe and sandals) upon the road, pursuing his long pilgrimage on foot from San Diego to Monterey. There is no use asking him to ride—he smiles and plods on—he has taken the vow of the Franciscans!

"Papá!" It is Felisa who calls again, appealingly.

But Señor Fernando, who once wore a leather jacket and ferocious boots, and carried a formidable flint-lock on his saddle-bow, continued his siesta undisturbed.

The little girl sighed and glanced about her for amusement, for consolation.

Ah, there was Juancito, the son of the Indian overseer, Ximeno, in the corner, shelling beans. All day long now, he shelled beans for Josefa, for the fiesta.

It was not long since Juancito had been a fascinating papoose, bound tightly and carried on his mother's back—or set, for convenience, in a corner. Now he was going to the wedding! Ximeno was to drive the ox-cart with provisions—it was all arranged—into Santa Barbara, and Juancito was big enough to be of great assistance.

Yet in vain Felisa attempted to make him speak. But as Papá could not be lured from his siesta, neither could Juancito be lured from the pensive occupation of shelling beans. But there is an explanation! Like all who are invited to a wedding, Juancito was mentally reviewing his wardrobe, which consisted mainly of a large hat! A thought was perplexing his brain. He was silently brooding upon a matter of fashion: "Can one go barefooted to a wedding?" No wonder he could not answer Felisa.

It was then that Nino rose languidly from his corner in the patio.

As clearly as could be, his look said: "What is it that you wish, my adored little mistress? It is warm—the hour of the siesta—yet I am here."

"Nino!" Felisa whispered, "I wanted to learn everything about our Inheritance. But Papá insists upon sleeping! Could it have been a queen, Nino? You don't know! You are only a dog! You would rather inherit a nice juicy bone than all the pearls and gold and silver in the world. But listen, Nino!" and Felisa lifted her finger warningly, "If you should ever see a *bandido*, you must growl loudly and eat him if need be. Because he will have come to steal our Inheritance. Dost thou hear, Nino?"

But Nino only wagged his tail and looked incapable of ferocity.

Felisa shrugged her shoulders and looked toward the long range of Santa Ynés. She could see the road, like a slender ribbon, winding in and out of the cañons.

Like the anxious sister in the fairy-tale, Ysabella Medrano (divested now of her wedding finery) came to the doorway to ask, "Do you see anything coming, Felisa?"

"No, I don't see the stage yet."

Ysabella knit her brows. "It is very late."

Felisa looked at her sister curiously. "Are you afraid," she said, and her voice sounded suddenly very small and timid, "that El Señor Carlos will hold up the stage?"

Her sister laughed.

"My child, what nonsense! There *are* no *bandidos* in these days. One might as truly meet *El Diablo* in person! In Papá's days—yes—they were as thick as flies."

"Does not El Señor Carlos know of our Inheritance?"

"Do not, *querida* [darling], trouble thy heart with such fancies," Ysabella protested, drawing the little girl to her.

Arms entwined, the sisters looked again toward the mountains.

But there was no sight of the stage yet, not even of the dust cloud which was always to be seen even before the stage appeared. Everything was so still. The dripping of the water in the fountain, the gentle snores of Don Fernando, were the only sounds.

A butterfly tempted Felisa to follow him. *Cielo!* If Josefa had seen her charge in the clean dress, running wildly through the rose-bushes—But luckily no damage was done. What a chase that butterfly led Felisa, with Nino at her heels barking, leaping up into the air! But the lovely creature eluded her—flew off through the madroño trees—a glint of yellow wings.

"It has gone to meet Don Felipe," Felisa thought, and sank breathlessly down on the soft carpet of leaves and moss under the madroños. For she and Nino had descended to the little cañon below the house.

Presently Nino began to growl, and Felisa, turning to scold him, saw that a man on horseback was just drawing up before the low stone wall.

He was not young, nor yet was he as old as Don Fernando. Part of his face was obscured by a silk handkerchief (perhaps he had the toothache, Felisa thought, sympathetically), and his throat was closely muffled in a scarf of crimson merino. But surely, even Don Felipe Alvarez himself could not be more "ornamental!" He was so dignified, so magnificent, and his clothes, though dusty, as with hard riding, were of fine texture, and much trimmed with gold galloon, as befitted a gallant caballero [cavalier].

He swept off his sombrero with a grand flourish. "*Buenas dias, Señorita!*" ["Good day, Señorita!"]

Felisa rose from her mossy seat and curtseyed. The green dress billowed about her.

"*Buenas dias, Señor!*"

"Thou art a wood-sprite, Señorita, no doubt? Dost thou, mayhap, live in the heart of the big madroño? Or art thou an enchanted princess?"

Felisa laughed delightedly, "No, Señor, but," she looked at him mischievously, "I know who *thou* art!"

"*Si?*" ["Yes?"]

"Thou art the statue in the City of Mexico,—the bronze statue on horseback,—come to life!"

So Felisa and this strange caballero remained looking at each other and smiling.

Suddenly Felisa put her hand upon his sleeve and looked into his eyes earnestly.

"Thou art not Don Felipe Alvarez?" she cried. And then, as suddenly, "No, thou art too old. He is a *young* caballero."

The stranger removed his sombrero and rumpled his hair ruefully.

"So—I am a veritable grandfather! 'Too old!'" He sighed and gazed at her reproachfully. "I am wounded."

Felisa regarded the silk handkerchief, which hid half his face, gravely.

"So that is why you wear the bandage, Señor? I hope the wound is not serious." Her face was all tender anxiety. "And why dost thou wind the scarf so closely about thy throat, Señor?"

The caballero looked down at her gravely, shaking his head.

"It is said I shall die of an—" he hesitated, "an affliction of the throat, Señorita," he answered. He made an odd gurgling noise, which caused Nino to growl again, every hair bristling! "So—and that is all!"

"How terrible!"

"Is it not? Yet let us talk of pleasanter things. Tell me, perhaps, what thou dost know of this Don Felipe Alvarez, who is so young?"

"He is to marry my sister, Señor, on San Antonia de Padua's Day at the Mission Santa Barbara."

The stranger looked at Felisa more intently.

"Then thou art," he paused, "Señorita Medrano?"

"*Si*, Señor—and I am waiting for the stage upon which Don Felipe, whom I have not yet seen, arrives. Have you seen anything of the stage, Señor?" she added, anxiously.

"It is a pity, Señorita Medrano, but to-day I have had more important business on hand. I have not been waiting for the stage; therefore, to

"HE SWEPT OFF HIS SOMBRERO WITH A GRAND FLOURISH. 'BUENAS DIAS, SENORITA!' "

my regret, I can bring you no news of it."

Felisa sighed. "It is so long in coming that I am growing very anxious."

The caballero lifted inquiring eyebrows. "So? And why should you be anxious, Señorita?"

"I am afraid of the *bandidos*, Señor!" Felisa confessed.

Then it was that the caballero put his hand to his side and burst into a great hearty laugh, which echoed in the little cañon.

"That is good! Thou dost not know *how* good, Señorita Medrano!" He laughed until the tears came.

But Felisa regarded him seriously.

"Then thou hast no fear of the *bandidos*, Señor? Not even of El Señor Carlos?"

The caballero laughed again even more heartily, "*Cielo! Carlos!*" He snapped his fingers. "Carlos is the least fearsome of them all, my child. He is subdued by a glance—turned to milk and water by a friendly word."

"That is true, Señor?"

"Quite true."

Felisa sighed gratefully. "Then I am much comforted. Perhaps, living in the mountains, El Señor Carlos will not even have heard of our Inheritance," she added. She drew herself up a little proudly. "You have heard,

no doubt, of the Medrano pearls?" she asked.

The stranger knit his brows in thought a moment.

"I seem to remember hearing of them," he said, slowly. "Was there not something else, too, of value, which descended to thy father from his illustrious ancestors?"

"*Si*, Señor. Seven silver platters and a great goblet. Some day I shall drink my milk out of it, Señor! I shall feel like a princess."

"Then did I not guess thee aright, Señorita? Thou art a princess. Thou hast many an Inheritance, as I see it!"

The stranger spoke gravely, half to himself.

Then, leaning from his saddle, "Give me your hand, Princess," he said. "I must be on my way."

Felisa extended her little hand. It looked so small lying in his great rough one! He laughed, and suddenly removing the handkerchief from his face, he lifted the little hand with tenderness to his lips.

"*Adios!*" he cried, before Felisa even had time to look at him again.

The horse wheeled about, with Nino barking violently at his heels.

"I am certain that Don Felipe Alvarez will arrive safely!" he called over his shoulder, and galloped away through the little glade of madroños.

Nino growled as he watched the retreating horseman.

"Nino!" cried Felisa. "How rude thou art! That was no *bandido*, but a gallant caballero from Santa Barbara."

And Nino hung his head; his tail crept between his legs.

CHAPTER IV

THE ARRIVAL

FELISA heard Ysabella's voice calling her. She ran up the slope to the house, with Nino at her heels.

"Look there, Felisa! At last it is coming!"

A little cloud of dust was visible above the trees. Juancito had been the first to observe it.

Felisa's heart began to beat rapidly. The black cat, licking warm milk from her whiskers, pressed against her skirt. But when the cat spied Nino, with whom she kept up a perpetual feud, her tail bristled and she flew up the grapevine with every claw extended. Nino's barks were now deafening. Don Fernando, with a start, suddenly awakened from his nap. Juancito deserted the beans which he was shelling, and, in the distraction of the moment, hid around the corner of the house, where he might watch and remain unseen. Josefa, with a smudge of flour on the tip of her nose, stuck her head out of the kitchen window.

In the midst of all this commotion, the stage appeared at last. The big top-heavy vehicle swayed as it came along the uneven road, approaching the Medrano ranch with a flourish. The driver cracked his whip—the horses plunged—the dust rose in clouds—all but obscuring the figure of a tall young caballero who had risen at great peril in his seat, to wave his sombrero in answer to the flutterings of Ysabella's handkerchief, and called out greetings, which could not be heard, so great a rumble did the stage make. Past the madroños it came thundering and lurching. The horses labored up the little hill, straight to the very door of the hacienda.

Yes, he was a very suitable gift for Ysabella, this gift of Aunt Serafina's! Tall and slender, with the most winning countenance imaginable, he was far more ornamental than the handsomest bureau in the whole of the Americas!

The whole house had awakened to the fact of Don Felipe's presence. Heads appeared behind the wooden lattices of the windows. The cat stretched herself on her perch and gazed. The very chickens stood poised on one foot, and Nino sniffed appreciatively at Don Felipe's smart leather boots. Over in the field the Indian, Ximeno, driving the ox-cart down to the mill, pulled up and surveyed Don Felipe Alvarez, who was to marry Ysabella Medrano.

Felisa said but little. She sat upon her father's knees, watching Don Felipe, listening to his animated story of their innumerable delays. They had broken a spring! The wheel had come off! Felisa heard of Uncle Pedro's rheumatism—of the continued scandal of Aunt Serafina's bonnet. She learned that three new cannon had been purchased for the presidio—that the padre at the Mission had new vestments. Felisa sank into a sort of dream, watching Don Felipe's face, hardly listening.

But what was this! "El Señor Carlos—" (What of El Señor Carlos? She sat up.) "He is to be hung—"

But Josefa, still leaning out of the window, her plump elbows on the broad sill, shook her head ominously, "He is not caught yet, Señor Felipe!" she said hoarsely.

All this time a mysterious box, which Don Felipe had brought with him, had been sitting there, in the patio. It was a little leather trunk, surely the most elegant little trunk in the world. It could hardly be anything less, thought Felisa, than a treasure-chest.

And she said to herself, "Perhaps it contains Don Felipe's Inheritance!"

She began to feel very curious about that box. Not an inch of its fine leather surface but was delicately tooled, or colored, or gilded, and it was

further embellished by gilt nails and the most ornamental of lock-plates.

Beside it was a worn old leather bag, which seemed to collapse at the sheer contrast with its shabbiness.

Josefa's eyes suddenly discovere

"Juancito," she called shrilly, a dian's head for once appearec around the corner of the wall, "carı chest to the guest chamber, thou l bond!"

But as Juancito obediently wa the trunk in his arms, Don Feli lingly, "No! No!" Juancito dro geous "treasure-chest" as though him. He stumbled backward, troc tail, and then stepped into the Was there ever such confusion? midst of it, Juancito vanished int

Then Don Felipe, laughing merrily, picked up the gorgeous little box himself and set it—at Felisa's feet! He then felt in several pockets, finally producing, between thumb and finger, a small silver key, which he gave to her.

Felisa was overcome with astonishment.

But one knows what one should do with a key!

She sank upon her knees before the box. Perhaps she felt like Pandora (only she had never heard of Pandora).

Josefa hung over her with her mouth open, quite as if she expected something to jump out.

Felisa turned the key. Then she took another breath—and lifted the lid.

It was then that Felisa Medrano believed herself dreaming; or was she, as that strange caballero had said, really a princess, that such wonderful things should happen to her? For there, smiling at the little girl with arched red lips and eyes which seemed truly to answer the look of adoration and wonder in her face, lay a lovely wax doll! Quaint and old-fashioned she would seem to us now, but she was really beautiful, with a delicately modeled face and a complexion of snow and rose petals; and Felisa had never seen a doll, much less possessed one.

She was dressed like a high-born Spanish lady, in a full silken skirt decked with crisp lace flounces and beguiling ribbon bows. Her hair was piled high on her head and surmounted with a tortoise-shell comb (for all the world like Ysabella's); a little red rose nestled coquettishly against her ear. She was complete, even to her smart black-satin slippers with their red heels.

There she lay, luxuriously, upon piles of lovely

"FELISA WAS OVERCOME. SHE COULD NOT SPEAK"

frocks—such gay rebosos and mantillas, silken skirts, and embroidered bodices! There were shoes and fans, diminutive stockings, camises, lace-bordered handkerchiefs, necklaces and bracelets, combs and ribbons—all the wardrobe of a grand Spanish lady, faithfully reproduced in miniature.

Felisa was overcome. She could not speak. The thought flashed whimsically through her mind, "What if Ysabella had chosen a bureau!" It was too awful to contemplate.

But at last, with her arm about Don Felipe's neck, she whispered to him—no, not that she was glad he was n't a bureau—she was not quite as incoherent as that! but—"Oh," she cried, "I am so glad that you and the treasure-chest were not stolen by the *bandidos!*"

Don Felipe Alvarez laughed.

"Who speaks of *bandidos*," he cried gaily. "They don't exist—unless those at the Medrano hacienda, who steal the hearts of every one."

CHAPTER V

THE PROBLEMS OF JUANCITO

FELISA was singing to her doll:

"A la puerta des cielos venden sapatos
Para los angelitos que estan descalzos.
Duermete Niño, Duermete Niño,
Duermete Niño, Dodo,
Ave Maria, Dodo."

["At the doorway of Heaven shoes are sold for the little barefooted angels."]

Juancito, cross-legged on the flags of the patio —yes! you have said it!—was shelling beans! Sometimes Juancito wished that there were no beans in the world—yet without frijoles, rich in chili sauce, there would certainly be no backbone to the fiesta! In a few days there would be a pause in the bean shelling. No, the world was not coming to an end—Juancito was going to the wedding! He should have been quite happy; but he was not.

He was a funny little figure, in his faded red blouse and ragged trousers much too long for him, beneath which his bare brown toes appeared. He was wearing his sombrero. It covered him completely; he looked like a snuffed candle! The peaked "extinguisher" almost touched his shoulders; nose, eyes, mouth, disappeared beneath, only the tip of his chin was visible. And his chin trembled, as for the second time Felisa began:

"A la puerta des cielos
venden zapatos—"

But the unconscious singer barely noticed him. She had eyes for nothing but the doll. Presently, however, she took Juancito into her confidence.

"Juancito! All night I have stayed awake, trying to think of a name for my doll."

But although the shelling went on, no sounds of life issued from beneath the sombrero.

"Do you not think Rosita is the most beautiful name in the world, Juancito?"

Still no answer. Felisa began to sing again (for the third time) "*A la puerta—*"

Suddenly the shelling stopped—a wail, a little smothered, it is true, but infinitely mournful, was heard. It came from beneath the sombrero.

Felisa placed Rosita carefully in Papá's chair.

"What is wrong, Juancito?"

"I wish to die."

Felisa took the hat by its tall peak and removed it from Juancito's head.

"To *die?*" she inquired, with astonishment. "When you are going to a wedding, Juancito! That is very wicked of you!"

But Juancito dug his fists into his eyes.

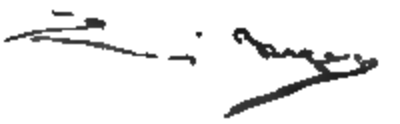
"I wish to be an angel," he said, sobbing.

"An angel?"

"*Si*, Señorita, because shoes are given to the little angels."

"But you have a new hat!"

Juancito howled afresh. He scrambled to his feet and was about to melt away, but Felisa held firmly to his collar. She was taller than he and



"'WHAT IS WRONG, JUANCITO?'"

very quick and strong, and he was just a fat Indian baby. Old Josefa, stern about beans, but very indulgent in most other matters, had emerged from the kitchen, bringing an agreeable odor of baked cakes with her.

"Come, what is this?"

Felisa explained to her.

"*Cielo!* Nothing is simpler," cried Josefa, good-naturedly. "We shall exchange, Juancito and I. I will take the hat, which is as good as a parasol and will protect my complexion; Juancito shall have the shoes of my grandmother."

She suited the action to the word, bustled into the house, and immediately reappeared with a shoe in each hand. They were elegant varnished boots of shiny leather, with high red heels, but Juancito accepted them joyfully.

For he had decided, after much meditation, that matter of fashion. One could not go barefooted to a wedding! Hatless if you like, but one must have shoes.

"Even the angels wear them in Heaven!" Juancito said to himself, and clasped the shoes of Josefa's grandmother to his bosom.

CHAPTER VI

THE INHERITANCE

THAT night there was a glorious full moon, round and golden. It seemed to Felisa to balance on the mountain-side for a moment. She held her breath for fear that it might roll down hill.

They had just risen from supper at the long table, which had been set, because it was so mild and sweet an evening, out in the patio. Josefa had outdone herself. She had even made a sweet pudding.

The doll, Rosita, lay in Felisa's arms, close against her heart. Felisa was very happy. Every little while she would hold Rosita at arm's length to gaze at her.

"Just to be sure that I am not dreaming," she said to herself.

And Rosita smiled back at her, with an expression of almost human intelligence. A fragrance of dried rose-leaves enveloped her. Her silks rustled deliciously. Her bracelets jangled.

"I think I grow to love Rosita better every minute," said Felisa to Don Felipe. "I shall always keep her, even when I am grown up. And see, I wear the little key of the 'treasure-chest' on a ribbon around my neck."

Don Fernando Medrano smiled upon his little daughter benevolently.

"The Medranos have acquired a new treasure," he said.

He made a move as though to rise. His chair creaked. The moment had come, then! A faint sigh escaped from Ysabella's lips, and Felisa whispered to the doll, "We are to see the Inheritance, *Rosita mia!*"

Don Felipe gallantly rushed to Papá's assistance and offered his arm. As if it had all been arranged, they formed a little procession. Papá led the way. Where were they going? Yes, to Papá's own particular retreat in the farther wing of the hacienda.

It was a small room, as bare as a monk's cell. There were three chairs in it, and a heavy table upon which sat a terrestrial globe and a solitary candle. Its light revealed, presently, the souvenirs of Don Fernando's gallant past, hung upon the wall—his Toledan rapier, his *cuera* (a long, stiff cloak made of seven thicknesses of antelope-hide stitched together, to protect the wearer from Indian arrows), his silver spurs, a gruesome Indian tomahawk. There was nothing else in the room excepting a shelf against the wall, holding a few well-worn books, with Spanish inscriptions.

Felisa glanced about curiously. She had not often been in this sanctuary of Papá's. She wondered where a treasure-chest large enough to hold the Medrano Inheritance might be concealed. Certainly there was not a corner where even, for example, the doll's trunk might be hidden.

Papá pulled the curtain close at the one window, and drew the bolt in the door.

Then, without hesitation, he lifted the little book-shelf from the wall. Behind it was a panel set in the rough plaster. A moment, in which Felisa held her breath, and at the pressure upon a hidden spring the panel disappeared magically into the thick wall. Within the recess the treasure-chest was revealed. But what a shabby, battered thing it was! Felisa was frankly disappointed. It was not nearly so fine, so elegant, as Rosita's treasure-chest. Don Fernando and Don Felipe were lifting it upon the table. How ugly, how dull it was! Suddenly Felisa sneezed, as the pungent odor of old leather and dust filled her nostrils.

"*Querida*, for the love of Heaven, do not do that again, else Josefa will be coming hotfoot to see if thou art catching cold, out so late!"

Don Fernando turned the key in the lock. It was rusty. Would it never open? At last!

Ysabella put her hand to her heart. Standing on tiptoe, Felisa could just see into the chest. There they were, the pearls! And the ancient silver! The great goblet of gold!

Ysabella let her reboso fall from her shoulders, and Don Fernando slipped the necklace over her head. What pearls they were! They seemed to glow with an inward radiance.

The goblet was put into Felisa's hands.

"Oh, but it is heavy! It must certainly have belonged to a giant once, Papá!"

"It belonged to a queen, *Felisa mia.*"

"A queen!" (She had been right, then.)

"Yes, Queen Ysabella of Spain gave it, and the silver platters and the pearls, to our illustrious ancestress Doña Maria Narcissa Medrano, in the third year of her most gracious reign,"

brought out Papá, in one breath, with a grandiloquent gesture.

"How kind she must have been," Felisa commented, with wide eyes, "for she gave Señor Columbus ships with which to discover America, also."

"Felisa!" Josefa's voice was heard from a distance. "Come, it is bedtime."

Reluctantly, Felisa gathered the doll into her arms, and, bidding her elders good night, slipped out of the door, which Don Fernando promptly bolted behind her.

It seemed a long way to that orange-colored lozenge of light, which was the window in the hacienda wall, across the patio. The silhouette of Josefa's bulky figure could be seen moving back and forth in front of the candle. A long way! Felisa held the doll closer. Now she had crossed the patch of shadow under the grapevine. In the fountain basin, the reflection of the moon, now straight overhead, danced joyously.

Suddenly she ran—she was sure that something had moved behind the rose-bush! Her heart was fluttering.

But when she was safely in the lighted room, in Josefa's cheery presence, she thought, "No, it could n't have been anything."

(To be continued)

THE CHRISTMAS DREAM

By MARY M. FLATLEY

'T WAS Christmas eve and Bettykins
Lay cuddled warm in bed,
The fire cast a hundred lights
That wavered o'er her head;
From Robert's room she heard the sound
Of breathing soft and deep,
And wondered how her brother could
Lie wrapped in placid sleep.

Now she had planned and plotted
To stay awake this year,
And catch one glimpse of Santa Claus
And hear his sleigh-bells clear.

But suddenly she started,
And tried to cry aloud,
Her bedroom walls were stretching,
And in the room a crowd
Of fairies, clad in green and red,
Were dancing 'round the floor,
And frosty sprites in silver white
Were flocking through the door.
They formed the sweetest fairy rings,
And, as they tripped along,
To softest distant music
They sang this fairy song:

"We are the spirits of Christmas,
The children of dear King Love,
We dwell in the Land of the Pine-tree,
And come from our home far above
To bring to the earthlings at Christmas
Our message of peace and good cheer,
Ring out, fairy music, reëcho,
The beautiful Yule-tide is here."

And then they clambered swiftly
Right up on Betty's bed,
And sang their lovely music
And capered on her spread.
She knew she should n't touch them,
But still she stretched her hand
And tried to grasp one fairy
From out that happy band.
When lo, a great noise sounded,
The fairies all were gone,
And only brother Robert
Was standing in the dawn!

"Oh, sleepy-headed Betty,
Wake up and see your toys!"
And then he blew his trumpet
And made an awful noise.

Our poor bewildered Betty
Jumped quickly to the floor:
"Oh, where are all the fairies!
Did they slip out the door?"
Then long and loud laughed Robert,
His mirth was quite extreme;
"You never stayed awake at all,
You 're talking 'bout a dream!"

When Mama heard the story,
She smiled and softly said;
"Old Santa *made* you dream it
To keep you safe in bed."

The Elf and the Giant

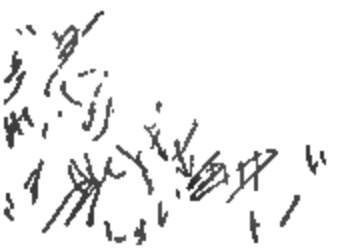
by Elizabeth Havens Bur

Said an elf to a giant, "Why, where
You 're as tall, I declare, as a t
And as for your food, half of elfland
For the honey you 'd eat in an

Said the giant, "There 's no way to t
What *this* tiny creature can be
Why 't would take several hundred
clothes
To make a small jacket for me

Then the giant laughed softly as ev
For he wished not to frighten t
BUT IT SOUNDED THE W
GIANT'S LAUGH WOUL
Although it seemed small to hi

And the elf, he laughed too, and he
chest,
For he wanted the giant to see
How loud *he* could laugh. So he did
But it sounded as small as could be!



THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

"Oh," sighed the little Christmas-tree,
"How sad my fortune seems to be!
Here in the dim wood might I stay,
Where the great boughs swing low all day,
And the green shadows round me play,
And all my brothers sing with me!"

But to the city, weeping tears
Of crystal gum, with many fears
The small tree journeyed, and was kept
Where little light about him crept;
And there, it seems to him, he slept
It might be days, it might be years.

Then, at last, pleasant people stirred,
And took him where he gladly heard
Sweet voices, and saw lovely hands
Wreathe him with tufted snow, and bands
Of gold, and things from foreign lands,
With many a song and joyous word.

And he had gifts to give, the shout
Of happy children all about;
And one day, when his boughs were bare,
They laid him in the chimney there,
And with great crackling and a flare
His sparks among the stars fled out!

SNOW STORIES

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "The Black-Cat," "Lotor," "The Treasure Hunt," etc.

THE sun went down in a spindrift of pale gold and gray which faded into a bank of lead-colored cloud. The next morning the woods and fields were dumb with snow. No bluejays squalled nor white-skirted juncos clicked nor were there any nuthatches running gruntingly up and down the tree-trunks. There was not even the caw of a passing crow from the cold sky. As I followed an unbroken wood-road, it seemed as if all the wild-folk were gone.

The snow told another story. On its smooth surface were records of the lives that had throbbed and passed and ebbed beneath the silent trees. Just ahead of me the road crossed a circle where, a half-century ago, the charcoal-burners had set the round stamp of one of their pits. On the level snow there was a curious trail of zigzag tracks. They were deep and close set and made by some animal that walked flat-footed. I recognized the trail of the unhasting skunk. Other animals may jump and run and scurry through life, but the motto of the skunk is, "Don't hurry, others will." The tracks of the fore paw, when examined closely, showed long claw-marks, which were absent from the print of the hind feet. Occasionally the trail changed into a series of groups of four tracks arranged in a diagonal straight line, which marked where the skunk had broken into the clumsy gallop which is its fastest gait. Most of the time this particular skunk had walked in a slow and dignified manner. By the edge of the woods he had stopped and dug deeply into a rotten log, evidently looking for winter-bound crickets and grubs.

At this point another character was added to the plot of this snow story. Approaching at right angles to the trail of the skunk were the tracks of a red fox. I knew that he was red because that is the only kind of fox found in that part of New England. I knew them to be the tracks of a fox because they ran straight, instead of spraddling like a dog, and never showed any mark of a dragging foot. The trail told what had happened. The first tracks were the far-apart ones of a hunting fox. When he reached the skunk's trail, the footprints became close together and ran parallel

"HE HAD STOPPED AND DUG DEEPLY INTO A ROTTEN LOG"

to the trail and some distance away from it. The fox was evidently following the tracks in a thoughtful mood. He was a young fox, or he would not have followed them at all. At the edge of the clearing he had sighted the skunk and stopped, for the prints were melted deep into the snow. Sometimes an old and hungry fox will kill a skunk. In order to do this safely, the spine of the skunk must be broken instantly by a single pounce, thus paralyzing the muscles on which the skunk depends for his defense, for the skunk invented the gas-attack ages before the *Boche*. No living animal can stay within range of the choking fumes of the liquid musk which the skunk can throw for a distance of several feet.

The snow told me what happened next. It was a sad story. The fox had sprung and landed beside the skunk, intending to snap it up like a rabbit. The skunk snapped first. Around the log was a tangle of fox-tracks, with flurries and ridges and holes in the snow where the fox had rolled and burrowed. Out of the farther side, a series of tremendous bounds showed where a wiser and a smellier fox had departed from that skunk with an initial velocity of close to one mile per minute. Finally, out of the confused circle, came the neat, methodical trail of the unruffled skunk as he moved sedately away. Probably to the end of his life the device of a black-and-white tail rampant will always be associated in that fox's mind with the useful maxim, "Mind your own business."

Beyond the instructive fable of the fox and the skunk, showed lace-work patterns and traceries in the snow where scores and hundreds of the mice-folk had come up from their tunnels beneath the whiteness and had frolicked and feasted the long night through. Some of these tracks were in little clumps of fours. Each group had a five-fingered pair of large prints in front and a pair of four-fingered tracks just behind. Down the middle ran a tail-mark. These were the tracks of the white-footed or deer-mice. These are the same little robbers which swarm into my winter camp and gnaw everything in sight. Even a flitch of bacon hung on a cord was riddled with their tiny teeth-marks. Only things hung on wires were safe, for their clinging little feet cannot find a footing on the naked iron. One night they gnawed a ring of round holes through the crown of a cherished felt hat belonging to a friend of mine. The language he used when he looked at that hat the next morning was unfit for the ears of any young deer-mouse. Another time the deer-mice carried off about a peck of expensive stuffing from a white horsehair mattress which I had imported for the personal repose of my aged frame. Although I ransacked that cabin from turret to

"AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING HE HAD SIGHTED THE SKUNK AND STOPPED"

foundation-stone, I could never find a trace of that horsehair.

In spite of their evil ways, one cannot help liking the little rascals. They have such bright, black eyes and wear such snowy, silky waistcoats and stockings. The other evening I sat reading alone in my cabin in the heart of the pine-barrens before a roaring fire. Suddenly I felt something tickle my knee. When I moved, there was a sudden jump and a deer-mouse sprang out from my trouser leg to the floor. Then I put a piece of bread on the edge of the wood-box. Although I saw the bread disappear, I could catch no glimpse of what took it. Finally, I put a piece on my shoe, and, after running back and forth from the wood-box several times, Mr. Mouse at last became brave enough to take it. When he found that I did not move, he sat up on my shoe like a little squirrel and nibbled away at his crumb, watching me all the time out of the corner of his black eyes. I forgave him my friend's hat, and was almost ready to overlook the horsehair episode.

Returning to the wood-road, on that morning, among the trails of the deer-mice were the more numerous tracks of the meadow- or field-mouse. They show no tail-mark, and the smaller foot-prints were not side by side, as with the deer-mice, but almost always one back of the other. These smaller paw-marks among all jumping-animals such as rabbits, squirrels, and mice, are always the marks of the forepaws. The larger, far-apart tracks mark where the hind feet of the jumper come down in front and outside of the forepaws as he jumps.

On that day, among the mouse-tracks on the snow, there showed another faint trail, which looked like a string of tiny exclamation-marks with a tail-mark between them. It was the track of the masked shrew, the smallest mammal of the Eastern States. This tiny, fierce fragment of flesh and blood is only about the length of a man's little finger. So swift are the functions of its wee body that, deprived of food for six hours, the shrew starves and dies. Many of them are found starved to death on the melting snow, having crept up from their underground burrows through the shafts made by grass and weed-stems. Wandering over the white waste, they lose their way and, failing to find food, starve before the sun is half-way down the sky. As the shrew does not hibernate, his whole life is a swift hunt for food; for every day this apparently eyeless, earless animal must eat its own weight in flesh. The weasels kill from blood-lust, but the shrews kill for their very life's sake. It is a fearsome sight to see a shrew attack a meadow-mouse, perhaps double its own weight. The mouse bites. The shrew eats. Boring in, the shrew secures a grip with its long, crooked, crocodile jaws filled with fierce teeth, and devours its way like fire through skin and flesh and bone, until the mouse falls over dead. This tiny beastling must be weighed by troy weight and tips a jeweler's scale at less than forty-five grains.

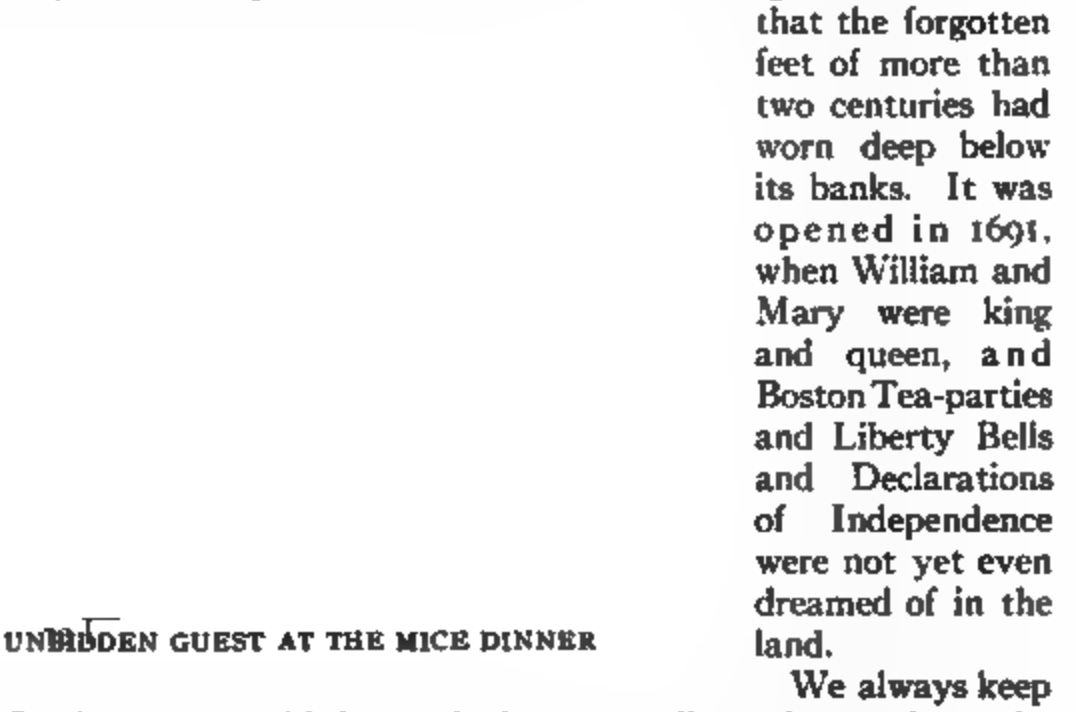
To-day the snow said the shrew had been an unbidden and unwelcome guest at the mice dinner. At first, the mice-trails were massed together in a maze of tracks. When the trail of the shrew touched the circle, there shot out separate lines of mice-tracks, like the spokes of a wheel, with the paw-marks far apart, showing that the guests had all sprung up from the laden table of the snow and dashed off in different directions. The shrew-track circled faintly here and there, ran for some distance in a long straight trail and —stopped. The sword of Damocles which hangs forever over the head of all the little wild-folk had fallen. The shrew was gone. A tiny fleck of blood and a single track, like a great X, on the snow told the tale of his passing. All his fierceness and courage availed nothing when the great talons of the flying death clamped through his soft fur. X is the signature of the owl-folk, just as K is of the hawk kind. The size of the mark in this case showed that the killer was one of the larger owls. Later in the winter it might have been the grim white arctic owl, which sometimes comes down from the frozen North in very cold weather. So early in the season, however, it would be either the barred or the great horned owl.

I had hunted and camped and fished and tramped all through this hill-country, and although I had often heard at night the "*Whoo, hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo*" of the great horned owl, which keeps always the same pitch, I had never heard the call of the barred owl, which ends in a falling cadence with a peculiar deep, hollow note. So I decided that the maker of the great track was that fierce king of the deep woods, whose head, with its ear-tufts, or horns, may be seen peering from his nest of sticks in a high tree-top on the mountain-side, as early as February. On wings so muffled with soft downy feathers as to be absolutely noiseless, he had swooped down in the darkness, and the tiny bubble of the shrew's life had broken into the void.

Beyond this point, the road wound upward toward the slope of the Cobble, a steep, sharp-pointed little hill which suddenly thrust itself up from a circle of broad meadows and flat woodlands. Time was when all the Cobble was owned and plowed clear to its peak by Great-great-uncle Samuel, who had a hasty disposition and a tremendous voice and plowed with two yoke of oxen, which required a considerable amount of

conversation. Tradition has it that when discoursing to them he could be heard in four different towns. That was more than one hundred years ago, and the Cobble has been untouched by plow or harrow since, and to-day is wooded to the very top.

Just ahead of me on the wood-road showed a deep track which only in recent years has been seen in Connecticut. In my boyhood a deer-track was as unknown as that of a wolf, and the wolves have been gone for at least a century. Within the last ten years, the deer have come back. Last summer I met two on the roads with the cows, and later saw seven make an unappreciated visit to my neighbor's garden, where they seemed



"THE MASKED SHREW COMES, AN UNBIDDEN GUEST AT THE MICE DINNER

highly to approve of her lettuce. Straight up the hillside ran the line of deeply-stamped little hoof-marks. The trail looks like that of a sheep, but the front of each track ends in two beautifully curved sharp points, while the track of a sheep is straighter and blunter. Nor could any sheep negotiate that magnificent bound over the five-foot rail fence. From take-off to where the four small hoofs landed together on the other side was a good twenty feet. On the other side of the fence, the snow had drifted in a low hummock over a patch of sweet-fern by the edge of the wood-road. As I plodded along, I happened to strike this with my foot. There was a tremendous whirring noise, the snow exploded all over me, and out burst a magnificent cock partridge, as we call the ruffed grouse in New England, and whizzed away among the laurels like a lyddite shell. When the snow-storm began, he had selected a cozy spot in the lee of the sweet-fern patch and had let himself be snowed over. The warmth of his body had made a round, warm room, and with plenty of rich fern-seeds within easy reach, he was prepared to stay in winter quarters a week if necessary.

The stories of the snow, although often difficult to read, are always interesting. After the winter fairly sets in, we read nothing there about the Seven Sleepers who have put themselves in cold storage until spring. The bear, the racoon, the woodchuck, the skunk, the chipmunk, and the jumping-mouse are all fast asleep underground. The seventh sleeper never touches the ground when awake, and sleeps swinging upside down by the long, recurved nails on his hind feet. He is the bat, who lives and hunts in the air and can outfly any bird of his own size.

Perhaps the most unexpected of the snow stories was one which I read one winter day when out for a walk with the Botanist. Although the snow was on the ground, the sky was as blue as in June as the Botanist and I swung into an old road that the forgotten feet of more than two centuries had worn deep below its banks. It was opened in 1691, when William and Mary were king and queen, and Boston Tea-parties and Liberty Bells and Declarations of Independence were not yet even dreamed of in the land.

We always keep a bird-record of every walk, and note down the names of the sky-folk that we meet and any interesting bit of news that they may have for us. In the migration season there is great rivalry as to who shall meet the greatest number from the crowd of travelers going north. Last year, my best day's record was eighty-four different kinds of birds, which beat the Botanist by two. An early night-hawk and a late black-poll warbler were the cause of his undoing. To a birdist every walk is full of possibilities. Any time, anywhere, some bird may flash into sight for the first time.

To-day we crossed a plateau where a series of stumps showed where a grove of chestnut-trees had grown in the days before the blight. Suddenly, from under our very feet, dashed a brown rabbit, his white powder-puff gleaming at every jump. The lithe, lean, springing body seemed the very embodiment of speed. There are few animals that can pass a rabbit in a hundred yards, even our cottontail, the slowest of his family. He is, however, only a sprinter. In a long-distance event, the fox, the dog, and even the dogged, devilish little weasel can run him down.

We looked at the form where he had been lying. It was a wet little hollow made in the dark

grass, with only a few dripping leaves for a mattress, a forlorn bed. Yet Runny-Bunny, as some children I know have named him, seems to rest well in his open-air sleeping-porch, and even lies abed there.

One far-away snowy day in February, two of us stole a few moments from the bedside of a sick child—how long, long ago it all seems now!—and walked out among the wild-folk to forget. In a bleak meadow, right at our feet, we saw a rabbit crouched, nearly covered by the snow. He had been snowed under days before, but had slept out the storm until half of his fleecy coverlet had melted away.

He lay so still that at first we thought he was dead; but on looking closely, we could see the quick throbbing of his frightened little heart. There was not a quiver from his taut body, or a blink from his wide-open eyes. He lay motionless until my hand stroked gently his wet fur. Then, indeed, he exploded like a brown bombshell from the snow, and we laughed and laughed, the first and last time for many a weary week.

Years later I was coasting down the meadow hill with one of my boys; and as the sled came to a stop, a rabbit burst out of the snow, almost between the runners. The astonished boy rolled into a drift as if blown clear off his sled by the force of the explosion.

To-day, as the brownie sped over the soft snow, we could see how its tracks in series of fours were made. At every jump the long hind legs thrust themselves far in front. They made the two far-apart tracks in the snow, while the close-set fore paws make the near-by tracks. Accordingly, a rabbit is always traveling in the direction of the far-apart tracks, quite contrary to what most of us would suppose.

It is the same way with celestial rabbits. Look any clear winter night down below the belt of Orion, and you will see a great rabbit-track in the sky—the constellation of Lepus, the Hare, whose track leads away from the Great Dog with baleful Sirius gleaming green in his fell jaw.

From the rabbit-meadow we followed devious paths down through Fern Valley, which in summer-time is a green mass of cinnamon-fern, interrupted fern, Christmas fern, brake, regal fern, and half a score of others. In the midst of the

"THE RABBIT SENSED SOMETHING ALARMING COMING FROM BEHIND" (SEE PAGE 222)

marsh were rows of the fruit-stems of the sensitive fern, which is the first to blacken before the frost. These were heavy with rich, wine-brown seed-pods filled with seeds like fine dust. They had an oily, nutty taste; and it would seem as if some hungry mouse or bird would find them good eating during famine times. Yet so far as I have observed, they are never fed upon.

Along the side of the path were thickets of spice-bush, whose crushed leaves in summer have an incense sweeter than burns in any censer of man's making. To-day I broke one of the brittle branches to nibble the perfumed bark, and found at the end of a twig, pretending to be a withered leaf, a cocoon of the prometheus moth. The leaf had been folded together, lined with spun silk, and lashed so strongly that the twig would break before the silken cable.

We passed through a clump of stag-horn sumac, with branches like antlers, bearing at their ends heavy masses of fruit clusters made up of hundreds of dark, velvety, crimson berries, each containing a brown seed. The pulp of these berries is intensely sour, its flavor giving the sumac its other name of "vinegar-plant." The stag-horn is not to be confused with its treacherous sister, the poison-sumac, with her corpse-colored berries.

She is a vitriol thrower, and with her death-pale bark and arsenic-green leaves always makes me think of one of those haggard, horrible women of the Terror.

The crowning event of the walk came on the home-stretch. We were passing through the last pasture before reaching the humdrum turnpike which led back to the tame-folk. Suddenly, in the snow, I saw a strange trail. It was evidently made by a jumper, but not one whose track I knew. I followed it until, among the leaves in a bank, something moved. Before my astonished eyes hopped falteringly, but bravely, a speckled toad.

The winter sun shone palely on his brown back, still crusted with the earth of his chill home. Down under the leaves and the frozen ground he had heard the call and struggled to the surface, expecting to find spring awaiting him. Two jumps, however, landed him in a snow-bank. It was a disillusion, and Mr. Toad winked his mild brown eyes piteously. He struggled bravely to get out, but every jump plunged him deeper into the snow. His movements became feebler as the little warmth his cold blood contained oozed out.

Just as he was settling despairingly back into the crystallized cold, I rescued him. He was too far gone even to move, for cold spells quick death to the reptile folk. Only his blinking, beautiful eyes, like lignite flecked with gold, and the slow throbbing of his mottled breast showed that life was still in him. He nestled close in my hand, willing to occupy it until warm weather.

I back-tracked him from his last faltering efforts, and, where his first lusty jump showed on the thawing ground, I found his hibernaculum. It was only a little hollow, scarcely three inches deep, showing under the sodden leaves and wet earth, cheerless enough, according to mammalian ideas. It was evidently home for Mr. Toad, and when I set him therein, he scrambled relievedly under some of the loose wet leaves which had fallen back into his nest. I piled a generous measure of dripping leaves and moist earth over his warted back. It may have been imagination, but I fancied that the last look I had from his bright eyes was one of gratitude. The Botanist scoffed at the idea, for toads convey absolutely no appeal to his narrow, flower-bound nature.

"THE WEASEL, WHOSE LONG BODY MOVES LIKE THE UNCOILING OF A STEEL SPRING" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

I have erected a monument in the shape of a chestnut stake beside Mr. Toad's winter residence, and I strongly suspect that he will be the last of his family to get up when the spring rising-bell finally rings.

"There 's positively nothing to this early-rising business," I can hear him telling his friends at the Puddle Club in April. "Look at what happened to me. If it had n't been for a well-meaning giant, I should have caught my death of cold from getting out of bed too soon. Never again!"

Our calendar makers use red letters to mark special days. Personally, I prefer orchids and birds and sunrises and nests and snakes and similar markers. I have in my diary "The Day of the Prothonotary Warbler," "The Day of the Henslow's Sparrow's Nest" (that was a day!), "The Day of the Rattlesnake Den," and many, many others. But always and forever that snowy twenty-first of December is marked in my memory as "The Day of the Early Toad."

Once more I was climbing the Cobble. The wood-road on which I started had narrowed to a path. Overhead, masses of rock showed through the snow, and above them were the dark depths of the bear hole, where Great-great-uncle Jake had once shot with his flint-lock musket the larg-

est bear ever killed in that part of the State. It was here at the cliff side that *Scheherazade* snow told me another story.

Along the edge of the slope ran a track made up of four holes in the snow. The front ones were far apart, and the back ones, near apart. Occasionally, instead of four holes, five would show in the snow, and the position of the marks were reversed. A little farther on, and the trail changed. The two near-apart tracks were now in a perpendicular line, instead of side by side. To *Chingachgook*, or *Deer-Slayer*, or Daniel Boone, or any other well-known tracker, the trail would, of course, have been an open book. But it has taken an amateur trailer like myself some years to be able to read that snow record aright. The trail was that of a cottontail rabbit. At first, he had been hopping contentedly along with an eye

"TWO JUMPS LANDED HIM IN A SNOW-BANK"

open for anything eatable in the line of winter vegetables. The far-apart tracks were the paw-marks of the big hind legs, which came in front of the marks made by the two fore paws as they touched the ground at every hop. The five marks were where he had sat down to look around. The fifth mark was the mark of his stubby tail, and, when he stopped, the little fore paws made the near-apart marks in front of the far-apart marks of his hind feet, instead of behind them as when he hopped.

Suddenly the rabbit sensed something alarming coming from behind, for the sedate hops changed into startled bounds. A little farther, the trail said that the rabbit had caught sight of its pursuer as it ran, for a rabbit by the position of its eyes sees backward and forward equally well. The tracks showed a frantic burst of speed. In an effort to get every possible bit of leverage, the fore legs were twisted so that they struck the ground one behind the other, which accounted for the last set of marks perpendicular to those in front. A line of tracks that came from a pile of stones, and which paralleled the rabbit's trail, told the whole story. The paw-marks were small and dainty, but beyond each pad-print were the marks of fierce claws. No wonder the rabbit ran wild when it first scented its enemy and then saw its long slim body bounding along behind, white as snow except for the black tip of its tail!

It was the weasel, whose long body moves like the uncoiling of a steel spring. A weasel running looks like a gigantic inch-worm, that bounds instead of crawls. Speed, however, is not what the little white killer depends on for its prey. It can follow a trail by scent better than any hound, climb trees nearly as well as a squirrel, and if the animal it is chasing goes into a burrow, it has gone to certain death. The rabbit's only chance would have been a straightaway run at full speed for miles and hours. In this way it could probably have tired out the weasel, which is a killer, not a runner, by profession. A rabbit, however, like the fox, never runs straight. Round and round in great circles it runs about the feeding-ground, of which it knows all the paths and runways and burrows. Against a dog or fox these are safer tactics than exploring new territory. Against a weasel they are usually fatal.

It was easy to see on the snow what had happened. At first, when the rabbit saw the weasel looping along its trail like a hunting snake, it had started off with a sprint that in a minute carried it out of sight. Then a strange thing happened. Although a rabbit can run for an hour at nearly top speed, and in this case had every reason to run, after a half-mile of rapid circling and doubling, the trail changed and showed that the rabbit was plodding along as if paralyzed.

One of the weird and unexplained facts in nature is that strange power that a weasel appears to have over all the smaller animals. Many of them simply give up and wait for death when they find that a weasel is on their trail. A red squirrel, which could easily escape through the tree-tops, sometimes becomes almost hysterical with fright, and has been known to fall out of a tree-top in a perfect ecstasy of terror. Even the rat, which is a cynical, practical animal, with no nerves, and a bitter, brave fighter when fight it must, loses its head when up against a weasel. A friend of mine once saw a grim, gray old fellow run squealing aloud across a road from a wood-pile and plunge into a stone wall. A moment later a weasel, in its reddish summer coat, came sniffling along the rat's trail and passed within a yard of him.

This night the rabbit, with every chance for escape, began to run slowly and heavily, as if in a nightmare, watching the while its back trail, and when the weasel came in sight again, the trail

stopped as the rabbit crouched in the snow waiting for the end. It came mercifully quick. When the weasel saw the rabbit had stopped, its red eyes flamed and, with a flashing spring, its teeth and claws were at poor bunny's throat. There was a plaintive, whinnying cry, and the reddened snow told the rest.

So the last story of the snow ended in tragedy, as do nearly all true stories of the wild-folk. Yet they need not our pity. Better a thousand times the quick passing at the end of a swift run or a brave fight, than the long, long weariness of pain and sickness by which we humans so often claim our immortality.

A TROUBLESOME FELLOW

BY BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT

THERE 's a little old fellow without any crown,
Sometimes he is black and sometimes he is brown;
But whatever his color, or shade of his hair,
He spoils all the castles we build in the air!
He is slender and small, but the mischief he brings
Troubles the children as well as the kings!
The Czar and the Kaiser must yield to his sway,
And even the Sultan cannot disobey!
The lofty and lowly, the short and the tall,
The sober and smiling, the great and the small,
The aged and youthful—whatever befall,
This little old fellow just troubles them all!

If the weather were clear, what games we could play!
But alas! this old fellow stands round in the way.
And in spite of our longing, or even our frown,
The clouds thicken up and the rain tumbles down!
"*If* I were a man"—there he is to annoy,
And the youth must remember he 's only a boy!
If Bess would be older, like Mother, or Moll—
He bids her be quiet and play with her doll!
The birds and the fishes might even change places,
And all of us sail through the blue airy spaces,
Over hills, over mountains so purple and dim,
But that he interposes his whimsical whim!

He chuckles and laughs in his sleeve, no doubt,
At the havoc he makes, within and without.
He scatters his troubles so slyly about,
That we scarcely can tell just when he is out
A great many things might happen each day,
If he would consent to keep out of the way;
Lucky for us that he never grew taller—
And luckier still had he been even smaller!

If your dreams come to naught, and your castles in Spain
Tumble down as you build them again and again,
And the fairest of fancies go out with a whiff,
You may charge them all up to this horrid old "*If!*"

A very small fellow to shoulder such blame
When two slender letters spell out his whole name!

THE STORY OF HOW A SQUIRE NAMED JEAN FROISSART OUTWITTED A QUEEN-MOTHER, AND A DRESS THAT BROUGHT WEALTH TO ENGLAND

His father was king of England and his uncle was king of France, yet he and his mother Isabella were refugees, riding northward from Paris to Valenciennes, which was then a part of Flanders, to seek protection and shelter at the court of Earl William of Hainault. But it mattered little to Edward, although he was an exile. He was sixteen years old, and the glow of youth was so strong in his spirit that it seemed a splendid adventure, and, moreover, he had no doubt that right would triumph speedily, and then the nobles whose slanderous tales had turned his royal father against him and his mother would be shut up in the prison where they tried to put the queen and her son. So he whistled as the cavalcade moved northward, whistled ballads and rondels that strolling minstrels had brought to the Windsor Castle halls; and now and then he signaled a bird so blithely that it trilled back to him as it flew from the green tent of a forest tree to a cushion of spring flowers. It was blossom weather in the Ardennes. In the gladness of nature, it seemed only goodness and beauty could be in the world; and although homeless as the beggars who passed him on the roadside, he went happily toward the castle of the earl. There he met Philippa, the youngest of the Hainault princesses and a maid whose beauty of face and quickness of tongue were sung by minstrels throughout many provinces.

He met Jean Froissart too, a squire and scribe at the castle, who delighted above all things else in the making of verses. He spun ballads and rondels by dozens and hundreds, and if it had not been for him and his poetry, there would be no story to tell, because without him Philippa would not have had the memory gown. But he set her wheels of destiny to whirring so delightfully that they talk about it all over Belgium yet.

In that far-off time, when Europe was young and America and a new route to the Indies had n't even been thought about, royal youths chose brides very early, and before Edward had been a month at Valenciennes he made up his mind that Philippa should be the future queen of England. There was not much time to talk about it, for Isabella was gathering an army with which to go back home and assert her rights, and of course the prince had to help. But when he set sail for London Town he left a promise with the princess to come back for her.

A great many things happened on that voyage, —so many, that telling about them would make ten stories instead of one,—but after being tempest-tossed and almost shipwrecked, the queen's forces reached the island kingdom and shut up

the bad nobles in prisons, where they belonged. They dethroned the king, too, because he had been so weak as to be swayed by his courtiers, and crowned Edward king of England. Of course, when that came to pass, the young monarch began thinking about the Hainault girl.

But sometimes even kings cannot have things as they want them, especially if they happen to be very young kings. Edward was still under age, and therefore sovereign in name only, for his mother, as regent, was real ruler of England. So his plans came to be in a very bad mix-up.

Isabella liked her new position ever so much. Instead of being uneasy, as somebody says

spirited Philippa, and therefore decided that his wife should be Joanne, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Hainault, who was more easily managed than her sister. She set to work at once to make arrangements, and secretly dispatched the Bishop of Hereford to Valenciennes to ask Earl William for the hand of his eldest child, which was a very deceitful and unqueenlike act. But it happens once in a while that queen regents do not have things as they want them, any more than very young kings. And so it happened in this case.

Joanne had been very happy in thinking of her sister as queen of England, and when His Eminence of Hereford asked her to wear the ring that

"THIS I SHALL WEAR WHEN I RIDE TO MY CORONATION AS QUEEN OF ENGLAND" (SEE PAGE 227)

people who wield scepters always are, her head was so comfortable with the crown that she wanted to keep wearing it the rest of her days, and planned to rule England by ruling Edward even after he became king in reality. She knew she could not do this if he married the high-

would make her the betrothed wife of King Edward, she refused to let him put it on her finger.

"I know very well that His Majesty's choice is my sister Philippa," she insisted, "and I will not take what belongs to her."

The Bishop of Hereford, who was red-faced

to begin with, grew redder still with anger, because he knew how furious Isabella would be, and began picturing for himself a damp, dark dungeon in London Tower. But Joanne did not care. She went out into the garden to talk things over with Jean Froissart, who was in a bower of myrtle at his favorite pastime of putting verses on parchment.

"I feel like a cross cat!" she exclaimed, as she went near him; "unless somebody smooths my fur, I shall surely scratch."

Jean Froissart was amazed to find Joanne so irritable, for she was a very nice-tempered girl. But when he heard about the bishop and the queen-mother, he was indignant, too, because he knew as well as anybody that Edward had chosen Philippa. He knew, too, that just before he set sail for England, the prince had said he wanted to give Philippa some poetry on her birthday, and asked him to make some verses and have them ready. They were finished now, beautifully printed on parchment, and locked away awaiting the anniversary. Why not get them out and let her see that the king had not forgotten? For you must know that Philippa thought her young lover knew all about the visit of the Bishop of Hereford, and was so angry, thinking he had turned fickle, that she declared she would not have his ring though it went begging all over Europe.

But they could change all that with the verses, they believed, so it did not take the squire long to go into the castle and get them, after which Joanne took them to her sister.

Who would n't have been appeased by the poetry of a Froissart? Before another hour, Philippa accepted the ring, and that night, in the great hall of the castle, torches flared and lutes thrilled gaily as brave knights and fair ladies danced in honor of her betrothal to the king of England.

Then what excitement in Valenciennes, with a royal wedding approaching! Of course, there had to be a fine trousseau, and two weeks later the four sisters rode to Ghent, then one of the chief cloth-markets of Flanders, to purchase it. A stately cavalcade they made, each on a saddle-horse magnificently caparisoned, followed by pack-horses bearing empty boxes and attended by serving-men and lancers. The eyes of the girls danced as they rode through the gate of the town, for the great bell Roland was just then calling the people together, and crowds hurried along the streets or stood talking in groups as if very much excited.

"It seems like the beginning of a fair adventure," Philippa remarked to Joanne, as they moved on their way toward the castle of the Count of Flanders, which was to be their home while in the town. "There is much stir among the citizens, and methinks more happens here than at Valenciennes."

She reckoned correctly. Much was happening in Ghent just then, and more was about to happen; and although she did not know it, she herself was to be in the very center of the train of events.

That night the Count of Flanders gave a banquet, and had as his guests the burghers, who were the merchants and manufacturers of the town. His lordship was not given to associating with tradespeople, but Ghent was a bubbling caldron of dissatisfaction just then, and he knew not at what moment it would boil over. The French king, Philip of Valois, had seized the town, appointing the count royal governor, and the people bitterly resented the loss of their ancient liberties and the tyranny of the foreign rule. Indignation grew as insult piled on insult, and finally a leader arose who fired the citizens to assert themselves. His name was Jacques Van Artevelde. He was head of the Guild of Brewers and a capable, popular man; and when the royal collector came to gather in the exorbitant and unjust taxes, he urged the townsfolk to refuse payment, with the result that they threw both man and money-bags into the River Scheldt and gave him a most unwelcome sousing. Consequently, the count knew that something had to be done, and thought a fine supper at the castle would flatter them so much that they would become docile. He little knew how indignant and proud they were!

The burghers came, but they were not a bit dazzled by the splendor of the banquet-hall or cajoled by the rich foods. Instead they grew even more defiant, and told his lordship to his face that hereafter they meant to rule Ghent to suit themselves, and that if he were wise, he would not try to interfere. Philippa and her sisters heard every word, and were so frightened they dreaded to think of going shopping next morning. But the purchases had to be made, for a royal bride must have a royal trousseau. So, praying good luck would attend them, they set out early for the market-place. Joanne wanted a guard, but Philippa objected, believing that girls unattended would be safer than those surrounded by an armed escort, which might antagonize the burghers.

When they reached the market-place, there was such an amazing display of velvets, lace, and satins that Philippa could hardly decide what she liked best. But she finally selected a crimson redingote, a veil and coronet of Brussels lace, and dozens of other garments such as the high estate of a queen would require. She paid the merchant and bade him deliver the things at

the castle of the Count of Flanders, after which she and her sisters started back to the château, the lackey of the draper following close behind with the bundles.

But they did not go far. Suddenly a band of halberdiers surrounded them. They seized the man with the packages. They faced the girls about and commanded them to return with them to the Cloth Hall, and when they got there, they found the twenty-four guild heads, who represented the people of Ghent, sitting around a table, with Jacques Van Artevelde presiding over the meeting.

"Tell us who ye may be," he demanded roughly, "that ye order packages sent to the castle of the Count of Flanders."

He tore open a bundle as he spoke, and drew out the folds of the crimson redingote.

"This garment is one of the costliest ever loomed in Flanders, and it is the will of the drapers to know what damsel or dame will wear it."

Philippa's head went high and her eyes flashed as she retorted, "What may that matter to you, since I paid the merchant for it as much as he required?"

Van Artevelde paid no attention to her words.

"This veil of lace," he continued, "is fit for the robe of a sovereign, and the weavers of Ghent have sworn that the yield of their looms shall not go to the court of Philip Valois of France."

Then anger went out of Philippa's voice and she laughed merrily.

"AND SOMETIMES THESE TWO—JEAN FROISSART AND GEOFFREY CHAUCER HAD CONTESTS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Have no fear of that," she said blithely, "for I am Philippa of Hainault, and this redingote of flame is the robe I shall wear when I ride to my coronation as queen of England."

For a moment Van Artevelde stared as if stunned. Then he and all the burghers sprang up and bowed in homage, for the people of Ghent were very friendly to the young king of England, who already had given his promise to aid them. They begged Philippa to accept as a bridal gift the robe and veil that caused all the trouble, whereupon she curtsied as a future queen should, and set out for the castle with her sisters.

Many moons passed. Away in Merrie England

the Hainault girl went to her coronation and wore the gift of the Flanders drapers. She called it her memory gown, because the sight of it brought back the towers of Ghent and the old Cloth Hall where so much had happened. And on her twenty-first birthday, as her ladies-in-waiting held up her various dresses that she might choose one to wear to the banquet that night, her eyes brightened at sight of the flame-colored folds, and she told them its story.

"They seemed mighty and fearless men," she remarked, as she finished the tale, "and although I pretended boldness, I believed we should leave the place in chains."

One of the ladies-in-waiting smiled at her and answered, "They were and are mighty, your majesty, for has not their craft of weaving made the Flanders cities rich?"

Philippa looked up in surprise.

"I never thought of that," she replied, "and it is strange, for it gives me an idea."

That afternoon the queen of England dispatched a courier with a message to a weaver in Ghent, and a fortnight later proclaimed to the English people that she had arranged to bring to England the craft of cloth-making, that had been a source of wealth to the Low Countries. A colony of workers under John Kempe crossed the sea and began operations at Norwich, and because its members were brought there by the queen and financed from her private fortune, they were known far and wide as "Her Majesty's Weavers."

Golden, eventful years rolled over the golden head of Philippa. She lived happily in England, and held until she died the love and loyalty of the English people. She was queen in more than name, for when Edward was absent at his wars, she ruled the country as regent, and the story of how well she ruled it is told in many an old chronicle. She had numerous estates, every one of them magnificent, but she liked best the castle of Woodstock, and there, whenever she could be free from cares of state, she enjoyed life as men and women of big natures do. And there sometimes came young Geoffrey Chaucer, a youth whose poetry was beginning to be talked about, and whose name was destined to live on through the ages. And there too, between his wanderings in far lands, came another maker of verses, the playmate of the far-off Valenciennes days, Jean Froissart. And sometimes these two had contests, at which Philippa was always a delighted, but, according to Chaucer's notion, a very partial judge.

Six hundred years have passed away. Philippa sleeps in the Abbey of Westminster in the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and a sepulcher worthy of a sovereign marks the site of her last resting-place. But her most enduring monument is the cloth industry of England, which has gone on successfully since the day she founded it, spreading from Norwich to other localities and becoming one of the chief sources of Britain's wealth. All over the world, poets and scholars read the works of those two friends of hers, whose verses gladdened life at Woodstock, and try to equal their achievements, for Chaucer grew to be the king and father of British poets, and Froissart, although he wrote excellent poetry, wrote even better chronicles, and stands as the great historian of the Middle Ages. And across the sea in Flanders, that Flanders that has been war-torn and peace-blessed so many times since Philippa's blithe girlhood there, mothers tell their children, and laugh as they relate the story, of the visit of a bishop to Valenciennes and the plan of a queen-mother that came to naught through some verses by a squire. And they tell also of Jacques Van Artevelde and the memory gown, and how Philippa rejoiced to see him rise to fame, for he became one of the mightiest leaders of his time, the Ruwald, or president, of Flanders.

And did his eminence of Hereford get a dungeon in the Tower? Well, if you look very carefully through the Chronicles of Froissart you can find that out for yourself.

THE SEASONS

By ALICE C. ROSE

Oh, open wide your window
To hear the robin sing
A cheerful little roundelay
In praise of budding spring!

The cricket comes with summer
And in the locust-trees
You 'll hear the drowsy humming
Of honey-making bees.

Deep in the woods, the squirrels
Are full of frolic fun;
And furry baby rabbits
Go scampering in the sun.

"HE PICKED HIS WAY OVER THE TRAIL, THAT LED UP TOWARD THE LIGHT" (SEE PAGE 232)

AT THE FOURTH LEVEL

By THEODORE HOLLAND

THERE was no danger of a green Christmas at Spruce Tree Camp. For a fortnight the trail that led up the steep mountain-side had been closed, and any letters that came to gladden the eyes of the snow-bound inhabitants had to be packed in by some adventurous spirit whose good inclinations were backed up by stout legs and an intimate knowledge of snow-shoes.

The trees that the timberman's axe had spared bent beneath their loads of spotless snow, their lower branches firmly imbedded in the swirling drifts, and the paths leading to the shaft-house of the Spruce Tree mine had been cut with shovel and pick between walls of solid white.

The few cabins that clung dizzily to the steep slope were not lacking in creature comforts, however. "Grub" was plenty, fuel abundant, and clothing adequate to the needs of those who wore out the long winter days either working under ground or in ministering to the wants of the miners who disappeared regularly in the hidden depths, delving ever deeper and farther in the search for silver and gold.

Danny, the boss's boy—red-headed, blue-eyed, square-jawed like his father—looked out of the cabin window.

He did not miss the Christmas shopping, the streets bright with holly and mistletoe, the vendors of short-lived toys that perform so perfectly on the pavement and so badly at home, for he had never lived in a big city.

But there was nothing to suggest Christmas on the boy's face, and his eyes, swimming in tears, conveyed to his tired mind, as he looked out upon the glistening peaks piled high against the western sky, only the impression of a vast, white, dazzling sea.

His mother moved listlessly about the room, and an occasional stifled sob from his little sister Nora only intensified the stillness that brooded in the cabin.

Three days before, there had been a cave-in at the mine shaft, and when the bucket reached the surface on its last trip, only three men were clinging to the steel cable. Their blanched faces, cut here and there by flying splinters or loosened stones, told the story of their ascent plainer than words.

Danny, sorting ore near by, had heard the gruesome sounds of the creaking and rending timbers, the hurried signals on the gong clanging in the engine-room; and he had stood petrified with terror, watching the anxious face of the engineer as he opened the throttle and the wire cable spun swiftly around the big drum. Then, as he recognized the three men who were shot up from the shaft, he knew that the "boss," his father, was still a prisoner, or worse, in the black depths below.

He had been brought up in the hard school of toil and risk that makes boys old before their time. He did not cry, but ran to the men as they staggered to the floor.

"Where 's Dad, Bill?"

The rough miner looked at the boy and put an arm kindly about him. "Never fear, Danny! We 'll get him out. He 's surely all right. He

was off in number-four stope and we could n't wait for him. But the ground is safe there. The old shaft has been working for some days, but the levels are sound."

That had happened three long, anxious days before. Danny remembered how he had run home to tell the dreadful news to his mother, and had found her singing at her work as she made cheerful preparations for the Christmas-tide so near at hand.

"Oh, Mother!" he cried, wild-eyed and gasping for breath after his run through the thin, cutting air; "Dad is penned up down the mine—the shaft has caved—the day shift is all up but him!"

"Come here, Danny!" said his mother. "Look me in the face, dear! Have you told it all? I 've feared this for many a day. There 's bad ground in the old mine. What do the boys say?"

"He was over in number-four stope. It 's all right, Mother! Don't cry! They will surely get him out somehow."

By this time the whistle at the shaft-house was blowing its shrill alarm, and from the cabin doors the men of the night shift were tumbling out into the cold, pulling on their jackets as they ran.

It was only a little camp and a little mine,—as mines go,—and before the echoes had died out in the distant pines, the few men who made up the winter force,—the "boys" who stayed with the job until spring released them from the snow-blocked prison,—and the women and children who shared their isolation, were huddling around the boiler and casting awe-struck looks at the mouth of the black shaft that held its secret so grimly.

Big Bill Fleming had disappeared down the ladderway to see how far the damage had gone and whether there was any hope of reaching the boss.

It was a weary time, waiting for the verdict that meant so much to them, but at last Fleming appeared.

"We 'll get to him before it 's too late, Katie. Never fear! But the boys have got their work cut out for them. I can see but one way. There 's no use trying anything down the shaft—a cat could n't get down there. The ladder holds to the second level. There 's about thirty feet to go through to the old stope over the third, but, from there, we can start in on the winze and sink to number-four stope. We ought to do it in four days' time, working short shifts. The boss is a big, strong man. He can stand it that long, as the air is good and water plenty."

Then began the ceaseless round of drilling, blasting, and clearing away.

There were tired muscles and aching lungs in that little body of faithful comrades battling with the stubborn rock to reach their boss, but they put their love for the big-hearted man into every stroke of the heavy hammers.

FOR three days and nights the work had gone on. The third level had been reached, and the scene of action had shifted to the winze.

As Danny gazed, unseeing, out of the cabin window, all these things passed in review through his mind, and then a suggestion, a hope, a determination, flashed electrically through him.

Once the men had let him go down to the third level and on his way up he had stolen, candle in hand, to the shaft. Cautiously, on his hands and knees, he had peered into the black mass of twisted, broken and displaced timbers. He had heard a small stone that he had accidentally dislodged bumping from place to place—the hollow sound, as it struck the wood here and there, booming out in the stillness.

"Come here, sis!" he called to little Nora. He led her furtively into the adjoining room.

"Cross your heart and promise you won't tell any one. I 'm going to take Father's Christmas dinner to him. There ain't any one can climb the way I can."

"There sure ain't, Danny," replied his sister, looking at him with admiring eyes. "But oh, Danny! the men all say nobody can get down the old shaft."

"I know they do; but they are big and heavy, and I am light and wiry. I know I can do it. Think of Dad down there! He must be awful hungry by this time. Gee! how he loves Mother's mince pies! Now here 's where you come in, sis. You 've got to get a gunny-sack and a pie and some other food. I guess he will want something besides pie, something kind of filling—bread and butter and things like that. The boys always like canned tomatoes for fruit. You fix it. Mother might suspect something if she saw me prowling around. When you get 'em, put the sack in the woodshed and don't you dare breathe a word to a living soul!"

THAT night, when the mother and Nora were going to bed, Danny announced that he would make one more trip to the shaft-house. Not many hours had passed since the accident that had not seen him on his way there to get the latest news from the men, so his going created no special interest. Nevertheless, his conscience pricked him as he looked at his sister and put a warning finger to his lips.

He went out through the woodshed, where he found the well-stocked gunny-sack. An extra tin plate he bound securely over the precious pie,

hanging the load about his neck by a stout cord. The snow creaked crisply under his feet as he picked his way over the trail that led up toward the light of the shaft-house window.

There was one book in the children's meager collection that contained a picture of a Christmas-tree with a group of happy youngsters pulling presents from the branches. He and little Nora had been looking at it that very afternoon. About him, on every side, stood counterparts of that tree dotting the steep mountain-side.

One, near the path, looked almost as if lighted up, when the moonlight played on the frost crystals. But as he brushed hurriedly past it a light shower of snow fell from its branches upon the boy's upturned face.

"Sort of a chilly present," said Danny, and quickened his footsteps.

He felt sure there would be no one to stop him in the shaft-house, for the hoist was now useless and the engineer taking his turn on the shift below. If he could gain the third level without being caught, it would be plain sailing as far as the men were concerned.

Inside the engine-room, Danny removed his arctics and stole cautiously to the place where the candles were kept. He slipped several of them down the legs of his high felt socks, pocketed a handful of matches, secured a coil of light rope that lay near by, and then, noiselessly crossing the floor, lifted the hatch of the ladderway and began his descent.

He knew very well that he would be stopped if any one saw him, so he did not light his candle; but as he was familiar with every round in the ladder, he gained the second level quickly and felt his way along toward the place where the men had sunk to cut into the stope on the third.

Here he must see, for it was new ground and a misstep might mean death. He lighted a candle and picked his way cautiously down the improvised ladder into the stope below. In the dim glow this loomed like a big, dark cavern, but it held no terrors for him—mine boy that he was.

He crossed to the manhole that led to the third level and dropped quickly into it. Working down through the cribbing, as a sweep would in some old chimney, he soon dropped into the open drift. He extinguished his candle, for he heard the thud of the hammers in the winze and could distinguish the voices of the men. A light flickered near by, and he saw the head and shoulders of Fleming push up out of the depths. Then he groped his way noiselessly toward the shaft.

A piece of rock, dislodged by him as he rubbed along the side of the wall, fell to the floor of the drift. He held his breath and shrank behind a projection, fearing he had been discovered.

"I guess this ground is none too good," he heard Fleming exclaim as he paused on the point of climbing into the manhole Danny had just vacated. "I wonder what 's giving way. Well, I ain't got time to look into it now!"

The boy breathed more freely as the light disappeared overhead. He felt safe from observation now as he crawled around a bend in the level, so he relighted his candle and proceeded carefully toward the shaft.

When he reached it, the sight was not encouraging. Timbers, broken and twisted, cribbing and debris of all sorts, piled about like jack-straws, confronted him.

If he had been older, he would have known better than to tempt fate by trusting even his light weight to any of these supports, but the idea of reaching his father had become fixed in his mind, and he had always been a fearless youngster and accustomed to seeing men take big chances.

He found a large timber wedged, and to this he fastened one end of his rope. Then, carefully coiling the rest of it over one arm so that it would pay out freely, he peered down, in the dim light that his candle gave, for an opening.

Out toward the center of the shaft he could see one, but there was no way to get to it. Close at hand there was a small one,—so small it seemed as if a cat could hardly pass through it,—but Danny, lying face down, found that by prying with a piece of board he could move some of the timbers. With great patience, he worked away until little by little he had enlarged the aperture without dislodging anything, and then, scarcely touching the treacherous mass, he lowered himself slowly down.

He knew every inch of the mine and remembered that from the third to the fourth level the regular ladderway had not been completed, but that the men depended upon a perpendicular one which was spiked to the timbers of the shaft.

If this had not been destroyed and he could reach it, he believed he might make part of his descent by its help. He remembered that it was on his side of the shaft, but he found himself hanging several feet out from it. His foot, striking a timber, dislodged some of the loose rock from the cave-in. He listened with beating heart as he heard the falling pieces bumping down, glancing from beam to beam, and finally striking the water far below with a dismal splash.

If he could only reach that ladder and rest for a moment! Tough as his hands were and inured to hardship, they were beginning to smart and burn with the friction.

He realized now how desperate his chances were. The light of the candle seemed to dance in sparks

before his eyes and a sudden fear took possession of him, but he could detect fragments of the ladder just beyond his reach.

Taking a turn or two of the rope about his left arm, he reached frantically out. The motion set his body swaying a little. There was an ominous creaking overhead where the cord rubbed against a loose timber, but the tips of his fingers had touched something solid at last. He craned his neck forward to see. His cap, into which he had fastened a short bit of candle, fell off, and complete blackness shut him in. But his hand closed over one of the rounds and he pulled himself flat against the wall. His feet found a lodging, and, panting and dizzy, he closed his eyes and clung to that blessed resting-place.

When he had recovered his breath and pulled himself together, he reached down for another candle, and, breaking off the end with his thumb to leave a long wick, in miner's fashion, he succeeded in striking a match and soon had a feeble glow illuminating the darkness.

With its aid, he could see that the ladder, though broken in places by falling timbers, was still held, here and there, by the strong spikes by which it had been fastened. He cautiously recommenced his descent.

He could take his time now and reconnoiter occasionally as he proceeded. A couple of half hitches over a broken point of the ladder held the rope in to the side of the shaft.

Lowering himself across the gaps, he made good headway, and in a few moments could see the opening of the fourth level looming black in the side of the shaft not far below.

But here he was thrown into a panic by discovering that he had reached the end of his rope and that the ladder, for that remaining distance, was destroyed!

Behind him, a big beam wedged into the mass rested its lower end on the floor of the hard-sought haven. Should he trust himself to it? He reached out his foot and pressed down gingerly upon it. It creaked, and the echo of the sound, multiplied by the vacant spaces of the shaft above and below, gave back a dismal moan.

"THE LADDER, FOR THAT REMAINING DISTANCE, WAS DESTROYED!"

Danny was getting desperate by this time, and felt that he would never have the strength to get

himself up out of the trap in which he seemed to be caught. He realized that his one chance lay in trusting to that doubtful support.

As a boy mounts a stair-rail to slide down,—only with infinitely more caution and supporting his weight as much as he could by the rope's end,—he got one leg and arm over the beam and lay prone upon it. As he began to slide down there were ominous sounds above him, and he could feel the treacherous wood giving way. He relaxed his hold, more through fear than good judgment, but it was the saving of him, for, as the rotten and broken timbers parted above him, uttering one terrified cry, he glided like a flash downward and brought up on the solid ground just as the mass that he had dislodged fell past the mouth of the level where he lay, stunned and breathless.

Whether minutes or hours had passed he did not know; but when life began to come slowly back to him, he was conscious of a cold hand feebly stroking his hair. He reached up and caught hold of it.

"Is that you, Dad?" he said weakly.

"Danny! Danny! can it be you?" replied his father, brokenly.

And in each other's arms, the strong man and strong boy sobbed convulsively.

"How did you ever do it, lad, and why did you try it?" said the boss, when he had regained control of himself. "I heard the timbers giving way and the scream, far off in the shaft, and I put it up to be some awful dream. I 've had a good many lately, for after a while a man gets flighty on nothing but water and darkness. But why did you try it, son?"

"Oh! I don't know, Dad, I just had to. I could n't bear to think of you all alone down here and no Christmas dinner coming to you,—to-morrow will be Christmas, you know,—so I packed up some things, and here I am. Wait till I strike a light and see what I 've got for you."

"Let me shield my eyes. It seems a lifetime since I saw a light. So to-morrow is Christmas? I 'd plumb forgotten it."

Danny fastened a lighted candle in a crevice and then began to unload. First of all he examined the mince pie. It was badly shattered, but still in the tin.

"There 's one of Ma's mince pies!" he announced proudly.

"'EAT AWAY, KID! IT WILL DO YOU GOOD. DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE PIE!'"

"Oh! Danny," said his father, "I could n't touch it yet. I 'm thinking it would knock me out after this long fast; and that 's no insult to the best pie-maker in the camp, either."

"Well, how about some condensed milk?" said Danny, triumphantly.

"Just the thing, lad, for a starter. Run up the level to where the cross seam comes in. You 'll find an old can and water there, and we 'll soon have a fine drink."

Danny took his candle and disappeared in the darkness, but was quickly back. Two jabs with his steel candlestick, and the thick liquid was oozing slowly into the can.

The boss could hardly wait to stir it, but tipped it up and took a long pull. "Who would ever think condensed milk was as good as that?" he said, as he smacked his lips.

"But you must be pretty hungry yourself, boy. Pitch in and eat, for this is our Christmas dinner, you know. Would n't those slices of bread make you think of turkey in this light? And the canned tomatoes—I 'd swear they were cranberry-sauce. Eat away, kid! It will do you good. Don't be afraid of the pie! I 'm feeling so good, I should n't wonder if I took some myself before long."

But Danny's head was beginning to nod.

"Come over to my nest," said his father. "I have a fine place up the level a ways—all the old ore-sacks and some of the coats that the boys left behind them."

The big man tried to rise, but the reaction was too much for him. He tottered until Danny's strong little arms were about him, and together they struggled along the uneven footing until they came to the place where the imprisoned miner had spent so many weary hours.

"It 's many a long day since I have held you, Danny boy; snuggle up here now and tell me about Mother and little Nora. It surely is a cruel Christmas for them. I 'll warrant they knew nothing of this trip of yours."

"Nora knows about it, but she promised cross her heart she would n't tell.—Say, Dad, you remember that picture of the Christmas-tree in our book? I never thought of it before to-night as I came over to the shaft-house, but the whole mountain is covered with 'em. They 're all lighted up with frost and snow and moonlight—seemed as if I could see little stars all over them. Could n't we have one to-morrow if the boys get us out? We ain't never had one yet.—There was one shook snow down on me as I came along—I 'd like to have that one, and we can fix it up with pieces of candle and make it look almost as fine as the one in the picture."

"You bet we will, Danny! And we must have one every year, too, Christmas will seem different to me after this."

But Danny was in the land of Nod. Wrapped in his father's arms and pillowing his head on his broad breast, he had fallen into a dreamless sleep.

The steady beat of the hammers rung out above them, and ceased as the men changed shifts. A tear coursed down the cheek of the boss and fell upon the little red head. The candle flickered a moment and went out.

Then all was still in the fourth level.

The Last Word.

"Tick tock!" said the clock, "Tick tock!"
"Less talk," said the Cat, "Less talk!"
"You move your hands
around all day,
But all you do is to stare and say
Tick tock!" Less talk I pray, less talk!"
"Tick tock!" said the clock, "tick tock!"

Elizabeth Gordon

THE CRIMSON PATCH

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF THE TWO PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PATRICIA MEADE has come to stay in a big city hotel with her father, Captain Meade, who is there on a secret government mission, during the summer of 1918. He warns her that they may be surrounded by spies and foreign secret agents and that she must beware of them. During their first evening meal in the dining-room, she sees at another table a young girl who piques her curiosity and attracts her. Later she discovers that the young girl and the beautiful older woman, her companion, are occupants of the room directly across the hall from her own. They strike up an acquaintance, and Patricia discovers that the girl, Virginie de-Vos, is a Belgian refugee from Antwerp, who has fled to this country with her aunt, Madame Vanderpoel, having been compelled to leave her father to some unknown fate after the fall of the city.

Their friendship ripens, though slowly, for Patricia is often puzzled by Virginie's strange and inexplicable coldness, at times, and apparent desire to avoid her. For she herself finds the girl more and more attractive.

One afternoon, when Virginie has spent several hours with her, Patricia discovers that the girl is quite artistic, and has done some very creditable work. She reciprocates by showing Virginie some sketches made by her father, Captain Meade, who is deeply interested in entomology and who has at various times made a number of water-color drawings of moths and butterflies.

Late that night, after Patricia has detailed to her father the events of the afternoon, he startles her by hastily demanding to see his sketches, and, when he has looked them over, exclaims in despair that it was just as he thought —"The Crimson Patch" is missing!

CHAPTER V

WHO TOOK IT?

IT was a white-faced pair that finished a frantic, but thoroughly fruitless, search, through every room of the suite for the lost sketch of the butterfly. The captain was too upset and nervous and unstrung by the occurrence to comment on the subject, for a time, and Patricia too bewildered and unhappy to ask any questions. But when they had hunted through every conceivable nook and cranny in vain, they gave it up and sat down wearily to rest. The Crimson Patch was gone!

"But, Daddy," moaned Patricia, "why did you never tell me there was anything important about these sketches? I never dreamed of such a thing. I would never, never have done what I did to-day if I had known."

"That 's just the trouble," muttered Captain Meade. "There 's nothing important about any of them except just that one—and that 's—well, *vital!* I never told you about it, because it 's safer for you and best all around that you know as little as possible of my affairs. Of course, it never crossed my mind that you 'd be moved to *show* them to any one. They 're not a matter of general interest."

"But what *is* there about this sketch of the Crimson Patch butterfly that is so important, Daddy, and why did n't you keep it safely locked up? I should n't have thought you 'd leave it just lying loose in your trunk."

"The secret about this particular sketch, I do not think it best for you to know, even now. You 'll always be in a safer position if you can truthfully say you know nothing about it. It looks very much the same as the others—but it *is n't!* That is all I can tell you. And I had an excellent reason for doing just as I did about it. Had I kept an important secret always about my person, or even under lock and key, it would, as a rule, be in far greater danger of discovery than if carefully concealed in some such fashion as this and left around as if there were nothing unusual about it. Don't you understand? But tell me again the whole history of the thing, and who came into the room while you had the sketches out, and when. We 've got to find the sketch as speedily as possible. Every moment that it is out of my hands is a dangerous loss of time."

Patricia patiently went over the history of the afternoon, recounting every detail she could remember. The captain listened intently, and sat for several moments in deep thought when she had finished.

"Tell me one thing," he suddenly demanded. "Do you distinctly remember seeing the Crimson Patch among the sketches when you first looked them over? Think hard."

"Oh, I know it was there, because Virginie spoke of the curious name and I told her it was given because of the two brilliant red spots on the wings. I know it was there."

"Then, as far as I can see," went on Captain Meade, "there were no less than four people in the room, each of whom came in contact with those sketches, and any one of the four may have been the guilty party who took it. Your little friend, Virginie, handled them first, and when she left for the night, you say, she gathered up her own sketches?"

"Daddy dear, you must not suspect *her*—you

simply must not!" cried Patricia, sensing at once what he was driving at. "I would rather be suspected myself than have any one dream she could do such a thing. And how on earth could she ever know that the sketch was of any particular value, anyway?"

"What she may know or not know, I have n't pretended to inquire, but you must certainly see how easy it would be for her to slip the thing into her own pile and walk off with it."

"Her own sketches were all on the couch," protested Patricia, "and they were never near yours. I saw her get them together before she left."

"But was your back never turned on her during all the time mine were lying about?"

Patricia put her head down on the couch pillows and sobbed audibly.

"It seems too dreadful and unkind and mean to have such suspicions about her!" she wailed.

"Now, Patricia dear, be sensible!" demanded the captain, despairingly. "I 'm no more suspicious of her than of any one else. I 'm only trying to sift the thing to the bottom. Let 's leave her, for a moment, however. You say Madame Vanderpoel was the next one in. She stayed about fifteen minutes, examined the sketches, and went out. Tell me just exactly what she did before she looked them over."

"She glanced at them as she was passing out, asked me if she could look at them, placed her sewing on the table, looked at them all, took up her sewing and went away."

"Did she put her sewing down near where they were on the table?" asked the captain.

"Yes, because I remember that she had to move it to see one or two that were lying under it."

"Do you remember whether the Crimson Patch was among those she looked at or commented on?"

"No, I don't remember. I was busy taking out some stitches in my fancy-work at the time,—something that had gone wrong,—and I did n't particularly notice what she said. But I 'm almost sure she did n't mention that one."

"She might very easily have concealed it under her work and walked off with it," he went on. "Of course, I don't say she *did*, but she might have, had she been so inclined. Now, how about Chester Jackson?"

"Oh, he could n't possibly have taken a thing without my knowing it. He just leaned over the table and looked at them all and giggled and laughed over their names and said they were 'bully good stuff.' I saw him practically every minute of the time, except for two seconds when I ran into my room for another spool of thread. And he left without a thing in his hands that he could have hidden it in or under."

"The 'two seconds' you were out of the room might have been sufficient for him," commented Captain Meade. "So he is n't eliminated, either. But I rather suspect him less than any of the others. How about Peter?"

"*He 's* the one, I have n't a doubt. I always did suspect him of being up to something. Of *course* he took it, Daddy! He went and set his tray right down on top of the whole lot of them, when he came in, in what I thought was the stupidest fashion, and I made him take it right up while I cleared them all aside. I believe he could have slipped the sketch under his tray and kept it out of my sight and got away with it without the slightest trouble. Can't you see it, Daddy?" cried Patricia, eagerly. Captain Meade looked only half convinced.

"Do you happen to remember whether that particular sketch was on top when he came in?"

"No, I don't honestly remember. But I know that the Purple Dart was uppermost when I moved them out of his way. It just happened to catch my eye in passing."

"Well, that proves nothing, of course. But the question now is, what in the world are we going to do about it? I dare not do any telephoning at this time of night (or rather, morning, for it 's three o'clock!) or even go out, without exciting suspicion. And that 's the last thing I want to attract to myself. Better have it appear that I care nothing about the sketch than to raise a breeze about its disappearance. I had thought that perhaps you might find out from your friend the Belgian girl whether by any chance it had slipped in with her own by mistake. But that must be done later and done with the greatest caution or the fat will be in the fire. And it 's too late to order anything brought to the room, or I might have a chance to interview our waiter and bell-boy. Nothing for it, I guess, but to go to bed and get what sleep we can. It 's been a bad day's work, honey, but don't blame yourself for a single thing. It 's only one of those unpleasant combinations of fortune that *will* happen, plan as we may. And don't worry. That never did any good yet. Go to sleep and trust that everything 's going to come out all right!"

In spite of which injunction, however, no sleep visited Patricia for the remainder of the night.

CHAPTER VI

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS

DURING that sleepless night, however, Patricia laid some plans of her own, which she purposed to put into execution the next day. She felt weary and lifeless after the excitement and worry of the previous night and the hours of restless tossing that followed. Her father, likewise, seemed

fatigued and depressed, though he strove hard, for her sake, as she privately surmised, to appear cheerful and hopeful.

"We 'll hurry through breakfast," he told her, as they left the room, "and then I 'll start out on the hunt. I 've been thinking over a few of the possibilities during the night, and some ideas have occurred to me that I did n't think of at first. I want you to stay rather close to the room to-day—that is, don't go out for any length of time till I get back. I may not return before late afternoon, but don't let that worry you. And don't lose heart, honey! It will probably turn out all right. By the way, when we get down to the dining-room, please try to act as nearly normal as possible, and as if nothing were wrong. It might be fatal to let the world at large notice that all is not as usual. And, of course, don't touch this subject, as far as conversation goes, with a forty-foot pole!"

His latter injunctions Patricia found rather difficult to carry out. It was far from easy to appear her usual care-free self when weighed down with such a hideous burden of trouble. If she had n't felt the thing to be all her own fault, she could have borne it better.

Most difficult of all was having to face Peter Stoger, who, in his usual leaden way, waited upon them. His dull stupidity, she always felt, covered a watchfulness that, being hidden, was more trying than if it had been open and aboveboard. This morning she felt certain he was watching them both, with a covert keenness, when he thought himself unobserved. The captain treated Peter in precisely the same fashion as usual. Once only did she observe anything unusual in his manner. This was when the waiter, in passing behind him, brushed his shoulder with the edge of his tray. It was a trivial matter, and, so Patricia thought, would, as a rule, have called forth no comment from her father. But, rather to her surprise, the captain turned on him with an impatient gesture and the quite sharp remark, "Be careful, Peter!" The man apologized almost servilely and backed away.

"That shows how worried and tired and upset Father is!" thought Patricia. "He does n't usually act that way over such a little thing. He probably has his suspicions of that horrid man, too. I 'm afraid he 's wishing he 'd taken my advice about him at first."

Many times during the meal did she glance over toward the table usually occupied by Virginie and Madame Vanderpoel, hoping, yet almost dreading, to see them. But the table remained empty, nor did they appear at all in the dining-room during that meal.

"Stay in the room as much as possible to-day," the captain again warned her before he went away. "I don't want to think of these premises being left free for any more queer things to happen."

"I will, but may I see Virginie?"

"I don't see any reason why you should n't, especially if it comes about naturally. It won't do to seem to avoid these people, either. But don't force any meeting, and above all things, I hardly need warn you to say nothing about what has happened. That would spoil everything."

For some time after her father left, Patricia sat maturing her plans. See Virginie this day she must, and she thought it could be effected in the most natural manner possible. She would ask her to bring her water-colors and sketches in again, and they would try to do some work, she (Patricia) attempting to make some copies of the sketches under Virginie's direction. In some such natural way the conversation might be led around to her father's sketches, and she might have a chance to determine whether the girl were at all involved in this dreadful affair. Nothing about it need be mentioned directly. Patricia felt sure she could determine, from Virginie's manner, how much she knew.

At ten o'clock she went over to the telephone and called up the office, asking to be connected with room 404. The reply she received, caused her a veritable shock.

"The room is vacant."

"*Vacant?*" she demanded. "You mean that Madame Vanderpoel and Mademoiselle de Vos are out?"

"They have gone—left the hotel. They gave up the room this morning and went away for good. . . . No, they did n't say where they were going or if they intended to return."

Patricia hung up the receiver and crept over to a chair by the window. A sort of black mist seemed to float before her eyes and her mind would register no impressions save trivial ones for a long while. She was aware of the distant roar of the city, borne across the more quiet stretches of the park outside her window, of the sparrows chattering in the branches, of the children romping in the quiet walks, the honking of an arriving automobile, and of little else.

Then gradually her numbed brain recovered its normal action. Virginie and her aunt were gone—and without a single word to her—a single farewell! Could their abrupt and mysterious departure indicate any but one fact? After the strange disappearance of her father's sketch, what could it mean except that one or both of them were guilty and they were trying to conceal it by flight? One or both of them!—No it *could* not be that Virginie was concerned. She would never,

never believe that—and yet, if it were not so, why had Virginie gone away without a single word to the friend whom she declared she loved next best to her father? Surely she could have managed to say a word or two over the telephone, or scribble a tiny note! Perhaps she *had* written a note and it would arrive later in the mail. Patricia quite brightened for a few moments, at the thought. She would wait and see what the day's post brought. That would doubtless explain.

The morning hours dragged by. The weather was stifling and humid, and Patricia sat by one of the opened windows of the darkened room. Try as she would, she could not keep her depressed thoughts from picturing the darkest aspect of everything. How her pleasant life had changed since yesterday at this time, her bright hopes and plans collapsed like a fragile castle of cards! Who would have dreamed such a calamity could have befallen her?

At noon she telephoned down to the office to ask for the mail, and also, as she felt no appetite, requested that some crackers and a glass of milk be sent up to the room at the same time. That was all the luncheon she felt she could possibly manage.

Chester Jackson arrived with the letters and her order a few moments later. The former she shuffled over nervously and hopefully. But they were only communications for her father, and nothing at all for her. The boy, watching her interestedly, noted the disappointment reflected in her face.

"'WHEN THE LITTLE MAM'SELLE HANDED ME HER GRIP, SHE WHISPERED TO ME'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

"Miss your side-partner, don't you?" he queried.

"What 's that?" she asked, absent-mindedly.

"You miss the mam'selle across the way a bit, I figure. You and her seemed pretty thick."

"Yes, I do miss her very much," acknowledged Patricia, actually glad to have any one to speak to on the subject. "But I 'm awfully surprised that she went away so suddenly. I never even knew she was gone."

"You did n't, hey? Well, looka here! She gave me a message to give to you—that is, she

meant it for a message, I reckon, only she did n't get it all off her mind."

"Oh, what *was* it?" cried Patricia, excitedly, her darkest suspicions of her friend vanishing at once. "I knew she would want to send some word to me."

"Well, it was this way. They sent down word to the office they was leavin', and for some one to come up and help bring down their hand luggage. So I went up to get it. The missus was bustlin' about good an' lively, but the gal was sort of teary and not doin' much. But when the little mam'selle handed me her grip,—the t'other one's back was turned for a minute,—she whispered to me low, 'Tell Miss Meade I 'm going—' But she did n't get no further, 'cause the other one turned round quick like an' called me to come an' help her strap a bag. An' from that time till they left the place she never took her eyes offen the young 'un, an' *she* never got no chance to finish it up. But I thought I 'd jest tell you that much, anyway."

"Oh, thank you so much for that, anyhow!" breathed Patricia. "But I can't understand why she was afraid to say it right out and let her aunt hear. It seems very strange."

"You need n't think that 's the only queer thing about that pair," he hinted darkly. "I could tell you an earful if I chose!"

Patricia was just on the point of begging him to do so, when some delicate instinct bade her desist. Was it, after all, kind, or even honorable, to pry into the affairs of a friend, to hear "back stairs" gossip about them from a bell-boy in a hotel?

"Well, thank you very much for delivering the message," she remarked, "and please drop this letter in the mail-chute as you go out."

And after he was gone, curious as she had been to hear what he had to say about them, she was glad she had resisted the temptation.

The stifling afternoon dragged on. Patricia found ample food for thought in the news she had heard from the bell-boy, and spent the hours in fruitless surmise. On one score at least, she was relieved, almost happy. Virginie had not tried to slip away without letting her know she was going—perhaps she was trying to tell her destination; perhaps she was promising to write. But whatever it was, she had at least tried to send her some word. But why had her companion seemed to suspect it, to make it impossible? If indeed, she *had!* Why had not Madame Vanderpoel herself left a pleasant message of regret at leaving, when she had seemed so cordial, so friendly? Patricia could not but admit that the action had a very dark and suspicious aspect, after what had happened the night before.

And that brought her back again to her own troubles: The Crimson Patch!—who had taken it? Which one of the four that had had access to the room last night had concealed and carried it away? All of a sudden she sat up very straight. There were *not* four—there were only *three!* For beyond all question she was certain now that Chester Jackson was in nowise concerned in the matter. She could not explain how she knew—she simply *knew.* Something in that honest, snub-nosed, smiling face, those candid, merry eyes, assured her. Chet Jackson was unquestionably eliminated from the subject, and the puzzle was reduced to a triangle.

Half an hour later there was another knock at the door and Chet, re-appearing, presented her with a special delivery letter. He stood informally watching her while she tore it open and read it breathlessly. It was from her father, written that morning from New York, and it told her that he thought he was on the track of something that seemed important. The matter would keep him over night, but she must not be alarmed. She was to put herself in Mrs. Quale's care from dinner-time on, and he would return the next day and tell her all about things. That was all.

Though he had touched on nothing directly, Patricia was certain, of course, that he referred to the matter of the Crimson Patch. She was glad that he seemed to be in the way of discovering anything at all that would lead to the unraveling of their difficulty, but she felt suddenly very forlorn at the thought of his being away over night for the first time. And Chet, watching her keenly, saw her face fall.

"Any bad news?" he inquired casually.

"No," she replied, rather pleased to have some one to talk to, so lonely had been her day. "Father 's going to be away over night on some important business. I 'll miss him awfully."

"Say!" ventured Chet, in a confidential tone, "I ask your pardon for speakin' about it, but you folks have had some trouble since yesterday, have n't you?"

Rather startled, Patricia nodded her head. Then she looked alarmed, to think that, by even so much, she had revealed something of her father's secret.

"Never you mind!" Chet assured her. "Don't get scared because you think you 're givin' anything away. I know a heap more than any one thinks I do." And at her amazed expression, he added: "I 'm goin' to tell you somethin'. It 's a secret and don't you let on to anybody. I ain't goin' to be a bell-hop all my life, I ain't. I got ambition, and this here hotel life ain't for me."

"What—what are you going to be then?" stammered the astonished Patricia.

"I 'm goin' to be a detective or a secret service agent or somethin' like that. I got it in me, I have. Sort of sense things out an' nose 'em down when no one suspects I 'm anything but a 'buttons' in this here hotel. It 's great sport. You see, not suspectin' I got more 'n enough sense to carry me through the day's work, folks lets out a lot of things before me that they think I don't catch on to, an' I see a whole heap I 'm not supposed to see. An' this here war has made a lot of lively doings about this place, I can tell you."

"I 'M GOIN' TO BE A DETECTIVE OR A SECRET SERVICE AGENT OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT"

Patricia listened breathlessly. Here was confirmation of her own ideas, and more. Chet Jackson, beside being undoubtedly innocent of any complicity in the matter of the Crimson Patch, might even become a valuable ally, if she did but dare to enlist his aid. She suddenly decided on a bold move.

"Chester," she said, "if you 're going to do any detective work, try and do a little for us. The only trouble is, I can't tell you anything much about things, because they are very, very important secrets. So I don't know how you 're going to get to work on it."

"Don't you worry about tellin' me so much. I know a whole lot about you folks that you don't think I do. You 'd be s'prised if I told you how much I *do* know!" Chet assured her darkly. "I gotta go now, because I been away from the office long enough. But next time I see you I 'll tell you what I know an' we can decide what I 'd better do. So long!"

And he was gone, leaving her in a maze of wonder over this new development.

CHAPTER VII

LEFT ALONE

Patricia went back into the room and sat down to think it all over. Chester Jackson's curious remarks had disturbed her strangely. What he had said about knowing "a heap more about things" than any one thought he did was a little alarming, to say the least. What did he—what *could* he know about her father's affairs, and how could he have found it out? If only he had had time to tell

her before he rushed away, and not left her with this bewildering scrap of information!

However, one thing was becoming every moment more certain in her mind. The boy was innocent of any part in the disappearance of the Crimson Patch, and might, besides, be enlisted as an ally in its recovery, if only she dared to confide in him more fully. She wished with all her soul that her father were with her, that he was not to be detained away over night. She wanted to talk it all over with him, to ascertain how much he thought it wise to trust this boy. But he was not here, and presently she must go and put herself in Mrs. Quale's care. Even now she ought to be calling her up, as it was nearly dinner-time.

She went to the telephone and asked to be connected with Mrs. Quale's room. The reply she received caused her a veritable shock.

"Mrs. Quale came in a while ago and then went out again, saying she would be away over night in New York."

Patricia hung up the receiver and sat down in the nearest chair with a little, frightened shiver. She would be alone over night, in this big, strange hotel, surrounded perhaps by unseen and unknown enemies. Oh, if she could only communicate with her father and urge him to come back at once! But that was not possible. He had said he was in New York, but had given no address, probably because he was hurrying about from place to place and did not intend to stop anywhere for the night. It was certainly unfortunate that Mrs. Quale had elected to be away at the same time. Well, it was too bad, but it was not fatal. In all probability, nothing unforeseen would happen. There was no reason why it should.

Suddenly a bright idea came to her. If Mrs. Quale's maid, Delia, had not accompanied her mistress to New York, why would it not be possible to ask her to come down and spend the night? Her companionship would be better than none at all. In the long weeks of her intimacy with Mrs. Quale, Patricia had grown to realize that Delia was becoming rather fond of her, in her queer, taciturn way, and would probably be glad to be of any help. She decided to go upstairs now to see her and talk it over.

Her interview proved rather a difficult one. Patricia had not Mrs. Quale's ease in communicating with a deaf person, and it was some time before Delia understood what she was driving at. And even when she did, there was hesitancy.

"I 've a bad earache to-night," she averred, "that 's why Mrs. Quale did n't take me with her. I have it quite often. I 'm afraid I won't be much company for you, Miss Patricia, and I wanted to go to bed pretty early."

"Oh, I 'm not going to stay up late!" cried Patricia, "and, of course, you can have Father's room. I just want you to be there near me. Father would be dreadfully upset if he thought I was here alone."

"Very well, then," Delia consented at last. "To be sure, I would n't have you worried, nor the captain worried about you, even if I am too miserable to hold up my head. I 'll be down at half past eight. I 've things that will keep me busy till then."

After that, Patricia decided to worry no further about the matter, dress for dinner, go down to the dining-room, and take her meal as if she expected her father at any minute. After that, she would read and sew and write some letters and go to bed as usual. The sensible resolve steadied her. She put on her lightest and coolest attire, for the evening was still very hot, and at a very early hour went down to the dining-room. She wanted to have this ordeal over as speedily as possible, for she dreaded sitting at her table alone and being waited on by Peter Stoger.

To her intense surprise, he was not there. She was served by another waiter, and Peter did not appear during the entire meal. Where in the world could *he* be? She ventured to question the new attendant about the usual waiter, but received only the reply that he was away for the day. It was certainly all very mystifying.

After dinner, which passed without any unusual happenings, she went into the lounge, supplied herself with some new magazines, and hurried away to her room. The absence of Peter Stoger disturbed her more than she cared to admit, even to herself. She disliked and feared him enough when he was present, but in his absence he seemed positively terrifying. She sat down by the window in the gathering twilight to think it all over.

Three of them gone—the very three on whom suspicion rested most heavily! The Crimson Patch gone with them. Her father gone too, involved in who knew what troubles, what difficulties, in his search. What *was* this strange Crimson Patch, anyway? Patricia shut her eyes tight and strove to call up the image of the sketch as she had seen it last. It was nothing, it was absolutely nothing but the cleverly executed sketch in water-colors of a peculiar species of butterfly with a bright crimson spot on each lower wing. There was nothing about it that was different, nothing that she could remember, to distinguish it from the many other sketches in her father's possession. That it could harbor any secret, and especially any government secret, seemed absolutely absurd. And yet—it must be so.

Then her mind wandered back to Virginie.

Where was she now? What had she tried so hard to communicate in that broken, incomplete message to Chester Jackson? Would they ever see each other again? In twenty-four hours, life had suddenly assumed a very complicated aspect to Patricia. She could scarcely realize now how happy and care-free she had been last night at this very hour. It did not seem as if she could be the same person, so many were the perplexing problems on her mind.

And this brought her thoughts back to Chester Jackson. She must see him again, as soon as possible, and discover what it was that he knew about herself and her father and his affairs. She would call up the office and ask to have something sent to the room. So determined, she switched on the lights, went to the telephone and asked to have some of the hotel stationery sent up. There was nothing else she could think of, just at the moment. The knock at the door a few moments later sent her flying to it, her mind full of the questions she planned to ask. To her intense chagrin, it was another bell-boy who brought the paper.

Scarcely able to murmur her thanks, she turned back into the room and shut the door. Had Chester, too, deserted her? What could possibly have happened? It was the first time she could remember that he had not personally answered the summons. If he had also, for some inscrutable reason, left the hotel on this fateful night, she would certainly feel herself to be deserted of all mankind.

(To be continued)

A SNOW BABY

THE SILENT MESSENGERS

By CORPORAL WILLIAM F. AVERY

In charge of the Seventy-Seventh Division Pigeon Section

AT 9.25 in the morning of October 3, 1918, a carrier-pigeon glided lightly down to the roof of the Seventy-Seventh Division Pigeon Loft with the first message from Major Whittlesey of the "Lost Battalion." This swift bird had just flown unharmed over a section of the Argonne Forest through which no man had been able to pass alive. In just thirty minutes after he had circled above the gas-filled, shell-shot trap in which Whittlesey and his men found themselves, the message he brought was going over the private telephone line connecting the pigeon loft with the headquarters of the division.

This quick work was the result of the careful, systematic training both of the birds and the men who handled them. No common barnyard dove would ever have made this flight; no full-blooded carrier-pigeon would have made it so quickly without the care and attention of specially trained men.

CARRIER-PIGEON READY TO CARRY A MESSAGE

Each army division in action usually has a loft located at a short distance from the headquarters' offices. The "keeper" of this loft knows every single pigeon under his care as he would know one of his friends. He always wears the same costume when he is among his pigeons, so that they soon get to know him as well, if not better, than he knows them. They will stand on his shoulders, head, or hands, and will even snatch kernels of grain from his lips. But let a stranger come in, and they immediately become suspicious, scurry away, and watch his every movement alertly.

An army loft is not, as a rule, very high above the ground, but is conspicuously located, so that the pigeons can see it from quite a distance. The birds are kept here long enough to know the place as "home."

After they have looked out of the windows for several days and know the country within sight of the loft, they begin to take their regular morning and evening exercise. The keeper lets them out just before feeding-time, and allows them twenty or thirty minutes in which to fly around and explore a little. As soon as some of them begin to circle near the loft, he "calls" them inside by rattling a can of grain, just as he has always done when about to give them food. The hungriest rush in at once, and the rest soon follow. A good keeper never calls a bird in without feeding it at once. In this way he trains it to enter the loft quickly, instead of idling away an hour or so just out of reach when it may be carrying an important message.

As soon as the trainer feels that his birds have become fairly well acquainted with their surroundings, he begins to train them to fly home from points not far distant. A few of the soldiers on duty with the keeper carry half of the flock in large baskets to an open space about a quarter or half a mile from the loft, and in the direction of the battle-front. They then release one or two pairs of pigeons, which circle about until they have spied the loft and fly to it. These birds, hearing the keeper rattle his feed-can, go in for supper. The soldiers out in the open space now release four more pigeons, and wait until all of them have entered before sending out the next group. This method of letting the birds out in small parties forces each group to develop its own sense of direction, instead of blindly following the leadership of one or two who may excel the rest in that ability.

When all of the pigeons have returned to the loft, the men go back and bring out the second half of the flock, which they give the same training. On the following day the distance is increased to a mile, and so on, by two- to five-mile jumps, until a good portion of the flock can return quickly from the most advanced line posts. They are then ready to be sent up to the front.

Many people have said to me, "I can see how you train a pigeon to carry a message from the front line back to his home at division headquarters, but how do you train it to carry a message from the loft to the front?"

My answer is: "We can't. It is a one-way service only; from the front to the rear."

AMERICAN PIGEON-LOFTS IN FRANCE

For military purposes it is, therefore, necessary to have a team of pigeons in the forward positions ready at all times to be sent back with dispatches. Each infantry regimental and battalion headquarters is equipped with two baskets, a metal grain-box, gas-bags, water-troughs and a rat-proof cage of wire in which to place the basket at night. One of the baskets is known as a rest-basket, as it is used when the pigeons are not being carried about very much. It is large enough to allow them to stretch their wings and walk around a little. The second basket is known as an assault- or infantry-basket. It is about one half the size of the rest-basket, that is to say, about 18 by 12 by 12 inches. It is provided with two straps by which an infantryman can fasten it to his back at the shoulder-blades. He then has his hands and arms free to use his rifle and other equipment. The pigeons are put in this basket only when an advance is to be made, or when the men are about to "go over the top." The French Army has a third basket, known as a spy-basket, just large enough to hold one pigeon. It is used by a spy going into the enemy lines who may want to send back a message before he himself can return; or he may release the bird with all the information he has gathered, if he sees that he is about to be captured.

All of this equipment is in charge of one or two pigeon-men, whose duties are varied and numerous. First of all, they look out for the health of their birds. They must keep fresh, clean water in the pigeon-troughs day and night, provide a fresh carpet of grass or sand in the bottom of the basket every morning, and see that no one else gives the birds anything to eat or handles them. Upon instant notice, the pigeon-men must be ready to put the gas-bag around the basket containing the birds. If the neck of the bag is tied tightly enough, the pigeons can remain inside about eight hours without suffering very much. One of the men in my pigeon section was able to put on his own gas-mask, take all four birds out of the rest-basket, put them into an infantry-basket, put the latter into the gas-bag, and tie up the neck of the bag in one minute and a half!

Another important duty of the men in the advanced posts is to feed the birds properly. One of the strongest factors in making a pigeon fly home and enter the loft quickly is hunger, combined with the knowledge that he is always fed immediately upon getting home. Like most

THE "INFANTRY-BASKET"

birds, he flies by day and roosts by night. For this reason it is impracticable to release him so late in the afternoon that he cannot reach the loft before sunset. As pigeons on duty in the line are not fed during the day, they are always hungry and ready to fly home at once, if released. About sundown the man in charge gives them just enough food to keep them strong until sundown of the next day. By the following morning their crops are nearly empty. But they have nothing to eat and are, therefore, in the same hungry condition as they were the day before.

Of course, it is just as important properly, to attach the tubes containing the messages so that they will reach their destination as it is to feed the birds correctly. These messages, sometimes in code, sometimes not, are written on thin paper, like that often used in Bibles. The ordinary message-sheet is about 3 by 5 inches in size. There is also a double-size sheet marked in squares corresponding to military map divisions. An officer in the field can place one of these large thin sheets on a map, mark the horizontal and vertical lines according to the numbers shown, and then indicate very accurately the position of his own and enemy forces. The officer who receives the message at division headquarters can put it on a copy of the same map and see the exact location of everything shown. These message-sheets are so thin that a man can roll them up small enough to get two into the same tube at the same time.

A TYPICAL FRENCH STATIONARY LOFT

The message-tubes are of thin aluminum and weigh very little indeed. They consist of two parts, one just small enough to fit inside the other, like .38- and .32-caliber empty revolver-cartridges. The outer shell has two aluminum bands fastened around it, with ends long enough to be used as clamps around the bird's leg. The message is placed inside the inner tube, which, in turn, is fitted carefully into the outer tube. It is very important that the message-holder be attached to the pigeon's leg so as not to annoy him. If the clamps are not pressed tightly enough, the tube will rattle around loosely. In this case the bird is liable to alight on a handy tree to pick it off with his bill. If the clamps are pressed tightly enough to stop the circulation in the pigeon's leg, he will suffer considerable pain, and almost surely stop to rid himself of the tube. Thus, in either case of faulty adjustment, the message would never reach the loft.

SHOWING TUBE OPEN (IN TWO PARTS) AND CLOSED

The pigeon-man's duties do not end when he has fed his charges at sundown. At night, one man must put the basket into the rat-proof wire cage near his own bunk. He must also be ready, in case of a gas-alarm, to adjust the pigeon gas-bag as soon as he has put on his own gas-mask.

Pigeons are used only in emergencies, when all other means of communication fail. Sometimes weeks may go by during which telephone-lines are in operation and runners can carry mes-

sages. It is bad for the pigeons, however, to keep them away from the loft too long. Every second or third day a fresh set of birds is sent out from the loft to relieve those on duty. The "non-com" in charge of the relief takes the fresh birds up to brigade headquarters in a side-car, motor-cycle, or automobile. From this point he is guided to the infantry regimental headquarters, where he meets both the man at the regimental post and the battalion-post man, who has come back there with his empty infantry-basket. The non-com gives each of these two men a basket containing the fresh birds for his station, a sack of pigeon-food, and one message-tube for each bird. The men from the posts each give him one empty basket and food-sack. The men then return to their posts, and the non-com goes to the other regimental posts and makes his deliveries there in the same way. As soon as the man in the line receives his fresh team, he releases the old one with "practice" or "test" messages. Each message always shows the time its carrier was released, so that the trainer at the loft can tell how long the bird took to make the flight.

RELEASING THE BIRDS

As a rule, the various teams of pigeons that have been released in this manner arrive at the loft hours ahead of the non-com making the relief, for he often runs into all sorts of trouble before he finishes his job. During the war, the rides of these non-coms were not merely pleasant automobile trips. The enemy shelled the roads more often than anything else. It was a rare thing, indeed, for the relief man to make a trip without at least one narrow escape from shell-fire or gas. On one occasion the writer had just come into a small town with pigeons when an incendiary shell hit a motor convoy of ammunition standing there and set fire to the whole train. Of course, everybody dove into dugouts or whatever shelter was nearest,

PREPARING A MESSAGE IN THE TRENCHES

expecting the town to be blown off the map. After the worst was over, it was necessary to hurry with the pigeons past the burning ammunition train to the forward posts. On the return trip, the flames were still so hot that they nearly scorched the writer and the driver, going at sixty miles an hour. During the next trip, he was sitting in a light auto-truck near a dugout, when a shell exploded near by and blew off half of the tail-board. As the relief had been completed, all present voted that it was time to go home. The pigeon-men of a division to our right were on their way forward with a fresh set of birds for their comrades, when a shell struck in the midst of the party and killed three of the men and five of the birds. Of course, every trip was not so tragic. Many times the chief difficulty was to find out to what place the regimental and battalion headquarters had been moved since the last relief.

As the army advances farther and farther it becomes increasingly difficult to make the relief over the greater distance. For this reason the army maintains two styles of lofts: stationary and mobile. The former is usually placed in some conspicuous building, and serves a battle-line that moves backward and forward comparatively little. The latter is built into a specially constructed wagon, which can be moved from time to time if the division advances or retreats. Before the arrival of any great number of American troops in France, the battle-lines were usually fairly stationary. But Uncle Sam's boys changed this. It soon became frequently necessary to transfer a flock of pigeons from a stationary loft to one of the mobile type.

Every time the location of a loft is changed, it takes from three weeks to a month to accustom the pigeons to their new home. After a week or ten days in the new location, the birds have had ample time to look out at the landscape and forget the old place to a certain extent. Nevertheless, on the first day of outside exercise, a few, whose memory and "homing" instinct are strongest, *will* fly back to the old loft. For that reason, one man goes back there the day before the pigeons are to be released. He usually has a motor-cycle with side-car, or a light automobile truck, in which he carries several baskets and a very strange-looking costume.

On the following morning the keeper releases about one quarter of his flock just before feeding-time. The moment any of them shows a tendency to "break away," he calls back as many as he can by rattling his grain-tin. He then drives out the second group and treats them in the same way. If a great number show signs of flying away, he feeds all of those inside, so that the ones outside may see them eating. This strategy generally entices the others back. Those who do break away completely and go back to the old loft, find the man with the queer costume awaiting them. He rushes around, screaming and gesticulating wildly. He thrashes around with a club and destroys some of the nests and roosts. Then he seizes some of the pigeons and shakes them; not too roughly, but enough to scare them, after which he puts them in baskets. By this time the poor birds feel that the place is anything but homelike. The man gives them water, so that they will not suffer from thirst, but does not feed them. He continues his fantastic antics for another day or two, and finally takes them back to the new loft where their regular keeper feeds and pets them. After one or two experiences like this, the pigeons decide that they like the new place very much better than they do the old one, and are quite ready to make themselves at home among the pleasanter surroundings. The keeper now commences to train the entire flock for service in the line, as previously described.

As the army advanced still farther beyond the battle-line of 1914 to 1917, almost all of the pigeon service was maintained with mobile lofts. When one of these was moved to a new location, the training of the birds was similar to that described in the case of changing from a fixed loft to a mobile loft. The main difference was that the pigeons who broke away to go back to the old location found no loft there. Instead, they would be trapped and put into baskets as before.

The three weeks of retraining on the new site made it necessary for the army to allot two or three lofts to one division in order to keep it supplied with birds at all times. While loft "A" was in service, loft "B" would move as far forward as possible without bringing the pigeons too close to the disturbing noise of cannon or shell-fire from the enemy. During the ensuing three weeks, its flock would be trained for the new location. By the end of this period, loft A would have been left well in the rear, and loft B would take over active service. On the day of the first relief from loft B, loft A would get back all of its teams in the line. After a few days' rest, this unit would "leap-frog" well ahead of loft B, and start retraining. In this fashion, two, or at the most, three lofts could keep one flock of settled pigeons ready for service reasonably near to division headquarters at all times.

This shows that the spectacular, thrilling work of the pigeons which saved the "Lost Battalion," was not merely the heroic action of a few gifted pigeons. It was the logical outcome of months of careful training of both men and birds.

THE GREAT DOME THAT BRUNELLESCHI BUILT FOR THE FAMOUS DUOMO, OR CATHEDRAL, OF FLORENCE

TWO FLORENTINE FRIENDS

By S. M. COLLMANN

THE people of the city of Florence were once building a church. It was to be such a fine one that they kept on building and building, and even after a hundred years had passed they had not yet brought it to completion. What was more, they did not know how to finish it. The first builder had died long ago, and the different architects who followed had made changes here and there, and now it was grown so large that no one knew how to cover it with the dome which was necessary to make it perfect. Every once in a while all the architects in the city got together to talk it over, but they always ended by saying it could not be done.

Now in the same city there lived two young goldsmiths who were fast friends. Brunelleschi was the name of the one, while the other was called Donatello. Brunelleschi, however, did not like goldsmith's work and was forever scolding about it.

"It is not enduring, like work in bronze and stone, for there always comes a time when it has to be melted down to be made into money," he said to Donatello as they worked together. "Then, besides, it 's too small. Now just look at this," he went on, holding up the cover to a goblet, which was fashioned like a miniature dome.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Donatello, admiringly.

"Yes, but suppose I could make it large enough to span our dear Duomo, what a different thing that would be."

"But that is impossible!" cried Donatello. "You know how often it has been tried; the space is too great."

"I know it," sighed Brunelleschi. "Still, it would be a task worthy of an artist," and he fell to work again.

Not long after this, something happened which made Brunelleschi forget the dome, for a little while, at least. The people of Florence wanted a pair of bronze doors for a pretty little church which stood close beside the great unfinished one. In order to see who among the artists would be most worthy of the task, it was decided to hold a

prize contest, and the winner was to make the doors. A subject was, therefore, chosen, and all the artists who wanted to were called upon to tell the story of Abraham's sacrifice in a bronze relief. Six artists decided to try, and one of them was Brunelleschi. He gave up his goldsmith's work and worked day and night on the design for his relief.

Meanwhile, Donatello too was busy. At last, one day, he suddenly burst in upon Brunelleschi and with an air of great mystery said: "Come with me; I have something to show you. *I* am not going to be a goldsmith all my days, either. I mean to be a sculptor." Of course Brunelleschi wanted to see what his friend had been doing, and he went gladly with him to his room. There stood the work, a great crucifix carved out of wood. "Tell me what you think of it," begged Donatello, who was very proud of it.

Brunelleschi studied it in silence for a while; then he said: "I don't like it at all. The figure

DONATELLO'S STATUE OF ST. GEORGE

looks like a peasant; he should be more noble looking."

Donatello usually took criticism very kindly, but he had set great store by this work and now he felt hurt. "It is very easy to talk," he retorted hotly, "but it is a different thing when it comes to doing! Take a piece of wood and try it yourself."

Brunelleschi pretended not to hear this remark, and soon after went home. Some weeks later, however, he sought out Donatello and said to him, "We have not had a good talk for a long time; come and spend the day with me." Donatello was willing and they set out together. On their way they stopped in the market and bought some eggs and cheese and nice fresh butter for their dinner, for the great artists of old lived very simply.

"Now, Donatello," said Brunelleschi, "you take these things and go on ahead. I 'll come right after you as soon as I have been to the baker's."

Donatello did his comrade's bidding and went on to the workshop. And there he had Brunelleschi's answer. For right in the middle of the room, so placed that his eyes must fall upon it the very first thing, stood a beautiful crucifix carved out of wood. At the sight, Donatello stood rooted to the spot, and, all unheeding, let fall to the floor, cheese, butter, eggs, and all.

"Ho, Donatello!" cried Brunelleschi, who had come in behind him; "what have you done to our dinner? It is all spoiled!"

"Dinner!" exclaimed Donatello; "ah, Brunelleschi, I have had dinner enough for to-day! But," he added generously, "you are right; I can carve only peasants, while to you it is given to portray a Christ." He might have said, "Well, yours *ought* to be better, for I am only a boy of fourteen, while you are a grown-up young man, nine years older." Instead, the artist in him saw only where he had failed.

But now the time had come for the prize bronzes to be sent in. When the judges came to pass upon them, they found two of them very much better than the others. One of the two was Brunelleschi's. It was very fine indeed, but the other was still better. Therefore Ghiberti, for that was the name of the other sculptor, got the prize and made the doors.

Brunelleschi had to admit that Ghiberti had outdone him, but he felt most unhappy about it. When Donatello tried to console him he exclaimed: "Don't tell me how good it is; you can't make it anything but next best, and yet it was my best! And if I cannot be the first sculptor, I am not going to be a sculptor at all." Then he thought again of his dome. "It must be done; it *can* be done; and I am going to do it!" was his final decision. At last one day he said: "Donatello, I am going to Rome. There is an ancient dome in that city; perhaps it may help me span our Duomo."

"Then I am going too!" exclaimed Donatello. "They have been finding some buried statues there that are said to be more beautiful than any-

thing we have ever seen. Perhaps they may teach me something, too: for I still mean to be a sculptor, in spite of my crucifix."

Brunelleschi had a small farm, and he sold it that he might have money to live on. So it came to pass that one fine day the two friends

lost their heads, or legs, or arms, every fragment was more lovely than anything people then living could make. So, day after day and week after week, Donatello studied and sketched the statues and friezes, and torsi, as the broken ones were called, and he learned so much from them that

GATTAMELATA, THE GREAT EQUESTRIAN STATUE BY DONATELLO

took a last look at their beloved Florence and the unfinished Duomo and set out on their venture. At last they came to Rome. What a wonderful city they found it! Larger than Florence and much older and full of the most marvelous old buildings. Some of these had been put up so long ago that time had crumbled them away, leaving nothing but a few arches or columns of what had once been a beautiful palace or temple or tower. Other old buildings had been buried altogether and had been forgotten for ages. Then one day, workmen, digging to lay some foundations, came upon some buried ruins filled with wonderful marble figures.

These were the statues which Donatello had come to see. No, he had never dreamed of anything like them before; and he could learn much from them, for although many of the figures had

he came to be one of the greatest sculptors of all time.

Meanwhile, Brunelleschi too had found what he needed. Day by day he climbed about among ruins and measured and studied and examined columns and stones and mortar. Again, for hours at a time, he sat and dreamed under the ancient Roman dome and tried to fathom how its secrets might be applied to the greater dome which was slowly, but surely, taking shape in his mind. After a time the money from the farm was all used up. Then the two friends had to stop their studies every once in a while and go back to goldsmith's work until they had enough to pay for food and shelter.

At last, Brunelleschi had solved the problem. His dome had taken form not only in his head, but was all carefully planned and measured out

on paper. Now back to Florence to see it grow in stone! Donatello rejoiced with his friend, and he, too, felt that he was ready to return. So back home they went.

Almost the first thing that happened after Brunelleschi reached Florence was one of the well-known meetings to talk over the dome. All the architects and some of the chief citizens were there as usual, and all sorts of plans were suggested. Brunelleschi said he knew how to do it now, and every one cried out to see his plans.

"A YOUNG PRINCELING OF THE HOUSE OF MEDICI"

But he, fearing some treachery, refused to disclose his precious secret. "You will see it when I put it up. As no one here can suggest a way, and I can, and as I am willing to stake my name and fame upon its success, I see no reason why I should not go on." Of course, they all exclaimed at this. But Brunelleschi broke in upon them with the question: "Can any one of you set an egg on end?"

"Set an egg on end, what has that to do with the matter?"

"I mean what I say. Can any one do it?"

They had never tried, but felt sure that it must be easy. An egg was sent for and each in turn tried and—failed.

"Give it to me!" at last cried Brunelleschi; and taking it up, he struck it firmly on the table.

"Oh," cried the others; "we could all have done it that way, too!"

"Yes, it 's easy when you know how; but it 's impossible when you don't," replied Brunelleschi. "It 's the same with my dome—if I show you my plans, you 'll say it is easy too."

In the end Brunelleschi had his own way and was appointed to set up his dome. But the task was thought great enough for two architects, and Ghiberti was appointed with him. This was too much for Brunelleschi. Ghiberti had fame enough in his bronze doors; why should he share in the glory of the dome, which was Brunelleschi's alone? No, this would never do. So one day, after the work had been going on very nicely for some time, Brunelleschi suddenly declared himself ill. He went home, locked up his plans, went to bed, and had all his household stirring about wrapping him in blankets and placing cold cloths on his head. When the workmen went to Ghiberti for orders he could give them none, for he knew nothing about the dome. When they went to Brunelleschi's house, he said he was too ill to tell them what to do, and sent them back to Ghiberti, who, of course, was unable to direct them. So the work stopped altogether, and Ghiberti had to acknowledge that he could not get along without Brunelleschi.

"Aha," said the latter when this was told him, "but I can easily get along without him!"

Then Brunelleschi was told that if he would only get well, he should build the dome all by himself. This was, of course, just what he wanted, and he immediately threw off his blankets and bandages and went to work. What a wonderful worker he was, too! Nothing was too small or mean to require his attention. He examined the clay for the bricks and the bricks themselves. He tested every stone, every bit of mortar, every iron girder, and under his guidance the wonderful dome grew till it hung like a great airy bubble on its eight stone chains. So beautiful it was and so great, that Brunelleschi's dome almost made people forget the other part of the lovely Duomo. This was many hundred years ago, and still it hangs over the Duomo, and no one can visit Florence without seeing Brunelleschi's world-famous dome.

The dome was not Brunelleschi's only work. He helped beautify his native city with many palaces, churches, and other buildings. Donatello, too, worked on the Duomo. He helped Brunelleschi on the dome, but his real work was on the inside. Here, for the front of the singing-gallery, he made a lovely marble relief of a joyous band of dancing cherubs. The ancient statues had taught him much, and he learned much more from the life around him. He had also thought out some little secret about drapery, which gave his figures a lifelike look. Therefore his cherubs on the singing-gallery caper as gladly as did the

merry little Florentine lads whom he watched at their games and rounds of summer evenings. One can almost feel the flutter of their garments and hear the sound of their singing and the rustle of their wings and the beat of little feet.

Donatello was now become not only a sculptor, but also a very great one. Those were busy days in his workshop. First he made little wax models of his statues, and then with mallet and chisel struck them boldly out of the block of marble till the chips flew about in all directions. He had many pupils, some of whom helped him with his work and later became famous too. All the great men of Florence and even of other cities wanted some of Donatello's work, and he was praised and petted by every one. But he was the same old Donatello still, kind and unspoiled, and his greatest joy was to see his beloved Florence grow more beautiful from day to day. The money he got for his work he placed in a basket, which he hung up in his workshop. When he needed any, he put in his hand and took out as much as was necessary. All his household and assistants were told to help themselves to what they needed, and no one had to give an account of what he took. Of course, he did not grow rich with this sort of management, and his friends often scolded him. But he only laughed and went on as before. He worked hard all day, and sometimes would be so carried away with enthusiasm that he would imagine the stone alive and would cry out, "Speak! speak!"

And, indeed, his statues almost seem to live. One would not be surprised to see the old general Gattamelata, who sits so proudly on his fine bronze horse, give his steed the spurs and leap with him right down from the pedestal upon which he has been sitting for so many hundred years. Then there is his St. George. The brave young knight stands leaning on his shield. He looks for all the world as though he meant to step down from his niche, and ride away to slay another dragon. These and many more statues certainly did help to beautify Florence, and Donatello could feel himself her worthy son.

Among Donatello's friends was a rich and powerful prince. He and all of his family loved art and artists, and their great palaces were filled with their work. Donatello, of course, transformed many a marble block for him, and he who so dearly loved to portray children did not neglect the young princelings of the house of Medici, as many a bust of them has come down to us. Life in the Medici palace was very gay, and Donatello greatly enjoyed meeting the other artists and the learned and great of many lands who were used to gather there. But his dress seemed too simple for such a great artist and for the brilliant gatherings; so the prince sent him a beautiful rose-colored velvet suit, with mantle to match, as a present. Donatello wore it once or twice, but he did not feel comfortable in such finery. So he sent it back, saying that it was too dainty for him. The prince laughed and bade him wear his russet brown if it made him happier. A velvet gown would not make a man a Donatello, he said, and it had only been offered to give him pleasure.

The years went on and both Brunelleschi and Donatello grew old, and the time came when they laid down their tools and passed away, leaving behind what they had done to speak for them. And so well had they wrought that, while Florence stands, their names shall never be forgotten.

"A JOYOUS BAND OF DANCING CHERUBS," BY DONATELLO

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST TWO INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest carnivorous animal ever known. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, Cornwall wins the pole-vault, the five-mile run, and the hundred-yard dash, and scores in other events. Everything turns on the mile-run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves.

CHAPTER III

OUTWARD BOUND

AT last dawned the day when the Argonauts sailed away toward the sunset, like the crew that Jason captained when the world was young. Instead of the *Argo*, Cornwall's Argonauts voyaged in the super-parlor-Pullman-observation-private car *Esmeralda*, which belonged to Mr. Donegan, and which, through him, had been attached to the great Transcontinental Express By reason, too, of Mr. Donegan, that celebrated train for the first time in its history would stop at Cornwall. Theretofore it had never even hesitated when it passed through.

Everybody came to see them off. Strangely enough, too, every one from Chief Selectman Jimmy Wadsworth down to Jed Bunker, who tramped the town making baskets, knew that they were going pearling and when and where and how. Myron Prindle had inside information that they were bound for "the Spanish Main." He was not sure just where said Main might be, but presumed that it was somewhere in Spain. Anyway, he knew that it was full of pearls and pirates and that Mr. Donegan had chartered a schooner which Jud Adams was to captain. The fact that Jud did n't know a schooner from a gondola made no difference. *Myron knew.* Uncle Riley Rexford was just as positive that they were going after fresh-water pearls along the banks of the Yukon. He also had inside information. Hattie Platt, the village dressmaker, was absolutely certain that they were bound for the South Seas. She had been told so by some one who knew all about it. She wished she could tell who it was, but she had promised she would not. Jessalie Jones, who wrote poetry, and had it printed under the initials "J. J." in the "Litchfield County Gazette," had it on good authority that the whole trip had something to do with a romance of Jud Adams' youth. She refused to give her authority. In one thing all the stories agreed. That was—Pearls! Miss Jane Bronson, who had taught drawing and English literature at the Cornwall High School from a time beyond which the memory of man runneth not, brought in Volume 15 of the Encyclopædia Britannica—P-Q—of the vintage of 1860. She whispered that it contained a masterly monograph on pearls which she hoped the boys would find time to read on their trip. Guinea Potter's mother brought a bottle of boneset tea which she had brewed herself and which could be used either inside or outside and was warranted to cure everything. It was a favorite Cornwall remedy and always very effective, probably because it had such an appalling taste that any one who swallowed a dose of it would forget everything else. Old Hen Root who lived over in the Hollow, and who had come to Cornwall from Saugatuck on Long Island Sound, brought a clam-hoe down to the station, which he insisted upon presenting to Will.

"It may come in handy," he remarked confidentially, "in case you want to get a mess of oysters."

The Cornwall Horse Guards were there, ready for the worst, and would have been very impressive if Silas Ford's horse had not balked right on the railroad tracks. As it was nearly train-time, the rest of the guard tried to haul him off by main force. The Cornwall band chose that particular moment to break loose. They tooted and banged and shrilled and squealed, until it sounded as if a boiler factory had blown up. At the very first

explosion, Silas Ford's horse, which had been bracing his feet and holding back with at least ten horse-power, whisked his tail, cleared the tracks, and was off down the road like a cyclone. As most of the other horses of the guards were hitched to him, the whole squadron disappeared around the corner in a cloud of dust and a confusion of "*Whoas!*" At that moment a distant whistle was heard, and with a rushing roar, the rumble of mighty wheels and the hissing of sorely tried air-brakes, the majestic Transcontinental Express whirled around the curve and came to a full stop. Then it was that Fred's mother, who was a widow, broke down. As she kissed her boy good-by she was suddenly convinced that neither pearls nor prospects were worth the unknown risks of this far journey.

"Don't go, honey. Stay home with me," she whispered. "I may never see you again."

It was a critical moment. Fred winked very hard and wondered whether, after all, the trip was worth while. It was Barbara Deering who made a diversion. Barbara had a bewitching smile and a voice that always made Fred think of the gurgling of a certain trout-brook as it sang its way down one of the Cornwall hills. Moreover, one could never be certain as to what Barbara was going to do next. To-day she stood in a group of girls with her hands behind her as the good-bys were being said, and, at this critical moment, stepped forward with a great bunch of those rare rose-red orchids, the moccasin-flower, which she must have gathered before breakfast. She handed these to Fred and whispered so low that only he could hear, "Good-by; I 'm *very* proud of you!" After that any backing out was impossible. Will's father shook hands with him with that indifference which fathers and sons show in public. Joe Couteau's uncle was there with a package of the whitest, sweetest maple sugar in the world, which only the old charcoal-burner knew how to make in his little sugar-bush in the early spring.

"You big fool to go," he murmured affectionately, pressing the package into Joe's hands. "Hurry up and come back."

Then Mr. Sanford and old Mike and Buck Masters, the village constable who had helped rescue Will and Joe from the burning cabin, and Uncle Riley Rexford, and Nathan Hart, the letter-carrier, with a mail-bag in his hand, and Virgil Jones, the postmaster, and half a score of others pressed forward to shake the boys' hands and wish them luck. Only old Jud Adams stood apart from the rest of the crowd

"Ain't there no one who 's goin' to give me flowers or sugar nor nothin'?" he complained.

"Sure there be!" shouted old Jim Donegan, who had arrived late, as usual, pushing his way through the crowd, red-hot with haste and excitement. "Even if none of these good-lookin' girls will give you anything, I will. You 're all the time complainin' that you can't find any smokin' tobacco in Cornwall that 's got any taste to it. I 've sent down South and here 's a package of black perique that will just about take the top of your old gray head off," and Big Jim shook the old trapper's hand affectionately and slapped the boys on their backs.

"Good-by, fellows," he shouted as if he were hailing a ship at sea. "Good luck! I wish *I* were goin' with you instead of this good-for-nothin' old cripple of a Jud Adams."

"What do you mean by such talk, Jim Donegan?" yelled Jud, clutching his perique in one hand and much incensed at this public reference to his age. "Thank ye for the tobacco, but when you come to talk about me bein' old, I want you to understand—" but just then the whistle shrilled impatiently, the majestic conductor, who had been regarding Cornwall tolerantly, swept back the crowd, the porter pushed the boys, clam-hoe, encyclopædia, boneset-tea, and all into the car, and with another bang from the band the Argonauts of Cornwall were off. With a shriek of the whistle which echoed through the hills, the train whirled away toward the enchantments, the adventures, and the waiting lands which, since Time began, have always beckoned to Argonauts from beyond the sunset.

Then came long and varied days of sight-seeing from the observation platform. At first, Jud insisted that they ought to have shaken hands with the waiter when they went into the dining-car, and declared that the conductor ought to have a military salute as a tribute to his "blue-and-brass uniform." The library, the baths, the brass bedsteads, the great leather-lined lounging chairs, and all the other equipment of a plutocratic private car were a source of never-ending delight and amusement to the old trapper. Most of all, however, the whole crowd enjoyed the observation platform at the rear of the car. There, tipped back in comfortable chairs, with their feet up on the brass rail, as cities, prairies and mountains whirled by, they would talk by the hour, and old Jud would spin them yarns about the buffalo herds, the Indians and the antelope which he saw on his first trip across the continent in the seventies.

But even more interesting to the boys were the stories told by Joe Couteau.

"Joe," said Will, one day, after one of Jud's yarns, "you 've never told me how you managed to come across the continent. Where did you live first, and how did you get East by yourself?"

For a long minute Joe made no answer, but sat and watched the steel rails spin a shining track behind them across the golden wheat-fields of Dakota.

"I lived," he said at last, "on the Island of Akotan. That mean 'Island of the Free People' in my talk," he explained. "My father was a French trapper, who joined our tribe and married my mother. I told you 'bout his being killed by bear," he went on, turning to Will, who nodded as he remembered the talks around the camp-fire that he and Joe used to have when they were winning the cabin for the Cornwall Scouts. "After that," went on Joe, "my mother take me one day across to the mainland where there was a Hudson Bay trading-station and mission-school. She tell me if anything happen to her, I was to leave the tribe and go to this school. When I learned enough, I was to travel and travel and travel east until I found my father's brother. She gave me writing, which my father had left, which showed how to find him." Then Joe came to a stop and looked long into the distance. "My mother's uncle, he shuman of the Free People," he went on after a moment.

"Is that the same as the chief?" inquired Fred.

"No," said Joe, "shuman is higher than chief. There may be two or more chiefs but only one shuman. Chiefs look after every-day things, but shuman he say when there be war or peace, he medicine-man for tribe, and have charge of all big things. After my mother's uncle find pearl he go on long, long journey south to place where the Free People had come from a hundred of years before. He want to see the Great Ones, and learn how to keep his people free and brave and good. While he gone, my mother die, like I tell you," said Joe, turning to Will, who nodded without speaking. The Indian boy's eyes flashed and his hands clinched hard for a moment. "When I come back," he went on after a long pause, "and found she had died and my uncle gone and other chiefs trying to take his place, who would n't dared have spoken to him standing up, I tell tribe what I thought. No one answer me back. Then I take canoe and provisions and gun, and leave 'em all, and paddle and paddle and walk and walk until I come to trading-station where mission-school was. There I stay and learn to read and write and be like white boys."

"Did they send you across to your father's uncle?" questioned Jud, with much interest.

"No," said Joe after a long pause, "they not have the money to do that."

"Well, who did send you?" persisted Jud.

"*Cheesay*," responded the boy, finally.

"*Cheesay!*" exclaimed Jud. "That 's the Chippewa for lucivee."

"You mean the Canada lynx," broke in Will.

"Yes," responded the old man. "I call 'em lucivees, and the French trappers call 'em *loup-cervier*, but their name in Chippewa is '*Cheesay*.' "

"Tell us how the lynx sent you," begged Fred, who had been sitting an interested listener to the whole conversation. Joe hesitated a moment.

"Well, it was this way," he said. "I want to be like white boys. My mother's people cowards and dogs to let her starve. My uncle gone. I remember she tell me to go back to my father's people. At the trading-station they tell me it take much money—two, three hundred dollars—to travel down to Sitka and take boat and railroad out East. They not have any money. I not have any money. So I start out to earn my fare by trapping. At first I not have very good luck. I trap and trap and hunt and hunt, but catch very little."

"It 's a wonder you caught anythin'," interjected Jud. "Trappin' 's no game for kids. It takes a grown man with good brains and a lot of experience to be a real trapper," and Jud puffed out his chest consciously.

Joe looked at the little old man quizzically. "Yes," he said at last, "it takes fine, big, handsome, smart man to be good trapper—like old man Jud, but I did the best I could. I caught a few muskrat and once in a while a mink, but they hardly brought enough to pay for my traps and my grub and my ammunition. Then one day there came a heavy snow. It snow and snow until ground covered three feet deep. I start out one morning with my gun to follow up trap-route. Pretty soon out from the woods I come to fox-trail."

"How do you tell a fox-trail?" asked Fred.

"Tracks like those of dog," explained Joe, "except they run in straight line and don't spraddle out like dog and are finer and clearer cut and never show any drag-mark on the snow, for fox lift his paw high while dog sometimes drag it. This trail," went on Joe, "showed that the fox had sunk deep, every jump. He seemed to be running hard, and once in a while I could see mark of his brush on snow, showing that he was tired; for while he is fresh, a fox never lets his brush touch the snow. I wonder at first why fox go so fast when snow so deep. At last I see the reason. Near the fox-trail runs a line of big, padded cat-tracks, about twice the size of ordinary cat. Only they don't show four toes like cat-track does. I knew then that it was trail of Cheesay."

"What made them padded?" inquired Will.

"A lynx wears snow-shows in the winter," interposed Jud, before Joe had a chance to answer. "Each toe is covered with a big ball of fluffy

hair which spreads out nearly flat, so that a lynx can bound over the snow, hardly sinking in at all."

"That 's what this one was doing," went on Joe. "At every jump he would go five or six feet and only sink in a few inches, while the fox went floundering through the snow up to his shoulders. The tracks zigzagged in and out through the trees, as if the old fox was trying to dodge, and once in a while he 'd make a stand against some tree, but always the lynx would drive him out into the open again. At last they led to little lake all frozen over and covered level with snow, and there out in the middle I saw two animals fighting. I hurried up close on my snowshoes, and just as I got there, *Cheesay* gave big jump in air and clipped Old Man Fox right over head with his claws and buried him in the snow. Before he could get out, old lynx landed on top of him and bite him through the neck and kill him. By that time I was right close to them, and I yell loud to drive lynx off before he rip up fox's fur. Cheesay very much surprised, give a jump away, and spit and yowled and crouched and pretended that he was going to spring at me. My gun was loaded, and nobody ever afraid of Old Man Cheesay, anyhow. I look down at fox, and what you suppose I saw?"

"What?" chorused the rest of the party.

"Silver fox!" exclaimed Joe, impressively. "Black, black as night, and soft and thick and heavy. The longest hairs were tipped with white, so that the fur looked as if it were all frosted with silver, while the big jet-black brush had a silver tip."

"Oh, boy!" broke in Jud. "Think of that luck! I trapped nigh on to twenty years before I got a silver fox, and then he was n't a very good one."

"Well," went on Joe, "they told me at the post that this one was the best silver fox that had ever been turned in there. They gave me three hundred dollars for it."

"Which was about a third of what it was worth," commented Jud.

"It was enough to take me to Cornwall, anyway," finished Joe.

"Did n't you get the lynx skin, too?" inquired Fred.

Joe looked at him reprovingly. "That just like white man," he said at last; "always selfish and ungrateful. When animal make present to Indian, Indian remember it and play square with animal. That why Indian so much better hunter and trapper than white man and get so much more game. Cheesay he give me black fox; he send me across continent; he bring me back to my father's people. You think for that I kill Cheesay? No!" and Joe regarded the abashed Fred sternly. "I take out my knife and skin fox right there in snow, while Cheesay wait and watch me. Then I give him carcass. He say, 'Thank you,' and I leave him and never kill another lynx—and never will."

"That 's the reason," exclaimed Will, "that you never helped me the time that old lynx jumped over me and scratched me up when we were out winning the cabin for the Cornwall scouts! I never understood why you did n't clip him one when I missed him, but now I see the reason."

Joe nodded silently.

"How did the old lucivee say 'thank you?'" inquired Fred, inquisitively.

Joe opened his mouth wide and gave a long, low "*Meow*," followed in quick succession by half a dozen others, each one rising in pitch and volume, and the whole ending with three terrific screeches which brought the porter, the waiter, and even the majestic conductor himself running from the car ahead. It was the yowl song of the mating lynx, and it came so suddenly that Fred and Will almost tipped over backward in their chairs. Only old Jud was unmoved. He regarded the imperturbable Joe admiringly.

"You sure have got that lucivee love-song down fine," he said. "I 'd have sworn that there was an old bobcat in this car if I had n't seen you do that."

"If that 's the way Old Man Bobcat talks when he's grateful," said Fred, "I 'd hate to hear him when he 's mad."

After the train officials had become convinced that no murder was being done and had retired, Will was moved to a reminiscence himself anent silver foxes.

"There was a boy named Bill Peebles," he began, "who once lived in Cornwall, over on Dibble Hill. He went to the high school a couple of terms or so and then his folks moved away. Peebles was quite a hunter, and one day in November he climbed Pond Hill, thinking that he might get a shot at a deer up in the old sheep-pasture at the top. As he was coming out of the edge of the woods, all of a sudden he saw a jet-black fox just ahead of him. The wind was blowing from the fox, and so it had n't heard him or scented him at all. Peebles crouched down in the bushes and cocked his rifle and drew a careful bead on the fox about fifty yards away. He was just going to press the trigger," went on Will, dramatically, "when out of a corner of his eye he saw something move over on the edge of the woods, and out into the pasture stepped a fine buck, just about the same distance away as the fox. Old Sport Peebles was up in the air. First he sighted at the fox and then he sighted at the

buck. He could shoot one, but he sure could n't get the other. At last, he figured out that the buck was bigger, and so he aimed carefully and dropped it in its tracks with a bullet just back of the fore shoulder. At the first crack of the rifle, the fox was gone. Bill Peebles got home with the buck, but when his folks found that he had let a thousand-dollar silver fox escape, they came near taking his gun away from him."

"I should think they would!" snorted Jud. "Any Cornwall boy over seven ought to know that a black fox is the most valuable fur in the world, bar one."

"What 's the one?" asked Fred.

"Kalan," said Jud.

"What 's a kalan?"

"Bo-bear."

"Come again," said Fred.

"Well, sea-otter then," said Jud, "since you 're so ignorant. I suppose a good one now would bring pretty near ten thousand dollars, while a silver fox might get as high as five thousand."

"Me for the sea-otter!" exclaimed Will. "I did n't know that there was such an expensive animal on earth. Well, anyway, coming back to Bill Peebles, he moved, soon after that happened, and I don't know what became of him, but I never saw a boy so sorry over anything. If he lives to be a hundred, he 'll never stop regretting that black fox."

As the train sped across the plains and into the country beyond! Jud became much excited. Towns and cities, he remembered as trading-stations, cattle-depots, and mining-camps. Then one evening the train rumbled into Spokane, and Jud was full of reminiscences.

"Do you see that stone-shed?" he inquired pointing to a tumble-down building not far from the station. "Well, boys, the last time I was here that was a smoke-house. There was n't any railroad and there was n't any city. Where these tracks run was a stage route. There were twenty-five or thirty houses and dance-halls and a hotel called San Francisco House. It was about fifty yards away from that smoke-house."

The old man paused dramatically.

"Go on, Jud," urged Will, "let 's have the story of the smoke-house."

"Yes, Jud," chimed in Fred, "I 'll believe it if it kills me."

The old man regarded him sternly.

"You 'll get into trouble some of these days, young fellow," he said austerely, "with your fresh insinuendoes," and he eyed him severely. Fred bowed his head meekly.

"Go on, boss," he murmured contritely. With a few indignant puffs, old Jud resumed his interrupted story.

"In the stage along with us," he went on, "was an Englishman. He wore a long plaid ulster that would have made Joseph's coat look faded, an' a round, shiny piece of glass seemed to have grown into one of his eyes. We tried to draw the critter out just for the fun o' hearin' him talk, for he kind o' bleated an' used funny soundin' words. At last he shut up like a clam, an' we most forgot him. It was gettin' toward dark when we stopped to change horses at the San Francisco House. Spokane was an awful rough place in those days," and Jud stopped to charge his pipe afresh with some of Big Jim's perique. "All of a sudden," he resumed after a series of quick puffs, like a freight-engine starting, "we saw that Britisher walkin' off by himself with his hands in his pockets, as unconcerned as if he were in London. Just as he got opposite that smoke-house, a big chap jumps out from behind it, shoves a gun into his face, an' wants his money quick. The Englishman looked so funny an' helpless with his mouth open an' that eye-glass an' ulster, that even the hold-up man could n't keep from grinnin'. Before we could get to them, there was a shot fired, an' who do you suppose went down?"

"The tourist, of course," said Will.

"That 's what we thought," responded Jud; "but when we got there, it was the hold-up man who was lyin' on his face an' the Englishman standin', with his hands still in his pockets, starin' down at him out of that glass eye of his. Come to find out, he carried a short Derringer revolver; an' instead of puttin' up his hands, he 'd shot right through his coat. It was kind of expensive, but mighty effective. He got the robber right through the shoulder," finished Jud. "An' he was the most surprised hold-up man you ever saw. When we turned him over to the sheriff, he said it had served him right for trustin' to appearances."

It was not until toward the end of the trip that a hot-box gave Fred a chance to distinguish himself. The train had been whirling at full speed across a wide plateau, when it came to a sudden stop with much crashing and clanking and wheezing of air-brakes. The Argonauts hurried out, to find that it would take over an hour to repair damages. Glad of a chance to stretch their legs, they started to explore a dry, sandy plain studded with bunches of coarse grass. As they passed one of the grass-clumps, there sounded in front of them a deep, fierce hiss. Close by Jud's foot, the bloated, swollen body of a fearsome snake upreared itself. It was almost white in color, blotched and spotted with bands and streaks of velvety brown, and each scale had a little ridge running down its center. The

snake's snout was turned upward in a sharp, curved horn, and its black, lidless eyes seemed to flash as the hideous head flattened until it was nearly as wide as the palm of Joe's hand. As the scales on the snake's neck opened out, they showed the golden-yellow skin between, until the serpent's head and neck seemed all aflame as it struck out toward them, a picture of blind, venomous rage. As it struck, the snake hissed loud enough to be heard a hundred feet away. Jud probably broke the world's record for the standing back broad-jump. Will said afterward that he sailed through the air like a bird.

"Keep away, boys," Jud shouted. "Somebody get a stick or a stone. That 's a sand-viper, and he 's pizener than rattlesnake. Don't let his breath touch you. It 's nigh as bad as his bite!"

Will and Joe needed no warning. Neither one of them knew much about snakes, and their one experience with the timber rattlesnake in their adventures in the woods had given them a profound distrust of all snake-kind. Then it was that Fred came to the front. Snakes were his specialty. Waving the rest of them back with a noble gesture, he strode right up to the infuriated serpent.

"Get back, boy! He 'll kill you!" piped Jud, from the far background.

Fred not only did not retreat, but actually stretched out his hand, palm up, toward the sharp-curved snout of the bloated snake. With a tremendous hiss, the infuriated reptile apparently struck him violently on the flat of his hand. None of the spectators, however, noticed that the snake's mouth was tight shut. A gasp of horror came from Jud, while Joe and Will prepared to interfere.

"You thought he bit me that time," said Fred, turning to them. "It only shows that the hand is quicker than the eye."

"Don't be a fool, Fred," interposed Will. "He 'll get you next time."

"There 's no danger," returned Fred, pompously. "I 've a charm which will make this snake kill himself and then come to life." Before the boys could stop him, he stretched out his right hand and tapped the snake several times on the sharp end of his up-curved snout, muttering some unintelligible words at the same time. It was as he said. The bloated serpent stopped hissing, and, turning over and over, seemed to writhe in terrible agony. Finally, it pulled a coil of its twisting body through its wide open jaws, and, with a few convulsive shudders, stretched itself out with its black-striped, white belly upward, apparently dead. There was a murmur of admiration from the rest of the party.

"How did you do it, Fred?" queried Will.

"That kid really has got somethin' to him," muttered Jud, while even Joe was inclined to believe that Fred had stumbled on some bit of the Indian magic in which, in spite of his white training, he firmly believed.

"That 's nothing," said Fred, patronizingly. "Step back behind that bush, and in a moment or so I 'll bring him to life."

Stretching both hands palm up toward the sky, he made a few mystic gestures over the motionless snake and then joined the others behind the bush. One, two, three, four full minutes passed. Suddenly a shudder passed through the motionless body of the snake. Then its head was raised slightly from the ground and it peered all around. Seeing no one in sight, it flopped over and started to wriggle its way into the grass, when Fred rushed out and secured it. The boys and Jud were vastly impressed.

"I never believed it was in you," said Jud, as, from a safe distance, he regarded the snake, which was now peacefully coiled around Fred's arm.

"Tell us the charm," demanded Will.

"Well," said Fred, "if you fellows would study any good book on snakes, you 'd find all the charm you need there. You 'd read there that this is the puff-adder, or hog-nose snake, or sand-viper, as Jud calls it, or spreading-adder or blow-snake or flat-headed adder, for it goes by all these names. You would also find out that it ought to be called the bluff-adder. It never bites. It never opens its mouth when it strikes. It tries to scare people, but it 's really a gentle, harmless, well-behaved snake."

There was a long pause.

"It sure don't look it," said Jud.

(To be continued)

THE FUTURE DEMOCRACY OF AMERICA AS OUR YOUNG FOLK SEE IT

A Pageant

ARRANGED BY MARGARET KNOX, PRINCIPAL AND ANNA M. LUTKENHAUS, DIRECTOR OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 15, NEW YORK CITY

(The quotations used are gathered from many sources)

CHARACTERS:

Golden Future: Long, clinging dress of gold-colored sateen, draped with a veil of cloth-of-gold. She wears a head-piece in the shape of a star; in the center of the star gleams an electric light. (Note: Any electrical shop can make this head-piece at a small cost. A belt with a pocket attached for holding the small battery is worn around the waist under the dress.)

Drab Past: Long, dull-gray robe, trimmed with strings of clear white beads, to represent the tears of the past years.

Kaleidoscopic Present: Dress of all colors, to represent the unsettled condition of the world to-day.

Flower Dancers: Their own little white dresses; sunbonnets made of light blue and pink crêpe paper. Each carries a small flower-basket.

Many other children, boys and girls, in ordinary costume.

PROLOGUE:

"I saw it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
Who bade this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gilded apparition.
'T was like a torch-race, such as they
Of Greece performed, in ages gone,
When the fleet youth, in long array,
Passed the brilliant torch triumphant on.

"I saw the expectant nations stand
To catch the coming flames in turn;
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, though struggling, glory burn.
And oh, their joy, as it came near!
'T was, in itself, a joy to see;
While Fancy whispered in my ear,
'That torch they pass is Liberty!'

"And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.
From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnished with the flame already,
Columbia caught the boon divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's steady."

(*Thomas Moore*)

HYMN BY THE SCHOOL—"These Things Shall Be"

"These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world has known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

"Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

"New arts shall bloom of loftier mold,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise."

(*J. A. Symonds*)

(*During the singing of the hymn the three main characters enter. First, the Drab Past, head bowed, hands clasped; then, the Kaleidoscopic Present, face anxious and inquiring, all movements representing unrest; then, in the center, the Golden Future, face glorified.*)

THE PRESENT. (Quoting last two lines of hymn)

"And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise."

How can I make America this paradise? Her people love their land, and "the test of all love is service, and to love America is to serve America."

THE PAST. My people have always served me O Present. During the last few years America's sons and daughters have shown the world that they can serve.

THE PRESENT. O Past, I am not questioning our children's ability to serve. But I, the Present Time, long to keep that glorified look on Future's face. Look at her, see how the star of hope sends broadcast its light!

THE FUTURE. I, the Future of America, follow closely in your footsteps, O Present, to show the people of America their duty.

"Your soldiers and sailors receive an honorable discharge when you no longer need them, but no discharge is possible for the loyal American citizen. Something clearer and finer and sweeter than the bugle, sounds the call of Duty in the hearts of the true lovers of America."

THE PRESENT. "We have been considering how best we may express gratitude for the triumphant conclusion of the war," and how best to build up the new America that will keep you, O Future, always triumphant! Who will be the builders? (*Both arms outstretched to the children.*)

THE PAST. O Present, have you forgotten that 1918, our people of America have suffered much and learned much. We have shown ourselves slow to smite, but quick to save; a people of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows. Love, not hate, is the burden of America's song. Only those things that make for happiness—in your heart and my heart and in the heart of nations—are of the kingdom of things that are eternal."

THIRD CHILD. We are all seeking ways to help the happiness of the future. We are enrolled in the great, nation-wide Health Crusade.

We learn how necessary cleanliness and fresh air are. When I look at our beautiful, tiny school-

THE DRAB PAST THE GOLDEN FUTURE THE KALEIDOSCOPIC PRESENT

the children are the hope of the Future? On them depends that light of hope!

THE FUTURE. The children of your day are the men and women of my day. They must be happy now. "In all times, happiness has been the aspiration, the hope, the dream of the world. The history of civilization is the story of man's changing ideals and standards of happiness, his groping from crude beginnings toward a more perfect realization of the liberty and security, the peace and opportunity, that are essential to a happy life."

THE PRESENT. Children of to-day, are you ready to do your part in making the world happy?

FIRST CHILD (*In the assembly*). Yes! I speak for all the children of America! We are ready to complete the work of making the "world safe for democracy!"

SECOND CHILD. "By believing that the world is a better world to-day than it was yesterday, we do much to make it so. Since roses bloomed in June, garden, and see how the kindergarten children love it, oh, how I do wish children everywhere could have great beautiful school gardens!

(*At a given chord, each child in the assembly holds up a flower—a pink rose, a daisy, or a piece of green. These can be made of paper, if necessary. The school sings a "Flower Song," while about thirty tiny girls, wearing their paper sunbonnets and carrying flower-baskets, dance up and down the aisles, picking flowers. As the tiny girls dance out, twelve of the larger girls, carrying strings of smilax, dance an æsthetic dance, or any other dance can be used here. At the end of the dances, the children in the assembly lower the flowers.*)

THE FUTURE. These are the happy, healthy women of to-morrow. Oh, glorious days await America!

THE PAST. Much thy children have yet to learn, O Future. My knights of early days set an example that could well be copied, when they pledged their vow of loyalty, chivalry, and courtesy. They were

THE DANCE OF THE LITTLE FLOWER-GATHERERS

"AT A GIVEN CHORD, EACH CHILD HOLDS UP A FLOWER"

ready to aid the weak and helpless and to show respect to older people. Our boys and girls must be trained to do likewise.

(*About fifteen boys and fifteen girls dance in, and, to slow, bright dance-music, they act a pantomime of "Courtesy." Raising of the hat. Standing aside to allow lady to pass. Offering a chair. Bowing by boys and curtseying by girls. Picking up the dropped handkerchief, etc. etc. Any other courtesies of every-day life may be added here.*)

THE FUTURE. We hope that we need have no further fear of foreign foes.

THE PRESENT. "Dream not thy future foes
Will all be foreign born!
Turn thy clear look of scorn
Upon thy children who oppose
Their passions wild and policies of shame
To wreck the righteous splendor of thy name.
Untaught and overconfident they rise,
With folly on their lips."

DANCE OF THE LARGER GIRLS CARRYING STRINGS OF SMILAX

THE FUTURE. They are the builders who will grow into the rampart of indomitable men and women. Yea, more than that. They will revive all of your best days, O Past, and join the olden days of chivalry with the age of loyalty and service.

THE PRESENT. Yes, you are right, O Golden Future, but, do you not realize that disaster and trouble are bound to come to you sometime? The loyalty of some of your children may yet be questioned.

(*About thirty boys and girls come in, talking noisily. Exclamations in broken English are heard. One boy carries a soap-box. He sets it down, and, jumping upon it, begins an anarchistic speech.*)

SOAP-BOX BOY (*Speaking with foreign accent*). Men and women! Stand up for your rights! In this rich country of America we should get five times the wages we are getting! Down with the selfish, rich employers! Who are they, anyway? The majority rules, and we, we are the majority!

A general strike is needed! (*Great excitement among his listeners.*) America owes us a good living, and we shall get it! We shall rule this land!

FROM THE COURTESY PANTOMIME

A BOY IN THE CROWD. No! No! You are no American to talk like that! The best thing you can do, if you do not like America and are not ready to obey her laws, is to go straight back to the land you came from. We do not want people like you here!

SOAP-BOX BOY. Who are you? I say that the majority rules here!

SECOND BOY IN THE CROWD. But who is the majority? Who?

CROWD. We are! We are!

SECOND BOY. Did you select this man to be your spokesman?

CROWD. No! No! We are Americans!

THIRD BOY IN THE CROWD. This soap-box orator does not realize the duties he owes to America for its privileges and freedom which he enjoys here. We have a great many people like him here, and we true American citizens have a great task before us to Americanize these people.

SOAP-BOX BOY (*Laughing scornfully*). How are you going to do it?

FOURTH BOY IN THE CROWD. We are going to try to make every one think about these subjects; every one should study them, and every one should speak about them.

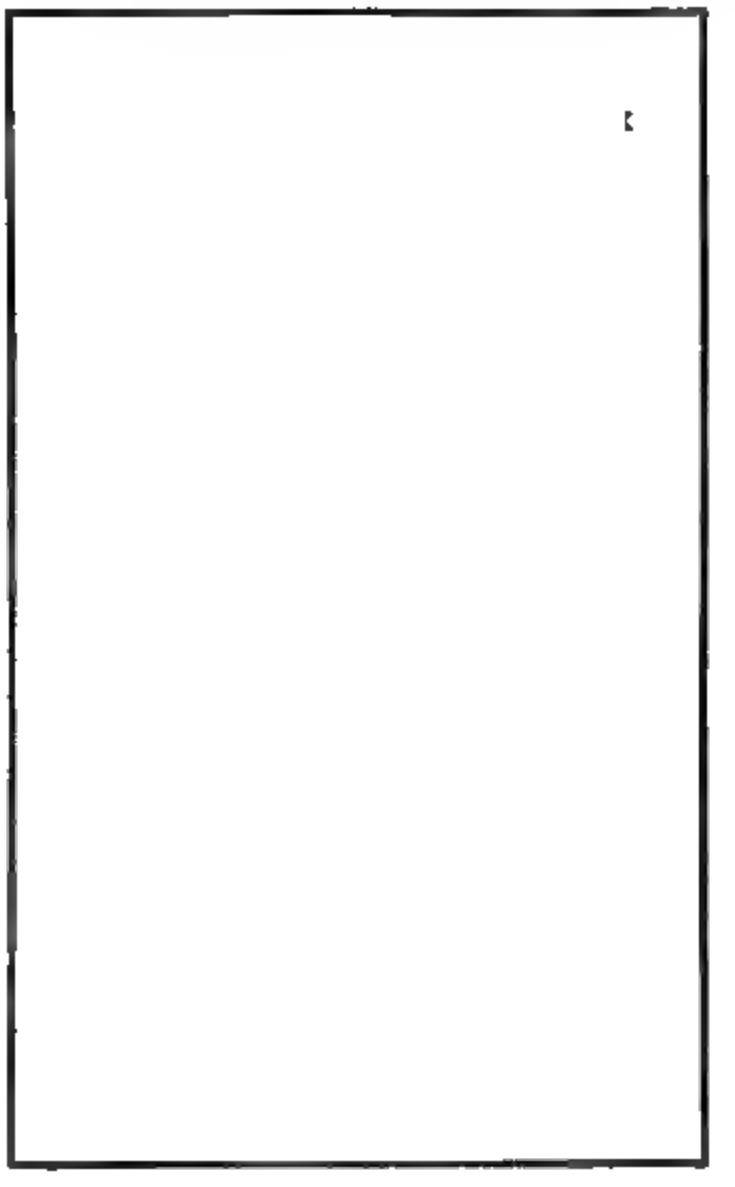
SOAP-BOX BOY. Then why do you object to my speaking? I thought this was a country of free speech and freedom!

FIFTH BOY. We have freedom of speech as long as we respect the laws and government that protects us. We have heard what you have to say; now it is my turn to speak. (*He steps up on the box as the other boy steps down, scowling.*)

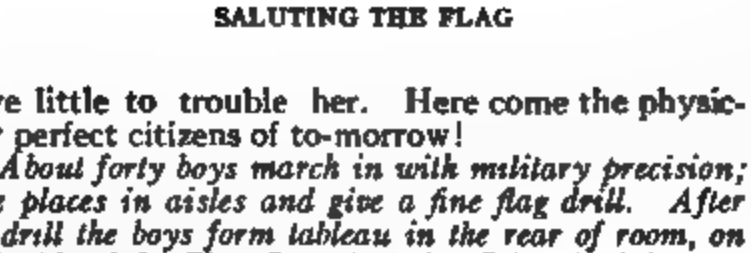
I am an American school-boy, and in our school we learn what straight, correct thinking is. Our great task to-day is to make a good American of every one here in our country. "The word American has no relation to blood. You may be of pure Irish, German, Russian, Hebrew, Italian, French, Austrian, or Polish blood, and yet be as real an American as if your ancestors had come to this country in the early days and fought with Washington to make our Republic and with Lincoln to preserve it." "At the present time we have more than 26,000,000 people in our land who were born in foreign lands or whose parents were foreign born. Each and every one of these is, or easily may become, American if he understands our language and customs and has a spirit of loyalty to the ideals of Americanism." Our task is very difficult at the present time because of a rebellious spirit against the right. There are people who have no respect for law and order. Right here among us we have some. But they do not understand and are ignorant of the right. People of America! It is our duty to show them the right!

VOICE FROM THE CROWD. Where shall we begin with the training of real Americans?

SIXTH BOY. In the public schools of America. Let our boys and girls be proud to say, "I am an American!" Let their parents be proud to learn from the children the English language, so that they may read the newspapers and study the laws themselves. Let our children be trained, as we boys and girls are,



to care for the body, so that they will become healthy men and women; let them be trained in the class-room in correct thinking, and the Future will



SALUTING THE FLAG

have little to trouble her. Here come the physically perfect citizens of to-morrow!

(*About forty boys march in with military precision; take places in aisles and give a fine flag drill. After the drill the boys form tableau in the rear of room, on each side of the Flag Captain, with Colors in full view, and remain until the end of pageant.*)

THE PRESENT. Out of these tumultuous times I see a light breaking.

FOURTH CHILD.

"Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower:
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour."

THE PAST. O Future, this is your hour! Your star of hope will always shine.

THE PRESENT. My boys and girls, O Future, will remember that it is their duty to keep our banner spotless. It is a mighty trust, but if they will volunteer as eagerly as our soldier boys hurried to the enlisting stations in 1917, I know that our great new reconstruction army of children will carry our banner still leading the nations gloriously in Freedom's holy way! (*Flag Captain walks slowly up center aisle, carrying high our Flag.*) The Flag of the Past, the Present, the Future! Always the Flag of the Free!

FIFTH CHILD.

"In radiance heavenly fair,
Floats on the peaceful air
That flag that never stooped from victory's pride:
These stars that softly gleam,
These stripes that o'er us stream.
In war's grand agony were sanctified;
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory!"

SIXTH CHILD.

"Don't you love it, as out it floats
From the school-house peak, and glad young throats
Sing of the banner that ay shall be
Symbol of honor and victory!"

SEVENTH CHILD.

"Let the school, for America's glory,
The pledge of the fathers renew;
Four hundred years thrilling with story,
A thousand years rising in view;
And as long as the old constellation
Shall gleam on the flag of the light,
The school shall be true to the nation,
And the nation be true to the right."

EIGHTH CHILD

"Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,
To keep this banner spotless its kindred stars among!
No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on the rosy bars—
God bless you, Youths and Maidens, as you guard the Stripes and Stars!"

FLAG CAPTAIN. Let us all salute our Flag!

(*Flag Salute and singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner." During the singing of the second stanza, the boys, The Present, and The Past pass silently out leaving The Future standing alone.*)

THE FUTURE. Alone, I, the Future, stand, here in your midst. As I look into your bright faces, and think of the three hundred years of democracy here in our land, hopes for my day come to me. Let me say them as if you, the children, were speaking.

"We, the children of America, hope to be ready by word and deed to help the future of our land. We shall remember the many lives lost in the great war and we shall strive to make our lives so noble that they will, in a measure, compensate America for its present loss.

" 'Our spirits are full of the springtime, our hopes unspoiled, our strength unspent. Surely, the Life within our lives, the Spirit in our spirits, the Eternal Purpose, on Whose Will the centuries are strung like jewels, needs us in this great day to share the toil.' We offer ourselves now, we, the school-children of America, to keep our land one great, righteous democracy!"

(*As music is played*—"The Sound of a Great Amen"—*the Future walks out of the assembly room, keeping her face, with an uplifted expression, and the star shining brightly upon her forehead, toward the audience.*)

THE END

[This play has been given in a large public school in the foreign quarter of New York City. As far as possible, the pageantry includes all the varied activities of the school year, as drills, dances taken from the athletic work, costumes made in the sewing department, singing by the assembled school. Every school club is represented, thus making the play a living factor in teaching all the children of the school the meaning of democracy.]

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—IV

By A. RUSSELL BOND

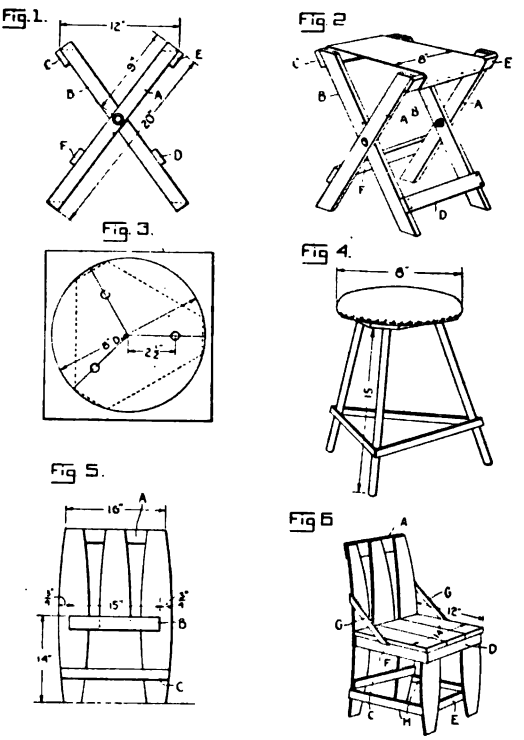
Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

Now that we have our cottages built, we shall want to make them livable before going ahead with the rest of the village. The houses will look better if painted; but in view of the high cost of paint these days, we may just as well leave them in the "natural wood." As for the inside, we may find some extra rolls of wall-paper in the attic with which the walls of our cottages may be papered. Mother or sister may help us with curtains at the windows, to give the rooms a real homelike appearance.

THE CAMP-STOOL

THE furniture for Packing-box Village will have to be very small and compact, so as not to use up all the space we have. In fact, it will be well to use folding pieces, as far as possible, to save room. The best chairs for our little houses are camp-stools, and a camp-stool is about the easiest chair to make. Take four sticks of wood about 1″ by 1½″ in cross-section and 20″ long. Nine inches from the upper end of each stick bore a hole ¼″ in diameter to receive a bolt on which the sticks will swivel. The sticks are to be connected in pairs, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, one pair, A, fitting outside the other pair, B; the connecting pieces, C and D, of the inner pair must be made two inches shorter than the pieces E and F of the outer pair. The connecting piece should be 2″ wide by 1½″ thick, while the length of the shorter ones should be ten inches and the longer ones twelve inches. The pieces C and E are nailed to the very top of the legs A and B, but pieces F and D are secured at about two inches from the lower ends.

The pairs of legs are now fastened together by means of two ¼″ bolts, each fitted with a pair of nuts. The first nut is screwed on until it bears snugly, but not too tightly, against the inside of the leg, and then the second nut is screwed tightly against the first nut to keep it from working loose Now take a piece of canvas about 20″ long and 10″ wide. Take a one-inch hem in each side, making the strap eight inches wide. Then tack the two ends of the canvas to the lower edges of the pieces C and E, forming a seat about twelve inches long. This done, pare off the projecting corners of the legs at their upper ends, taking care not to injure the canvas. At their lower ends, also, the under corners of the



legs should be cut off, so as to give them a broader bearing on the floor.

THREE-LEGGED STOOL

PEACH baskets turned upside down make handy stools, if we wish to avoid the bother of making chairs. A very simple three-legged stool can be made by using the bottom of a peach basket as a seat and mounting it on three round sticks. Peach baskets vary in diameter, but a common size measures eight inches across the bottom. Take a one-inch board, draw an eight-inch circle on it, divide it into three equal parts by means of

three radial lines, as shown in Fig. 3. Then two and one half inches from the center bore three holes, one on each radial line. The holes should be just large enough to receive the legs of the stool with a driving fit, and they should be slanted away from the center, so that the legs will have a wide spread at the bottom. For the legs we can use pieces of a broom handle, or any other round wood from ¾″ to 1″ in diameter. The legs should be about fifteen inches long. Before driving the legs into the holes, saw off the board along the dotted lines shown in Fig. 3, and nail the board to the peach-basket bottom. Then drive in the legs and brace them with rungs near the bottom, as shown in Fig. 4. The legs should be sawed off at the bottom to bear evenly on the floor. A peach-basket bottom is apt to be rather rough and it will be advisable to cover it with a piece of soft cloth, tacking it to the under side of the seat.

A layer of hay or straw under the cloth will make the stool more comfortable.

BARREL-STAVE CHAIR

A CHAIR with a comfortable back can be made of barrel-staves, as shown in Figs. 5 and 6. Take the staves of a good-sized barrel, such as a sugar barrel. They should be about 4″ wide and 2′-6″ long.

For the back of the chair, take two full-length staves and one eighteen inches long. Nail them at the top to a strip of ½″ by 2″ wood, 16″ long, as shown at A. This piece is to be placed at the rear of the chair-back. On the forward side nail another piece, B, fifteen inches long. This will have to be 1″ thick by 2″ wide, and the upper edge should be fourteen inches from the floor. A rung, C, of ¾″ by 1½″ wood should connect the legs of the chair near the bottom. For the front legs of the chair take staves sawed to a length of thirteen inches, and connect them at the top by means of a piece, D, measuring ¾″ by 2″ by 15″. This is to come at the forward side of the legs, while a rung, E, is nailed to the back of them. Two side-pieces, F, measuring ¾″ by 2″ by 14″ long, are now nailed to the pieces B and D, forming the frame for the chair-seat, and they are braced by means of pieces, G, while rungs, H, connect the front and rear legs. Because of the curve of the barrel-staves the legs at the floor will have a greater spread, from front to rear, than at the seat, as shown in Fig. 6. The chair is completed by nailing pieces of barrel-staves across from the strip B to the strip D with the curve down, so as to form a slightly hollowed seat, or, if desired, a couple of plain boards ½″ thick may be used for the seat.

HALL CHAIR

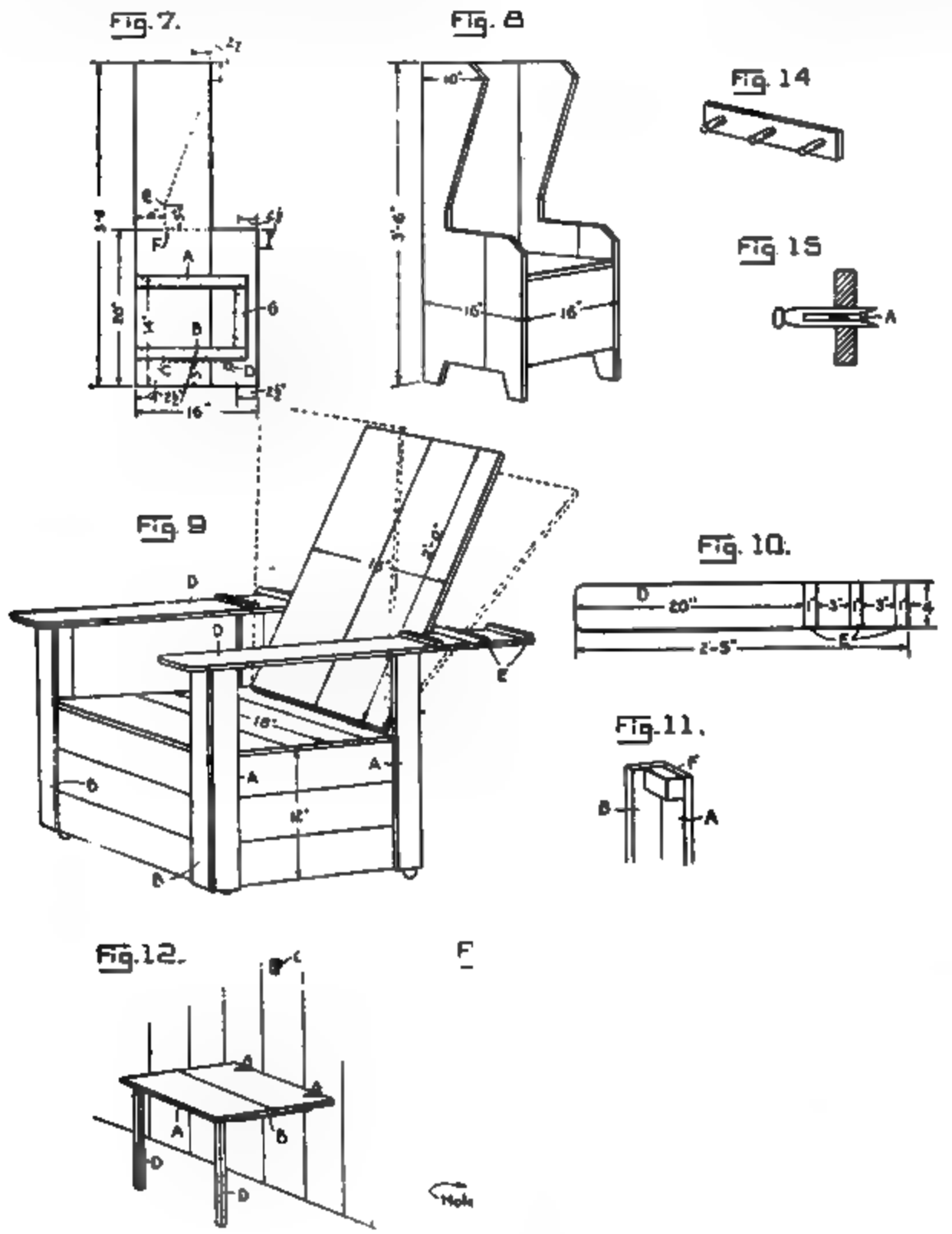
FIGS. 7 and 8 show how to make a straight-backed hall chair, which is something like the porch seat described in the last instalment. Fig. 7 shows how to lay out the side-pieces. For each side take a 10″ board, 3′-6″ long, and a 6″ board 20″ long. They may be of ½″ or ¾″ stuff. Fasten them together with cleats A and B. The cleat A should be nailed on with its upper edge fourteen inches from the bottom, and the cleat B with its lower edge three inches from the bottom. The cleats should be at least 1″ thick and should be set back about an inch from the front edge of the side-pieces. Then saw the boards as indicated by dotted lines. To make the cut, C, D, at the bottom, it will be necessary to bore a hole at D and use a keyhole saw; or else this part can be cut before the boards are nailed to the cleats. The wood between the points E and F can easily be split out and then trimmed with a jack-knife. Now nail to each side-piece a strip, G, to which the front boards of the chair may be nailed. These boards should make a panel 11″ high and 16″ wide, so as to fit between the side-pieces. The back of the chair consists of a couple of 8″ boards 2′, 4″ long, fastened together at the back by a couple of cleats. The back is fitted between the side-pieces and they are nailed to it. It will be well to tilt the back at a slight angle. Then the seat is nailed to the cleats, A. The seat is made of a couple of boards sixteen inches long and wide enough to project about an inch beyond the front board of the chair.

THE MORRIS CHAIR

A FAR more ambitious chair is shown in Figs. 9 to 11. It will be too big for most of the rooms in Packing-box Village, but it will do for one of the more spacious cottages. Take a box 18″ long, 16″ wide, and 12″ deep, or one of about those dimensions. At each corner nail an upright measuring ¾″ by 2½″ by 22″. These are shown at A, in Fig. 9, and are nailed to the ends of the box. To add to the appearance of the chair a couple of 2½″ pieces are nailed to the front of the box as indicated at B. On these uprights the chair arms, D, are nailed. Fig. 10 shows how the chair arms should be made. They are boards 4″ wide and 2′-5″ long. The corners are round at the front end, and three cleats, E, are nailed to each arm at the points indicated in the drawing. These cleats are of 1″-square wood. We shall have to nail the arms very firmly to the uprights, and as nails driven into the end of a piece of wood are liable to work loose, we shall have to nail blocks, F, to the uprights, as shown in Fig. 11, and then secure the arms by nailing them to these blocks. The arms should project one inch beyond the uprights B.

The back of the chair is made of a couple of 8″ boards 2′-0″ long, fastened together with cleats. The chair back is fastened to the seat with hinges, about two inches from the rear, and then rests against a broom-handle, which may be set against any of the three pairs of cleats, E, to suit the comfort of the occupant. The chair should be mounted on castors, and, if fitted with generous cushions, will make a very comfortable lounging-seat.

Chairs are the most important pieces of furniture we shall need, but we shall also want to put in a table and some bookcases. It is hardly necessary to describe the construction of a bookcase. Any boy can make one by fitting some shelves in a narrow box. As for the table, some advice will be needed.



PLANS FOR HALL CHAIR, MORRIS CHAIR, FOLDING TABLE, AND HAT-RACK

FOLDING TABLE

BECAUSE of our narrow quarters, we shall have to use a folding table, that can be swung up against the wall when not in use. For the table top, take a couple of boards 10″ wide and 2′-0″ long and fasten them together with a couple of cleats, B, to make a top, A, Fig. 12, 20″ wide. This top should then be hinged to the wall of the room just 2′-0″ from the floor. Make a button of wood, C, and fasten it with a screw to the wall so that it can be turned down over the table top to hold it up in folded position. For the legs, D, of the table take a couple of 1″ square sticks 2′-0″ long. Drive a nail in the bottom of each stick, letting it project three quarters of an inch, and file the head off. Hinge these sticks to the table top, and in the floor bore two holes just large enough for the nails to enter them. These will keep the legs from folding under while the table is in use (Fig. 12), and when the table is lifted up against the wall, the legs will fold back against the table top, as in Fig. 13.

HAT-RACK

ONE more convenience is a hat-rack, which can be made of a strip of 1″ wood, 3″ wide and 16″ long. This is the base of the rack. Get three clothes-pins and bore three holes in the base just large enough for the clothes-pins to be forced into them when the forked ends of the pins are squeezed together. After driving the pins in as shown by the sectional view, Fig. 15, drive wedges, A, between the forked ends, to jam them tightly in place, and saw off the projecting ends flush with the base. This finishes the rack, and it may be nailed to the wall behind the hall door.

(To be continued)

A MERRY-GO-ROUND FOR THE SKATING-RINK

In Holland, where they always have plenty of skating in winter-time, they often rig up a sort of merry-go-round. It consists of a mast set up in the ice, from which a boom is swiveled. A sled

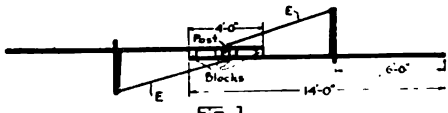


Fig. 1.

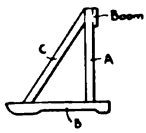


Fig. 2.

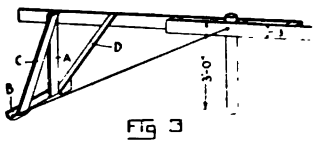


Fig 3

is fastened to the end of the boom, and the boom is revolved around the mast by skaters, making the sled travel at high speed, and giving the occupant of the sled an exhilarating ride.

The accompanying drawings show how to construct a similar merry-go-round, simplified so that a boy can easily make it. The main difficulty is to get a post and set it firmly in the ice. Take a point where the water is comparatively shallow and drive the post through a hole in the ice into the bottom of the pond. The ice will freeze around the post and hold it firmly. It should be about 3″ in diameter. A clothes-post is just the thing. It should project a little more than three feet above the surface of the ice. While we are about it, we may as well make a double boom, so that two sleds can be used at a time. Take two boards of 1″ wood, 3″ wide, and 14′, 0″ long. The wood should be straight grained and free from knots. Take four blocks of wood 3″ thick and nail the two boards together with the wooden blocks between them, as shown in Fig. 1. The boards should overlap 4′, 0″, and the two middle blocks should be spaced 3″ apart, so as to leave room for the post to pass freely between them. To hold the boom up at a convenient level, say three feet above the ice, make two triangular frames, such as shown in Fig. 2, consisting of an upright, A, 3′, 0″ long, and a wooden runner or shoe, B, 2′, 0″ long, which preferably should be hollowed out as shown, so as to bear on the ice at only two points. Nail the upright to the shoe, and brace them with a diagonal piece, C. Now nail these frames to the two arms of the boom about 6′, 0″ from the center, and brace them with pieces, D. A guy-wire, E, should be run from the toe of each shoe to the center of the boom to keep the toe from being swung out by centrifugal force and the drag of the ice.

The boom is now fitted over the post and rested on the two shoes. A couple of ropes are fastened to each end of the boom. Each pair is seized by the occupant of a sled, who in this way, is pulled by skaters pushing the boom around the post. As the sled gathers speed, it will tend to swing and slide in line with the boom, running broadside to the ice. This the rider can prevent by pulling harder on the inside rope. If he does not, he is liable to have his sled upset and shoot away from him, letting him down on the ice.

Gordon Van Der Veer.

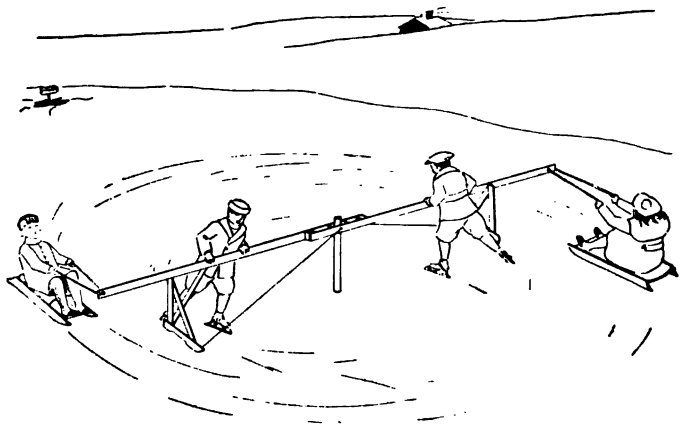


Fig. 4.

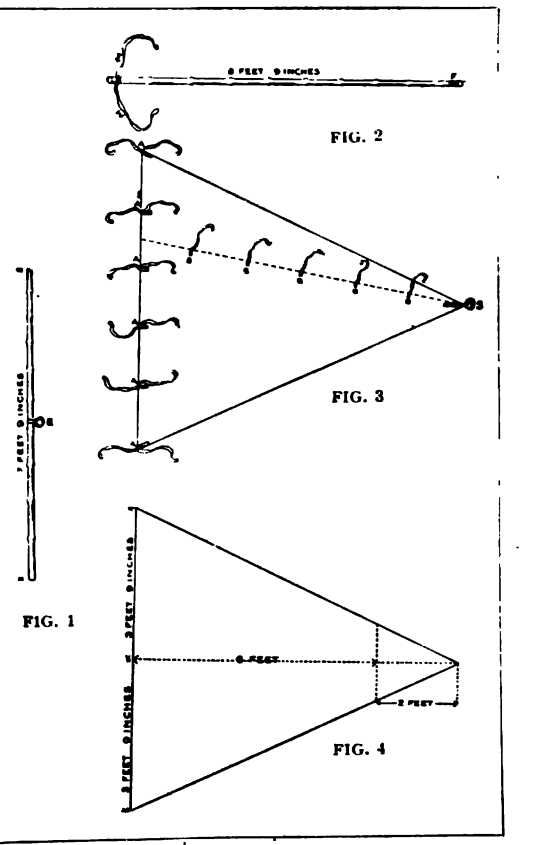
TO MAKE A SKATE-SAIL

By LADD PLUMLEY

A SKATE-SAIL can be rigged with few tools and at slight expense. The size of the sail should be rather accurately adjusted for the height of the sailor. For a boy five feet in height, a mast seven and one half feet long is about right, and the spar for this mast should be about eight feet in length. This gives a spread of canvas of about thirty square feet, which is enough for even a muscular boy to ma nage in a stiff breeze. The sail described is of this size, but if it is found too powerful, the upper portion should be reefed to a smaller spread. For this purpose the sail is provided with reefing tapes, which are sewed on both sides of the sail as shown by B, B, B, in Fig. 3. There should be a seam where the reefing tapes are sewed, thus giving a double thickness of material.

The most easily constructed mast and spar, and the lightest for the strength obtained, are made from sections of a bamboo pole. The butt of the pole should be used for the mast, and the upper portion for the spar. The pole must be a long one so that the spar at the smaller end, F, in Fig. 2, will be stout enough not to buckle in a brisk blow. Ash masts and spars are strong, but heavy, and their use, for a boy, cannot be advised. If seasoned spruce can be obtained, spruce free from knots, this material will serve nicely. The diameters for a spruce mast are about one and one quarter inches at the bottom and one inch at the top, and the diameters of a spruce spar should be at least one inch at the butt and three quarters of an inch at the smaller end.

The sail should be made of unbleached cotton sheeting. This comes as wide as two yards, and, to economize in the material, the sail should be cut as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 4.



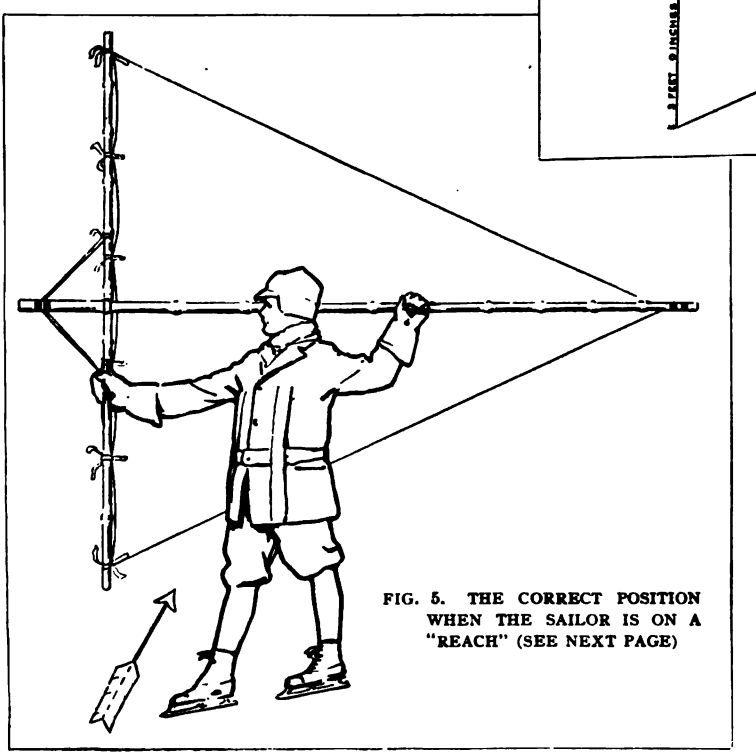


FIG. 5. THE CORRECT POSITION WHEN THE SAILOR IS ON A "REACH" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

If there is doubt as to how to cut the material, a piece of paper should be experimented with, letting an inch equal one foot.

All seams of the sail should be double and stitched on a sewing-machine with heavy cotton thread. Here is where a boy's sister or mother will come in. The three outside edges should be lapped over and double stitched, and the point S, Fig. 3, is provided with a loop of strong tape. The loop should fit the end of the spar snugly, and, to prevent slipping, the spar is wound, two inches from the end, with a tight wrapping of strong twine. Shoemaker's wax, rubbed on the twine, will prevent the coils from slipping, even on the smooth surface of bamboo.

Pieces of tape, the ends left loose, are sewed to the other corners of the sail and at intervals along the edges, shown by A, A, A in Fig. 3. The tapes secure the sail to the mast, and those at the bottom and top are wrapped into position with waxed twine.

The butt of the spar is provided with a cord wrapping, one inch from the end, and the ends of the cord, M, M, Fig. 2, are left loose and about eighteen inches long. Midway between top and bottom of the mast, a stout cord loop, E, Fig. 1, is lashed, large enough for the butt of the spar to pass through somewhat freely. When stretching the sail, the outer end of the spar is pushed through the tape loop, S, Fig. 3, the butt of the spar having been passed through the loop E, Fig. 1. The cords, M, M, Fig. 2, are pulled tight and bound to the mast, and the sail is thus stretched into position. When furled, the sail is wrapped around mast and spar, and can thus be carried to where it is to be used.

Unless sailing down the wind, the sailor grasps the mast with his right hand and the spar with his left, the sail being behind the sailor and the spar extending at a slant downward toward the left. Fig. 5 shows the correct position when the sailor is on a "reach," that is on "one leg of a tack," and when the wind is blowing in the direction shown by the arrow. When sailing directly before the wind, the position is reversed. The sailor faces the sail, holding it in front of him, sometimes grasping the mast with his right hand, and the spar with his left, and sometimes finding it better to change the position of the hands.

THE SPOKEN WORD

By E. TRYON MILLER (AGE 16)

Make me your "mighty ally" for 1920

I AM the Spoken Word. I am the one thing you cannot do without. You need me in public life, in business, in social intercourse. With right treatment, I am your best friend. Misuse me, and I become your relentless enemy.

Choose me with care, and I gain you positions, make you wealthy, secure you fast friends. I can bring you to prominence, make you a leader in the affairs of men. You can use me to sway the minds of others to your views. By my aid you can strike terror into the hearts of your enemies, soothe the minds of the infuriated mob, strengthen the respect and affection of your friends. With my help you may become the master of situations and of all who oppose you. My power, if properly employed, is limited only by the stars. I am a mighty ally—I am the Spoken Word.

Entrust me with messages, and I am as faithful and swift as Mercury. I will convey your sympathy to those in trouble. I will penetrate quietly into the inmost depths of the broken heart, and breathe into it new life and hope. I will carry your finest thought, your most delicate fancy, your noblest aspirations, your tenderest message to the mind and soul of your friend. Or send me to your battle-fields, and I will restore the courage of your faltering troops and lead them on to victory. I am an invaluable courier —I am the Spoken Word.

But if you distort me, if you abuse me and mar my beauty, I become your most dangerous enemy. You lose the respect of your fellow-men; you lose your power of expression, the power which can lead you to honor and fame.

Send me on careless missions, and I assist your enemies to defeat your plans and ambitions. I give them power to overcome you and to cause your friends to desert you. I am a power that can make you or break you—I am the Spoken Word.

By EDWARD N. TEALL

As the old year came to a close there was not much reason to mourn for its passing. It had been a year of trouble and worry, and yet, though we said good-by to it without grief, we could hardly blame poor old 1919—it did very well, on the whole, for the first year after a World War!

THE OLD YEAR

LAST January the Peace Conference opened in Paris, and in America the Prohibition Amendment was ratified by Nebraska, the thirty-sixth State to accept it, and so became part of our Federal law.

In February, President Wilson read the Covenant of the League of Nations before a full session of the Peace Conference, and came back to the United States, to begin the struggle for its acceptance by this nation.

A month later, the President left us debating the League, and went back to France. Japan sent troops into Siberia, and had to take care of a rebellion in Korea. Hungary threatened to join hands with the Russian Bolsheviks. Here at home we changed the clocks, to get more daylight for the welcome home of our victorious army.

In April, the dispute over Fiume began, and in May the Germans received the peace treaty from the Allies. The American sea-plane N C-4 completed its trans-Atlantic flight.

Suffragists rejoiced in June, when their amendment passed, and the friends of daylight saving were made gloomy when Congress voted to discontinue it.

In July, the airship R-34 crossed the Atlantic. There were race riots in Washington and Chicago.

So the months passed by, and 1919 got older without getting much better. Russia kept on rolling over, with now the All-Russian Government on top, and now the Soviet Government. Europe muddled along, and the United States carried its load of industrial unrest and high cost of living. The President's illness put a stop to his League of Nations campaign; and after endless debating, the Senate got down to real business on the Treaty and made up its mind what was best for the nation.

THE TREATY

THE Senate was a long time making up its mind what to do with the Peace Treaty, but ended by killing it twice—once with, and once without, reservations. First, the Senate voted on the Lodge resolution to ratify with reservations, and defeated it, 51 to 41; and then it voted on Senator Underwood's resolution to ratify without reservations, and defeated it, 53 to 38.

Then Senator Lodge introduced a concurrent resolution, to be voted upon by both houses of Congress, declaring the state of war between Germany and the United States to be at an end. The resolution was referred to the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. Then the Senate adjourned, to reassemble in December.

This left three possibilities: That the President might re-submit the treaty to the Senate at the opening of its next session; that the resolution declaring the war ended might be passed first; and that a new treaty, between Germany and the United States, might be negotiated.

As some people saw it, Americanism had triumphed over internationalism. As some other people saw it, America had refused to stick with the Allies to the end of the job. Some newspapers made the President out a villain, and some pictured him as a martyr. In reality, both the President and the Senate had tried to do their duty—the right thing for America, and the fair thing for everybody else. Perhaps the President was wrong and the Senate right; perhaps it was

the other way round—or perhaps both were part wrong and part right.

THE WATCH TOWER is not going to make half its friends happy and the other half angry by taking sides. It is not going to try to please everybody and end with pleasing nobody, by being cautiously neutral. It is not even going to "play it safe" and keep silent.

There is just one other thing that we can do—and that is to say that we trust every young American is learning big lessons in these wonderful days. Keep your eyes open! Do your own thinking! Form your own judgments, and form them on facts!

THE PRINCE OF WALES SEES THE SIGHTS

HE rubbered at the sky-scrapers, and stood at the summit of Mt. Woolworth, looking down at the great city. He got mixed up in a traffic jam in The Avenue. He visited the Stock Exchange, Trinity Church, the Sub-Treasury, the Horse Show, and about everything else worth going to. He shook hands and chatted with the city officials and notables, smiled at the Plain People, and danced with the young ladies of High Society. And everybody liked him!

A prince could come to New York and be so princely that we would n't care for him, or be so unprincely that we 'd think he was trying too hard to be like us democratic Yankees. But this prince, never forgetting the dignity of his position, was so honestly democratic, so frank and friendly, that everybody had to admit that a prince could be a good fellow and deserve all the honors that fall to the lot of a king's son.

The prince's visit to New York helped Englishmen and Americans to understand each other better.

Central News Service
THE PRINCE OF WALES WELCOMED TO THE NATIONAL CAPITAL BY GENERAL PERSHING

©Underwood & Underwood
OUR ROYAL VISITOR, EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES

COMMANDER OF THE LEGION

THE possibilities of Red trouble in this country took mighty definite shape in our minds when we read of veterans of the A. E. F. being killed by the people who would like to turn the United States into another Russia. Three of the boys who fought in France were shot by I. W. W. snipers as they marched through the streets of a town in the State of Washington.

The American legion is going to be, in the coming years, one of the great forces of public life in America. It is the Grand Army of the Republic of this generation. Men who have gone through battle after battle under Old Glory are not going to see our democracy endangered.

The head of the Legion—National Commander, they call him—is Lieutenant-Colonel Franklin

D'Olier. His services in the war proved his exceptional ability as an organizer, and with young Teddy Roosevelt and Colonel D'Olier at the head of the line, we may be sure the Legion will step out in fine style. The Constitution of the United States of America will not lack defenders!

CHILD LABOR

THE International Labor Conference at Washington gave a good deal of attention, naturally, to the question of child labor. It voted unanimously in favor of the project of submitting to each Government represented in the conference an agreement to control the employment of children in industry.

One part of the proposed agreement has to do with the age at which children may be employed. For Japan and India and some other Oriental lands, the minimum was set at twelve years, and for other countries at fourteen.

The delegation from India was not unanimous. Two of its members engaged in a lively discussion. The one representing the Government argued that India was not ready for such a change from its established custom. The representative of labor contradicted him. It is pleasanter to believe that the second delegate was right; and it seems reasonable to think that the facts justify such a belief.

It has been said that the war did a lot to spread modern ideas in India. Would you not suppose that the young men returning from service in Europe would find eager audiences for their stories of what they had seen and heard?

The people of India, like the people of every other country under the sun, want to be comfortable and happy. If it can be proved to them that another system will make them more prosperous than the caste system does—why, it will be good-by, caste system! (By the way, look up "caste," and see what the cyclopedia has to say about modern India.)

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS

ELECTION day in France was interesting because of the effort of the Socialists to take the ruling power away from the Conservative forces. It was a battle between law and order on one side, and anarchy, or Bolshevism, on the other.

A few extracts from the French newspapers show how the battle went: A Socialist newspaper said, "Clemenceau is victorious, terribly and appallingly victorious." (Hurrah for The Tiger!) One paper on the other side called it "a glorious day for law and order," and another "a triumph of order against anarchy." "A vote of national vitality," said a third. "Bolshevism is crushed," "*Figaro*" announced; and "*L'Homme Libre*" gave the joyful comment a constructive turn with this, "And now let us go to work!"

European battles in politics are not fought out by two great parties, as in this country. There are small groups, each with its own platform and candidates. After the elections the delegates form combinations of these groups on one side or the other as questions of policy come up. In the French elections, for example, there were several party names of which the word "Socialists" was a part—the Radical Socialists, the Republican Socialists, the Dissident Socialists.

The election does not by any means put an end to socialism in France. What it does is, by act of the French nation at the polls, to give the balance of power in the national legislature to the conservative forces. It places the rebuilding of France in safe hands. It fortifies the frontier against the westward advance of Bolshevik ideas. It assures the other nations that in her dealings with them France will still be France, a nation that will keep its promises and continue to hold its honorable place among the civilized Powers.

COMMERCE WITHOUT CASH

MONEY is only a measure of values, a medium of exchange. You can't live on money; you live on what money will buy for you. You can't eat money, or wear money, or make a building out of it. But with it, you can buy food, clothing, and a house.

Before men invented money they lived by barter; that is, the actual exchange of goods. One man, perhaps, had plenty of leather, but not enough wheat. Another man had more wheat than he needed, but was short of leather. They got together, and the first man swapped some of his leather for some of the second man's wheat. That was barter.

Then people fixed upon units of value, and used different kinds of counters for evening up on their business dealings. We seem to remember hearing in school or college days, back in the century before this, that the word "pecuniary" comes from a Latin word meaning "cattle." The value of things was measured in terms of cattle; a house, or a wagon, or a suit of armor, was worth so many oxen. Coins stamped with the figure of an ox were "pecunia," money. (Probably some of you WATCH TOWER boys and girls who are "taking" Latin can correct our explanation in detail, but we imagine the statement is accurate enough for present purposes.) You could pay a man two oxen, but not half an ox—unless he wanted meat!

The American Indians used wampum as money. These strings of shells had no great intrinsic value, no usefulness or special desirability of their own. But they were scarce enough to serve

nicely as a measure of value and a medium of exchange. Running Deer might give so much wampum to Howling Wolf for some of the latter's finely made arrows. Howling Wolf might be glad to make the sale, because with the wampum he could buy a trinket for pretty little Laughing Water from old Scolding Squaw—who would have no use for Howling Wolf's arrows but could use his wampum to buy soft skins for her tent from Chief-Bend-the-Bow—and so it would go.

In the same way, a dollar bill can travel about all day and day after day, as long as the paper lasts, settling one deal after another. And when the paper is worn out, it is taken back by the Government and another is issued, to represent the same dollar's worth of metal in the Treasury vaults.

The next step beyond the circulation of coins and paper money representing gold or silver held by the Government is the use of private paper, checks, and so on. By means of this, trade relations can be carried on without the constant transfer of cash. At certain times, balances are figured up and settlement made between the individuals, or firms, or even nations, concerned.

Now, with the story almost finished, we come to the place where it should have started. (The Class in Composition will please not be too critical!) It all began with a head-line in the newspaper, "Barter in Europe Replacing Money." Central Europe must have coal. France has agreed to send coal from the Saar Basin into Germany in exchange for commodities that Germany can spare. German money has lost part of its value as compared with the money of other countries; but German potatoes are as good as ever.

Belgium is to swap coal for Rumania's corn, and Great Britain is to get coal from Czecho-Slovakia, sending enamel ware in exchange.

Perhaps the Class in Economics will tell us this is nothing to get excited about, but we shall have to ask them to be patient with their elders trying to keep track of what is going on, these topsy-turvy days.

'PLANING TO THE ANTIPODES

ON a map showing southern Europe and Asia, Africa and Australia, draw a line from London across France, through the Mediterranean to Cairo, across Arabia and Persia, through Delhi and Calcutta to Rangoon and Singapore, and then on to Port Darwin near Palmerston on the northern coast of Australia, and you will have sketched roughly the route followed by the Australian aviator Captain Ross-Smith when he won the prize offered by the Australian Government for the first flight to be completed in less than thirty days from starting-time. The successful flier made his 12,000-mile voyage with two days to spare.

CAPTAIN ROSS-SMITH AND HIS CREW ABOARD THE VICKERS-VIMY AEROPLANE IN WHICH THEY MADE THE GREAT BRITAIN-AUSTRALIA FLIGHT

Captain Ross-Smith left London November 12. On the sixth day out he landed in Egypt, and five days later, November 23, he was at Delhi. At Rangoon he met Lieutenant Etienne Poulet, the French war-veteran flier, who had started on a Paris-Melbourne flight on October 14. On the first day of December the two airmen hopped off, only an hour or two apart, for Bangkok. Poulet was not heard of until December 18, when a dispatch from Moulmain, Burma, announced his safe arrival there; but Ross-Smith was in Java December 6, arrived at Bima in the Dutch East Indies December 8, made the last lap of nine hundred miles over uncharted waters dotted with volcanic islands, and came down in Australia December 10, his twenty-eighth day out.

This was the most remarkable air voyage ever made. The trans-Atlantic fliers, with whose achievements it was sure to be compared, would probably be the first to praise the skill, courage, and endurance of Captain Ross-Smith. The following paragraph, from one of the reports of the flight, cabled to the New York "Sun" shows the sort of thing the bold bird-man had to contend with:

Surprising adventures were encountered in Java. Near Surabaya, Smith was compelled to land by engine trouble and became heavily bogged. He rounded up two hundred blacks from neighboring villages and made them dig out the machine and cut thousands of bamboo poles, constructing a bamboo track over the bog. He then taxied over this to get into the air.

In addition to the stirring appeal of any pioneering adventure, Captain Ross-Smith's record-making flight has the advantage of the romance in ancient names. Imagine the whir of the engine over the land of the Pharaohs, the Sphinx, and the Pyramids; the country of Omar Khayyam, and the old, old empire of East Indian monarchs! Imagine the lonely navigator of the air sailing down the sky "on the road to Mandalay!" They tell about folks in America being frightened at the first sight of a man riding by on one of the old-fashioned high bicycles; what must the natives in Siam and the Straits Settlements have thought of the man who came planing down into their midst out of the clouds?

It is by *contrast* that we appraise the feats of the pioneer and the explorer. Captain Ross-Smith's flight contrasts not only with the sea voyage round Gibraltar, through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea into the Indian ocean, but with the voyages of the mariners of three centuries ago, when they sailed their little ships all the way around Africa in the search for the fabulous treasures of the Indies. Twenty-eight days, where those old seamen told their friends ashore good-by for an absence of two or three years!

What next? The U. S. Air Mail Service is to be extended clear across the continent. Soon we shall see overland and transoceanic freight and passenger lines in operation. And in 1920 there is to be a race around the world. Perhaps the mystery of Mars is destined to be solved!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

IF the grain-production estimates made by the International Institute of Agriculture for 1919 are correct, the decrease for the year, as compared with production in 1918, will be 6 per cent. in wheat, 17.9 per cent. in barley, and 18.7 per cent. in oats. The United States and Canada both increased their production of wheat, but raised less of the other grains. The work of the farmers will be more important than ever in 1920.

IN the special session of Congress which ended late in November, bills were enacted providing for the return of the telegraph, telephone, and cable lines to their former owners; for woman suffrage, war-time prohibition, food control, and vocational training for wounded soldiers and sailors, and the Daylight Saving Law was repealed. The House of Representatives passed bills providing for the return of the railroads to private ownership; for an American merchant-marine service, and for a budget system for the Federal Government. These bills await action by the Senate. The special session also passed the appropriation bills which had previously failed. Add these things to the debate on the Treaty, and you will see that it was a pretty busy session.

THE football season of 1919 was a brilliant one. There were a good many surprises in it. The "favorites" were often defeated. The stands were crowded Saturday after Saturday, and the cheers and songs and waving banners made it seem like old times in the stadiums.

HERE we are at the end of the page, with just room enough for the best paragraph of all—the one in which we wish you all a Happy New Year!

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Verses by Mattie Lee Hausgen. Illustrations by Decie Merwin

THE SNOW MAN

We made for him a solid base,
And built his body, head, and face.
We rounded him with pats and shoves,
And Archie lent him his school gloves;
A broomstick makes his arms, and so
The gloves look just like hands, you know.

And, round his neck, if it should storm,
We wound a scarf to keep him warm.
Bobby and Jo are out there yet
To make sure that he won't upset.
He has the funniest smile—the elf!—
We think he smiled it by himself!

THE COZY KETTLE

I THINK it strange that cold, hard metal
Could make such a very friendly kettle!
From out its spout comes magic steam
That turns to Fairy Folk—a stream!

Upon the glowing nursery fire,
It sings a song, and does not tire.
It more than boils the water—see?
A kettle seems like company!

NURSERY RHYMES

Written and illustrated by Edith Ballinger Price

A PUSSY-CAT came to our door
That we had never seen before;
He was all cold, and wet, and thin,
So Mother went and brought him in.

And now he lives with us, and he
Is just as happy as can be,—
All round, and warm, and smooth, and fat.
I *love* that little pussy-cat!

THE PORTRAIT

EVERY morning, at half past nine, whether it 's wet or whether it 's fine,
Mother and Dollie and I must go down to the artist's studio.

The artist is painting a picture of *me*,
(The funniest picture you ever did see!)
He looks at me and he shuts one eye,
And I laugh—no matter how hard I try
To look at the roof of the opposite house,
And sit as still as a little mouse.
And even if something tickles my nose,
I just have to pose, and
pose, and
POSE!

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A FIRESIDE FRIEND." BY EDWARD E. MURPHY, AGE 12
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1919.)

WHAT better example of "A Fireside Friend" could be chosen than the familiar figure in the above drawing, by one of our twelve-year-old artists? For if the good Saint who fills the stockings at Christmas-time is not, in sooth, a "fireside friend," who is?

Two other subjects assigned for this January issue happened—by chance, and not by intention—to have a peculiar timeliness, since the end of one year and the beginning of another is always an appropriate date for "Looking Back" and "Looking Ahead." And they bring to mind, moreover, the joyous reflection that our beloved LEAGUE, which began with the twentieth century, is now twenty years old—"almost grown up," as the saying goes. For the world in general, the year just ended has not been an altogether gratifying one, but it has not lessened the ardor of our LEAGUE young folk nor impaired the quality of their efforts. And so we can regard with satisfaction, and even applaud, the following design in which another of our young artists has cleverly depicted the four representatives of 1920 as summarily and with cheery smiles dismissing the four seasons that are dejectedly carrying 1919 into history. Let us wish for ourselves and the whole world that the coming twelve-month may prove to be a truly

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY" BY NANCY RIGGS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCTOBER, 1918.)

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 239

(In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Marjorie C. Stone** (age 15), New Jersey; **Margaret Hunloke Eckerson** (age 10), New Jersey; **Margaret Sutherland** (age 17), District of Columbia. Silver Badges, **Sylvia Lewis** (age 13), Arizona. **Florence Beaujean** (age 12), Rhode Island; **Alice Carolyn Parson** (age 14), Pennsylvania.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Rosamond W. Eddy** (age 16), California; **Louisa Butler** (age 13), Michigan; **Priscilla Fraker** (age 16), New Jersey; **Peggy Pond** (age 15), New Mexico. Silver Badges, **Keturah C. Rollinson** (age 14), New Jersey; **Mary Ellen Goodnow** (age 13), Kentucky.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badges, **Edward E. Murphy** (age 12), Indiana; **Nancy Riggs** (age 14), Massachusetts. Silver Badges, **Harold Bartley** (age 14), New York; **Mary Watson** (age 13), New York; **Alice C. Braislin** (age 13), New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Edward Reinhold Rogers, Jr.** (age 15), Virginia; **Pauline Brown** (age 15), New York; **Elizabeth D. Abbott** (age 14), New York; **Sue Collisson** (age 13), Minnesota; **Lucy H. Shaw** (age 13), Michigan; **Marion Tombo** (age 16), England; **Lucy T. Beswick** (age 11), Pennsylvania.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Frank O. Reed** (age 13), New York; **Rosalind Leale** (age 12), New York.

BY MARION TOMBO, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.) BY LUCY T. BESWICK, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

"A GOOD TIME"

LOOKING AHEAD

BY ALICE CAROLYN PAXSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THOMAS JEFFERSON was one of the most far-sighted men in American history. This is proved by the Louisiana Purchase. Louisiana then meant not only the district at the mouth of the Mississippi, but also the vast regions between that river and the Rocky Mountains. The land extended as far as Canada on the North, and was bounded on the South by what are now parts of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Colorado. Instead of the trackless wilderness, Jefferson saw woods, plains, fertile fields, farms, and rivers teeming with commerce. He realized that here, as the population increased, was America's much-needed room for expansion. He knew what a bargain he was making—almost a million square miles for fifteen million dollars! With control of such enormous territory, the United States would be a world power. Napoleon saw that, too. "I have given England her rival," were his prophetic words. Had Thomas Jefferson not seen into the future, and availed himself of Napoleon's offer, ours would be a very different world to-day.

WHEN EYELIDS CLOSE

BY WILLIE FAY LINN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

THE last rays of the setting sun
Are fading on the hill;
And valley, meadow, wood, and lake
Are lying hushed and still.
The shadows lengthen on the grass,
Beneath the rosy sky;
And life seems pausing in its flight
To watch the sunset die.

O soft brown eyes, so dear to me,
'T is time for you to close,
And dream about that far-off land
Where now the great sun goes!
Forget the troubles of the day,
The loneliness of night,
And drift upon the sea of sleep
Until the morning light!

A DANGEROUS VENTURE

BY MARGARET BUNLOKE ECKERSON (AGE 10)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1919)

"WE 'RE cut off from men and supplies," said Major Whittlesey, quietly. "Guess we 'll have to live here until something turns up."

Five days passed, and still no help came. The Germans were pressing closer, and the men had no food. Something must be done, and done quickly. It was a dangerous venture, to go through the German lines to seek help. But this task was entrusted not to a man, but to a bird, *Cher Ami* ("Dear Friend"), a carrier-pigeon.

The men watched him out of sight. On that tiny bird rested their lives. If he reached the French lines, and they received supplies, they would live; but if he were killed, they would die of starvation, or be captured.

A bullet shattered his leg, and another burned the plumage of his breast; but he kept on and finally reached the French lines.

The men received help, reinforcements, and food; and the bird, who had saved so many lives, was brought to America.

Here he will probably "live happily ever after."

"A GOOD TIME." BY VIRGINIA M. BURMISTER, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

WHEN EYELIDS CLOSE

BY PEGGY POND (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1919)

HUSH, for the night winds are sighing, are sighing,
Sweet is their song.
Sleep, till the dewdrops are kissed by the sunlight—
It will not be long.
Dark is the night, but the stars are shining;
The dream-fairy waits for you over the sea;
And the sea is a sunset, the boat a dream—
Sleep, while I watch o'er thee!

Out of the hush comes a night-bird calling.
Low is his cry,
The firelight flickers while we are watching—
Just you and I.
Drowsy your eyes, for the Sandman is passing;
The dream-fairy calls to you soft and low.
Sleep, and wake with the morning-glories—
Nor fear, for I will not go!

"A FIRESIDE FRIEND." BY MARY LAVANCHA RUSSELL, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A DANGEROUS VENTURE

BY SYLVIA LEWIS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

SLOWLY we wound down "Jacob's Ladder" at sunset. The Grand Cañon was a spot of unequaled beauty as the sun faded away in the west. But beautiful as the purples and gold were, they failed to thrill us, for on the morrow we were to undertake a trip known to all for its danger. When we reached the foot of the cañon, the roar of the angry Colorado made us realize what a

perilous journey we were about to begin, for we were to cross the cañon in a "skip," or basket, which runs on a cable and is large enough to carry an animal and two or three people.

Morning saw us ready for the crossing, and two men, myself, and the burro (which the guide refused to leave behind) climbed into the basket. It fell to me to sit on the donkey's back, as there was standing room for only two in the skip. All went well until we reached the center, when "Bright Angel" (for such was the burro's name) began to kick and jump, as the roar of the river was so loud it frightened him. And I was nearly paralyzed with fright when I looked into the depths below me. I began to appreciate the outside world more than I had the night before. Slowly the skip approached land, and after a few terrible moments the burro began to recover from its terror. Finally we reached solid ground; and long after, as I gazed at the river from the rim of the cañon, I heard some bystander remark, "I thought it was a *big* river!" as the Colorado looks small from the brink.

I wish they could cross it, as I did; they would think it quite big enough.

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ALICE C. BRAISLIN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN EYELIDS CLOSE

BY VIRGINIA FOLLIN (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

WHEN the evening shadows gather, and the meadow-lands are still,
And the night wind softly murmurs in the hemlocks on the hill,
Comes a blend of sweetest music ever heard 'neath starry skies,
For the fairy folk are singing, to their wee ones, lullabies.

Wrapped in petals soft and dewy, hid away from mortal sight,
Rest the tiny elfin babies, through the long, dark hours of night.
And the while their souls are drifting to the joyous land of dreams,
Fairy mothers, all, are crooning melodies while starlight gleams.

For each tiny mortal baby tucked in cradle, warm and tight,
There 's a tiny elfin, dreaming somewhere in the dark to-night.
And, for each, a gentle mother, lulling soon to sweet repose,
Sings a lullaby most tender, till the baby eyelids close.

LOOKING BACK

BY LOUISA BUTLER (AGE 13)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1919*)

ALL things that grow increase and multiply
In strength and wisdom with the passing years.
And I, a-looking back, with wondering eye
Behold my last year's self, as it appears.
So poor in knowledge, yet so proud of all
Which I, on sober thought, my own could call.

The thought of what I was, or am to-day,
Can bring none less than sweet humility;
Since my vain self and all my poor display
Must needs contrast with what I yet may be.
So, as I strive to follow wisdom's track,
I am most humble when a-looking back.

A DANGEROUS VENTURE

BY FLORENCE BEAUJEAN (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

ONE dark cold night, Henri, a Belgian boy, was walking along the streets of Antwerp with his sister Marie at his side.

He had to go cautiously, for he had now reached the age of thirteen at which age the Germans might capture and send him to Germany and force him to work, as they had already deported many other Belgian boys.

Suddenly, the form of a German guard loomed up in the darkness. He had seen them!

"Halt!" he commanded. Henri pushed Marie around the corner of a building and halted. "How old are you?" the guard asked.

"Thirteen," Henri answered.

"Then come with me," said the German. Henri was forced to go.

Marie followed them, and learned where Henri was housed, as well as other boys who had been captured. By and by, the guard growing tir d, lay down and fell asleep. He had the key to the door in his hand!

After making sure that the guard was asleep, Marie carefully took the key from him, opened the door and crept in.

A lantern threw a faint light about the room. Marie soon discovered Henri He saw and recognized her at once. "Oh, what will they do if they find you here!" he asked.

"They won't find me," was the answer. "Come!"

Before going, Henri told his nearest neighbor that they would soon be free. That boy told the boy next to him, and soon all the boys knew. One by one, they crept out. The last to go were Henri and Marie

"It was a dangerous thing to do, Marie," said Henri, "for if they 'd caught you, I don't know what would have happened. But I 'm glad you came!"

The children soon reached home, and in their mother's arms told the story of "A Dangerous Venture."

"LOOKING BACK"

(*The Song of a Cast-off Fiddle*)

BY PRISCILLA FRAKER (AGE 16)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1919*)

ONLY an old time-worn fiddle am I,
And broken with age are my strings;
Forgotten, unmourned, unloved, here I lie,
But within me a voice still sings.

Once, long years ago, I was young and new,
And my strings were supple and strong;
I was cherished and praised, as was my due,
And merry and glad was my song.

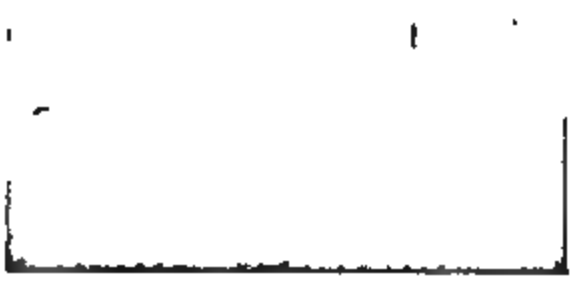
BY CAROLINE F. GUCKER, AGE 15
(HONOR MEMBER)

BY EDWARD R. ROGERS, JR., AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY ELEANOR C. GIBBONS, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

BY SUE COLLESSON, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY LUCY H. SHAW, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY NANCY RHODES, AGE 10.

BY MARGARET SUMNER, AGE 13.

BY HELEN L. BURKE, AGE 14.

"A GOOD TIME"

My dear master loved, in the twilight gray,
To sit by the old cabin door,
And fiddle the long evening hours away,
While the children romped on the floor.

In daylight I lay on the kitchen shelf,
To be safe from possible harm;
I was proud and haughty and deemed myself
A thing of great beauty and charm.

Fled are those bright happy days of yore.
My master is gone now, and I,
With my melodies hushed forevermore,
In the gloom and darkness lie.

For all years to come, to eternity,
I must lie here alone, it seems,
And all thoughts of my youth that are left to me,
To brighten my days, are dreams!

"A GOOD TIME." BY PAULINE BROWN, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A DANGEROUS VENTURE

BY MARGARET SUTHERLAND (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1919)

It was when my twin sister and I were five years old that we were given the nickname of the "Terrors" by Uncle Bill. He named us that during our first visit at the lumber-camp, and it stuck. We spent our happiest hours in this backwoods camp of Uncle Bill's. It was there that we rode on the engines, walked the logs in the mill-pond, rode on the mill-carriages and watched the big horses come tearing down the log-skid. There was hardly a man, from the roughest lumber-jack to the mill foreman, who was not one of our staunch friends.

Our forbidden pastime was putting pins on the track for the train to mash. However, we were engaged in this fascinating occupation one morning, when old Jake, who was dozing in the doorway of the "general store," glanced in our direction in time to see an empty log-train backing down the grade upon us. We were too much absorbed, with our pins, to note either the runaway cars or the cries of warning. It took Jake only a minute to realize our danger, for the cars had already swung by the switch and had come between Jake and us. The noon-hour idlers were pale when Jake jumped from the porch of the store onto the long, low, log-car. In two flying leaps he reached the end of the car that was bearing down upon us, caught his legs around a vertical beam and, leaning over, seized us by our overalls and lifted us to the car.

It was not until Jake had carried us back to the store on his shoulders that the silence was broken. Then it broke in lusty cheers, that echoed to the hills, for Jake, who was ever afterward the "Terrors'" hero.

WHEN EYELIDS CLOSE

BY ROSAMOND W. EDDY (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won May, 1919)

The night is still. The dim starlight
Creeps softly down from heavenly height.
The peaceful mountains, tall and wise,
Look out where oceans billows rise.
Now weary men, lain down to rest,
A space give up their strifeful quest.
In peace they close their tired eyes.
A breeze above the hilltop sighs—
And from the heavens' mystery,
An angel whom we cannot see
Comes down, and soothes our minds to rest,
And stills day's tumult in the breast.
O'er sea and plain, o'er vale and steep,
She glides, the unseen angel, Sleep,
Attended by soft, fluttering dreams,
All silver-white, like starlight's beams.
All silent o'er the earth she goes,
When night draws down, and eyelids close.

LOOKING BACK

BY MARY HARRIET WHITE (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

The firelight casts around the room
A weird and rosy glow,
And brings to me the memory
Of days of long ago.

When lassies with their full-hooped skirts,
Wore rich brocades and lace,
And danced the waltz and minuet
With stately, old-time grace.

To curtsey every maid must learn,
Or she was not polite;
She also learned to cook and sew,
And make a sampler right.
A proper maid must never run,
Or jump, or climb a tree;
And yet, they always had good times
When company came to tea.

The firelight dies; the room is dark;
But mem'ry's lights still glow.
How sweet it seems to live once more
Those days of long ago!

"A GOOD TIME." BY ELEANOR ADAMS KNIGHT, AGE 14.

BY ELIZABETH D. ABBOTT, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY ELEANOR MERES, AGE 12.

"A GOOD TIME"

LOOKING AHEAD

BY MARJORIE C. STONE (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1918)

'TWAS in sunny Italy, on one of the little foot-hills of the Apennines that a dark-eyed Italian boy leaned against the gnarled trunk of an old olive-tree. Below him lay the picturesque city of Urbino, with its ancient red-roofed houses gleaming in the sun, while the sweet odor of ripe grapes drifted up to him from the vineyard on the hillside.

But it was not of this beautiful country that he was thinking; his thoughts were far away in a busy city street where a great museum stood. Inside this building he saw scores of wonderful paintings, many of which bore in the corner the name "Raphael Sanzio." That was the dream and hope which so often filled his mind. If only he could win fame and honor through his art!

All that he foresaw on that far-off afternoon came to pass, for ere long Raphael became—and remains to-day—one of the world's most famous artists.

WHEN EYELIDS CLOSE

BY MARY ELLEN GOODNOW (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE golden sun sinks in the west
And twilight shadows fall;
Each birdling from his cozy nest
Warbles his good-night call.

Over the earth the Sandman creeps,
As softly shuts the rose;
With one touch of his fairy dust
My eyelids gently close.

Then I sail away to the Isle of Dreams
In a mystic, fairy ship.
While from the oars, in the bright moonlight,
The silvery waters drip.

And all night long, under twinkling stars,
With the dream-fairy holding my hand,
I wander mid strange and marvelous sights
In that distant, magic land—

Until, on the whispering wings of night,
A message of day is borne,
And I sail away through the Sea of Dreams
Out into the sparkling morn!

LOOKING BACK

BY KETURAH C. ROLLINSON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE a little boy was lying beneath an apple-tree,
Reading tales of monstrous dragons, of knights, of chivalry,
And of maidens held in prison behind a magic wall,
'Till his heart nigh stopped its beating with the wonder of it all.

"How I wish I had been born then!" he wistfully did sigh;
"I might have killed a dragon, had I lived in days gone by!"
Then, slowly turning pages, he dropped his book at last,
And, half-closing heavy eyelids, looked back into the past.

A knight in shining armor, upon a jet-black steed,
Came riding through the meadow at a swift and steady speed.
And a huge, gigantic creature rose up from out the ground;
His great mouth was like a furnace, all fiery-red and round.

But the knight without a tremor drew a sword so glitt'ring bright,
That the dragon's eyes were dazzled and blinded by the sight.
Then began an angry battle, yet before much time could pass,
The ugly head, all bloody, rolled down upon the grass.

Next, the knight in shining armor called loudly to the boy:
"You may also kill your dragons in this world of pain and joy.
Looking backward, looking forward, what 's the difference, little friend?
There are always knights and monsters, and there will be 'till the end!"

Though the boy had been but dreaming beneath the apple-tree,
He had learned a useful lesson from this knight of chivalry;
And so when he grew to manhood, he remembered how to fight,
And he battled with his troubles like a brave and gallant knight.

A DANGEROUS VENTURE

BY RUTH MARY GREEN (AGE 12)

THE dangerous venture I am going to write about concerns the boys in khaki. It is not about the overseas boys,—though theirs was the most dangerous venture of all. It is about the boys on the Mexican border. They went hunting some very lawless bandits, who were not minding their own business. Those boys took a big chance. They went hunting those bandits in cliffs and behind boulders that had been there for centuries. They went there not knowing what they would find. If any of those Mexicans had been there, they could have been shot through the back without knowing who had shot them.

That was rather a dangerous venture. At least I think so. Do you?

A GOOD TIME. BY CHARLOTTE WELLS, AGE 14.

LOOKING BACK

BY BARBARA BURKS (AGE 16)

(*Honor Member*)

PRISON walls as far as eyes can see,
Grated bars, the clash of lock and key,
As here I sit in abject misery,
Looking back.

The grim, forbidding prison fades away;
My soul is borne into another day;
I see myself a little child at play,
Looking back.

Accused of crime, my brother fled to me;
"*He* do that hideous thing?"—It could not be!
I took the blame myself. All this I see,
Looking back.

Perhaps it was not worth the awful price?
Ah, yes! Until my withered spirit dies,
Dear Lord, I 'll glory in this sacrifice,
Looking back!

A DANGEROUS VENTURE

(*A True Story*)

BY RUTH E. SOUTHWICK (AGE 11)

ONE day, as my father and his sister were coming home from a town near by, it began to thunder and lighten, and to rain.

They did not want to get soaked, so my father drove the auto into a neighbor's barn, to wait for the shower to pass. His sister went into the house, but he stayed in the barn with the auto.

All of a sudden he saw an iron bar leaning against the barn, about eight feet from him. He looked at it, and then said to himself: "That would be a good conductor for the lightning. I guess I will take it away."

So he walked over to it and put his hand out to take it away, when, all at once, the lightning struck it, and the barn too, and it threw the bar about six feet from the barn.

My father was not killed; but if he had been two seconds sooner, he would have been.

They could not save the barn, but they did save a few things that were in it.

I was about seven years old when it happened.

WHEN EYELIDS CLOSE

BY ALLASE ABBOTT (AGE 8)

WE hear the old-fashioned curfew ring;
All birdies are safe beneath Mother's wing;
All wise doggies in their kennels lie;
And you close your eyelids—and so do I.
For night has spread her shadowy cloak
O'er all the world—and little folk.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Lois D. Holmes
A. P. Cooper
Harriet T. Parsons
Eloise F. Burt
Edith Clark
Carolin Rankin
Ruth P. Fuller
Katharine M. Born
Kathleen Heile
Marian Guptill
Isabella Poer
Helen L. Rummons
Erminie Huntress
Thomas M. Rutherford

DRAWINGS

Annie H. Medary
Frances Badger
Gladys Weston
Dorothy Corbett
Janet Blossom
Ethel Haven
Justine W. Chase
Sallie L. Holcomb
Phyllis H. Campau

PROSE

Leonore F. Gidding
Carrie McG. Taylor
Jean Maisonville
Helen Hayes
May W. Wilson
Helen S. Houston
Mary T. Gentry
Betty Niven
Marion Danforth
Anne E. Worden
Janet Baldwin
Silvia Wunderlich
Miriam MacKay
Louise Corcoran
Mary Johnson
Mary McEnery
Mary L. Cole
Margaret B. Lee
Helen C. Mumm
Marian Farr
Elisabeth Blair

PHOTOGRAPHS

Marie L. Gross
Arthur W. Baker
Mary M. Barr
Lurena Black
Mary R. O'Connor
Elisabeth Starbuck
Margaret Olmsted
Dorothy E. Winslow
Elisabeth Peirce
Carol F. Spitzmiller
Mildred Bernstein
Margaret S. Daniell

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Helen Wilder
Dorothy M. Jones
Chiyo Hirose
Katherine Wright
Lorna M. Kelly
Amy O'Connor
Victor H. Sutro
Edna R. Cahn
Margaret Fisher
John S. Kieffer
Roy Knapp
Jane B. Bradley
Frances M. Hyde
Mildred Augustine
Helen Mabie
Alma Aated
Jean M. Tod
Dorothy R. Burnett
Ellen Caskey
Eleanor Huntley
Anita R. Cardoso
Helen Whitwell
Rhoda Schoenfeld
Margaret Scoggin
Thelma Walter
C. F. Laurence
Alice A. Walter
Ellen Crawford
Margaret Durick
Marianne Dean
Anna M. Robbins

VERSE

Virginia H. Clinger
Caroline Humeston
Jennie Bruederlin
Fanita Laurie
Margaret Humphrey
Isabella M. Laughton
Helen G. Davie
Mignon Rittenhouse
Jessica L. Megaw
M. Guiterman
Rebecca T. Farnham

BY MARY WATSON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Roger B. Maynard
Dorothy E. Reynolds
Elizabeth Dukes
Ruth Burns
Naomi D Furnas
Frances K. Chapin
Louise S. Birch
Elizabeth Whitney
Violet S. Crosby
Katharine A. Bryant
Elizabeth R. Beach
Elizabeth Stamps
Helen F. White

PHOTOGRAPHS

Betty Davis
Margaret Spence
Elizabeth Tyler
Dorothy M. Punderson
Dorothy Good
Catherine D. Vieta
Frances A. Dickson
Susan E. Lyman
Elizabeth Kirkwood
Ashley Pond 3rd
Dorothy Warren
Elizabeth E. Welch
Edith C. Jenkins
Edith Burr
Arabel Cushman
Catharine L. Penniman
Ruth Fowler
Mary E. Freeman
Anna K. Minard
Carolyn Gillies
Jean Gearing
Willa Chapline
Kathryn Steinert
Lydia Ransom
Evelyn Ferry
Franklin Boyer
Louise M Ross
Ada K. Rew
Elsie M. Hayden

Roger G. Vernam
Carol Finley
Janet McVey
Lucy Mason
Adelaide E. Israel

DRAWINGS

Eleanor Young
Sarah A. Zimmerman

Katharine Irving
Elisabeth Muir
Marian Shaw
Julia Dean
Dorothy Burns
Beth Irwin
Esther Gouverneur
Lucy F. Allen
Chauncey D Stillman

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY HAROLD BARTLEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dirce A Simons
Lillian Wilcox Conn
Selma Morse
Charlotte Cushman
Grace Hays
Marie Mitchell
Margaret M. Pope
Gladys Relyea
John Whitcomb

Horace King
Elsa Krotosyner
Harriet Moore

PUZZLES

Jane E. Howard
Helene Edwards
Henrietta Rossiter
Catharine Kouwenhoven
Florence Telford
Emily Pendleton
Mary C. Hamilton
James Williams
Anna Petrunkevitch
Catherine White
William D Wray
Florence H. Pierson
Erma Hilgedick
Lydia A. Cutler
Stanley de J. Osborne
Margaret Horton
Clarissa N. Metcalf
Rosemary Burgh
Isabelle L. Ellis
Frances Adkins
E. M. Chamberlain
Alfred R. Allen, Jr.
Elizabeth Lewis
Buell Carey
Anne Petrasch
Mary A. Fuertes
Cornelia B Hussey
Anna M. McDowell
Kathryn Hopkins
Bliss Symes
Charlotte Whiting
Charlotte Reynolds
Gwenfread E. Allen

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ELEANOR H. DUVALL, AGE 10.

Salem Hyde II
Eleanor F. Stone
Bertha Berolsheimer
Margaret C. Schindler

Vincent P. Jenkins
Eleanor Slater
Dorothy O. Thompson
Nancy G. Cochran
Mary A. Talley

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is, "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 242

Owing to possible delay in publication, **Competition No. 242** will close **February 5.** All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Birds' Return."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Happiest Memory."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Bit of Life."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Playmates," or "A Heading for **May.**"

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

EDITORIAL NOTE

THREE notable contributions to this number of ST. NICHOLAS—Mr. Avery's unique account of "The Silent Messengers" (carrier-pigeons in the war), Mr. Sexton's vivid adventure story, "The Last Egg of the Great Auk," and Mr. Scoville's remarkable article, "Snow Stories" (which we were unable to print before the beginning of his Boy Scout serial)—convey so much information relating to natural history and in a style so interesting that our NATURE AND SCIENCE department is omitted this month. It will, of course, appear in the February issue, as usual.

WARM SPRINGS, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying down here at "Three Hills," the home of Miss Mary Johnston, the author. She took you when she was a child, and told me that once, when she was eight years old, she wrote you a letter, but it was not published.

Warm Springs is just five miles from Hot Springs, and there are two swimming-pools here, one for the women and one for the men. These pools are filled with natural warm sulphur-water, which is continually bubbling up from the bottom and filling the pool. An old colored woman named Aunt Fanny, who is about eighty-five years old, taught me to swim two years ago, but she has given up teaching now.

"Three Hills" is a farm, comprising about forty acres of land. There are four cows here, and one of them is very fierce. There is also a pretty little heifer, and a cunning baby bull. Besides that, there are many chickens, two pigs, a couple of dogs, and a horse. We have a wonderful time here, and I hate to think of going back to school this winter.

Your eager reader,
VIRGINIA H. COWPERTHWAITE (AGE 12).

COUNTY DUBLIN, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just beginning to take you monthly, but I am not quite a stranger to you for my mother took you when she was a little girl and we have the volumes bound.

I have read them over and over again, and I love the stories that were in them. "Two Girls and a Boy," "Under the Lilacs," and "Phaeton Rogers" are my favorites. I also got the second part of the 1916 volume for a Christmas present, and even though I only read the end of "The Sapphire Signet," I loved it. Also, "The Life of Mark Twain."

With every good wish for ST. NICHOLAS, from
Your devoted reader,
MAUREEN HARRINGTON (AGE 12).

FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I am now living in the United States, a short time ago I was living on a small island in the Pacific Ocean.

While my parents and I were cruising near there in our yacht, we were dashed against the rocks and were rescued by the natives, and lived among them for eight months. A ship from Honolulu came there to investigate, and brought us back. We were very lucky, for we might have had to stay there for years. The inhabitants were civilized to a certain extent, but did no trading. We learned to speak their language, and if it had not been for my parents, I should have forgotten English. My parents are American, but I was born in China, and lived in Switzerland until I was nine years old. There I first got ST. NICHOLAS and have had it ever since, though I have lived in Italy, France, and England. I have been in the United States for a year, now, and I still love ST. NICHOLAS and will always love it.

From a lover of ST. NICHOLAS,
JEAN R. WEILLER.

NAPA, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had a lovely and wonderful experience yesterday. Mother and Daddy took me down to see the most noble people in all Europe. They were Queen Elizabeth and King Albert of the Belgians, with their son Prince Leopold and their two American friends, Ambassador Whitlock and Mr. Herbert Hoover. They are touring the west, and last night they left for Yosemite Valley.

I am sure your story in the May ST. NICHOLAS of King Albert and his family and their goodness is true. King Albert appeared to be a wonderful man, and also to be quite tall. He is about six feet and some inches tall. The queen is the dearest little creature, and seems not to be one of these queens that are not willing to help others, but, on the contrary, quite what she is called—"The Queen Angel."

With love from
Your interested little Reader,
EDNA RAYMOND.

MANILA, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for almost four years. I love all of your stories; they are fine!

This is the rainy season in Manila, and the typhoons have begun. One day last week it rained two and a half inches in one hour, between four and five in the afternoon. It has been raining seventeen days now, and we have had five typhoons, one after another.

We have beautiful sunsets down at Manila Bay, and some very queer ones, too. One night, coming out from dinner, we saw a pinkish glow in the sky, and some one said, "Pier number five is on fire!" But we found out afterward that it was only a strange sunset.

Wishing you many years of prosperity, I remain,
Your loving friend,
BEATRICE FORNITZER (AGE 12).

A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE

A True Story

IN Italy, one night, we were all in bed. It was war time. We were all asleep, when suddenly my mother awoke me and said that the Germans were coming.

So we got up and dressed. I put on my father's sweater and a very few clothes. We took a lantern, because the electric light went out, and we went down in the cellar. The guns were firing and we saw many search-lights and we heard the German dirigibles over our heads.

I was so sleepy. It began at ten o'clock at night and lasted until three in the morning. Then it was all over, and we went up to bed and slept until morning.

The dirigibles did a lot of damage.

MIMI CASANO (AGE 9).

THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

REVERSALS. General Pershing. 1. Tang, gnat. 2. Tide, edit. 3. Leon, noel. 4. Live, evil. 5. Star, rats. 6. Etna, ante. 7. Rail, liar. 8. Snap, pans. 9. Dine, Enid. 10. Deer, reed. 11. Pals, slap. 12. Pooh, hoop. 13. Sibl, ibis. 14. Oren, Nero. 15. Snug, guns.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Ad-am. 2. Amethy-st. 3. Steera-ge. 4. Geor-ge. 5. Gestu-re. 6. Rever-se. 7. Se-er. 8. Ermi-ne. 9. Neg-ro. 10. Ro-ad, Adam.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. The Landing of the Pilgrims.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Christmas.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Second line, American Naval Seaplane; sixth line, Wright Brothers' Biplane.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. Wallowing. 2. Immigrate. 3. Deficient. 4. Arranging. 5. Diphthong. 6. Occultism. 7. Maccabean. 8. Encourage. 9. Snowbound. 10. Garniture. 11. Overshoes. 12. Manifesto. 13. Elaborate. 14. Ascension. 15. Neighbors. 16. Ganglions. 17. Sparkplug. 18. Plurality. 19. Habitable. 20. Incarnate. 21. Penitence.

DIAGONAL. Montana. 1. Madison. 2. Norfolk. 3. Concord. 4. Santa Fé. 5. Chicago. 6. Lansing. 7. Atlanta.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Saint Nicholas. 1. Con-son-ant. 2. Imp-art-ial. 3. Ret-ice-nce. 4. Son-net-eer. 5. Con-ten-ted. 6. Cor-net-ist. 7. Spr-its-ail. 8. Bro-cat-els. 9. Man-hat-tan. 10. Imm-ode-sty. 11. Mal-lea-ble. 12. Inf-ant-ile. 13. Dis-sip-ate.

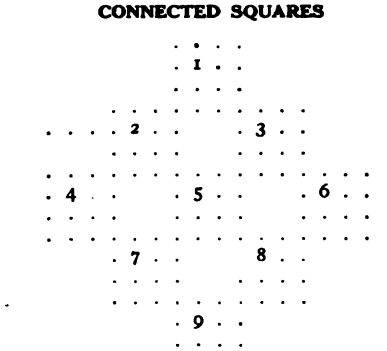
TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddlebox, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received within the time limit, from Barbara Beardsley—Charlotte Ridgeley Cabell—Florence S. Carter—William P. Pratt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were duly received from Gwenfread E. Allen, 8—Mary C. Hamilton, 8—Helen H. McIver, 8—Frances M. Breneman, 7—Virginia Ball, 7—"Three M's," 7—Eloise C. Smith, 6—Mary S. Blackford, 6—Margaret O'Gara, 5—Helena Merriman, 5—Virginia Seaman, 5—Margaret E. McGaughey, 5—Dorothea Darrah, 4—Elizabeth Russle, 4—Virginia Whitney, 4—Betty Raymond, 4—Jennie Looney, 4—Helen Fraker, 3—Frances D. Barry, 3—Dorothy Marshick, 2—No name, 2—Marian E. Willcox, 2—Emil S. Dessonneck, 2—Cornelia B. Hussey, 2—C. E. Bent, 2. One puzzle, A. Bichl—A. Field—D. W. Eckley—M. E. Tracy—M. Cohen—M. Hore—M. Read—D. C. Holmes—B. Wendell—J. Clayton—M. L. Young—M. Shepard—E. Perkins—J. Wennerholm—V. H. Bowman—R. Strauss—R. Y. Kirby—K. A. Harcourt—F. P. Tartt—L. Linerd—M. L. Estes—J. Ascheim—V. Feldman—D. Webster—R. Salomon.

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. 1. To listen. 2. The end of a prayer. 3. A city in Nevada. 4. To be aware of.

II. 1. A masculine name. 2. Qualified. 3. A tribe. 4. A county of England.

III. 1. An outer garment. 2. Lineage. 3. Culmination. 4. To skin.

IV. 1. To be exposed to genial warmth. 2. A prefix meaning "before." 3. A deer. 4. Small barrels.

V. 1. To stumble. 2. A part performed by an actor. 3. Misfortunes. 4. A nuisance.

VI. 1. Cuts off. 2. To stare rudely. 3. A project. 4. Dispatched

VII. 1. To strike. 2. To wash. 3. A river of England. 4. Shut in.

VIII. 1. Part of the foot. 2. A precious stone. 3. Comfort. 4. A winter plaything.

IX. 1. Strikes with a gentle blow. 2. A plant. 3. A perch. 4. Observed.

ANDREW B. FOSTER (age 16), *League Member*.

DIAGONAL

The letters, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell an inheritor. The four cross-words rhyme.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A quadruped. 2. A fruit. 3. A couple. 4. To have on.

WILLIAM TOTH (age 13), *League Member*.

RHYMING BIRDS

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition.)

1. It makes its nest in an orchard wee,
   The cunning, tame little ——.
2. If you go in the woods in May you'll see
   A sad little bird called the —— ——.
3. At times you may hear a scolding note;
   These sounds come from a —— ——.
4. A hanging nest, like a swinging bowl,
   Is built by the dainty ——.
5. One sometimes sees, when they go hunting,
   Our little friend, the —— ——.
6. And all about the fields at dark,
   You may hear the song of the —— ——.
7. And one bright day I overheard
   The jeering song of the —— ——.
8. While round and round at night doth prowl
   The large-eyed bird, the great —— ——.

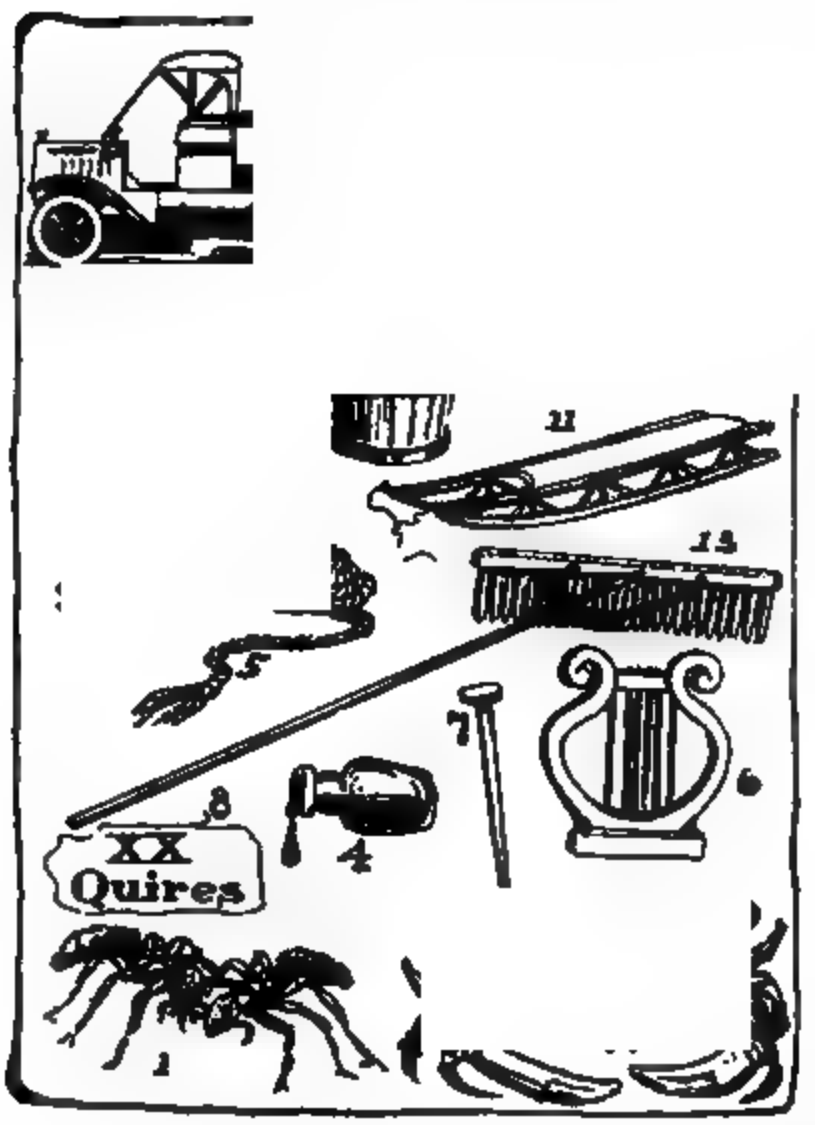
ROSALIND LEALE (age 12).

DIAMOND

1. In subtraction. 2. Confronted in conflict. 3. One of the United States. 4. A color. 5. In subtraction.

CHARLOTTE GREENBOOT (age 15), *League Member*.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG



All of the thirteen pictured objects may be described by words of equal length When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, left-hand letter) will spell a few words often seen in print.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Utah, but not in Idaho;
My second, in Idaho, but not in Kansas;
My third is in Kansas, but not in Kentucky;
My fourth is in Kentucky, but not in South Dakota;
My fifth is in South Dakota, but not in Illinois;
My sixth is in Illinois, but not in Michigan;
My seventh is in Michigan, but not in Wisconsin;
My eighth is in Wisconsin, but not in Vermont;
My ninth is in Vermont, but not in Arizona;
My tenth is in Arizona, but not in Arkansas;
My eleventh is in Arkansas, but not in Georgia;
My twelfth is in Georgia, but not in Colorado;
My thirteenth is in Colorado, but not in Maine;
My fourteenth is in Maine, but not in Wyoming;
My fifteenth is in Wyoming, but not in Utah.
My whole has been eagerly anticipated.

DORIS WALKER (age 13), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American general, and another row of letters will spell the name of a famous American patriot.

Cross-words: 1. A form of verse containing fourteen lines in two rhymes. 2. Not transparent. 3. Superior. 4. Belonging to races or nations. 5. One who reads. 6. To offer. 7. To incite by argument. 8. An idler. 9. To engage for military service. 10. Force.

RUTH LABENBERG (age 14), *League Member*.

ABS NT VOWELS

Nearly all the words in the English language contain one or more of the vowels, a, e, i, o, u, but the words which answer the following definitions do not contain any of these vowels. Example: To shed tears. Answer, cry.

1. A vault under a church. 2. Crafty. 3. One of a vagabond race. 4. To flee. 5. Timid. 6. A meeting-place. 7. To cook in a pan. 8. A popular fable. 9. To inspect closely. 10. A fierce, cat-like animal. 11. An inclosure for swine. 12. To attempt. 13. A dwarf. 14. To go back and forth. 15. A song of praise. 16. An aromatic substance, mentioned in the second chapter of Matthew. 17. A goddess of the mountains, forests, and meadows. 18. Arid. 19. A slender little fairy. 20. To attempt to raise or move 21. Nimble.

MILDRED LULL (age 15), *Honor Member*.

CHARADE

The wintry wind goes shrieking swiftly past;
I am my *first*, before my cheerful *last;*
With thankful heart I rest, my journey o'er,
I 'd be my *whole* did I dare wish for more.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1 A	2 H	3 C	4 N	5 U	6 E	7 E	8 R
9 T	10 E	11 R	12 Y	13 D	14 Z	15 U	16 B
17 U	18 A	19 P	20 E	21 S	22 R	23 G	24 G
25 T	26 I	27 E	28 R	29 V	30 E	31 O	32 E
33 H	34 Y	35 R	36 Y	37 T	38 S	39 S	40 N
41 S	42 O	43 G	44 N	45 E	[illegible] N	47 M	48 E
49 S	50 I	51 N	52 A	53 D	54 A	55 I	56 N
57 S	58 O	59 S	60 N	61 A	62 M	63 R	64 E

BEGIN at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been made correctly, the names of nine places made famous by the Great War may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

FRANK O. REED (age 13).

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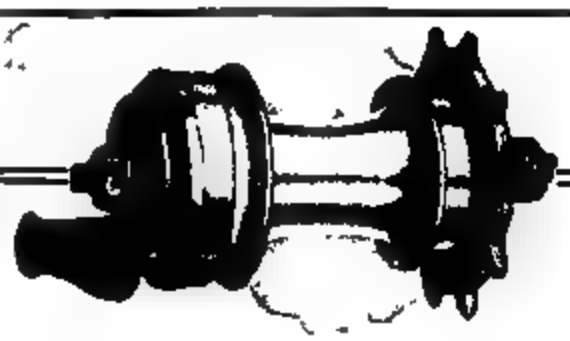

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Springfield, Mass.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

PEACE STAMPS

THE close of the war has brought into existence, for one reason or another, many stamps. And not a few of them, we imagine, were issued primarily for sale to stamp-collectors. Some of them will be very successful in extracting pennies from the pockets of these same stamp-collectors, and others will not. We predict, however, that one of the most successful of all that we have so far seen is the series of three "Peace" stamps issued by Switzerland. We ourselves, hardened as we are by the sight of many series of new issues covering many years, still have left enough enthusiasm to enjoy and revel in this Peace series. Also, it has this advantage — its price will not be so high as to put it beyond the reach of our younger collectors. It is within the limit of the pocketbooks of most of our readers. That 's a big advantage. No matter how beautiful a set of stamps may be, of what interest is it if it costs so hopelessly many dollars. But when it can be bought for dimes instead of dollars—that 's different. As will be seen by the illustrations, there are three stamps, of different designs. Note the size and shape of the stamps, giving unusual space for the scope of the designer in elaborating his ideas. The colors are soft and blend well. The first, the 7½ centimes, has at the left the one word, "Helvetia" (Switzerland). Save for a small space in the upper right corner given to the value, 7½, and the date, 1919, all the rest is occupied by the designer in depicting two fighters, who, at the sound of truce, drop their arms and shake hands. Behind the broken artillery in the center can dimly be seen the white peaks of the Alps. The color is a soft gray, the letters of Helvetia, the date, and the rays issuing from that date are white, making a very harmonious and striking combination. The 10-centimes shows a design typifying "Peace," a female figure bearing in her uplifted right hand an olive-branch, and in her left a bunch of flowers. The figure is yellow and white upon a background of dull terra-cotta. The word, "Helvetia" and the date, 1919, are in yellow, and the value "10" in white. It is a very beautiful stamp—in our judgment, the best of the three. The third stamp has a deep-purple background; the word "Helvetia" in yellow extends across the entire upper part of the stamp in letters which we think too heavy. The date, in figures far apart, is seen across the bottom. At each side of the central design is the value "15" in yellow and purple. The center shows "War," with broken sword, falling prostrate before the white and yellow rays of a flaming sun, which bears the word "Pax." It is striking and dramatic, but by no means so pretty as the other two values. Yet the set as a whole is very attractive. It is well worth owning, and we predict many a boy and many a girl collector will take great pride in its possession.

THE PEACE STAMPS ISSUED BY SWITZERLAND

WHAT IS IT?

THROUGH the courtesy of one of the readers of STAMP PAGE, we are able to illustrate for the pleasure of our other readers a very interesting stamp. The person who sent it did so anonymously, and we are, therefore, unable to thank him, or her, directly, and can only express our appreciation through this Page. Unfortunately, but little information came with the stamp. We do not know whether it was used on letters or not, though we are inclined to think it was not. We are unable to find such a stamp listed in any catalogue. But that proves nothing—so many new issues are arriving, some of which are not yet catalogued. So we illustrate the stamp, and ask any of our readers who know what it is to tell us all about it, or as much as they may happen to know. The stamp is deep blue in color. In the center of the design is a pretty young girl, evidently dressed in some sort of national costume. In both upper corners is the value, 1 cent. In the left lower corner is a coat of arms, probably Czecho-Slovak; in the other lower corner, the shield of the United States. Under the central are the words "Slov.-Liga," and under these is the phrase "Slovensky Brat. Objim Si Mat." A free translation of this would be, "Slovak brother, embrace your mother." This naturally would mean the "Fatherland." But why the two shields in such close conjunction? Why the shield of the United States at all? Can it be that it means something different? The word "Slovensky" is just under the Slovak coat of arms, while the word "Mat" is just under the shield of the United States. Is this accident, or is it design? May not this stamp or label be issued by some National Slovak Association as a recognition of the help given by the United States in liberating and creating the new nation, or perhaps an evidence of the intention of the younger republic to emulate the purposes of the older one? May not the words, "Slovak brother, embrace your mother," mean—"Slovak Republic, honor and emulate this older republic which is your prototype, example, and inspiration"?

"WHAT IS IT?"

As we have asked before, who can help us learn more about this interesting stamp?

Like a breath of Spring to your winter appetite

alone with this particular peach pudding! Halves of perfect peaches, holding sparkling currant jelly and reposing restfully on a most delightful pudding made by boiling together the juice from one container of Libby's Peaches, one cupful of milk and three level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch mixed with one-third cupful sugar and a bit of grated orange peel. When thickened fold in the beaten whites of two eggs. Pour into serving bowl while still warm and arrange peaches on top, filling the hollow of each peach with currant jelly. Try it.

IT'S a bit weary of heavy foods—no doubt—that winter appetite of yours. It needs stimulating, cheering, freshening! And that's just what these delightful Libby's fruits will do—and solidly satisfy you at the same time.

Libby's Peaches, for example big and plump and juicy—ripened to perfect flavor in the golden sunshine of the West and packaged while the bloom is on them! Apricots, pineapples, cherries, asparagus—each comes to you with its full native flavor sealed in—a wonderfully *fresh* flavor you will notice at once.

Bring Springtime to your family today—the simple dish shown here is as easy to make as it is easy to eat. Your grocer has Libby's fruits or can get them for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 902 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Can., Ltd.,
46 E. Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can

Libby's

For

Cleaning Windows Without Water

In freezing weather use Old Dutch dry and have clear, shining windows. Place a small amount of Old Dutch on a dry cotton cloth; fold so one thickness of cloth covers the powder and rub over the glass

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR FEBRUARY, 1920

Frontispiece: "Humbly He Stood Before the Wonderful Bronze." Drawn by George T. Tobin — Page

His Tribute. Story. Illustrated by George T. Tobin — **Mary Wells** — 291

Ten Years of the Boy Scouts. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs — **M. R. Piper** — 296

A Boy Who Has Refused to Grow Up. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs — **James Anderson** — 304

The Treasure-Chest of the Medranos. Serial Story. Illustrated by W. M. Berger — **Elizabeth Howard Atkins** — 306

Grandmother's Story. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch — **George William Ogden** — 314

The Race to the Valley. Story. Illustrated by A. D. Rahn — **Arthur Wallace Peach** — 318

Perfect Mary Jane. Verse — **Nahda Frazee-Wheeler** — 322

Old Mr. Grumps. Verse — **Mabel Livingston Frank** — 322

Johnny Mouse: "This Is a Chance." Picture. Drawn by Clifton Meek — 322

The Crimson Patch. Serial Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea — **Augusta Huiell Seaman** — 323

A Clever Craftsman. Verse — **Sophie E. Redford** — 329

How Elephants "Packed" Their Trunks to America. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs and map — **George Burbank Shattuck** — 330

Little Lady Amy. Picture. From painting by Harrington Mann — 332

Boy Scouts in the North: or, The Blue Pearl. Serial Story. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull — **Samuel Scoville, Jr.** — 333

Mother's "Highwaymen." Verse — **Minnie L. Upton** — 339

How the Bamboo Shadows Saved a Province. Verse. Illustration from a Japanese print — **Ethel Morse** — 340

Lincoln with the Young Folks. Sketch. Illustrated by Oscar Schmidt — **Mrs. Taylor Z. Marshall** — 343

Where Children Love Music. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs and prints — **Christine B. Rowell** — 348

Peddling Poetry. Verse — **Nora Archibald Smith** — 353

For Boys Who Do Things: Illustrated with diagrams

- **Packing-House Village—V** — **A. Russell Bond** — 354
- **A Home-made Sled-Pusher** — **W. M. Butterfield** — 357
- **A Brake for the Roller-Coaster** — **William Harte** — 359

Billy's Way. Verse — **Harriet Prescott Spofford** — 359

The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs and print — **Edward N. Teall** — 360

Nature and Science for Young Folks: Illustrated — 365

The Largest Log House in the World (James Anderson)—**Another Famous Ride** (Francis Dickie)—**But Moose *Can* Be Tamed!** (A. A. Hovey).

For Very Little Folk:

The Little Bear Cub Who Became a Cook. Story. Illustrated by the author — **Frederick S. Church** — 370

St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated — 374

The Letter-Box — 382

The Riddle-Box — 383

St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons — Advertising page — 24

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ST. NICHOLAS

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HIS TRIBUTE

By MARY WELLS

MRS. NORTH paused in her knitting to smile up at the eager face of her fourteen-year-old son.

"I don't know that I have any objection, if your father is willing, Robert. It is n't as if either play came on a school night."

"No," said Bob; "and anyway, I 'd be willing to work like a Trojan the rest of the week for the sake of going. It will be great, Mother! There will be Barry Anderson, and Hal Warren, and Jim Howe, and Ted Brewster—all our crowd. Just think! Edwin Booth! To say nothing of the fun. I 'm almost sure Father will—"

"Father will what?" queried a pleasant voice.

Bob turned quickly. Doctor North stood in the doorway, pulling off his driving gloves. Bob burst into eager explanation.

"You see it 's like this, Father. We 've been studying 'Julius Cæsar' in English class, and we 're going to read other plays of Shakespere later. Professor Kendall has told us a lot about the different actors, and now that Edwin Booth is coming to Chicago, he wants us to hear him—and we want to!

"This morning he told us that they want some extra people down at the theater, and he thinks some of us boys could get a chance 'suping,' as they call it. We 'll get a dollar and twenty-five cents a night. Mother is willing if you are."

Bob paused, out of breath. Doctor North's eyes twinkled.

"So you are thinking of trying out your histrionic ability? I can remember when I had serious thoughts of running away to join the circus, but I don't know that I ever aspired to Shakesperian rôles. For what part do you think of applying?"

Bob took his father's bantering good-naturedly.

"Oh, we 'll probably be the mob in 'Julius Cæsar.' All we 'll have to do is to look interested and yell at the right time. Maybe, though, they 'll let us be soldiers in the Battle of Philippi," he said hopefully, "with helmets and swords. That would be great sport."

He waited anxiously for his father's verdict.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly. "I have tickets for both nights, but we can take Aunt Fanny in your place. Far be it from me to crush the ambitions of an embryonic actor. Mother and I will be on the lookout for you. Orchestra circle, five rows back. If I had known my son was going to take part, I might have engaged a box."

"I 'll wave my hand," said Bob, joyfully, "or my sword if I have one."

"Only remember, Bob," said his father, more seriously, "this does n't establish a precedent. There are plays and plays, and all actors are n't Edwin Booth."

"I know, Father. It 's awfully good of you and Mother to let me do this!" Bob's tone was eloquent.

"Why would n't it be a good plan," suggested Mrs. North, "for you to invite Professor Kendall and the boys here some evening to read 'Hamlet?' You have n't yet studied that in school. Then the play would be so much more interesting."

"You always do think of things, Mother," said Bob. "I know they 'd all like it, and do you think—maybe—if it would n't be too much trouble—we could have cocoa and some of those little nut-cakes?"

"I think, myself, the nut-cakes would help digest 'Hamlet,'" said the doctor, solemnly. "I speak for the cakes. What do you say, Mary?"

"I say," said Mrs. North, laughing, "that you and Bob are two boys together; but I think we can manage the cakes. Here 's Nora to tell us lunch is ready. Come along, son. You must n't be late for the afternoon session. Oh, and be sure not to forget that you 're to go over to Mrs. Anderson's for the pattern she promised me."

"I won't forget," declared Bob. "I told Barry I was coming."

At half past three that afternoon, Bob and Barry came down the steps of the old high school together, their books dangling from straps at their side.

"Let 's go across the park," said Bob. "It 's a lot pleasanter, and cooler, too."

"All right," said Barry; "I 'm agreeable."

Engrossed in boyish conversation, the two strolled through the beautiful public gardens. On either side of the winding paths, tree and shrub were bright with spring, while here and there through the delicate foliage glinted the water of the great lake.

The particular path the boys were following wound through the shrubbery till, like several others, it opened upon a slight rise of ground. Here, instinctively, the two paused. Before them, backed by trees and flanked by massive globes of bronze, rose St. Gaudens's statue of Abraham Lincoln. With the vista of Lincoln Park stretching behind it, it stood "lifted up in grand isolation, as Lincoln himself was lifted above the passions of his time."

For a moment the boys stood gazing, awed by the silent majesty of the figure. Then Barry spoke:

"Do you know, this morning, all the time Professor Kendall was talking about Edwin Booth, I kept thinking about this statue. It was Booth's own brother, John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Lincoln."

Bob nodded. "Yes, and Mother said it was a terrible shock to Edwin Booth. He gave up acting for nearly a year, and he never set foot in Ford's Theater again; for years he never played in Washington."

"Maybe that 's why all his pictures have such a sad look," suggested Barry.

"I should n't be a bit surprised," acquiesced Bob. "Seems to me I 'd look sad if my own brother had killed the greatest American that ever lived."

"Of course, Edwin Booth was n't to blame," said Barry.

"Of course not," assented Bob. "I was only thinking of how he must feel."

"Anyway, I 'm glad we 're going to hear him," said Barry. "Father says he 's wonderful, that no one else compares with him."

"I 'm glad we live in Chicago," said Bob, "where we have a chance to hear and see such splendid things. For instance, I 'm willing to bet there is n't another city in the United States that has a statue like this."

"I bet there is n't, either," said Barry. "It seems just as if he were going to speak, does n't it?"

Bob pointed to the wall where were inscribed the immortal words of the Second Inaugural:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all . . . let us strive on to finish the work we are in—"

"I reckon he really is speaking," he said.

"That 's so," said Barry; "and he would n't bear malice even to the man that killed him."

The week preceding Edwin Booth's visit to Chicago was an exciting one for Bob North and his friends. There were extra reading-classes, interesting talks by Professor Kendall, and the evening session at Doctor North's, where attention was duly divided between 'Hamlet' and the nut-cakes. Then at last came the eventful night when the mysteries of the green-room and stage make-up were revealed to the amateur actors.

"You look as if you had the jaundice," said Bob, surveying critically his friend Barry, who was strutting about attired in a mustard-colored tunic and tousled yellow wig.

"Look at yourself!" retorted Barry. "With those bare knees and that dilapidated jerkin, you 're a cross between a Scottish Highlander and an ash-man. Your wig 's on sideways, too. Say, do you suppose we can ever get this paint off our faces?"

"Don't know," said Bob, doubtfully. "They laid it on pretty thick. Listen! The orchestra is slowing down and there goes the curtain. Come on!" he said excitedly; "let 's stick together."

A sudden flare of light and the proverbial sea of faces stretching from pit to topmost gallery.

> "Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
> Is this a holiday?"

declaimed the tribune sternly. The play had begun.

It was not till the third act that the boys obtained their first good look at Edwin Booth. Then they forgot that he *was* Booth. To them he was Marcus Brutus, and they were members of the Roman populace, gazing at that composed, melancholy face with the speaking eyes, listening to that wonderful voice:

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more."

It seemed to fourteen-year-old Bob that never before had he realized what love of country might mean.

In the general discussion of the play at the breakfast-table the next morning, Bob voiced his sentiments:

"Some of those fellows seemed to be just *saying* their parts; but when it came to Edwin Booth, somehow you forgot he was acting."

"That," said Doctor North, "is what makes an actor, Bob—the ability to make his audience forget."

"I reckon he forgets, himself," said Bob, sagely.

"That 's just it," said his mother. "He sinks his own identity into that of his character. You 'll feel that more than ever when you see him in 'Hamlet.'"

"Barry and I are counting the minutes," said Bob. He looked across the table at his father. "Speaking of Barry, he wants me to stay all night with him. We would like to talk things over while they 're fresh in our minds. I 'll come home for breakfast, of course."

Bob's tone was a little mischievous. With regard to Sunday morning breakfast, his father's rule was as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. All members of the family must be present.

"Talk it over by all means," said the doctor, laughing. "You might as well finish out the week."

"Don't stay awake too long," cautioned Mrs. North.

"I don't think you need worry, Mary," said the doctor. "When two healthy boys strike the pillows, there is not much lying awake."

In his dreams Bob North was once more witnessing the duel between *Hamlet* and *Laertes*. Rapiers flashed and the clang of steel on steel resounded. Then suddenly he opened his eyes. The noise continued. He stared blankly for a moment, then, as comprehension came to him, he reached over to the little bedside stand and turned back the lever of the alarm-clock which had been set for seven. With a wistful look at the calmly sleeping Barry, he clambered out of bed.

Bob was brushing his hair when Barry lazily opened one eye.

"'Lo," he said. "Got to go?"

"If I get home to breakfast, I have," said Bob. "You know Father's rule."

"Sorry you can't stay. See you this afternoon, though," and with a prodigious yawn, Barry buried his curly mop once more in the pillow.

As Bob North entered the park on his short cut home that spring morning, he was going over in memory the plays he had recently witnessed, unaware that he was on his way to a more thrilling drama, of which he was to be sole spectator, a drama whose setting was to be the springing green of tree and shrub, with the arching blue of the sky as canopy and the lilt of singing birds as orchestra.

As far as eye could see, the park was deserted, and Bob had that peculiar feeling of isolation and solemnity that comes to one who in the early hours of the day finds himself alone in the great out-of-door world.

He purposely took the path which led to the Lincoln statue, in which he was so keenly interested, and as he stood before it in the spring sunshine, more than ever its noble simplicity stirred his boyish heart. It seemed to him that he was face to face with a friend whose friendship was warmly personal and yet reached out to all humanity, one whose presence was both inspiration and benediction.

"It 's almost as if we had been having a little talk," thought Bob.

As he turned into one of the paths which branched from the main driveway, the sound of wheels made him pause. He wondered, with some curiosity, who like himself was so early a visitor in the park.

Looking through a break in the bordering hedge, he saw approaching a carriage driven by a white-haired negro coachman. Then, suddenly, his heart gave a leap. Through the glass of the carriage door, he had recognized the finely chiseled, melancholy profile of Edwin Booth. Involuntarily, he drew back behind a clump of shrubbery.

The carriage stopped before the rise of ground on which stood the statue. The actor alighted and with a quiet gesture dismissed the old negro, who, respectfully touching his hat, drove on till the carriage disappeared beyond a bend in the graveled path.

Bob was able neither to advance nor retreat without making his presence known, and, aware that the actor believed himself alone, he hesitated to do either. It seemed best to remain a passive spectator of what might happen. The events of the next few minutes fixed themselves indelibly on the boy's mind.

Never in his greatest rôles had the actor presented a more dramatic figure. He stood with his silk hat reverently in his hand. One corner of the black cape he was wont to wear had blown back over his shoulder. In his buttonhole a crimson rose gave a touch of brilliant color to the somber garb.

Humbly he stood before the wonderful bronze. What sad thoughts and bitter memories filled his heart? He alone knew. From above, the homely, kindly face looked down upon him with that mingled expression of sympathy and understanding which the sculptor had so marvelously depicted.

Into Bob's mind flashed a sentence from one of the speeches which Professor Kendall had read:

"I have never willingly planted a thorn in the bosom of any man."

A ray of sunlight filtered through the leaves upon the face of the statue. It seemed to the boy that the expression became more compassionate, more kindly, as if the great heart would fain radiate comfort.

The actor's gaze turned to the words of the inscription:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all—"

He drew his hand across his face; then, going slowly forward, he took from the lapel of his coat the crimson rose and gently laid it at the feet of Abraham Lincoln. For a long moment he stood with bowed head, then, with a last look, turned away, walking slowly toward the bend beyond which the carriage was waiting. Bob had a glimpse of his face. It was that of one who has seen a vision.

There was a mist in Bob's eyes and a lump in his throat as he came forward. He realized that what he had seen had been no play to the galleries, but the simple tribute of one great man to another.

"I 'm so glad I saw it," he said. "Father and Mother will be interested; so will Barry."

Suddenly, he stopped short. A thought had come to him.

"Maybe, though, I ought not to say anything about it. He thought he was alone. Telling would be almost like reading somebody else's letter and repeating what was in it. I 'd awfully like to tell Mother," he added regretfully, "but I reckon it will have to be a secret between me—and Abraham Lincoln."

Bob smiled at the whimsical conception, and it seemed to him almost as if Lincoln smiled back in friendly understanding.

At breakfast he was so strangely silent that his mother was a little worried.

"Tired, Bob?" she queried finally.

Bob shook his head. "Only my mind—a little. I 've been thinking a lot lately."

"That 's a process that many people find tiring," said the doctor gravely; then, casually, "How 's Barry?"

Perhaps the two chums had had a falling out. That might account for Bob's unusual silence.

Bob grinned. "He was fast asleep the last I saw of him. He 's coming over this afternoon if he wakes up."

The doctor looked across the table at his wife. "I give it up," his glance plainly said.

Only when alone with his mother did Bob make reference to his secret. "There 's something I 'd like to tell you, Mother, only I feel as if it would n't be fair to another person, because, you see, I was n't supposed to know about it. I just happened to see it. That was what I meant when I said I had been doing a lot of thinking."

As Mrs. North looked into the honest blue eyes which met her own so frankly, she had a feeling of pride in her son.

"Do what you think is right, Bob. I 'm sure you 'll be fair."

So the boy put away as a cherished memory what he had seen that spring morning. Not until Edwin Booth had passed into "that still country where the heaviest laden wayfarer at length lays down his load," did he tell of the incident.

MORE than thirty changing years had passed when Robert North, visiting Barry Anderson in New York City, stood before the statue of Edwin Booth. It had been erected in Gramercy Park before the Players' Club, from whose windows the great actor had been wont to watch the drama of the outside world. Now the grave eyes of *Hamlet* rested on the passing throng. Robert North's mind went back across the years to that spring day when Edwin Booth had stood humbly before the statue of Abraham Lincoln. Again he saw the shining in the actor's face. Now, with a smile infinitely tender, he laid at the feet of Edwin Booth a cluster of red roses.

"From Abraham Lincoln," he said.

TEN YEARS OF THE BOY SCOUTS

By M. R. PIPER

TEN years ago, the Boy Scout scheme, adapted from the British Scout Association as founded by Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell, was just being quietly planted in this country by a few far-sighted men, who were also "hind-sighted" enough to remember their own boyhood and to know what is good for boys and what boys are good for. This month, The Boy Scouts of America, celebrating its decennial, numbers a membership of approximately 370,000 boys and over a hundred thousand adult leaders and is the largest and most efficiently organized boys' club in the world, established in every State and nearly every county in the United States as well as in Alaska, Porto Rico, and Hawaii. Three hundred and seventy thousand Boy Scouts, all strong for Scouting, and a movement which, in ten years, has spread from coast to coast and made itself a vital part of the life of our Nation! Rather inspiring,—is n't it?—and worth inquiring into, especially if you are a boy yourself and know that three hundred and seventy thousand boys are n't likely to go in for a thing unless it is the "real stuff"? You can't fool a boy.

"THE SIMPLE LIFE"

Well, Scouting *is* the real stuff and no mistake, real boy stuff at that. It is n't something a group of remote grown-ups think a boy ought to like. It is something he does like, honest to goodness, no two ways about it. Why not? Scouting is hiking and camping and treking, building shacks and house-boats and bird-houses, learning signaling, bridge-building, swimming, following trails through pathless woods, getting on intimate terms with birds and beasts, trees and stars, doing a thousand other fascinating things which are the best of good fun in themselves and yet are also training and education of the most worthwhile sort. And all this is done with a bunch of other fine chaps of about your own age, all interested in the same things, and playing the game according to the same standards and in the same spirit of fair play and good fellowship, and under the leadership of live men who have the same sort of red blood in them as ran in the veins of Daniel Boone and Crockett and Abraham Lincoln. Yes, and Theodore Roosevelt, too, who was himself a scout and a strong believer in the Scout Movement and all it stands for in health and happiness and outdoor life, in good citizenship, generous service, and sturdy all-American patriotism.

Scouting is n't a two-by-four, front-parlor proposition. It is as wide as all out doors, in which it grows and flourishes. Watch a group of scouts, setting out on a Saturday hike, khaki clad, pack on back, staff in hand, and a good scout grin on their faces. You would know just to look at them they were in their native element under open skies.

"TIME TO GET UP!"

Every boy likes to camp out, but it takes a scout to know how to do the thing in first-class

style. He knows how to choose the best camp-site, on soil which is high enough to permit proper drainage and which will hold his tent-pegs firm. You don't catch a scout having to turn out in the middle of the night because a sudden storm has arrived and made his sleeping-quarters look like a trench in Flanders fields. He picks a spot to pitch tent which offers drinkable water—no germs—and burnable wood—no trespassing. He understands camp sanitation and how and why to dispose of camp refuse. He can set up his tent so solidly that the rudest gale will not uproot it, and can build a shack and a browse bed to sleep in and on. But he is by no means dependent upon this sort of shelter and comfort. He can make himself equally at home, if need be, rolled in his blanket with nothing but fragrant pine boughs and fresh air between him and the stars.

"THE TOP O' THE MORNING TO YOU!"

No scout can pass out of the tenderfoot class until he is able to build a fire in the open, using not more than two matches. Some little trick, that, as you can imagine, especially when you remember how easily a merry little west wind can blow out a match and that a wood fire out of doors is as temperamental as a grand opera star, unless handled judiciously! Moreover, a real scout does not even have to be supplied with those two precious matches. If they fail him, he can produce fire by friction as deftly and swiftly as any primitive old Indian. Wet weather does n't daunt him, either. His camp-fire is no exclusively blue-sky product. He knows how to select the right kind of wood, which variety makes a quick, snappy blaze, and which will build a slow, long-lasting fire.

And oh, the "eats" he can produce over the camp-fire or in his self-made stone oven! The servant problem means nothing in his life. He operates on the "self-service" plan. Baked potatoes, fish fresh from the lake, sizzling, delicious bacon, "twist on a stick," pancakes equal to Aunt Jemima's, coffee better than any ambrosia Hebe ever served the lazy gods on Olympus. But we need n't go on—every camper can fill in the details and will feel his own mouth water in envy of that lucky scout. And when the camp meal is over, the clean-up is just as efficient as the preparation. There are no unsightly cans or crumpled papers left in the wake of the scout, and no mischievous small sparks to do big damage. To respect the rights of others and to keep the law are primary scout obligations.

Most of us have eyes and see not. Scouts are taught to use their vision, and incidentally, also, their well-sharpened wits. A scout can tell you approximately how tall a tree is by merely glancing at it. He can estimate distance by application of "scout's pace." You can't lose him, for even if the compass is left behind, he can tell which way north lies by the shadow on his watch, by the way moss grows on the trees, or by the stars at night, and, aside from compass directions, he observes landmarks, trees, boulders, and so forth as he goes along, instead of traveling like a blind man, and consequently can retrace his path if he

A FRESH-AIR BEDROOM

so desires. A Boy Scout on the hike is "mentally awake" as well as physically so.

He knows what kind of trees he sees, and what

FIRST AID: LIFTING THE PATIENT TO THE STRETCHER

bird it was that just called out of the thicket to his mate. He knows which kind of snakes it is suitable to chum with, and which are better avoided. He can tell by an examination of tracks what kind of animal has passed and in what direction the traveler was going. Even Br'er Fox, who doubles on his own path, cannot fool him. He is "on to" the ways of the small folks of the wood, and makes friends with them when he can. He stalks game as patiently and enthusiastically as any hunter, only he does it

YOUNG STRETCHER-BEARERS CARRYING A COMRADE

armed with camera or note-book and not with a gun. This kind of hunting is quite as exciting, too, and quite as exacting in the way of ingenuity and intelligence, as any one who has tried it will testify. Photographing wild life is a great sport in itself.

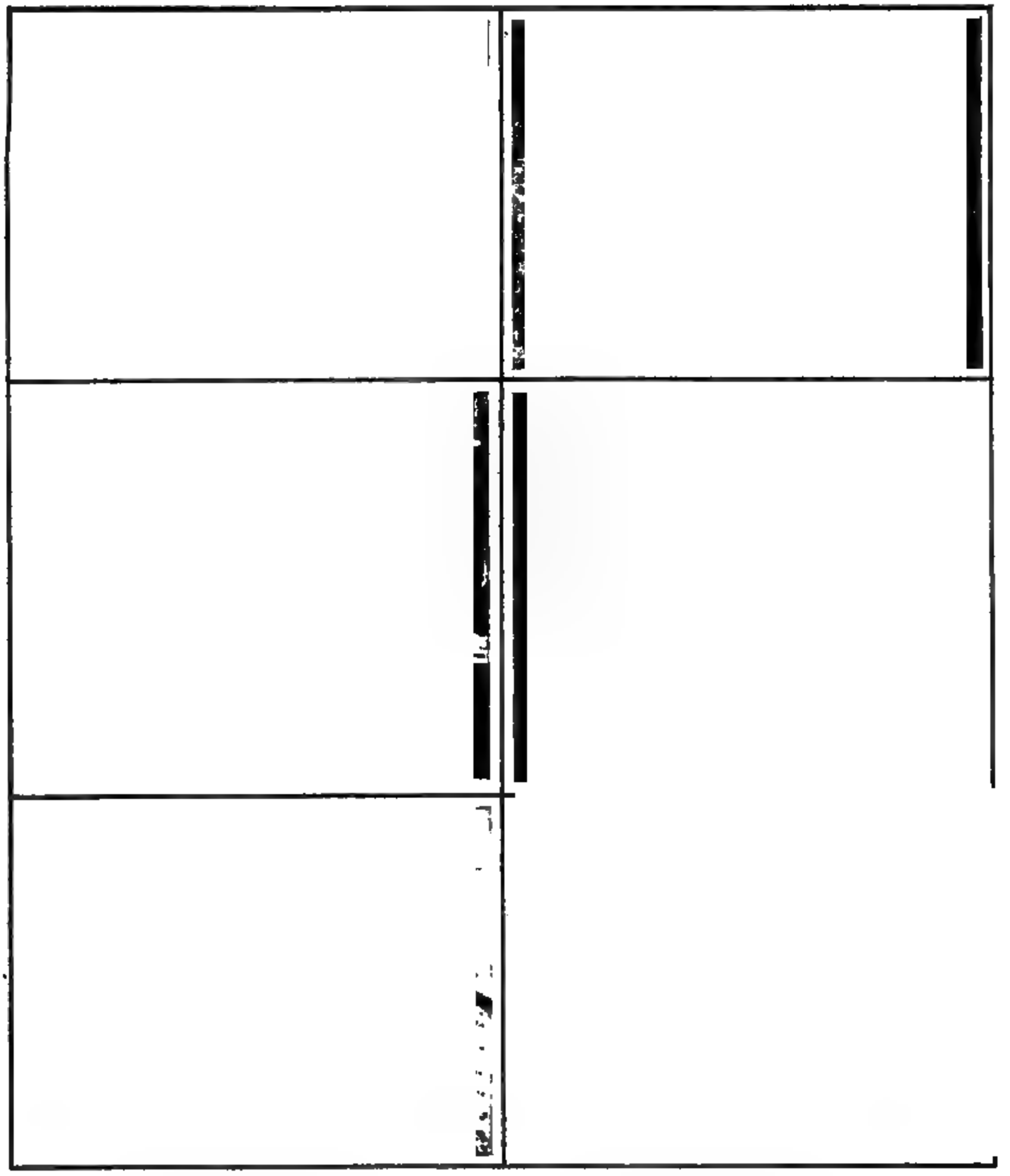
Nothing is meaningless to a scout. A stone upturned, with moisture still on the surface, a misplaced branch, a fallen feather, empty nut-shells, a print in the snow or on the sand, a notch in a tree, all have their message for him. He can follow a trail himself, or leave one that a fellow-scout can follow unerringly. For example, an arbitrary arrangement of twigs or pebbles means "This way" to him. A large flat stone with another smaller stone placed on top of it means "This is the Trail." But when the small stone sits jauntily and purposefully at the right of the big one, then it says to the scout, "Take the right fork." Stones piled three deep, the smallest on top, signifies "Danger! Help!" And so on in-

THE "FIREMAN'S CARRY"

definitely. All things have meaning to eyes that see, and scouting is an undeniable eye-opener.

One of the first tasks of a scout is to master the intricacies of knot-tying. He studies knots and practises tying them until he knows them like a sailor or a lumber-jack. Sheet-bend, timber-hitch, sheep-shank, and the rest—they are all at his command, not merely as a trick performance, but for practical utility.

Signaling, too, is an important part of scout training, elementary for the second-class scout, advanced for the first-class, and real specialization for the first-class scout who elects to go on and qualify for the merit badges in signaling or wireless. A scout can send or receive messages by either the general service code or by semaphore. He can make a heliograph outfit, and flash greetings or information by it from a hilltop to another scout miles away. Scouts in camp erect signal-towers from which they can communicate with troops of scouts in other camps, and they have intertroop or interpatrol contests in signal-practice which are as thrilling as a foot-



"BOY SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE!"

1. THE CANOE ACCIDENT
2. THE RESCUER
3. TOWING THE CANOEIST
4. THE ROWBOAT COMES ALONGSIDE
5. PRACTICE IN TOWING
6. SCHAEFER METHOD OF RESUSCITATION

ball game. So thorough and practical is this part of scout training, that many members of the A. E. F. found advancement quicker in service because they had been scouts. Milton Lowenstein, the Eagle Scout who was selected last spring to drop copies of the President's Boy Scout Proclamation over New York City from an aëroplane, was in the United States Air Service and did gallant work overseas. Scout Lowenstein traces his quick acceptance into the service to his scout training and says that his being an Eagle (the top rank in Scouting, standing for all sorts of attainments, including the passing of stiff Merit Badge requirements in twenty-one sub-

jects) enabled him to be permitted to waive the two years of college requirements.

A first-class scout is required to be able to "read a map correctly and draw from field notes, made on the spot, an intelligible, rough sketch-map, indicating by their proper marks important buildings, roads, trolley-lines, main landmarks, principal elevations etc." Here, too, scout training be helpful to all people at all times" is an important part of scout obligation, and to "Be prepared" is a scout motto. The scout is trained to think and act quickly and efficiently. He does n't get frightened or confused in an emergency, because he has been taught in advance what to do when things happen, how to keep a cool head, use his mother wit, and remember he

A LESSON IN SANITATION: BURNING UP CAMP RUBBISH

came in as an aid to Uncle Sam. For instance, a former Cleveland Scout, Carl Bunder, was selected to do some special map-work at Camp Sheridan last year from among a class of seventy-five men picked from three regiments. Scout training pays.

Incidentally it might be added that an intelligence officer of one of the regiments overseas once remarked that if all his detachment of men had been Boy Scouts, as a few of them had, three fourths of his work in training them would have been eliminated.

First-aid work is another scout specialty. "To is a scout. He may go years without ever having an opportunity to use his first-aid training. On the other hand, the chance may be his to-morrow. And when it does come, he is ready. A whole story could be written on this subject of scout readiness, full of thrilling incident and really heroic deeds accomplished modestly and firmly by Boy Scouts. Being prepared is n't a myth so far as a scout is concerned. It is the real thing.

Last year, William J. McCaferty, of the Rio Grande Secret Service, had his hand blown off while up in the mountains on a hunting-trip with his fourteen-year-old son. He would have bled

to death in a short time if his son had not been with him, and, being a good scout, known exactly what to do. An improvised tourniquet did the business, and a valuable life was saved because a boy was prepared.

Not long ago at Lynchburg, West Virginia, a small boy fell into a lake in the park, as small boys will. He was dragged out unconscious. A physician was sent for, and the usual crowd of useless curious bystanders lined up. A scout arrived and proceeded at once to adminster resuscitation methods. When the doctor got there, the victim was sitting up, breathing naturally. The doctor looked him over, pointed a finger at him, and said solemnly, "Young man, you owe your life to that Boy Scout." So he did. But the Boy Scout was already out of sight. He was n't waiting around to be made a hero of. He had simply done his duty as a scout. That was the end of it as far as he was concerned.

Last summer a little girl who was celebrating Independence Day, not wisely but too well, managed to get her clothing afire. Two scouts happened along. It is queer, but scouts always do seem to be happening along when there is anything to be done. Anyway, it was the work of a few minutes only for them to strip off their coats, smother the flames, and save the celebrater from serious injury, if not from death. That is a hot story. Here is a cold one. A bunch of boys, some of them scouts, were skating last winter, and one of them went through the ice. The ice was exceedingly thin, which made rescue particularly difficult. But you can't stump a scout. They used their shoe-strings and good, trustworthy, scout knots, tied their coats together, and

"WHEN YE HAE NAETHING ELSE TO DO, YE MAY BE AYE STICKING IN A TREE;
IT WILL BE GROWING, JOCK, WHEN YE 'RE SLEEPING"—(*SIR WALTER SCOTT*)

thus improvised a life-line by which the shivering victim was dragged to safety and dry land.

An interesting story of volunteer first-aid of another sort is told of a small boy in Omaha during the recent riots, when the mob was amusing itself endeavoring to burn down the court house and hang the mayor. The police naturally being pretty busy coping with the situation, traffic conditions became uncomfortably congested and

"SCOUTMASTERS WHO CAN LEAD TROOPS OF BOYS LIKE THIS ON A HIKE ARE BUILDERS OF OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE GREATNESS"

even dangerous at a crowded point in the city. A small scout, Verne Joseph by name, observed this, and, gravely placing himself at the critical spot, directed traffic with all the dignity and pose of an authorized traffic officer. "It was n't anything," young Joseph observed afterward; "any fellow could do it. I saw that something had to be done at that corner, because everybody was getting mixed up. People like to have somebody tell them which way to travel. They get used to having a regular cop at the corners, and they get scared if they don't find one. So I just stepped out and started telling them when to come on. Any Boy Scout can do that."

During the last year's devastating influenza epidemic, scouts were in action everywhere, running ambulances, directing nurses, serving as messengers, orderlies, and telephone-operators, carrying soup, distributing "anti-flu" literature, helping to improvise hospitals. In one town, the headquarters of several scout troops were turned over as temporary hospitals, and scouts served in them in shifts of so many hours each for days at a time. The tragedy of the Morgan, New Jersey, munition-plant explosion again found the scouts ready for instant service. Every scout center has a well-worked-out system of mobilization by which its scouts can be called out and got under way in a surprisingly short time. At Morgan, almost immediately after the disaster, scouts from the surrounding towns were on hand, administering first aid, helping the police to keep off looters, looking after children and finding their lost relatives for them, escorting refugees to places of safety, making themselves indispensable in a hundred ways. For a scout has sharp eyes for opportunities for service as well as for trail-marks and hickory-nuts. During the sad days that followed the fearful catastrophe, detachments of Boy Scouts were on duty, practically, continuously doing an enormous amount of work with a minimum of fuss and confusion, and all, as a local newspaper said at the time, "with a gallant courtesy that was fine to see." Scant wonder people are saying everywhere, "What should we do without our scouts?"

When the nation was plunged into war, the National Council of The Boy Scouts of America immediately offered the full strength of its mighty peace army of men and boys for any sort of service for which they were fitted. Patriotic and dignified resolutions to this effect were passed and transmitted to Washington. Almost as promptly, a small boy, on his own initiative, addressed the President as follows:

Dear President Wilson:

I am a first-class Boy Scout, 14 years old. I own a complete wireless set, which I operate by International Morse code. I offer you myself and my wireless for our country. We men have all got to pull together.

And pull together they did, selling bonds and

war-savings stamps, collecting car-loads of gas-mask material, locating and reporting thousands of feet of walnut timber, distributing millions of pieces of patriotic literature, operating thousands of war gardens, helping the American Red Cross, the War Camp Community Service, American Library Association, and all the other splendid organizations and institutions which stood behind the Government in its time of stress. All this, too, is a story too long to tell here, though it is a story well worth recording and considering as a remarkable proof of what boys—just boys—with the right spirit and plenty of patriotic energy can accomplish under good leadership for a great and inspiring cause.

Service is the essence of scouting. And the scout "daily good turn," which few people know about, is the secret of that fine scout spirit which all the world knows. What is a "good turn"? The good turn is simply an act of kindness done to somebody from sheer good-will and friendliness, with no thought or expectation of reward of any kind. It may be as small a thing as helping a timid old lady across the street or feeding a snow-bound bird. It may be as important a service as saving a person from drowning or putting out a fire which, if allowed to spread, would work untold havoc. The bigness or littleness of the service has nothing to do with it. The spirit is what counts.

This year, in celebrating its birthday anniversary, the anniversary which marks a ten-year period of time and looks backward over a fine record and forward into a splendid future of ever-widening possibilities of development, the Boy Scouts have chosen to concentrate the whole celebration upon the daily good-turn idea. They are going to renew their own obligations as loyal Boy Scouts to the doing of that daily act of unselfish kindliness which, multiplied by the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, adds so materially to the world's stock of happiness and well being. But they are going to go a step farther, also. They are suggesting to everybody in the United States, every man, woman, and child, every church, school, and other institution and society, that they, too, take upon themselves the scout pledge to "Do a good turn daily" during the Boy Scout Anniversary Week, which begins February eighth. Rather a good idea, is n't it? Just imagine what the effect would be, for instance, if every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should promise himself or herself to try the thing out for a week, anyway. Would n't it be "rather jolly," as our British friends would say? One fancies good old Saint Nick himself smiling a cozy, con-

DAN BEARD GIVES A LESSON IN WOODCRAFT

tented little smile when he heard about it. Can't you hear him saying something like this? "H-m! So that is the Boy Scout idea, is it? Maybe they think it is original with them. Sounds pretty much like the good old-fashioned Golden Rule to me. Never mind. Who cares whether the thing is original or not, so long as people get to doing it? I have been trying to tell folks for a good many years that they would be a whole lot happier and healthier and better off if they would stop thinking about themselves for a while and go and do something for the other fellow. If the Boy Scouts can make them sit up and listen, I say God bless the Boy Scouts! That 's all."

A BOY WHO HAS REFUSED TO GROW UP

By JAMES ANDERSON

SOME men never grow up, so far as youthful thoughts and actions go, and if there ever was a boy who absolutely refused to do so, it is Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell. Although over sixty years old (he was born in 1857 on the birthday of our Washington), he is just as young in his feelings, just as much in sympathy with boys and their ways, as he was when he was fifteen. General Baden-Powell's visit to this country, last year, was part of a world's tour, undertaken in order to confer personally with scout officials. Before coming to this country, he visited France, Italy, Serbia, Belgium, and Canada.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, THE BOY SCOUT LEADER

At New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and several other cities, huge crowds of Boy Scouts assembled to greet him. General Baden-Powell was accompanied by Lady Baden-Powell, who is chief guide of the Girl Guides, as the girls' organization in Great Britain has always been known.

The main feature of his visit to New York was a welcome-rally one afternoon on the Sheep Meadow of Central Park, at which time there was a mobilization of 20,000 Boy Scouts. This was a formal occasion in which Scouts awaiting Honor Medals and Eagle Scout Badges received them from the hands of Sir Robert himself, an honor these favored boys will never forget.

Because he had always been a boy among boys, because the happiest moments of his life have been spent with youthful companions, Sir Robert, twelve years ago, started in England the Boy Scout Movement.

The new organization was launched under most adverse circumstances. At the time, pacifism was in the air in Great Britain, where many people believed the already small English army should be reduced in size, and abused the late Field-Marshal Lord Roberts as a scare-monger when he preached the doctrine of military preparedness. The public frowned upon the Boy Scout Movement as an attempt to militarize—"Prussianize" was the word used—the youth of the United Kingdom. It was assailed and ridiculed from the pulpit, from the platform, and in the press, and, above all, it was discountenanced and discouraged in every way by the War Department and by those who were then in authority at Whitehall.

Fortunately for the Boy Scout Movement, and for boyhood the world over, it excited the interest and, in course of time, won the good will and support of Lord Roberts, who was quick to appreciate the fact that boys trained according to the plans of Baden-Powell would grow up not only into first-rate citizens, but also into well-disciplined, and, therefore, useful defenders of their country.

Through the veteran field-marshal, the attention of the late King Edward was attracted to the organization. In the early fall of 1909 Baden-Powell was "commanded" by the king to visit him at Balmoral. The general's stay at the highland home of his sovereign was prolonged for several days, during which time Edward VII went carefully into the various phases of the movement, made certain very useful and practical suggestions, and ended by giving his hearty and enthusiastic approval of the organization, promising the general that he would take the earliest opportunity possible to review the Boy Scouts, so as to give a public recognition of the force. It is said that it was Baden-Powell's youthful enthusiasm which went far toward

convincing the king that the Boy Scouts, under his organization, would prove a success. He quickly gained the impression that the general was not only a gallant and capable soldier, but a boy among boys, and probably the one man in the world capable of successfully carrying out the undertaking.

When Baden-Powell left Balmoral, he had become Sir Robert, and had received, at the hands of his royal host, the Star of a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

Perhaps one of the reasons for the great hold Sir Robert is able to gain over boys is his ability as an entertainer. Indeed, it is said that his rapid advancement in the British army, years before the Boy Scout movement was born, was due to this same qualification, as he first commended himself to the good will of his immediate superiors by the talent which he displayed as a mimic, a singer, and a musician. The story goes that at his first mess dinner, after joining the Thirteenth Hussars as a subaltern, when he was only about seventeen years of age, he was commanded to sing a song, with the idea of subjecting him to the same amount of mild hazing which falls to the share of almost every new recruit. It was expected that this Charterhouse boy would make the same embarrassed exhibition of himself as do most other young English officers, who are, as a rule, somewhat shy and diffident. Instead of that, he asked permission to accompany himself on the piano and treated his hearers to such a performance that they kept him at it for nearly two hours, treating him to round after round of applause.

The spontaneity of his efforts and the fresh boyish enthusiasm he put into them was what won his audience, and, although Baden-Powell has had a wider experience since then, everything he does to-day is still marked with the same buoyant good spirits.

While Sir Robert has seen much military service, his fame as a soldier rests largely on his wonderfully efficient defence of Mafeking, one of the finest features of the South African War, rivaling that of Ladysmith, for which General Sir George White received the baton of a Field-marshal.

Like every other old soldier on the retired list, Sir Robert rejoined the army on the outbreak of the Great War in August, 1914, and, attached to the Headquarters Staff in France, rendered services of a secret, yet of an extraordinarily valuable, character in connection with the Intelligence Department. The War was the great opportunity for Sir Robert's Boy Scouts to prove their worth and usefulness, and they made good in a most impressive fashion. Those in Great Britain took over duties at home, which relieved a force of nearly 50,000 soldiers for service at the front. They watched the coasts of the United Kingdom by day and by night, kept watch on suspects, helped to guard prison camps, and, with every faculty and sense on the alert, rendered services without number to the military, the naval, and the civil authorities. Indeed, through their agency a number of attacks by the enemy on the coast were frustrated, and no less than thirty German submarines haunting territorial waters were either bagged or destroyed.

Gilliams Service

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

The Boy Scouts of America are not primarily a military organization, but one that in every way cultivates manliness and makes for good citizenship. And what they did for their country during the great conflict is a story much too well known to need repeating now. The Grand Scout-Master has lived to see the Boy Scout Movement adopted in Australia, in Japan and China, and in well-nigh every country in South America, but nowhere has it been taken up with quite so much enthusiasm as in the United States, the organization seeming to pull at the very heartstrings of red-blooded American boys.

THE TREASURE-CHEST OF THE MEDRANOS

By ELIZABETH HOWARD ATKINS

CHAPTER VII

EL SEÑOR CARLOS

LATER that night, as Ximeno took his nightly stroll over the Medrano Rancho, he saw two horsemen going along the road in the direction of Santa Barbara.

But there was nothing unusual in that, and he lit another pipe and listened to the frogs croaking and thought about the fiesta which was soon to take place—and was he not himself to go into Santa Barbara to be a guest at the wedding?

However, Ximeno would not have puffed his pipe quite so comfortably had he overheard what those late travelers were saying to each other, as they rode on up the hill through the groves of oak and madroño that moonlit night.

For a long time the elder of the two had ridden on in silence, a silence which his companion could at last endure no longer.

"*El Señor*," he said plaintively, "art thou to tell Lorenzo nothing?"

The other stirred from his reverie, but it was not to enlighten Lorenzo; it was to ask a question—an absurd one, too, thought his companion, indignantly!

"Lorenzo, dost thou remember the child I told thee about yesterday?"

Now it was Lorenzo's turn to remain silent. But *El Señor Carlos* (for it was no other than he!) continued:

"She showed me great confidence, Lorenzo. I cannot have such a bad face, and yet I have done many bad things! She stood there smiling at me —under the big madroño—at *me*, Lorenzo!"

Lorenzo gnawed his mustachios impatiently.

"To-night I have seen her again. She crossed the court, with her doll in her arms, while I was playing hide-and-seek in the rose-bushes. It is a long time since I have played hide-and-seek, Lorenzo!"

"It would seem that thou art playing the fool now, *El Señor!*"

Carlos reined in his horse, and laid his hand gently, but firmly, upon Lorenzo's shoulder.

"I have such a weakness for the young," said he, with astonishment, "that I cannot even kill thee, Lorenzo! In the old brave times *El Señor Carlos* would have struck a man down for less. Well for thee that I have not the temper of my old days!"

"But surely, *El Señor*, thou hast brought news," said the other, reproachfully.

"What news, *amigo?* [friend]" inquired Carlos, nonchalantly, as he rolled a fresh *cigarillo*.

Lorenzo's mouth hung open and he clutched the pommel of his saddle. He was a young and serious *bandido*.

"But the Inheritance? The Medrano Inheritance?" he almost whined.

His companion paused to light his *cigarillo*.

"Well," he said at last, "what is rumored is not always so, my son. But now I have seen with my own eyes."

"And it is worth our trouble, *Señor?*"

"It is a wonder I was not struck blind by the sight, as I stood with my nose pressed to the window-pane, where one small hole in the curtain permitted me to see everything! Pearls—as big as the berries of the manzanita, white as milk, lustrous as yonder moon. They would turn a *bandido* into a poet, Lorenzo."

"And the plate—it is also magnificent?"

"Ah, of a splendor unsurpassed, *amigo*. The little girl was very amusing. She thought the great goblet must have been made for a giant! Lorenzo, it is a great pity that I did not have a daughter! My life might have been so different! What think you, Lorenzo?"

But Lorenzo said nothing. His thoughts were too deep for utterance. He was a young and serious *bandido*, and *El Señor* had promised him many things.

CHAPTER VIII

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING

THE next day, Don Felipe Alvarez returned to Santa Barbara.

As the stage departed, he had called out, holding up his hand with all the fingers extended, "In so many days, Felisa, we shall be dancing the fandango together!"

The hacienda was now all in a bustle of preparation. Juancito shelled beans all day long, yet with a light heart when he thought of those fine shoes he was to wear to the wedding. Such tortillas as were baked in Josefa's cavernous oven, made of maize and sweetened with honey; *buñuelos* of white cornmeal, fried, like doughnuts, in big kettles of boiling lard; *azucarillos* (little white cakes made of crystallized sugar) in tempting profusion.

Felisa frequently deserted her doll long enough to scrape out the bowls in which something especially delicious had been mixed—and Juancito came in for a spoonful now and then, over which

he smacked his lips appreciatively. Even Nino and the cat took an interest in what was going on, and quarreled over any crumbs which happened to fall, during the excitement, on the earthen floor of the kitchen.

Bags bulging with scarlet pimentoes, oranges, and the yellow *pomelo* (or grape fruit) began to accumulate in the courtyard. There were little golden loquats and ripe pomegranates, too; bags of dried figs and dates. Old Ximeno bundled the dry, whitened corn-husks together, which were to be used in the making of the tamales.

Josefa directed everything. Like a figure of Plenty, spoon in hand, her round face beaming like the sun, she reigned supreme in the Medrano hacienda.

"For if all Santa Barbara is to come to the fiesta," she exclaimed, "it shall not be said that there was not an abundance for all! And how can one be certain that Doña Serafina, who has but a bird's appetite herself, will provide anything but chilis?"

Therefore the preparations went forward lavishly.

In these busy times no one had a moment for Felisa. She would have been positively lonely had it not been for Rosita. But all day long she played with the doll. She was the mother and Rosita was the daughter. She praised Rosita, scolded her (after the fashion of Josefa), kissed her, tended her through a serious illness lasting one whole day, told her all Josefa's stories (especially those about the *bandidos*). The doll looked at her with shining eyes, smiling red lips. Felisa almost fancied she might come alive and speak.

So the days passed and the great morning of departure arrived. It began at dawn with the packing of Ximeno's ox-cart. Every one had bundles, boxes, bags, to dispose of.—Don Fernando, Ysabella, Felisa, Josefa herself—one would think that the Medrano family were going to stay a year with Aunt Serafina and Uncle Pedro. It was an imposing sight, certainly.

Juancito, who was to sit behind amidst the cargo, in order to see that nothing was lost or stolen, placed himself upon a box in the bottom of the cart. Then other boxes, bundles, and bags were piled about him. Bit by bit Juancito disappeared. He was submerged. At last only his round and serious face could be seen rising in the midst.

Suddenly Juancito cries out (his face is the picture of anguish), "I have forgotten to put on my shoes!"

"You bad boy!" says his father, "You deserve to go without!"

Juancito wails and sniffles, and some one must dry his tears with a handkerchief—he cannot be extricated! Therefore, the shoes are set on top of everything, and the tantalizing sight provokes fresh tears.

Presently—what an oversight!—it is discovered there is no room for Ximeno to stand in front!

"But no doubt the ox-cart can drive itself!" Ximeno remarks, with cutting sarcasm, to Josefa,

"JOSEFA, WITH A PASTRY IN EACH HAND AND A CAKE BALANCED ON HER HEAD"

who at that moment appears, out of breath, from the kitchen with a monumental pastry in each hand, and a cake, yes, balanced on her head!

Everything must be taken out and arranged all over again.

This is pleasing to Juancito, the slave of fashion,, who wriggles out joyfully and puts himself into the shoes. They hurt his bare toes, but what matter—he is going to a wedding! Clad, assuredly, like the angels "*á la puerta des cielos*"!

This time Don Fernando himself packed the cart. There was a place for everything—the corn-husks here, the *tortilla de maiz* there.

"What is that bundle?" Josefa inquired.

"That? Oh, that contains chilis for Doña Serafina," Don Fernando replied. "Take special care of those chilis, Ximeno."

Soon everything was disposed of, as neatly, as compactly, as a cargo on the *Santa Maria;* with Juancito sitting (like the goblin in the fairy-tale) on top, dangling his heels happily in the shoes of Josefa's grandmother; and plenty of room for Ximeno to stand up in front and drive his long-horned oxen.

The wooden cart was certainly well laden. It was a cumbersome affair, with solid wooden wheels. It creaked and groaned ominously. One might wonder, in these days, how Ximeno would ever reach Santa Barbara at all. But then, no one had any misgivings.

Ximeno stood in front, his sombrero pulled so far over his eyes that the only feature visible was his wide, thin-lipped mouth. Juancito waved his hand solemnly in farewell.

Felisa could hardly drink her chocolate or eat her *tortilla de maiz,* she was so excited. All Rosita's belongings were packed, Rosita herself lay in the midst of her grandeur, and Felisa wore the key of the chest around her neck on a bit of ribbon. She could not have trusted the doll to Ximeno. Rosita would travel on the stage.

Then Felisa was summoned to be dressed for the journey. *Cielo!* she had got her face dirty—and her hands! Josefa was distracted.

Between scrubs, Felisa said, "In two nights, I shall be dancing the fandango with Don Felipe."

"Indeed yes! But thou must stand still now. Thou art not yet dancing at the ball, *querida mia!*" ["my darling!"]

"Please do not scrub my cheeks so roughly, Josefa."

"I wish to bring the roses into them—what would you!" answered the old nurse.

Presently, Felisa was standing in the patio, in a red frock with a black velvet bodice—a reboso of thin black silk wrapped about her head. She felt very happy and excited.

It was too bad that Rosita would not be able to look about her, as they traveled from the Rancho into Santa Barbara. Felisa would have liked to hold the doll in her arms, but she was safer, no doubt, away from the hot sun, in the cool darkness of the "treasure-chest."

Arrayed, herself, in unwonted splendor, Josefa fluttered about like the hen with one chick.

"Thou hadst best wear thy cloak, child. Hast thou a handkerchief? Bless me! Thou hast already a smut on the end of thy nose!"

Now the stage drew up before the hacienda.

The whole patio seemed blocked with boxes—as if enough had not gone away earlier in Ximeno's ox-cart!

Suddenly Felisa had thought of something. She took Don Fernando's arm and asked in a whisper, "*Our inheritance?*"

"Never fear, *preciosa mia,* it is safe."

"You see, I have my treasure-chest, too," Felisa said, lifting the doll's trunk in her arms; but she nearly tumbled over; she was such a little thing, and the chest so majestic an affair.

Don Fernando laughed and took it from her, saying, "I 'll take care of it for you."

The moment of departure had arrived! Don Fernando gave Ysabella his hand. Then Felisa was lifted up, and insisted upon having the doll's trunk placed on her knees. She could hardly see over the top of it. The sight so convulsed Josefa that she could scarcely get breath enough to clamber up herself.

Last of all, Don Fernando Medrano mounted to the high seat, and they were off.

All the dogs barked, Nino loudest of all.

"I won't forget to bring you the bone I promised," Felisa cried.

Every servant on the Rancho stood in front of the house to bid them good-by. Ysabella waved her hand and laughed and cried at the same time, and threw a kiss to the blue mountains, the oak-trees, to the long adobe house with its shady galleries. The driver whipped up his horses.

"*Á Dios! Á Dios!*" cried every one.

CHAPTER IX

ROSITA AND THE *BANDIDOS*

THE stage descended the little hill, passed through the woodland (where Felisa had encountered the strange caballero, whom we know now to have been no other than *El Señor Carlos* himself!), and presently swung out into the highroad with a great flourish.

Felisa clasped the "treasure-chest," as it had come familiarly to be called, nobly with both hands as the big stage swayed from side to side.

"It is too bad that Rosita cannot see anything," she said.

"Certainly the sun would melt her nose before the day is over, if you were to take her out," Josefa replied, "She is better where she is."

"Yes, I think so, too," said Felisa, with resignation. "But look how pretty everything is!"

There were veritable carpets of flowers upon the hillsides—patches of blue lupines, rosy Godetias, and golden poppies. Along the road the wild mustard made a high hedge of yellow, waving bloom. Groups of oak-trees nestled in every little cañon. The sleek red trunk of the madroño was revealed beneath its dry and curling bark—as if some Indian dryad of the woods were emerging from her prison. The buckeyes were in

bloom; their tall flowers were like the white candles in the Mission, Felisa thought. Butterflies were everywhere; larks singing. Like a trailing reboso of some mysterious fabric, a thin veil of fog clung to the crest of Santa Ynés. Everything was delicious—the cool, fresh, morning air against their faces, the caressing warmth of the sunshine.

They had left the little cañons and the fields far behind, and were slowly climbing the winding road to the highest point in the pass, when suddenly, with a horrid jolt, Felisa was awakened. The stage had stopped so suddenly that they were all thrown forward in their seats. Some one screamed—it was Ysabella. Josefa made hoarse,

"THE WOODEN CART WAS CERTAINLY WELL LADEN"

A blue-jay looked down from an overhanging branch and scolded them querulously. A little rabbit dashed out into the road, with a frightened pause as it saw the horses bearing down upon it, and then scuttled away into the fields, to relate, no doubt, the terrifying adventure to its family in the burrow.

It was not long before they had overtaken Ximeno and the ox-cart. Ximeno was standing up in front, half nodding over the reins. Juancito sat on top embracing the large cake, tied up in a cloth, which had given him a great deal of trouble, as it would stay nowhere—it seemed alive and anxious to jump off every minute. Ximeno turned out to let the stage pass, and was soon left behind in a cloud of dust.

Felisa was very happy. But as the heat of the day grew more intense, she leaned against her father's arm, and fell quite fast asleep. Yet still tightly, even while she slept, she held Rosita's "treasure-chest" in her arms. But at last her fingers relaxed their hold, and gently Don Fernando took it on his own knees.

half-inaudible noises, like some one having a horrible nightmare.

"Heaven save us! The *bandidos!*" cried the stage-driver, turning pale, and holding up his hands.

"Can it be a dream?" thought Felisa, as she rubbed her eyes, and clung to her father's arm.

A masked man had apparently risen out of the earth in front of them. He caught the bridle of the plunging leader with one hand, while with the other he pointed the muzzle of his great pistol at the driver's head. He was on foot, and a beautiful black horse was grazing, unconcernedly, beside the road. This man was impressively tall and very calm, almost indifferent. Behind the mask his eyes could be seen, languid and dark. They looked straight into Felisa's.

Suddenly Josefa found her voice: "*Infelis de mi!* ["Unhappy that I am!"] There are two of them!"

At her side of the stage, another terrifying figure had appeared. This man was mounted, and Felisa shivered to see how he drove his spurs into

the horse's flanks and pressed the quivering animal close against the wheel of the stage. Behind his black mask his eyes gleamed, and with the effort of wheeling his horse, he ground his teeth together.

Then, before any one knew what he was about, he had risen in his stirrups, and, reaching out a long arm, he snatched the doll's trunk from Don Fernando's lap with an unmistakable yell of triumph! At the same moment, the *bandido* who held the leader, released him, struck at his flanks with the butt of his pistol, and off the frightened horses tore—down the hill, over the summit of the pass, the stage lurching and swaying.

Now it was Felisa who found her voice—"My Rosita!" Tears streamed down her pale cheeks. "Why did they take my doll? Oh, why? My darling!"

She leaned out over the back of the stage, her imploring hands outstretched toward the two figures still visible at the top of the steep grade.

"*Querida!*" [darling!] she cried, once again.

CHAPTER X

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR LORENZO

El Señor Carlos removed his sombrero and ran his hand through his thick black hair.

"The little one is grieved, Lorenzo."

Lorenzo regarded his superior with no little curiosity, with scorn, even. Was this the terror of Alta California, the bold man of the roads—*El Señor Carlos*—he who had a price set upon his head? Lorenzo's lip curled, but he said nothing.

As long as the stage was visible, *El Señor Carlos* stood in the road, pensively twirling his mustachios.

"One would not think," said he, as it finally disappeared around the curve at the foot of the hill, "that the little one would be so attached to the Medrano Inheritance. Can pearls mean so much to a child, Lorenzo? Or perhaps it was the giant's drinking-cup she valued. Poor little one! Did you notice how pretty she was, Lorenzo?"

Lorenzo shrugged his shoulders and bit his lip. Oh, for once to speak one's mind freely! But no—one might die for that, and life was still sweet.

Yet, after all, here was the booty—the Medrano Inheritance was theirs! Lorenzo shook the doll's trunk in delightful anticipation, weighing it thoughtfully. "It is heavier than I thought it would be. Yet the goblet is of solid gold, it is said. And what a beautiful treasure-chest, *El Señor*. You have a taste in these things. Unfortunately, it is locked. We might have asked for the key, but one forgets one's manners at times, is it not so? The lock-plate is a work of art, *amigo*, and it is a great pity to scratch it!"

They had left the road now and were climbing the hill through the chaparral, leading their horses, who trampled the lupine under their feet.

Lorenzo chattered enthusiastically to his silent companion.

"But Don Fernando, the stupid! To carry the treasures thus—for all the world to see! Yet the wise profit by the innocence of fools, is it not so, *amigo?*"

Presently they had come to a little hollow, and there *El Señor* tethered the horses where they could nibble to their hearts' content. A spring trickled from the rocks and the grass was tender and green. It was one of Carlos's favorite retreats from a world—he was beginning to confess to himself—of which he was rather weary.

Here, though up so high, they were out of sight of the road.

Carlos gazed out over the hills toward the sea. The blue island of Santa Cruz seemed suspended between earth and sky. Like a long white ribbon, the line of surf stretched toward El Rincon.

But *El Señor Carlos* was not really thinking about the lovely scene which he appeared to be so intently regarding. What he really saw was the white face of little Felisa Medrano, with dark eyes brimming over with tears, with appealing hands outstretched. To have taken away the Medrano pearls, and the golden goblet—and from a child! She wished to drink her milk out of it, he remembered, with a little pang.

Meanwhile, Lorenzo had flung himself on the grass at full length. He gave vent to his delight at the success of their adventure and kicked up his heels like a young colt.

"To see the old gentleman's face—with his mouth like a round 'O', *amigo!*"

Lorenzo was undoubtedly a young and enthusiastic *bandido*. He gazed fondly at the treasure-chest. He even patted it lovingly.

But *El Señor Carlos* puffed his *cigarillo* calmly, and looked out to sea.

Lorenzo now bestirred himself. Delightful anticipations should now become realities!

"Unhappy me! The lock is so pretty—but I shall have to break it!" he cried, with mock distress.

Then it was that *El Señor Carlos* emerged from his silence.

"Lorenzo, she called me 'darling.' I heard her distinctly."

Lorenzo sat up and gazed at his companion with an incredulous, an indignant, expression.

"*Amigo*, thou hast had a touch of the sun!"

"Not so, Lorenzo. I heard her with my own ears—'My darling!'" He paused and then continued disconsolately: "Had it not been for my

promise to thee, Lorenzo, I should never have attempted this robbery. How I regret to have robbed the little one of her Inheritance! And yet she, who might have cast upon me bitter

had had "a touch of the sun." He stared confusedly. His mouth hung open.

On her pile of finery, Rosita lay, graceful and elegant, her blue eyes gazing into Lorenzo's in

"LORENZO, UPON HIS KNEES, GAZED FASCINATED"

reproaches, but cries piteously, 'My darling!' Is it possible that she remembers the day we talked under the madroño?"

"Bah!" said Lorenzo, and prepared to die if need be.

But *El Señor* was indifferent to insult now. Pensively he puffed his *cigarillo*.

With a gesture of scorn, Lorenzo struck at the lock of the doll's trunk with the butt of his pistol. Would it never give way? He pried it frantically with the point of his stiletto, while Carlos watched him languidly, with as much indifference as though he had really known what the box contained.

Finally, with a snap, the lock gave way, and Lorenzo, with a showman's bravado, triumphantly flung back the lid.

Then it was that Lorenzo himself felt that he

amiable innocence, her lips arched in that imperishable smile. Nothing could disturb Rosita—she was a doll!

Lorenzo, upon his knees, gazed fascinated. A groan of horror escaped his lips!

El Señor stared also.

Presently he picked up Rosita. He laughed gently, as he held her in his two great hands, very carefully, so as not to muss her frills.

"This is indeed a treasure, Lorenzo!" he exclaimed. He was lost in wonder and admiration. Why, this doll seemed almost alive—he had never seen anything like it!

"*Cielo!* She opens and shuts her eyes like a real child."

But poor Lorenzo had reached the limit of his endurance. It was too much, this! With one well-directed kick of his elegantly booted foot, he

sent the doll's trunk—the lately admired "treasure-chest" of the Medrano family—flying through the air—over the chaparral—over the live-oak trees.

CHAPTER XI

XIMENO HAS A STRANGE ADVENTURE

DOWN on the road, an ox-cart, in which the Indian Ximeno stood, drowsy from the heat of the day and the monotonous jogging of his equipage, was slowly making its way to Santa Barbara. Juancito lay fast asleep upon a sack of dried fruit.

Suddenly, Ximeno awoke from his dream with a jerk. Something had come flying through the air, narrowly grazing his head. It was the doll's trunk, but it had come with such celerity that Ximeno had no time to recognize it. Over his head it lunged like a bolt from Heaven, and then tumbled down into the cañon. At the same moment the air seemed filled with a veritable snow-storm of small objects (it was the dainty wardrobe of Rosita), and Juancito awoke just in time to be caught in the shower. He sprang from the cart, beating them off with his hands. He was terrified. On a run, he started on an independent journey to Santa Barbara. Muttering protective prayers, old Ximeno lashed the whip furiously, and the ox-cart started down the hill with a tremendous bumping and rattling, almost as swiftly as the stage itself had descended an hour or so before.

Soon the cart passed the Mission of Santa Barbara, where the padres, working in the garden, wished old Ximeno a blessing, and he breathed more easily and drove on peacefully till he came to Don Pedro Valencia's house, in sight of the presidio and the new cannon and the drilling soldiers, which was reassuring to one who had just avoided an encounter with "the Evil One!"

Don Fernando was pacing up and down in front of his brother-in-law's house. When he saw Ximeno, he gave a sigh of relief, and straightway went up to the cart and peered into it.

"Well, thou hast taken good care not to lose Doña Serafina's chilis, Ximeno," he said, "and that is well. For the stage was held up. We were robbed."

Ximeno started. "Oh, *Señor!* But not—not of the Medrano Inheritance!"

Felisa was standing close to her father, and Don Fernando put his arm tenderly about her.

"No. But far worse, Ximeno. *El Señor Carlos* has stolen Felisa's doll."

"The doll—" Ximeno gasped.

"The *bandido* mistook the doll's trunk for the treasure-chest containing the Medrano Inheritance," explained Don Fernando, sadly.

Yet, *Señor*—what of the treasure?"

"That is for you to say, Ximeno," Don Fernando answered.

"How, *Señor?*" Ximeno questioned, blankly.

Don Fernando reached into the cart and drew out the sack of chilis. It was so heavy that Ximeno had to help him carry it into the house. Once indoors, Don Fernando burrowed into the center of the sack, scattering the chilis in confusion, and, to the wonder of all, here, smothered in that favorite delicacy of Aunt Serafina's, was nothing less than the Medrano Inheritance, which had safely made, in this humble fashion, its entry into Santa Barbara!

"Thou wert a good custodian, Ximeno."

Ximeno scratched his head and grinned.

"Didst thou thyself have no adventure on the road? Didst thou meet no one?"

"Only the Evil One, *Señor*," Ximeno replied politely.

But no one really noticed Ximeno's modest reference to his supernatural encounter, for, at that very moment, Felisa could control her grief no longer. Perhaps it was the sight of the Inheritance. She had lost her own particular treasure! She sobbed as though her heart would break.

Aunt Serafina clasped the poor little girl in her arms.

"Be comforted, Felisa, my darling, for I am certain that Don Felipe will not rest until he has sent to the City of Mexico for another doll."

"But I do not want another doll, Aunt Serafina! And Rosita does not like to be stolen by *bandidos!*"

"But they might be really kind, charming *bandidos*," protested Aunt Serafina, brightly.

"She will be cold up there in the mountains!"

"But they might build a fire to warm her, when they find that they are entertaining a grand lady from the City of Mexico, *querida*."

"And it would melt her beautiful nose!"

Felisa could not help weeping afresh at the thought.

So Ximeno had no opportunity to tell about his adventure.

(To be concluded)

THERE now, quit yer tasin'; wan story I 'll tell,
Just the wan, and no more.
For it 's bedtime it is, as ye know very well;
So I 'll go bar the door.
An' it 's still ye 'll be sittin'
The whiles I am knittin'.
An' don't interrupt me now, Kathleen asthore,
Wid yer questions, a-askin' the why an' where-
fore!

II

What shall I be tellin'? How Finn wid his men,
In their ship of stone,
Sailed over the edge of the world, an' when
The fightin' was done,
An' a year an' a day
Had passed away,
Finn McCoul came back, wid his heroes bold,
Each wan o' them wearin' a crown o' gold?

III

Not that wan, ye say? I 'll be tellin' ye, then,
How, a long time ago,
Me grandfather's cousin, who lived in the glen
Beyant Bally McCleough,
On the Little Folk chancin',
Jined in wid their dancin'!
I used to climb up on the ould fellah's knee
When he came to our cot, an' he 'd tell it to me.

V

Sure, he was that soople in them days, he said,
He made the folks stare;
He could tap wid his heel on the back of his head,
So he used to declare;
An' says he to me, "Mary,
In all Tipperary
There was n't me like. I could spring in the air,
An' four times click me heels while I held meself there!"

IV

Now, mind ye, when all o' this happened to hi
He was not an ould man.
What is it ye 're askin'? his name? It was Jim
James Pathrick McCann;
An' me grandfather's cousin.
I 've told ye a dozen
Of times; ye 've a right, now, to mind what ye 've heard,
And not make me tell it each time, word for word.

VI

VII

An' when he crept closer, ye must understand,
'T was the gay Little Folk—
All dancin' around in a ring, hand in hand,
Underneath a big oak.
And the king, in the middle,
Was playin' the fiddle.
'T was aisy to know 't was the king, so Jim said,
Beca'se of the ilegant crown on his head.

VIII

Jim shtood in the bushes, not movin' a twig,

"'MEESTER WILLIAMS—MY BABY—SHE IS SEECK! YOU CAN DO SOMETHING?' HE GASPED"

THE RACE TO THE VALLEY

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

THE great blizzard which had raged over the hills for a week was the worst in eighty years, according to Grandfather Williams. On Monday it was a friendly little snow-storm; by Wednesday it had grown fiercer; and by Friday the snow was piled high, almost, as the eaves about the Williams homestead. Friday afternoon, the sun shone brightly for a time; at night the air was cold and keen; Saturday morning found the great drifts and banks of snow with a frozen crust.

Gordon Williams and his younger brother Ted hailed the appearance of the crust with delight; but before they had a chance to skate or slide upon it, trouble came, sudden and shocking.

They were at dinner, when they heard a fumbling at the door, and in staggered an exhausted man—La Fren, the little Frenchman who owned the farm above. His eyes, dark and big, were full of terror. He was torn about the knees, and bits of red stain showed on his leggings. In his arms he held something closely wrapped.

"The crust—she is hard, the snow—deep! I canna get tru! Meester Williams—my baby—she is seeck! You can do something?" he gasped.

Dinner was forgotten. Mrs. Williams took the baby, with a low word of amazement, and unwrapped it. A glance with her mother eyes, and she knew the baby was not only sick, but very sick.

She looked at Mr. Williams; and Gordon, watching her, thought he had never seen his mother look so frightened. All the time Mr. La Fren was telling in his broken English how the baby had caught cold the day before and grown steadily worse; how he had tried to drive to the village, but his horse could not get through; then he had tried to walk; but the deep snow, through the crust of which he had broken at every step, had made his attempt impossible.

"That baby ought to be in a doctor's hands right off. If we could only get to the village or the doctor could get out; but no team could possibly get through until the road is broken,"

Mr. Williams said to his wife, his face gray with anxiety. "Every minute is precious; but what can we do?"

"We must do something. The baby has pneumonia—why, she will—will—" Mrs. Williams could not say the dread word.

Ted, who had been listening, suddenly spoke up: "Dad, why not let Gordon and me take her to the village on the bob-sled? It 's down hill most of the way. Wrap her up well, and we can do it—sure! Can't we, Gordon?" Ted asked excitedly.

Gordon caught Ted's idea. "Of course! Why, Father, we can coast right into the village, almost. Say we may go!" and he started for his coat.

Mr. Williams stared at the boys, his mouth working. Suddenly he spoke, and his voice was calm: "We can put the baby in a big basket. The crust is heavy enough to hold up the sled, with its wide runners. Get ready, boys."

They sprang into action at the word. Soon coats, hats, and all the rest of their winter apparel were ready. They hurried out to the barn and drew from the adjoining shed their beloved bob-sled, which they had named "Lightning Tom." Gordon had designed it. It was light, fast, and equipped with a brake, worked by a wheel over the rear runners; the front runners were steered by ropes through pulleys.

From the deep paths to and from the barn, they worked the sled up onto the crust. Out of the door of the house came Mr. Williams, a basket wrapped in blankets in his arms. He helped the boys tie it tightly to the sled. Back of him stood the little Frenchman, talking to himself in his odd broken tongue—it sounded like a prayer. Mrs. Williams stood in the door, tears in her eyes.

They were ready. Mr. Williams looked at them quietly. "Boys, it 's a desperate chance, but I believe you 'll win. We 're banking on you. The telephone wires are down, so you will have to depend on yourselves. No help can be expected from the village, but we have faith in you."

"We 'll make it, Dad. Don't worry," Gordon said, taking his place in front; then turning to his brother, "Same old signals, Ted. When my head goes back, turn on the brake."

Ted nodded, and set his hands to the wheel. He lifted his feet to the running-board that ran the length of both sides of the sled. He gave the wheel a turn. The two prongs that, sunk in the crust, had been holding the sled on the slope, shot up. The sled picked up speed. They were off.

Gordon set his hands tight to the wooden grips of the steering-ropes. Before him lay a vast whiteness sloping away for miles to the river road. Walls, fences, stone heaps had disappeared. Only once before had he seen the fields so covered. It was a straightaway course until the bottom of the hill was reached; then the road shot through a stretch of woods.

He was astonished at the speed the fast bob-sled began to show on the icy crust. The wind brought tears to his eyes, and he found it difficult to see clearly. Remembering the precious bundle in the basket, he bent his head back slightly, and felt the whisper of the brakes touching the crust just enough to slow down their speed.

Nearing the lower end of the hillside, he bent his head forward, felt the brakes lift, and soon they were shooting through the wood road to the main road, and found it, from fence to fence, an even bank of snow. Only the telephone poles, stretching in stiff lines before him, told him where the road was. He let the sled coast over the level surface until it stopped.

Jumping off, he and Ted seized the pulling ropes, and, running lightly, dragged the sled over the flat stretch to the next slope.

They reached it, slipped again into their positions, and were off once more. The road was full of curves, and Ted found that all his skill was necessary. Down the sinking stretch of whiteness they went, going so fast that it seemed to Gordon that the stretch of woods they fled through were dark walls on each side. His long experience in handling "Lightning Tom" in the races at the school grounds gave him confidence; but his care never relaxed, and he shot around the bends so as to make as wide a curve as possible.

Ted was doing his part. Where the turns were sharp, Gordon heard the brakes bite into the crust, slowing down their speed just enough to enable the sled to turn the curve without danger.

They were nearing the bottom of the long, twisted, hill road. They turned. Gordon gave a cry of horror—before him loomed a great tree, fallen across the road, dark, weird, menacing. He shut his eyes and felt himself go headlong and land with a bruising crash. He scrambled dizzily to his feet. In spite of his whirling senses, he saw something that made him give a tremulous cheer—Ted had set the brakes just in time, and sat white-faced, with his hands glued to the wheel.

"Whew, that was a close one, Gordon!" was all he said, smiling faintly.

Gordon pulled himself together, wiped the blood from his face where the branches had scratched him when the sudden grip of the brakes had hurled him headlong into the fallen tree, and looked over the fastenings of the basket. It was still tight and snug. Mr. Williams's experienced hands had tied it on to stay. The baby was hidden under the covers, safe, too, thanks to Ted.

They worked the sled around the fallen tree and were off again. They reached the bottom of

the hill safely, and there they dismounted, trotting through the swamp and dragging the sled after them to the next slope, where again "Lightning Tom" began to skim rapidly over the snow.

Everything went well for a while. The road in this section was not so full of curves, but another obstacle soon appeared. On the upper road, the thick trees of the woodland had prevented drifts and an equal freezing of the crust. In this part, open spaces had let the sun in, and closely wooded points had kept it out; as a result, the crust was thin in places.

They were skimming along, when suddenly, with a ripping sound, the front runners cut into the crust, sinking as they went. Again the keen-eyed, alert Ted, on the rear end of the sled, saved the day. They pulled past the weak spot and went on.

Gordon quickly learned to signal where such places appeared; and the danger of going pell-mell through the soft, treacherous crust was averted.

Once more on a level stretch of their dangerous road, tired, heated, but determined more than ever to make their goal, they trotted across the flat and came to the last slope—the slope that dropped away, white and silent, to the valley and the village, a ghostly road in a white world.

At the top, Gordon turned to Ted, solemnly seated at his wheel. "Ted, old boy, stick by the wheel. It 's the last dash!"

Ted nodded. "Lightning Tom" quickened his speed, and the whiteness sped past Gordon's eyes, softly and smoothly.

"Here 's where I must watch out," Gordon warned himself.

He knew that down in the deep gully beside the road the river plunged in great falls and rapids, twisting and turning to the valley. A wrong pull on the steering-ropes, and they would go plunging down into the ravine to destruction among the ice- and snow-covered boulders of the river, whose angry strength the blizzard had not checked nor hidden.

Faster and faster they went, but at every dangerous place, Gordon, knowing no word of his would reach his brother through the rush of the wind, signaled with his head for the brake; and with the signal came the pleasant sound of the iron points breaking into the crust.

Down they went, slowing up for the curves, speeding up beyond. Beside them the ravine gaped, as if yawning greedily.

With a feeling of relief that the danger was lessening, Gordon drew on his right grip as they reached the last curve. His heart jumped. The sled turned, but not enough. He jerked hard—Snap! and "Lightning Tom" shot for the bank!

Guided only by a wild instinct, Gordon still clung to the ropes. One had broken! The world seemed to tip half over; a vast white hole opened before him! He had the sickening sensation of a relentless something pulling him down into it, slowly, slowly, then—the sled paused.

"I 've got it!" a shrill voice shouted, and the world seemed to swing back to its normal position.

The scene cleared, Gordon blinked for a moment, then rolled from the sled and sat down, trembling with the strain. He saw what had happened. The steering-rope, frayed by hard service on the upper road, had broken; but the sled had been held fast at the very brink of the ravine by the faithful brakes, sent with one whirl of the wheel deep into the crust.

Gordon drew himself up slowly, still shaken by the closeness of his brush with disaster.

"Worse than the tree, Gordon," Ted said, drawing a deep breath, "but it 's clear sailing, now. Let 's fix the rope and then—hustle!"

The dangerous part of their journey was over, as Ted had suggested. "Lightning Tom," once more under control, took the road and went gliding with whistling runners into the valley.

Across the wide, snow-buried meadows they could see the white roofs, the curling smoke of the village homes. It cheered them to a last effort; and they changed from a trot into a run. Fences and walls were out of sight; and when they came to the first house, to which a road had been broken, they swung away into the open places, where the crust made their progress easier.

A man called to them, but they kept steadily on past house after house, and, turning at last, swung through the doctor's yard to the porch.

At a shouted summons he came out. He listened in astonishment to their message, then, working with wonderful swiftness, loosed the basket and hurried into the house.

Gordon and Ted, wearied out with their race against death, sat down and waited. After what seemed a long, long time, the doctor came out, followed by his wife.

His wrinkled face, weather-beaten by wind and sun on his long drives over the countryside, was half smiling and half serious. "Boys, I clean forgot about you. Come right in, and Mother will have a feast ready for you in no time. I 'm sorry I left you here, but Mother and I had to look after that youngster right off."

"That 's all right about us, sir," Gordon said hastily, "but how 's the baby going to be?"

"Going to be all right, I guess," the doctor said a bit seriously, yet with a smile. "He has a splendid chance anyway."

And at that answer, Gordon and Ted went in, tired but contented.

"THE WORLD SEEMED TO TIP HALF OVER; A VAST WHITE HOLE OPENED BEFORE HIM!"

PERFECT MARY JANE

By NAHDA FRAZEE-WHEELER

Now listen, my dears, and I will tell
A story strange, but true,
Of a dear little girl with golden hair
And eyes like the sky so blue.

This little girl's name was Mary Jane—
A common name no doubt;
But Mary Jane was no common child,
For I never saw her pout.

Her lips were always smiling,
And I never heard her sigh;
Although she fell and bumped her head,
She did n't even cry.

She never was rude to her mother,
Or said, "Well, I don't care!"
She always held her head quite still
When nursie combed her hair.

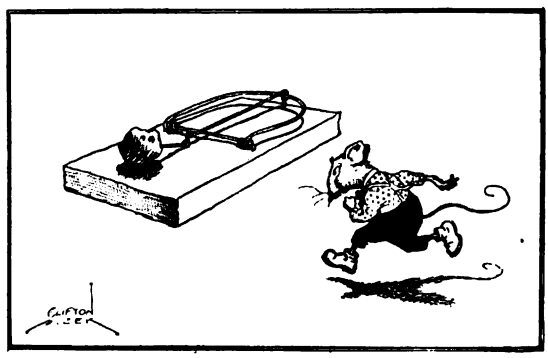
She never played mean tricks on others,
Or joined in any folly.
Who was this child? You 'd like to know?
Why—"Mary Jane" 's my dolly

OLD MR. GRUMPS

By MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK

I KNOW a Mr. Grumps, my dear,—
Perhaps, you know him, too,—
Who falls into an argument,
And then falls out with you.
For if you say the day is fair,
Says Mr. Grumps, "May be;
But as folks never use their eyes,
How can they ever see?"
And if you say, "The day is dark,"
Says Mr. Grumps, "Oh, well,
Folks say it 's bright in China, but
It 's very hard to tell.

"As for myself, I hate the dark,—
Despise the daylight, too,—
But as I did n't make the world,
Pray what am I to do?"
It 's rather hard to answer this—
Though there are those who can;
And one 's a merry little maid,
And one 's a merry man;
If *you* think you would like to try,
You 'll find old Mr. Grumps,
In Huff House, Mumble-Grumble Town
Away down in the Dumps.



JOHNNY MOUSE: "THIS IS A CHANCE THAT COMES JUST ONCE IN A LIFE-TIME"

THE CRIMSON PATCH

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PATRICIA MEADE is staying with her father, Captain Meade, in a big city hotel, while he is executing a secret mission for the Government. He has warned her to be very careful, as there are many foreign spies about who would seek to discover his secret. Meanwhile, she has become acquainted with a young girl of her own age, Virginie de Vos, a Belgian refugee, who, with her aunt, Madame Vanderpoel, has a room directly across the hall.

One afternoon, which the two girls are spending together in the Meades' rooms, Patricia shows Virginie a number of water-color sketches of butterflies, made by her father. On Captain Meade's return, late in the afternoon, he finds that one of the drawings, called "The Crimson Patch," is missing. He is much disturbed by this discovery, the sketch being, in some mysterious way, connected with his mission, a fact hitherto unknown to Patricia. He asks who had been in the room during his absence, and Patricia tells him there were four persons: Virginie, Madame Vanderpoel, the bell-boy Chester Jackson, and their waiter, Peter Stoger. The captain leaves next morning to begin a search for the missing sketch, and Patricia discovers soon after that Madame Vanderpoel and Virginie have suddenly disappeared from the hotel. The bell-boy, Chester, tells her that, before going, Virginie tried to give him a message for her. He also reveals to Patricia that he knows more about her father's affairs than any one suspects and that he is aware that the hotel contains a number of people whom he believes to be spies. Toward evening, Patricia has a special-delivery letter from her father saying he is following what seems an important clue, but will be forced to remain away over night, and bidding her place herself in the care of Mrs. Quale, a friend who is also staying at the hotel. But she discovers that Mrs. Quale has gone to New York unexpectedly, so she prevails on that lady's deaf and elderly maid, Delia, to come and stay with her till morning. In the meantime, a strange bell-boy appears in response to Patricia's ring, and she believes that Chester also has gone away and that she is thus to be thrown entirely upon her own resources.

CHAPTER VIII

A PIECE OF PAPER

DELIA having appeared at the time agreed on and promptly withdrawing to her own room, Patricia continued to worry for an hour and a half over the problem that was perplexing her, trying vainly to write letters or concentrate her mind on a book. But it was useless, and at length she determined to put an end to her misery and suspense, in that direction at least, and ring for something else. If Chester Jackson did not answer this time, it would mean that he too had gone or been removed, and that she was left without a single friend to rely on.

So once again she telephoned, this time for ice-water, and waited in breathless suspense for the answering knock. The curly head and merry eyes of Chet Jackson at the door was like a bracing tonic to her overwrought nerves.

"Oh!" she quavered. "Whatever happened to you? I thought you were gone, too."

He gazed at her in unfeigned astonishment. "I don't get yer!" he remarked. "There ain't nothin' happened to *me!*"

She explained her agitation, and he laughed unfeelingly. "Gee! I gotta *eat* sometime or other. An' half past seven 's about as early as I can usually strike it. You hit my supper hour, miss!"

She laughed in relief and followed Chet as he came into the room to place on the table the tray he had brought.

"Chester, I want to know the rest of what you were trying to tell me this afternoon. What is it that you have found out? And how have you discovered—things?"

He glanced about the room cautiously, then tiptoed over and closed the door into the hall.

"You can't be too careful in this place," he said apologetically. "I 'll tell you all I can in the little time I can spare, an' if I don't have a chance to finish it now, I will some other time. I bet you 'll hardly believe me, but I knew before ever you folks landed here that your dad—beg pardon! —that the captain was comin' here an' that he had something secret an' important for the Gov'ment up his sleeve."

Patricia started involuntarily. "How—how did you know that?" she stammered.

He grinned. "I told you I could make you sit up an' take notice. *Now* I guess you 'll believe me! Well, I doped that out from the conversation of two gents who had a room here for a couple of nights an' left the day before you came. They was sending for things constant, eats and drinks an' what not,—an' I was kept runnin' to their room as reg'lar as clockwork. I got onto the fact that they was on the watch for some one from one or two things they said before me. They seemed to think I was deaf or dumb or had n't any brains, just because I was only a bell-hop, an' you bet I acted the part all right. So they often talked right out before me, seemin' to think I would n't take it in.

"Once, when I came in, one of 'em was saying, 'He 's a captain in the army, but he 's not on active service 'cause he 's been wounded; but I got word from headquarters he 's doin' something worth lookin' into. He 's comin' here in a

day or two. He 's got to be watched an' watched hard. He 's camouflagin' it, too, with some lecture stuff or other, but that don't count.' 'Nother time, one of 'em says: 'He arrives to-morrow, so we 'll disappear to-night. But it 's all right. Franz is on the job, and so will Hofmeyer be, after to-morrow.'

"Well, there was other things, too, little things I can't remember now, but I says to myself, 'This here looks shady, Chet; better get on the job an' do a little detectin' work on your own!' I did n't know this 'captain' from Adam, but I hate to see any one get done, especially by a pair of Huns, like them two looked, so I decided to keep my eyes open. Well, sure enough, them two gave up their room the night before you came, an' I 've never laid eyes on 'em since. The next day you arrived, an' I just naturally cottoned to you both right away. You 're the right sort. You don't act as if a bell-hop was made of wood an' had n't any brains or any feelin's either. You treat 'em like human beings. An' your dad—I mean your father—gee! I could lie down an' let him walk all over me if he wanted to!

"An' I made up my mind more than ever that I was n't goin' to let any one put it over you two if *I* could help it. So I kept my eyes open an' managed it so 's I could answer most of the calls in this corridor. An' I 've seen a few little things that would bear lookin' into."

Patricia had stood drinking in this information with swiftly beating heart. "Chester," she exclaimed softly, "this is fine of you, and I appreciate what you have done more than I can tell you, and so would Father if he knew! But tell me, who is this 'Franz' and 'Hofmeyer'? Have you discovered that? I have a special reason for asking."

"There ain't any one in this place who goes by either of them two names," he replied, "but of course that don't count. Naturally, they ain't the names any one would hand in here. But I got my suspicions about one person in this here hotel, an' I think I don't have to give you a hundred guesses who, either." He looked at her meaningly.

"You—you mean the waiter, Peter Stoger?" she hesitated.

"You said it!" he remarked succinctly. "He 's a shady one, all right! Say, if you 'll believe me, I seen him once without his gilt teeth—"

"What?" gasped Patricia, incredulously.

"Yep, they was nothin' but a set of false caps, —fit on over his real teeth. He was hurryin' down the hall from his room, an' I guess he 'd had 'em off an' forgotten 'em. After I passed him, I looked back an' saw him take somethin' out of his pocket an' raise his hand to his mouth. Oh, he 's slick, all right! An' that funny droop in his eye, too. Once in a while he ain't got that, either. He can do it himself somehow or other. They 're both just disguises, that 's all. An' I bet my hat he 's either Franz or Hofmeyer, for looka here: he came the same day you folks did."

"Oh, I knew it!" sighed Patricia. "I knew there was something wrong about him. I 've felt it all along. But tell me, Chester, one more thing. I must ask it, though I hate to. Have you ever discovered anything—queer about—about Madame Vanderpoel and—and Mademoiselle de Vos? I hate to ask it about them, but—but I have a reason."

"They was a curious pair, all right," replied Chet musingly. "An' I could never rightly make 'em out. At first I was on to 'em good an' proper, because the madame had her room changed from one on the next floor to down here right opposite you. An' she sure did act queer to that little mam'selle; or at least the mam'selle acted queer to her—as if she just could n't stand her. But I never saw the madame act ugly to her till to-day, when she would n't give her a chance to send you that message. I watched 'em like a cat, but I never saw nothin' that made me suspicious that they was harmful to you folks, an' you seemed to cotton so to the little mam'selle. But there was somethin' always that seemed to me blamed funny in the way she hated the madame, an' it used to make me want to find out why.

"But say, I gotta go down now. I don't darst stay here another minute, this trip. But before I go, I 'll tell you this much. After that pair left to-day, I had an errand on this floor, an' I just sauntered into their vacant room a moment, before the chambermaid cleaned it up, to have a look around. They had n't left nothin' of interest, that I could see, except just this. I found it in the waste-basket. Maybe you 'd like to have it."

He thrust a piece of torn and crumpled paper into Patricia's hand and was gone before she had time to say another word.

CHAPTER IX

A MESSAGE IN THE NIGHT

PATRICIA took the crumpled scrap of paper to the table and smoothed it out under the lamp. It was a single sheet and was torn almost in two, one way across and partially along all its edges, as if an attempt had been made to destroy it, an attempt that had not been totally successful, probably because the paper was rather thick and tough. It looked very much as if some one had tried at first to tear it in pieces, and, not having

succeeded in this, had simply crumpled it and thrown it away. The writing was in a fine, cramped, almost foreign-looking hand, and the note, for such it appeared to be, was unaddressed, beginning abruptly, without a name, and signed at the end with only an initial. Patricia read it through wonderingly. It ran thus:

"Mary and George have arrived. Heard they got home yesterday. Can it be true? Let no circumstances detain you. Need I say more to you? If they stay in town while here, I can no longer visit them. We go out every week to see cousins. Their house is quite new in the suburbs. See Hanford before you leave At a store there once had good cream. Meet Mary soon and you will find Josephine there. "F."

"Well of all the silly letters!" thought Patricia, after the first reading. "What can it all mean? Of course, it refers to people and circumstances I don't know anything about, but even so, it sounds sort of scrappy. I wonder why Chet wanted me to read it? I suppose I really should n't have done so I feel as if I 'd been prying into some one's affairs in a rather horrid way, reading the letter they thought they had destroyed. I suppose it was one of Madame Vanderpoel's. It is n't in the least interesting, anyway, and I do wonder why Chet saved it and asked me to read it. All I get from it is that somebody 'arrived' and she had to go, probably to meet them. Perhaps that explains why they left so suddenly. Well, Chester will have to explain later why he thought it worth showing to me."

Then her mind reverted to the strange, unnerving revelations the boy had made concerning her father, the unknown pair who had known so much about his affairs and had left before they arrived, and the terrible Franz and Hofmeyer, who had doubtless been spying on them all the time, and who, even now, were probably in possession of the Crimson Patch. And Peter Stoger—spy without doubt and a disguised one at that—confirming her worst suspicions of him! By what a hideous net they were surrounded! And her father did not even know all these details. How helpful they might be to him in his search, if she could only put him in possession of the facts. But that was impossible till he was with her again in person. And meantime, there was all this long night to be got through, without her father to share her anxiety.

"PATRICIA TOOK THE CRUMPLED SCRAP OF PAPER TO THE TABLE"

She took up the crumpled note once more and read it again, critically. At the second reading it struck her as even more foolish and disjointed than at first. It really meant very little when boiled down to the bare facts. It seemed scarcely possible that Madame Vanderpoel could find any very informing news in it.

While she was still studying it, the telephone rang with a sudden shrillness that caused her to

jump, and she hurried over to take down the receiver.

"Hello! hello!" she heard from very far away. "Is that you, Patricia?" And she recognized her father's voice.

"Oh, yes, yes, Daddy! Where are you? Are you coming back to-night?"

"No, I cannot do that," came the answer. "I called up to see whether you were all right. I was a bit worried about you. How are you getting on?"

Patricia was on the point of telling him all her troubles and her loneliness and the absence of Mrs. Quale, when something stopped her. Her father was having far heavier worries of his own. Why should she burden him with these lighter ones? It would help him far more if she put a brave face on everything and answered him cheerfully, so she summoned all her courage and answered brightly:

"I 'm all right, Daddy. Fine as a fiddle. But tell me, have you had any luck?"

"We 've struck something that looks very important," he returned. "But I 'll have to tell you, dear, that it may keep me away another whole day, and possibly even over another night. You must get along somehow. Keep Mrs. Quale close to you. Tell her it 's very urgent. I 'll call up to-morrow night, if possible, but I may not have another chance before that. Now I must stop, for this is long distance and costing like Sancho. Can you manage, honey?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" she assured him in a voice from which she tried to keep a quaver of fear.

"Then, good-by!"

Patricia hung up the receiver and walked back to the table in a daze. Not a single chance had she had to tell her father some of the important details revealed by Chester Jackson; and even if the chance had presented itself, she doubted if it would have been wise to divulge them over the telephone. But if her father were on the track of an important discovery, perhaps it was just as well that she had not. And by the way, he had said. "*We 've* struck something!" Now what could he mean by "*we*"? Well, it was all very mysterious, and growing more so every moment. And he was to be away at least twenty-four hours longer!

Again her glance fell on the foolish and disjointed little note lying on the table, and it vaguely disturbed her. Its very lack of meaning held something sinister in it. She looked at her watch and took a sudden resolution. It was not yet quite ten. She *must* see Chester Jackson once more before he went to his own home for the night, and she remembered that he had said he went off duty at ten-thirty.

"I don't know what the hotel people will think of my wanting so many things," and she smiled rather ruefully, "but I don't very much care. This is too important." She went to the telephone and ordered a glass of milk and some crackers be sent up.

Jackson arrived in a few minutes with the tray and a broad grin.

"I thought you 'd be needin' something else after a while!" he remarked. "Make anything out of the nice little note I handed you?"

"Why no. It seems to me simply crazy. There does n't seem to be any sense *to* it, not even if one knew all the people and circumstances it referred to. Can you make anything of it?"

"I did n't at first," he replied; "but I just naturally doped it out that there was something shifty about it. So I took it all to pieces, and put it together again, and turned it every which way, and all at once I got on to it. You can just *bet* it means something, and something pretty slick at that!"

"Oh, tell me. Tell me quickly!" cried Patricia. "How did you find it all out?"

"Well," began Chet, plainly enjoying very much his rôle of *Sherlock Holmes*, "there was just one word in the thing that made me sit up and take notice. And that word was 'Hanford.' Do you know what Hanford is?"

Patricia shook her head.

"Well, it 's a little two-cent hole of a town about ten miles from here. Nothin' special to it at all, just a little, one-horse country town with about thirty houses and a couple of hundred inhabitants. There ain 't any reason on this livin' earth why any one should 'see Hanford,' because there ain't nothin' in it *to* see! So I just shied at that, I did. An' I took Hanford as a startin' point, an' I turned and twisted that note inside out and upside down till, all of a sudden, I struck it! I gotta go now. I got another call to tend to on this floor. But you just take that note and put a pencil mark under every fourth word and copy them out afterward an' see what you get. I 'll be back after a while to get this tray. Don't forget—*every fourth word!*"

When he was gone, Patricia got a pencil and paper and did as he had instructed her. She counted off every fourth word in the letter, underlined it, and feverishly copied down the sequence. The result caused her to drop her pencil and sit staring at the paper, while a shiver of fear ran icily down her spine. The reconstructed letter ran:

"Have got it. No need to stay here longer. Go to house in Hanford at once. Meet you there. "F."

The meaning of the communication was only too clear.

Ten minutes later there was a knock at the

door and Chet reappeared. He only glanced at the sentences she had written and remarked:

"Guess that made you sit up and take notice, did n't it?"

"Oh, Chester!" she moaned. "It 's awful! It just confirms my worst suspicions. Do you suppose some one sent it to Madame—Vanderpoel? Who—who could it have been?"

"We can be pretty plum sure of *one* thing," remarked Chet. "The note is signed 'F', an' it don't take much guessin' to dope out that F stands for Franz, but who Franz is, unless it 's that slick Peter Stoger, I can't guess. But as Peter has lit out too, we would n't be so far off to take it for Peter, I fancy. But say, miss, will you pardon me if I ask an awful personal question? *Did* you folks lose anything or miss anything before last night? If you have n't, I don't quite get what it means by those words, 'Have got it.' "

Patricia thought hard for a moment. Should she or should she not confide in this boy the secret she had been guarding for her father? What would her father wish her to do? It was plain that he knew a great deal about their affairs already, and was as honest and straightforward as even her father could wish. Perhaps, too, he might be of infinite help in unraveling the tangle. She would risk it. She would risk all and tell him. But she felt firmly convinced that the risk was not very great.

"Yes, Chester," she acknowledged. "We *have* missed something—the most important thing my father has. You would n't think so to look at it, for it is only one of those pretty sketches of butterflies that you were looking at yesterday. I did n't know about it at the time, or I would n't have left it around; but sometime during that afternoon or evening it disappeared, and Father is almost frantic about it. He is off hunting for it now, and has been ever since morning. I—oh, I just hate to think that Madame Vanderpoel or Mademoiselle de Vos took it or were in any way concerned with it. I—I think an awful lot of Mademoiselle Virginie. We—we were friends."

Chet scratched his head and thought deeply for several moments. "Which sketch was it, if I may ask?" he said at length.

"The one called the Crimson Patch" she replied. "Do you remember seeing it?"

"You bet I do!" he cried enthusiastically. "I remember that one particular because it had a queer name and was such a purty one. Gee! that proves one thing, at least. It did n't disappear *before* I come in, so the responsible party must have come afterward. Who was in here later?"

"Why, only Peter Stoger and Virginie. But *she* did n't take it, I know. I will never, never believe such a thing of *her!*"

"Sure she did n't!" agreed Chet. "It must have been Peter. Of course it was Peter, don't you see? 'Cause if he 's Franz, he sends a note afterward to the madame that he 's got it, an' they all beat it out of here. Can't get it any straighter than *that!*"

"But what has poor little Virginie to do with all this?" wondered Patricia, distractedly. "Surely—surely she can't be working with a lot of horrid spies. What *is* the explanation?"

"You can search me!" rejoined the boy. "I ain't on to the dope about that little mam'selle an' never was. She 's a plum deep mystery, she is. But one thing is sure—"

At that moment the telephone bell rang again, and they both jumped nervously. Patricia went to it and took down the receiver. There was a faint, "Hello" to which she responded, and then silence.

"Why, that 's queer!" she said in an aside to Chester. "Nobody seems to answer. And the voice that said hello first seemed so far-away and scared—"

"Hello! hello!" she exclaimed again, turning to the receiver. "Yes, yes, this *is* Patricia. . . . Oh, Virginie! is it *you?* . . . Oh, I can't hear you very well. Can't you speak a little louder? . . . You can't? . . . What is that you say? . . . You want to warn me. . . . What about? I don't understand. . . . There is danger? . . . Who is in danger? . . . I am? . . . We *both* are? . . . Oh, can't you tell me more plainly? Where are you? . . . You are . . . where?"

"Oh!" cried Patricia, turning to the listening boy. "She hung up the receiver without telling me!"

CHAPTER X

A COUNCIL OF WAR

THEY stared at each other a moment in bewilderment. It was Chester who spoke first.

"Are you sure it was the little mam'selle?" he questioned. "Did it sound like her voice?"

"Oh, it was Virginie! I 'm absolutely certain of it. I 'd know her voice a thousand miles away. But what does it all mean? She says there is danger—that both she and I are in danger, and she was trying to warn me about it. But she spoke so low, and she hesitated so, and then, just as she was going to tell me where she was, there was the click of the receiver being hung up and not another word. What *does* it mean?"

"It means," affirmed the boy, after some

thought, "that the little un was speakin' to you over the 'phone on the q. t., an' she was probably scared stiff for fear she 'd be caught, an' she had to leave off before she 'd finished because some one was comin' along or somethin'. That 's the way I figure it."

"I believe you 're right!" declared Patricia. "That 's just the way her voice sounded—'scared stiff,' as you say. But what on earth are we going to do? She 's in danger and we don't even know where she is; and I'm in danger and I'm here all alone, except for Mrs. Quale's Delia, who is with me for to-night. It 's dreadful. Just dreadful! I don't know which way to turn. I 'd call up the police and put the thing in their hands if I dared. But I don't dare. It would spoil everything for Father if anything about this secret became generally known, and I don't even think I ought to speak to the hotel authorities for the same reason What *am* I going to do?"

"Looka here, miss," began Chet, quietly, "I believe we can fix things pretty near to all right if you 'd just be willin' to trust the matter to me. I know I 'm only a bell-hop, but I know a whole heap more 'n most folks think I do; an' bein' only a bell-hop is the very reason I can go and see an' do a lot that others could n't, just cause nobody 's suspectin' I 'm up to anything. Do you get me?"

"Y-yes," faltered Patricia. "I think I see what you 're driving at and I really trust you absolutely. But what is your idea? What do you think had better be done?"

The boy seemed to grow an inch taller with pride at Patricia's assertion of her faith and trust in him. His snub-nosed countenance fairly beamed. "Well, here 's my idea. I gotta go off duty pretty soon an' go home. I ought n't to be hangin' around here now. I 'll get what-for down in the office for bein' away so long, anyhow. But I don't care. All in the day's work! Now, I figure it this way. There ain't anything dangerous goin' to happen to you

"'YOU WANT TO WARN ME. . . . WHAT ABOUT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND'"

to-night in this here hotel. You 're as safe as a church here as long as you keep your door locked. If you feel nervous, better sit up as long as you can an' read or something. Then if you should see or hear anything queer, call right down to the office on the 'phone. You 'd have the house detective up here so quick it 'd make you blink.

"But I 'll tell you what I'll do besides. I 'll beat it home an' let Mother know where I am. Then I 'll take my motor-cycle an' cruise around, an' every once in a while I 'll turn up in the park right below your windows an' hang around a while an' whistle 'It 's a long, long trail.' You 'll hear me plain enough, for you 're only on the third floor. An' if everything ain't goin' all right, pull the shade clean up to the top, an' I 'll know somethin's wrong an' butt in here an' make it hot for every one generally."

"Oh, Chester, that 's awfully good of you!" sighed Patricia, in mingled admiration and relief. "It will make me feel lots easier. I know I can't sleep a wink, so I might just as well sit up and try to read or sew. I 'll keep the lights full on, and I 'll follow your advice about calling up the office if I think everything 's not all right. Only it does n't seem as if you ought to be up all night when you 've got to work to-morrow."

"Don't you mind about me!" he assured her. "To-morrow 's my day off, an' I don't have to show up here at all till ten-thirty, when I go on night duty. You know I have one day a week."

"But, Chester," cried Patricia, in fresh alarm, "then I shall be all alone here to-morrow, for Mrs. Quale may not be back till night, and I 'm sure Father won't. I suppose I 'm silly, but this thing is so dreadfully mysterious and—and uncertain that I 'm just as much afraid of it in the daytime as I am at night."

"You just quit worryin' about to-morrow," admonished Chet. "I got a scheme up my sleeve for to-morrow, but you 'll hear more about that from me later. All I say about to-morrow is this: go down to breakfast as usual and as early as possible and ask for your mail at the desk before you eat. Then we 'll see what to do next."

"But," objected Patricia, once more, "what about poor little Virginie? She is in danger too—and we don't even know where she is or what the danger is. It is n't right to leave her, is it, without trying to do a thing—"

"You just leave the little mam'selle's affairs to me too, for to-night, an' don't worry about 'em no further," interrupted the boy. "I ain't got time to tell you all I plan to do, but you can bet I ain't goin' to be idle. Good night, an' don't forget to go to breakfast an' get your mail *early!*"

And Chester Jackson retired, closing the door behind him.

(To be continued)

A CLEVER CRAFTSMAN

By SOPHIE E. REDFORD

THE cleverest of artists is in our neighborhood,
All through the day he hides himself—I think he 's in the wood.
But when good people are asleep, he wanders out at night,
And with his magic brushes, dipped in a flood of light,
He paints a wondrous picture, then slips away again,
And leaves his cunning handiwork upon my window-pane!

He fashions fairy forests, a mysterious ravine;
From peak to peak a trestle spans the crystal gulch between;
A castle on a hillside, a drawbridge, and a moat,
A little laughing rivulet, with tiny craft afloat!
The Queen of Beauty dances, while King Winter, it is plain,
Is throwing kisses at her upon my window-pane!

I hear the tinkle-tinkle of some funny little bells;
I hear the fire-wood's crackle, with its cozy, piney smells;
When lo! a troop of sunbeams steal my fairy scene away,
And I see the people passing that I meet 'most every day.
But I know this clever artist will be coming back again,
And he 'll paint some other pictures upon my window-pane!

HOW ELEPHANTS "PACKED" THEIR TRUNKS TO AMERICA

By GEORGE BURBANK SHATTUCK

ALL our boys and girls know that living elephants are native only in Africa and in the Indian regions of southern Asia. But few of us realize that remains of mastodons, stegodons, mammoths, and other members of the great elephant family are scattered widely over every continent except Australia. In Europe they were hunted by prehistoric man. In Asia their carcasses, frozen in Siberian mud, have been in natural cold storage for thousands of years. Here, in the Western Hemisphere, their bones have been found from the shores of the Arctic Ocean down nearly to Cape Horn; and if Australia had not separated from Asia before elephants came into existence, it, also, would have been invaded by them. As a matter of record, these clumsy animals were among the greatest wanderers the world has known.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History
A FULL-GROWN IMPERIAL MAMMOTH CHARGING

Where did they come from? In what continent did this elephant tribe originate, and how did it come to leave the old home for parts unknown? These were questions which puzzled geologists for many years until, in 1901, a lucky strike in some fossil-beds, eighty miles southwest of Cairo, Egypt, let out the secret: elephants originated in Africa about two million years ago. There was their fossil ancestor, entombed in the rocks of the Libyan Desert. It was a little animal, something like a tapir in form, and about three and a half feet high. It had no trunk or tusks, and lived a sort of semi-aquatic life in the African swamps.

And right here in the Libyan Desert another interesting discovery was made: this same creature not only gave rise to elephants along one line of descent, but, in all probability, it sent off another family branch which has developed into the sea-cow of Florida and the dugongs of western Africa and India.

For a long time these ancestral forms of the elephant seem to have been content to remain in Africa. Here, in the nursery of their race, they began to assume some of the elephant-like character which we know to-day. The nose was gradually extended to a short, prehensile organ, or trunk, for grasping things. The teeth changed, so that the incisors, or front teeth, in both the upper and lower jaws, were transformed to tusks for digging and uprooting food. The creature had also increased in size until it stood about six feet high. At the same time it had taken on the shape of an elephant and had forsaken the swamps for dry land. To this type, shown in the illustration, science has given the name *Tetrabelodon*.

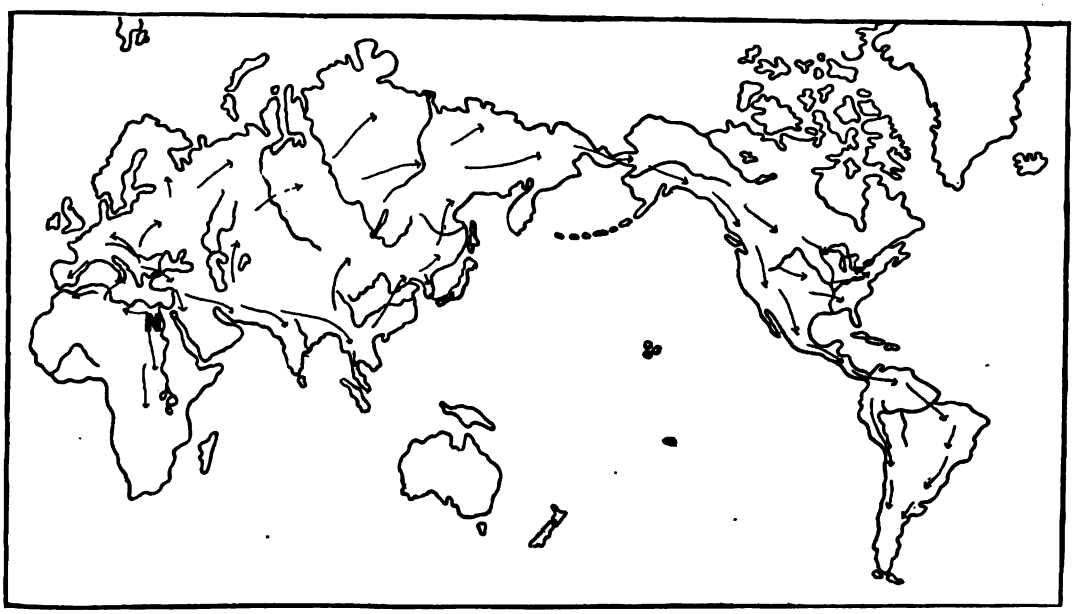
It is especially interesting to us, for it seems to have been the Moses which led the primitive elephants out of Egypt. Tetrabelodons were great wanderers. When they migrated, they left Africa not by way of the Red Sea, but over a land bridge extending across the Mediterranean from Tunis to Sicily and Italy. As soon as

RESTORATION OF TETRABELODON AND IMPERIAL MAMMOTH, TO SHOW RELATIVE SIZE OF ADULTS

tetrabelodons reached Italy, they quickly found their way into Asia and northern Europe.

What made them migrate? The simple answer is, they had to. Their food-supply was running low at home, so they began to travel abroad to find more, and as they wandered about, they stumbled on this route into Europe. As a matter of fact, there are only three obstacles which can check the onward march of elephants. These barriers are high mountains which they cannot climb, deserts where they cannot feed, and oceans which they cannot swim. And now comes the interesting point. *Tetrabelodon* has been found fossil in Texas! How did he get there? Did he swim the Atlantic from Europe, or paddle across the Pacific from Asia? No, not he. He walked into North America on dry land!

Let me explain. When tetrabelodons arrived in Europe and Asia about a million years ago, as I have already pointed out, they rapidly gave rise to all the later branches of the elephant family. These were mastodons, stegodons, and mammoths, or true elephants. While these later types were developing, the continent of Asia was elevated, and, along with it, an isthmus connecting Asia with North America across what is now Behring Strait. The elevating of Asia brought on arid conditions in the high plateaus of Tibet and Mongolia, so the tetrabelodons which were living there had to move on again in search of food, and in this latter migration they discovered the isthmus. Across this they walked dry-shod to America, "packing" their trunks with them. They had come to stay. As time went on, mastodons and mammoths in great numbers followed their ancestors from Asia, and spread southward through Mexico and South America.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE (INDICATED BY ARROWS) OF THE ELEPHANT MIGRATION FROM AFRICA TO EUROPE, ASIA, AND NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

Among the North American elephants, there was one species which stood supreme. It was the Imperial Mammoth, shown in the illustration. This creature is estimated to have had a height of $13\frac{1}{3}$ feet at the shoulders, while the largest living African elephant is $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. His trunk was enormous, and his tusks, as proved from fossil specimens, were at least 16 feet in length. He was the giant among all elephants, living and extinct.

Talk about sport! What if Roosevelt could have hunted a herd of these Imperial Mammoths on the Great Plains!

LITTLE LADY AMY

FROM THE PAINTING BY HARRINGTON MANN

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE THREE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, Cornwall wins the pole-vault, the five-mile run, and the hundred-yard dash, and scores in other events. Everything turns on the mile-run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. Soon after they start on the first lap of their long journey to the Pacific coast, traveling in Mr. Donegan's private car attached to the Transcontinental Express.

CHAPTER IV

THE FREE PEOPLE

AT last and at last the continent was crossed. At the end of the longest wharf in Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, the Argonauts met Captain Nord of the timber-tug *Bear*, the staunchest of all of Mr. Donegan's lumber-fleet. The captain had cruised and prospected for timber, gold, furs, copper, fossils, and everything else that meant money, from Puget Sound clear to Point Barrow in the Arctic Ocean, and knew the far Northwest as well as any living white man. He was short, thick-set, and silent, with a smooth-shaven face, a mouth that shut like a trap, and wintry blue eyes, which could flash like steel on occasion. Big Jim had written the captain full directions, and he had made ready for the party a complete equipment which included food, ammunition, clothes, and two of the best canoes that money could buy, since the last part of the trip had to be under paddle-power.

Followed long days and weeks as the little steamer plowed its way through the North Pacific Ocean until they reached the little island of Attoo, the last and loneliest island of all the Aleutian group. Jud knew the place, for he had been there many years before to trap blue foxes.

"We sure are gettin' into the sunset!" he said, as the island loomed into sight. "You fellows think that San Francisco is far west. Attoo is three thousand miles west of that. It 's the westermost land in North America."

From Attoo they zigzagged northward in and out of islands large and small. Some had snow-covered peaks which towered far up into the sky, or showed smoking volcanoes or crystal glaciers which flowed down their sides like rivers of ice. Others were flat and bare and barren. Back and forth the little steamer circled and doubled through blue-green and whitish-gray waters and always among a maze of islands ranging from large ones, many miles across, down to those which were hardly more than barren rocks set in lonely seas, surf-beaten and tempest-swept. Among them all the *Bear* kept steadily onward, circling and doubling through labyrinthine passages and across uncharted sounds and little bays. Past them, at times, floated vast icebergs, snow-white, with blue veins running through them, which contrasted with the deep reds, warm grays, and rich browns and yellows of the granite and sandstone cliffs, while beyond them was the gleam of soft green grass or the steel-blue of glacier ice. Then came a morning of that crystalline clearness which only dawns in the far North, and they could see looming up against the horizon a vast island, separated from them by a mass of reefs and rocks and islets. It showed black against the blue water, and a white coverlet thrown across its dark form showed where a range of snow-covered mountains ran.

"This is as far as I go," announced Captain Nord. "You fellows will have to make the rest of the trip in the canoes. I 'd pile up the old steamer on the reefs if I went any nearer. That is Akotan. They say that it 's a wild, fierce place where no white men have ever been, and I certainly hate to let you kids go in there alone."

Joe, who had been leaning on the rail staring raptly at the island, spoke up.

"No fear," he said. "The Free People live there. They not hurt any one I bring."

"The Free People?" questioned the captain.

"What are they? I 've lived with Innuits and Aleuts and Kadiakers and Koloshes. Are they any of them?"

"Koloshes are biting dogs," returned Joe, scornfully. "Kadiakers stupider than sea-lions. Aleuts are children who never think alike twice, and the Aleuts are sheep. But the Free People, the Free People are *men!*"

A few minutes later the two canoes were launched, the equipment stored away in them, and Joe and Will prepared to take their place in one, while Jud and Fred followed in the other.

"Two months from to-day," said the captain, "I 'll be back. There 's a mission-station over there on Nadiak Island about ten miles from here. Jud knows the place. I 'll call for you there—and I sure hope I find you!" he added in an undertone.

There was a chorus of farewells from the crew, four paddles struck the water together, and the Argonauts were on the last lap of their journey. Half an hour later a trail of smoke on the horizon was all that they could see of the *Bear*. The hours passed as they paddled their way among the crowded islets through a landlocked sound guarded by snow-covered mountains whose tops touched the sky and down whose sides the melting snow ran in hundreds of little cataracts. As the streams, clear as crystal and cold as winter, dashed into the green-and-blue sound the fresh water showed white as milk. On the adventurers went through the sullen grandeur of mountain peaks and the dread of smoking volcanoes. Sometimes they were tangled in a maze of rocks and reefs through which the water swirled in dangerous tide-rips. Yet always Joe brought them through unerringly by safe channels and calm courses. Some of the hidden dangers of those treacherous waters, however, they could not avoid. Toward the end of the morning, after they had passed out of the sound into a bay beyond, the smooth glassy water suddenly broke into foam all around them. A moment later it was flecked with white-caps and boiled and bubbled in a tangle of currents which tossed the light canoes like chips here and there.

"Look out!" shouted Joe. "Paddle away from shore!"

For a time it seemed as if both canoes were trapped in the sudden mesh of surging waters which threatened to engulf them or drive them on one of the near-by reefs. For half an hour they paddled desperately toward the open sea, but without being able to escape the clutch of the surging waters. Little by little the raging currents dragged them shoreward and nearer to the black fangs of the waiting reef. Suddenly, when they were almost exhausted by the sustained burst of paddling, the roaring tangle of currents and whirlpools smoothed themselves out, the waves went down, and the little bay lay calm and smiling as before.

"Whew!" grunted Will, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "What was that, anyway?"

"That sea-puss," responded Joe, panting, as he leaned on his paddle. "Sometimes current shifts and runs against tide and makes sea-puss. It never lasts very long."

"It lasted long enough for me," gasped Fred, from the rear canoe. "I was pretty nearly all in."

"Yes," joined in Jud, "I 'd never make a pet of these 'ere sea-pusses! Me for a gentler breed."

Beyond the bay where the fierce puss from the sea had tried to claw them, they paddled on through the panorama of sea and sky and mountain which unfolded before them as they passed island after island. Suddenly the silence was broken by a bellow from the practical Jud.

"Hey, Chief!" he yelled, "when do we eat? I have n't had anything since 1812. This scenery 's fine, but it ain't very fillin'."

"In few minutes now," called back Joe. "We land soon for lunch."

"Can't be too soon for me," grumbled Jud.

Followed another stretch of paddling, and then before their delighted eyes broke into view a little islet more beautiful than anything that the boys had ever seen before. Compared with the group of barren, rocky, reef-bound islands in which it was set, it seemed like a green oasis of that lonely northern sea. Less than half a mile across, in its midst towered a peak broken into cliffs and ledges of many-colored rock.

"This Half-Way Island," explained Joe, as the canoes grounded on a hard white beach. "It halfway between Akotan and main chain of islands."

"It sure looks good to me!" shouted Fred, as they scrambled ashore with the hamper of provisions, after beaching the canoes beyond the high-water mark. Joe led them to a little pocket of soft green grass which stretched out from the slope of the cliff and through which flowed a clear stream. Beside the brook the grass was all red with the blood-dipped leaves of the painted-cup and purple-and-gold with iris and blue with gentian. Before Joe could stop him, Fred laid down to drink of the clear water from the flowing spring and sprang up with a shout of pain, puffing and blowing like a porpoise.

"It 's boiling hot," he gasped.

"Sure it is, greedy pig!" reproved the Indian. "You come with me to next spring and I get you nice cup of hot chicken soup."

"Say, I 'm in on this!" called Jud, hurrying up.

"Me too!" chimed in Will. "I suppose you 've got a cafeteria hidden somewhere in the rocks.

After the soup, I 'd like a little vanilla and strawberry ice-cream mixed."

Joe made no reply, but handed each one a tin cup and then commandeering salt and pepper shakers led the way toward the cliff. Some distance from the main stream a smoking spring bubbled out from under a boulder. Its steaming water showed a clear gold. Joe dipped up a cupful, shook in a liberal supply of pepper and salt, stirred it with a stick until it was cool enough to drink, and handed it to Jud, who tasted it warily. An expression of pleased surprise stole over his face, and he tipped his head back and drank and drank until every drop was gone.

"Chicken soup it is!" he said.

In a minute the other two had filled their mugs, and were not satisfied until they had swallowed two or three cups of the clear liquid which, with the addition of seasoning, was hardly to be distinguished from the soup which Joe had named. He could give no explanation of the spring nor from what compound of minerals it had its flavor.

"It always been here," he said. "We used to stop and drink here when crossing over. Wintertime, when cold from long paddle, it taste mighty good."

The boys threw themselves down on the soft grass and attacked the defenceless hamper. Over their heads and around the edges of the cliff whirled and wheeled birds whose variety and rarity delighted the heart of Will, who was the bird expert of his troop. There were skuas, those beautiful pirates of the air, and, up on the rock, nesting murres with black heads and white bodies, looking like rows of champagne bottles as they sat, each one brooding its single egg. Joe told them that the big green eggs of this bird are so tough that the Indians, when they gathered them, threw them into baskets like potatoes, and that the smaller end is long and sharp-pointed, so that, when the wind blows against the cliffs, the eggs move in a circle with the little ends always pointing toward the center instead of rolling off the ledges. Then there were puffins, or sea-parrots, strange birds with triangular bills and the sides of their heads ashy white; and they dig burrows and nest underground. The Leach's petrel, a sooty-brown bird with forked tail having a white patch at its base, was also there—nesting, too, in burrows which ran in under the turf just below the grassroots and ended in a sort of pocket where its single egg was laid. Will had seen these birds far out at sea on the voyage thither, but had never expected to find them nesting. As they lay watching the swirling clouds of birds screaming above them on the cliff-sides, Will pointed out to them a kittiwake gull, with gleaming white head and tail and pearl-gray wings and back, which was coming in from the sea with a small fish in its beak. Suddenly a dark bird, which had been soaring high in the sky, shot down through the air like a flash straight toward the kittiwake as it flapped leisurely along toward the cliff. Although the stranger flew like a hawk as it neared the water, the boys could plainly see that it was also a dark, blackish-brown gull, with a white band across the under sides of the wings near the tip.

"It 's the jiddy hawk, one of the jaeger gulls," explained Will. "It lives on the fish that other birds catch."

Even as he spoke, the kittiwake gave a startled cry and flew for its life. In and out among the cliffs, twisting and turning, it screamed and flapped and dodged, but always just over it like a black shadow hung its pursuer with long claws stretched out, always threatening, but never striking. Back and forth they went, and still the kittiwake clung to its fish and still the larger gull menaced it from above. At last the jaeger's patience was exhausted, and with a swift flirt of its wings, it made a jab for the kittiwake's head with its sharp, hooked beak. The smaller gull managed to dodge the thrust, and then, feeling that there was no use in fighting further against fate, opened its beak and allowed the silvery fish to drop toward the water. There was a flash of brown wings above it, and down through the air whirled the robber-bird and seized the fish in mid-air as neatly as a good fielder scoops in a high fly. The kittiwake, with a mournful squeal, started back to the sea for a fresh supply.

"Some system that!" remarked Jud, admiringly. "Old Mr. Jiddy's fishin' fleet does the workin' an' he does the eatin'."

Just then Will caught sight of a flock of great snowy birds larger than geese, with black wing-tips, which came circling over the cliff a hundred feet above the water.

"Here come the real fishing fleet!" he exclaimed. "These gulls are dubs compared with them. Just watch that flock of gannets a minute, and you 'll see something pretty."

He had hardly spoken when two of the snowy birds, all luminous in the bright sunlight, suddenly dived from the flock straight down through a hundred feet of space. Their telescopic eyes had seen fish within striking distance in the water below. With long head and neck stretched straight out in front, they balanced themselves with their tails as they went down, whizzing through the air exactly as a human diver would do, and together struck the water with a tremendous splash. Far below the surface they sank, only to come up again, each with a large fish in its sharp beak.

It was Joe, however, who made the most practical addition to the ornithological discoveries of the day. A flock of small, plump, chubby birds suddenly appeared from nowhere and drifted around the Argonauts like a cloud of whirling leaves. Springing to his feet, Joe seized a long stick in one hand and began to flutter with the other a long bandana, which, with a quick motion, he unwrapped from his neck. As the gay-colored bit of cloth fluttered in the air, the silly, slow-flying birds came close and closer until they were whirling around Joe's head like a swarm of bees. Suddenly dropping the handkerchief, the Indian grasped the stick with both hands and swung it back and forth through the flock with all his might. Before the swarm had time to untangle and fly away, he had laid out fluttering on the beach an even dozen of the plumpest, fattest, roundest birds the boys had ever seen. "Cheekies" Joe called them, but Will recognized them as little auks.

"They best bird to eat in this country," explained Joe, as he hurried over to help the boys secure them. "Indian boys catch them in spring out of air with big nets."

A few moments later, as each of the party wolfed down a fresh-broiled auk, they fully agreed with Joe. Not even the flesh of the ruffed grouse or the breast of a wild-celery-fed canvasback duck can compare with the plump, succulent, dark meat of that little auk which so few white men have ever tasted.

Will and Fred would have liked to stay and explore every nook and cranny of Half-Way Island, but dinner was hardly over before Joe was urging them on.

"Long way to go yet," he said. "Wind may come up. Let 's go while goin' 's good."

"Quite right, quite right!" agreed old Jud. "The trouble with you kids is that you always want to be eatin' or loafin'. It 's mighty lucky that you got a hustler along like me," and the old man lay back and smoked his pipe until the canoes were packed and launched.

All that afternoon they paddled on through the maze of islands until at last they came to a long stretch of open sea, beyond which loomed the black bulk of snow-shrouded Akotan, the Island of the Free People. Straight ahead of them the sinking sun made a long golden pathway, and they followed its gleam with hearts as high as those heroes of old, who, with Jason at the helm and Orpheus at the bow, harping them on, smote the wine-colored sea with their oars and drove straight toward the glitter of the Golden Fleece and the beauties and the enchantments and the dangers of that ancient island. In the dimming light, the black outlines of Akotan seemed to show grim and sinister, and a silence fell upon the little party as they neared the end of their long journey. Had Joe's uncle the Shuman come back into power, and, if not, would white men be permitted to land, or, if once ashore, ever to leave the island? Thoughts like these must have been passing through Joe's mind, but nothing of doubt or of anxiety showed in his calm face. As Will watched him, he admired, as he had so often done before, his composure and control. He had the power, which so many white men lack, of slipping on indifference like a mask when vital things were at stake.

As the coast of the island opened up, the boys could see that the foreshore stretched out toward them in a long promontory. On one side of this appeared a narrow opening between towering cliffs, leading into a vast, landlocked bay which stretched far into the interior. Lofty peaks, some snow-crowned and calm, others shrouded in smoke and blackened and barren from hidden fires, guarded the shores of this bay. On the other side of the promontory stretched a belt of small, rocky islands, among which, even on this calm day, the rising tide swelled and roared like a mill-race.

As they neared the shore, Fred had the shock of his life. The silence and the uncertainty and the waiting had been a strain on his nerves, which were not as well attuned to danger as were those of the other three. As he looked anxiously toward the forbidding shores, there sounded a little splash in the water close to the side of the canoe where he was paddling bow. As he turned to look, a round, sleek, dark-brown head shot out of the water not three feet from him and a pair of lustrous brown eyes looked directly into his. To his horrified gaze, it was the head of a man. The hair was sleek and parted by the water, a long moustache drooped over white teeth, and below the brilliant human eyes showed a short, snub nose. In spite of himself, Fred gave a yell and nearly went over into the water.

"Hey! What 's the matter with you?" squawked Jud, from the stern, righting the canoe with difficulty.

"A merman!" gasped Fred, pointing with his paddle at the bobbing head. Even as he moved, it sank out of sight with a plop and there was nothing to be seen but the still green water.

"Merman nothin'!" shouted Jud, who had caught a glimpse of the apparition. "It 's only an old hair-seal. They 'll often come up around a boat near shore in this latitude. Say, son," he went on, looking critically at Fred who was shaking all over, "you want to buck up and not have these nervous spells. A hair-seal is about as dangerous as a hair-sofa. If that scares you,

"BACK AND FORTH THEY WENT, AND STILL THE KITTIWAKE CLUNG TO ITS FISH"

what 'll you do on shore among all the ragin', howlin', slaughterin' Indians that we 're goin' to meet?"

"Well, if it was only a seal, why did it wink at me as it went down?" gasped poor Fred.

Before Jud could answer, Joe from the leading canoe held up his hand for silence. They were nearing a cleft in the rock which led to the inner bay and which was the only entrance to the island. Beyond the point where the tide-rips lashed the rocky islets, the shores of the island came down in lofty cliffs of dark granite, against which the surf boomed and dashed, leaving no landing even for a small boat. These sentinel cliffs, with the raging packs of breakers at their feet, extended all the way around Akotan. The only entrance to the island by winter or summer was through the narrow crooked pass into the landlocked bay.

As they approached nearer and nearer to this gateway, Joe, who was leading, paddled slower and slower, and at last, when they were close to the rift in the rocks, stopped altogether. As the canoes drifted on the water, he raised his paddle high in the air and gave a strange, wailing call which echoed back and forth among the rocks. Hardly had the echoes died away, when a group of men on either side of the little strait stepped out into sight. Some were armed with rifles of the most modern make, others carried short, heavy bows made of whale-bone and wrapped with sinew. As the boys were to learn afterward, this gate was guarded by day and night, nor could any one safely enter without signaling their approach.

For long Joe talked with the leader of the nearest group, a spare, dark, wiry man, with Japanese features, who finally dismissed his attendants and beckoned the canoes to follow him as he walked along the ledges that overhung the narrow channel.

"It all right," said Joe, as the canoes came abreast. "That Haidahn. He old friend of my father and now one of chiefs. He say that Great Chief has come back. He send him word, and we stay in guest-lodge until he see us."

In through the narrow, crooked pass, which one man could hold unseen against a regiment, they went. Finally, both canoes grounded on a little beach where Haidahn was waiting for them with several attendants. As Joe presented the whole party, the chief received them with the dignity and reserve of a prince. To their surprise, Haidahn spoke excellent, although rather old-fashioned, English, which Joe told them he had learned when traveling with some of the arctic explorers in his youth.

The canoes and outfit were left to the attendants, and Haidahn led the way through a little Indian village to the guest-lodge, a large tepee with a totem-pole in front of it. Inside blazed a fire whose smoke escaped through a hole in the roof, while all around were clean, comfortable couches of various furs and skins. There the party rested while Joe explained to them that they would not have the freedom of the village until they had seen the great chief and received permission from his own lips to remain.

"When will that be?" inquired Will.

"Probably right away," said Joe.

Sure enough, after a substantial meal which the chief's attendants brought them, Haidahn himself came to them in the long twilight which faded and dimmed, but never seemed to deepen entirely into dark. A half-moon showed pale against the deep, pulsing, black-violet of the sky as they followed a little winding path which twisted like a snake in and out among knolls and sand-dunes, but always led away from the village, until the barking of the dogs and the shrill tones of the tribe had died away into silence. Suddenly, around a bend, the whole party stood facing the land-locked bay into which they had come a few hours before. In front of them towered a vast peak. Its flanks were black with the iron blackness of naked rock, and its sudden stern girth seemed grim and menacing. Its head was hidden in a cloud of black smoke, shot now and then with the lurid gleam of hidden fires. Even as they looked, the mountain muttered with a deep, harsh, bellowing note that echoed terribly across the deserted bay. At the sound, Will thought of that other mountain which could not be touched, of the Pillar of Cloud and of Fire and of that Voice so dreadful that those who heard it fell upon their faces and besought that it should speak no more. To-night there came to all of them the thrill of an unearthly horror, as the deep mutter of the sleeping volcano sounded down from the lowering sky. In silence they stole along the edge of the bay, and once again that fearful voice spoke from the clouds and the vast peak seemed to shake and tremble.

"Shishaldin speaks to-night," whispered the chief, stretching a trembling hand toward the mountain. "This has not happened in my time. It means there be great things afoot."

In the half-light they could see ahead of them a low building set against the side of a sand-dune and facing the bay and the dreadful head of Shishaldin.

"The lodge of the great chief," whispered Joe.

It was built of flat slabs of cedar, with a ridge-pole and two slanting cross-beams at either end and without nail or peg, all the beams being cunningly spliced together with strips of hide and

roping of cedar-bark. In front of the peak of the roof towered a mighty totem-pole fifty feet high. Its back fitted into the front of the lodge, and it was formed of two enormous serpents, facing in opposite directions and carved out of the solid wood. The open jaws of the lower one, some six feet from the ground, gaped horribly, with blood-red fangs five feet apart, and was the only entrance to the lodge. Haidahn led the way to where a notched log led up to the ghastly opening. At the foot of this rude ladder old Jud paused.

"I ain't so fond of snakes," he remonstrated, "that I want to crawl into one's mouth."

The chief was much incensed.

"Come or go!" he hissed from the top of the ladder, motioning to the open jaws and then pointing to the back track. Jud was no quitter.

"I 'll come all right," he returned, picking his way carefully up the notched log, "but I want to say, Mr. High Darn, that I don't think much of your taste in doorways."

Inside was a long room floored with flat cedar slabs and covered with skins. In front of a smoldering fire, on a raised couch covered with heavy furs, sat cross-legged and motionless as a carven image the imposing figure of an old man. He had a huge, massive head, while his face made the boys think of the pictures of Julius Cæsar in their histories. There was the same aquiline nose, tight, thin lips, and air of haughty calm which showed in the face of that other great chief. For some time the little party stood in front of the old man in silence. His hair was white as snow and he sat with shut eyes, so that the boys thought him either blind or asleep. At last, in a voice of amazing depth and resonance, he spoke in English.

"Where you come from, and why?" he questioned.

There was a pause. Then Joe stepped forward.

"I brought them, O Great Chief," he said. At the first sound of his voice the old man stirred slightly and his eyes flashed open, bright and of a lustrous black which contrasted vividly with the whiteness of his hair.

"By what right?" boomed the voice again, while outside the muttering note of dread Shishaldin sounded once more.

"By the right of my blood," returned Joe. proudly.

"Show me the sign," commanded the voice again.

(To be continued)

MOTHER'S "HIGHWAYMEN'

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

HURRY, and scurry, and bring them out—
Mittens, and tippets, and leggings stout!
Hip, hurrah, and away we go!
Three times three, for the drifted snow!

All through the blustering winter night
It hurried down, so still, so light.
All through the night it swirled and whirled,
Playing mad pranks on the sleeping world.

High as the door-knob 't is packed so hard,
Deep it stretches across the yard;
Now, where the storm-king had his joke,
A highway we 'll make for the family folk.

Little by little we win ahead,
With fingers tingling and noses red;
Little by little the walls rise high,
Shutting away the bright blue sky.

Finished at last! Our road lies clear,
And the family gives us a rousing cheer,
And brings a big pan of cookies out
For Mother's "highwaymen," willing and stout.

HOW THE BAMBOO SHADOWS SAVED A PROVINCE

A Legend of China

By ETHEL MORSE

Once O-Setsu-San knelt painting in her home in far Japan,
Painting silhouettes of bamboo on a little white silk fan,
And from time to time she looked up, as she chatted on with me,
At the picture on her window of a bushy bamboo-tree
Painted all in black. I asked her why so queer a thing should be.
And the tale she told in answer I will tell you, if I can,
Just as it was told to me, then, by my friend O-Setsu-San,
As I sat near by and listened, sipping cups of yellow tea,
In the work-room of her cottage at Tokano, by the sea.

Lady Li Fu-jon, of Shu, a Chinese province far inland,
Sadly leaned her shining head upon her smooth and slender hand.
She was thinking of the sorrow that had come into her life
Since her country had been flooded with the sounds of war and strife.
Ku Chung-tau, a Tartar warrior, had invaded peaceful Shu
And kept up a mighty army on the princely revenue
He demanded from the people who were harried by his sword,
And who suffered from oppression by the hated northern horde.
They of Shu were not great fighters; rather had they learned to live
The quiet life of artists—some their time and skill to give
To clever work in carving, such as gateways shaped from stone,
Or charming little trifles curiously cut in bone.
Some were potters, molding tea-pots famed afar for being quaint,
And others were devoted to their work with brush and paint.

Among these painters, Lady Li a high position held,
For in painting birds and flowers none her wondrous art excelled.
"But, alas!" she now reflected, "what avails my people's skill?
Since the cruel Ku Chung-tau has bent us to his tyrant will
We no longer love and practise all the arts we held so dear;
We are idle and disheartened, stupefied by grief and fear.
Broken is my people's spirit. Shall I ever see the day
When the men of Shu will rise and drive the conqueror away?"

Long she meditated thus, until the ruddy sunset light
Had faded, and the chilly, searching breezes of the night
Made her draw the sliding casement, through whose single window shone
The first faint rays of moonlight. And yet still she sat alone
Wrapt in anxious thought. However, though despair had held her long,
By a comforting arrangement, grief, though it be keen and strong,
Will not hold us fast forever,—will not keep us, on the whole,
From such passing interruptions as may soothe us, or console.
So it happened that the eyes of Lady Li then chanced to stray
To the large, white-paper window, on whose side a branching spray
Of the bamboo cast rich shadows from the moonlight at its back,
Shadows of the leaves of bamboo, sharply cut, and purple-black.

For a while she watched the shadows with a whimsical expression,
And then, seeking some distraction from her deepening depression,
Lady Li took up her brush and idly traced the slender leaves
That spread across the casement from the low veranda eaves,

"PAINTING SILHOUETTES OF BAMBOO ON A LITTLE WHITE SILK FAN"

Making groups of silhouettes upon the paper window-squares,
Many of them thick and heavy, some as delicate as hairs.
Thus she covered all the casement with the pretty, quivering shade,
And amused her laughing neighbors with the picture she had made.

Mark what follows. Very little did that gentle artist think
As she deftly caught the shadows in a coat of india-ink,
That the act would lead to freedom for the captive land of Shu,—
Teaching all her fellow-artists a new way of painting, too!
When the neighbors saw the silhouettes upon her window-squares
They were highly discontented till they had the same on theirs!
They daubed and inked and painted throughout all the moonlit nights,
And when the moon diminished set up flaring lantern-lights,
Throwing shadows of the bamboo, ilex, and mimosa trees
On the windows, where they daubed and inked and painted at their ease.
So widely spread the habit of this interesting sport
That, they said, in distant Burma it was popular at court.
All the window-makers chuckled, "As an impetus to trade
This is better than an earthquake; see the money that we 've made!"
And merchants sold a piece of opaque paper in a frame
With a candle stuck behind it as, "A Fascinating Game."

All was well until one night the Tartar tyrant, Ku Chung-tau,
When he summoned to his council-room the native prince Wu Kau
Received the startling answer that rash Wu Kau refused—
He was painting bamboo shadows, and he begged to be excused!
Then the wrath of Ku Chung-tau, which had been slumbering, awoke;
He gasped until his followers thought their noble lord would choke;
He beat a table with his sword; at last he fiercely roared:
"I hope you people understand that I 'm distinctly bored
By this foolish love of silhouettes! Proclaim my stern decree:
Not the slightest painted shadow of a single bamboo tree
Shall appear in any way, in any house, on any street!
The pastime is ridiculous; besides, it is n't neat!
Those crawling, sprawling shadows cover everything I see
In a most offensive manner, and it must no longer be."

But alas for Ku Chung-tau! For once led by his evil star
Was that hasty Tartar tyrant, and this time he went too far.
The proclamation duly made, announcing his desire,
Was the one thing that was needed to arouse Shu's martial ire.
"What, deprive us of the silhouettes, our sole remaining pleasure!"
Cried the men of Shu, considering this latest public measure;
"Nay, it is too much!" they shouted. "Brothers, let us arm and rise
And give battle to the tyrant till the dread invader flies!"
So to war with dauntless spirit the men of Shu went forth,
Beating back the Tartar warriors to their strongholds in the north.
Thus they freed their lovely province, and, with peace once more declared,
Returned to painting shadows with their ardor unimpaired.

"That is why," said smiling Setsu, as she waved a little fan,
"You will sometimes see on casements in the homes of old Japan
An inky bamboo shadow; and I have one, when I can,
As a model in my work-room."
Thus O-Setsu told to me
This ancient Chinese legend, as I sipped her yellow tea.

LINCOLN WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS

By MRS. TAYLOR Z. MARSHALL

IT was at the close of a village celebration of the Fourth of July, that a wee boy stood clasping the hand of his mother and watching the fireworks, when a piece was lighted representing our great Emancipator. After all else had faded out, the name still burned with a steady glow, shining clear and bright through the darkness. Pleased with this, the child said, "Mother, when will the name go out?" "Never, my son, never!" replied the mother, "never will the name of Abraham Lincoln go out!"

It is now more than fifty years since Mr. Lincoln "paid the last full measure of devotion," for our beloved nation. That the name of Lincoln is more to young Americans than all other names in our national history is because his love for them was so fine, so tender, so strong. This great love for the young was the well-spring of the "high, rare, and divine joy" he felt in making them happy, and he himself once said, "It takes the pain out of my own heart."

Though he was ever busy with hands, head, and heart filled to overflowing by the work and burdens of a great lawyer, a great statesman, a great patriot, the savior of a great free nation, yet amid it all he found time to cast the guiding rays of his love far out over the storm breakers of many a young life and bring it safely back to harbor.

And when we have pieced together the various incidents here recorded, showing the deep tenderness, the wide compassion, and loving-kindness of Mr. Lincoln to the young folks of his day,

> They stand out like a picture o'er those years
> Black with their robes of sorrow, veiled with tears.

"If," said Sidney Smith, "we would send one person, only one, happily through each day, in forty years we have made fourteen thousand, six hundred persons happy, at least for a time." Making others happy was among the master passions of Mr. Lincoln's life, and he did not fail to improve what others considered "small opportunities."

One evening after his election to the Presidency, while attending a social gathering in Chicago, his ever-watchful eye caught the approach of a shy little girl, and with smiling tenderness he inquired what he could do for her. Hesitating and blushing deeply, she replied that she very much wanted his name on a piece of paper. Glancing into the other room, Mr. Lincoln said, "But there are other little girls—and they would feel badly if I gave my name only to you." "Yes, Mr. Lincoln," she said, "there are eight of us in all." "Then," replied the great man, "get me eight sheets of paper and pen and ink, and I will see what I can do for you." The necessary writing material was brought, and, unheeding the urgent throng about him, Mr. Lincoln seated himself and wrote a few words upon each sheet of paper, above his signature, and eight little girls went out of his presence supremely happy.

MR. LINCOLN was giving a reception, soon after his election, to his many friends and political admirers at a Chicago hotel. A father, we are told, led in by the hand his little boy, who was very anxious to see the new President. The moment the child entered the door, of his own accord and quite to the surprise of his father, he took off his hat and, giving it a swing, cried, "Hurrah for Mr. Lincoln!" A large crowd was present, but just as soon as Mr. Lincoln could get hold of that little fellow, he lifted him in his big strong hands, and, tossing him toward the ceiling, laughingly shouted, "Hurrah for *you!*"

For the moment Mr. Lincoln had forgotten the wearisome task of formal handshaking, and remembered only that a "little child was in the midst of them."

"DURING a reception at the White House," says a writer, "there was such an unusually large number of persons present that it was necessary to do without the customary hand-shaking.

"Mr. Lincoln had been standing for some time acknowledging the greetings of the crowd, when his eyes fell upon a couple who had entered unobserved—a young wounded soldier and his widowed mother.

"Before they could pass out, he made his way to where they stood. Taking each of them by the hand, with a delicacy and cordiality which made them feel instantly at ease, he assured them of his interest and welcome.

"Governors, senators, and diplomatists passed with simply a nod; but that pale young face he might never see again. To him and others like him the Nation owed its life; Abraham Lincoln was not the man to forget this, even in the crowded and brilliant assembly of the distinguished of the land."

ONE of Tad Lincoln's favorite charities was to bring a troop of little unwashed, unfed, and half-dressed street Arabs into the kitchen of the White House to be fed, paying little attention to the strenuous protests from Peter (the steward), and the cook. As a last resort, Peter said Mrs. Lincoln must be told.

Full of anger at what he thought a wanton wrong done his humble friends, Tad bounded upstairs to plead their cause with his mother. Failing to find her, he went in quest of his overworked father, while the small recipients of his bounty waited patiently at the lower door, the resolute Peter having positively refused them admittance.

The excited Tad soon spied his father with head bowed, eyes to the ground, talking seriously to Mr. Seward, with whom he was on his way to the Department of State. He hurried toward him, calling out, "Father, Father! Can 't I bring those poor, cold, hungry boys home with me whenever I want to? Is n't it our kitchen?"

"By this time," says Mr. Seward, "Tad had his father by the hand, and he had stopped to listen to the boy's appeal."

"Can't I give them a good warm dinner to-day? Can't I? They are just as hungry as bears, and two of them are the boys of soldiers, too! And, Father, may n't I discharge Peter this minute if he does n't get out the meat, and chicken, and pies, and all the things we had left yesterday? Say, may n't I? Is n't it our kitchen, Father?"

Mr. Lincoln turned to the secretary with a twinkle in his eyes saying: "Seward, advise with me. This case requires diplomacy." Mr. Seward patted the troubled boy on the back and said he must be careful not to run the Government into debt. Then the President took Tad's little brown hands in his own big one, and, with a droll smile, said to him, "Now run along home, and tell Peter that you are really required to obey the Bible command of gathering in the lame, and the maimed, and the blind, and that he must feed these boys and so be a better Christian."

FIRED with the enthusiasm of a great purpose, Henry E. Wing, mere boy that he was, full of the joy and courage of youth, a reporter on the "New York Tribune" during those pitiless days of 1864, tells us how he dared a journey through the enemy's lines and won Abraham Lincoln as a friend.

"I crawled out of a rebel camp at Manassas Junction at dusk on Friday, May 6, 1864, and hustled down the railroad track to Bull Run, where I came into our lines and there learned that our people had no news from the front. I realized that I was probably the only one of four or five newspaper men who had succeeded in getting through.

"As my paper, the 'Tribune,' would have no issue after the following morning until Monday, May 9, my news would be stale unless it went through that night. There was no train; I could not get a horse. I offered five hundred dollars for a hand-car and two men to run it; but all to no avail. So I kept on until I reached a military telegraph office, and asked the operator to let my report go through; but he refused, his orders being to send no newspaper reports over government wires. I then sent a dispatch to my friend Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to the effect that I had left Grant at four o'clock that morning. That woke up the department, in which there was the utmost anxiety. Instantly, Secretary Stanton asked me over the wire where Grant was when I left him. This assured me that I had a "corner" on the news from the front. I replied that my news belonged to the 'Tribune,' but if he would let one hundred words go through to my paper, I would tell him all I knew. Stanton's response was a threat to arrest me as a spy unless I gave the news from the army. This made me very anxious, but still I refused. I was disgusted that, with all my enterprise, my paper would not get my important news. But Mr. Lincoln must have come into the war office just then, for I was asked if I would tell the President where Grant was. I repeated my previous offer, and he accepted the terms at once.

"I did not have a scrap of paper about my person,—discreet correspondents in war times never took anything of that sort through the lines,—so I dictated to the operator while he transmitted my dispatch, which Mr. Lincoln

would not limit to the one hundred words I had bargained for, and which was telegraphed direct to New York, where it appeared in the 'Tribune,' of Saturday, May 7. Mr. Lincoln ordered a locomotive to be sent out on the road to bring me into Washington,—some thirty miles,—and about two o'clock in the morning I reached the White House, travel-stained and weary, but delighted at my success in having brought the first news from Grant's army, and especially in being honored by the President's special favor.

"That early morning interview with Mr. Lincoln was the beginning of a strong friendship accorded to me, a mere boy, by that wonderful man, the memory of which is a precious treasure in my heart. Mr. Lincoln told me that to relieve the anxiety of the whole country regarding Grant's first contest with Lee he had decided to let my dispatch come through; also, he had arranged with the managing editor, Mr. Gray, to give a summary to the Associated Press to appear in all the papers."

IT is to Schuyler Colfax that we are indebted for the story of the congressman who went to the White House one morning, and saw in the anteroom, always crowded with people in those sad days, an old man crouched alone in a corner, crying as if his heart would break. As such a sight was not uncommon, the congressman passed into the President's room, transacted his business, and went away.

The next morning, going to the White House again, he saw the same old man crying in the corner as before. Going over to him he said kindly, "What 's the matter, Father?"

The old man told him the story of his son, Job Smith: that he was in the army of the James,—General Butler's army,—that he had been convicted by a court martial and sentenced to be shot the next week; and that his congressman was convinced of the young man's guilt and would not intervene.

After listening to the recital, the congressman said: "Perhaps something can be done. I 'll take you to see the President, after I have finished my business with him, and you can tell him all about it."

When the visitor had been presented Mr. Lincoln said, "Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?" and the old man repeated his story. A cloud of sorrow came over Mr. Lincoln's face, as he replied: "I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram I received from General Butler only yesterday:

President Lincoln: I pray you not to interfere with the court martials of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers. B. F. BUTLER.

Every word of this dispatch seemed to sound a death-knell to the old man's newly-awakened hope. Mr. Lincoln watched his grief for a moment, and then exclaimed, "By jingo, Butler or no Butler, here goes!" and writing a few words, he handed them to the old man.

The sorrowing father took them eagerly, but his face fell when he read:

Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.

A. LINCOLN.

"Why," said the old man, "I thought it was to be a pardon, but you say, 'Not to be shot till further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week."

Mr. Lincoln smiled. "Well, my friend," he said, "I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be as old as Methuselah."

THAT MR. LINCOLN'S tenderness and love for young folks, his willingness to lend them a helping hand, and his joy in making them happy never failed cannot be doubted. Mr. W. D. Kelley narrates a personal experience of this characteristic.

"Not even a child could approach Mr. Lincoln without feeling he had found in him a sympathizing friend. I remember that I apprised him of the fact that a lad, the son of one of my townsmen, had served a year on board the gunboat *Ottawa*, and had been in two important engagements—in the first, as a "powder-monkey" (a boy who carried powder from the magazine to the guns), when he had conducted himself with such coolness that he had been chosen a captain's messenger in the second. So I suggested to the President that it was in his power to send annually to the Naval School one who had served at least a year in the navy.

"He at once wrote on the back of a letter from the commander of the *Ottawa*, which I handed him:

To the Secretary of the Navy.

If the appointment of ——— has not been made, let this boy be appointed.

"The appointment had not been made, and I brought it home with me. It directed the lad to report for examination at the school in July.

"It was just as he was ready to start that his father, looking over the law, discovered that he could not report until he was fourteen years of age, which he would not be until the September following. The poor boy sat down and wept. He feared he was not going to the naval school. But he was soon consoled by being told that Mr. Lincoln could make it right.

"It was my good fortune to meet the lad, with his father, at the door of the Executive Chamber. Taking by the hand the little fellow, who was short for his age and dressed in the sailor-blue trousers and shirt, I advanced with him to the President, who sat in his usual seat. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'my young friend Willie Bladen finds a difficulty in his appointment. You have directed him to appear at the school in July; but he is not yet fourteen years of age.'

"But before I got half of this out, Mr. Lincoln, laying down his spectacles, arose and said:

" 'Bless me! Is that the boy who did so valiantly in those two great battles? Why, I feel that I should bow to him, and not he to me.' (The little fellow had made a graceful bow.)

"The President took the papers at once, and as soon as he learned that a postponement till September would suffice, made the order that the lad should report in that month. Then putting his hand on Willie's head, he said:

" 'Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during these two months, for they are about the last holidays you 'll get!'

"The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the President of the United States, though a very great man, was one he would like to have a game of romps with."

THE great Emancipator holds his place in our hearts, not alone by his services as a great patriot, but by his warm, deep sympathy for others.

He was never too burdened, not even with the weight of a mighty nation at war with itself, never too weary or too busy to listen to those in trouble, and especially to the young. He was easily "moved with compassion," as was never more beautifully and touchingly portrayed than in the incident of Bennie Owen.

Private Benjamin Owen, of the Vermont volunteers, was found asleep at his post while on picket-duty last night. The court martial has sentenced him to be shot in forty-eight hours, as the offense occurred at a critical time.

"I thought when I gave Bennie to his country," said farmer Owen, as he read the above telegram with dimming eyes, "that no other father in all this broad land made so precious a gift. He only slept a minute—just one little minute—at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over duty. How proud and trustworthy he was! He was as tall as I am, and only eighteen! And now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty!"

Just then Bennie's little sister Blossom, answered a tap at the door and returned with a letter. "It 's from him," was all she said.

Dear Father: For sleeping on sentinel duty I am to be shot. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought of it so much now it has no terror. They say they will not bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet death like a man. I thought, Father, that it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously. But to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—die for neglect of duty! Oh, Father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

You know I promised Jimmy Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his baggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on the double-quick, and the baggage began to feel very heavy. Everybody was tired; and as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp; and then it was Jimmie's turn to be sentry, but I could take his place. But I was too tired, Father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late.

They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances—"time to write to you," our good colonel says. Forgive him, Father; he only does his duty. He would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death up against Jimmie. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead. I cannot bear to think of Mother and Blossom. Comfort them, Father! Tell them that I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed, as they must be now: it is very hard to bear! Good-by, Father. To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back steps waiting for me—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all!

"God be thanked!" said Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly."

Late that night a little figure glided out of the house and down the path. Two hours later the conductor of the southward mail lifted Blossom into a car at Mill Depot. Next morning she was in New York; and the next, she was admitted to the White House at Washington.

"Well, my child," said the President in cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early this morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post," said the little girl.

"I remember," said the President. "It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost through his culpable negligence."

"So my father said, but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jimmie's night to watch, not his. But Jimmie was too tired, and Bennie

never thought about himself—that he was tired, too."

"What is that you say, child? Come here. I do not understand." He read Bennie's letter to his father, which Blossom held out, and wrote a few lines, rang his bell, and said to the messenger who appeared: "Send this dispatch at once." Then turning to Blossom, he continued: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve of his country's sentence even when it took the life of his son, like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks that life too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow. Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death. He shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days later, when the young soldier came with his sister to thank the President, Mr. Lincoln fastened the straps of a lieutenant upon his shoulder, saying: "The soldier who can carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act without complaining, deserves well of his country."

JUST five weeks before the ending of that wonderful life, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were giving a reception, and with them was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, famous for her great work for the soldiers in the Sanitary Commission.

"A very handsome, bright boy," she says, "about the size and age of his beloved son Willie, whom he had lost, gazed up reverently at the President, but was going by without speaking."

"Stop, my little man!" said Mr. Lincoln. "Are n't you going to speak to me?"

The little fellow laid his hand in that of Mr. Lincoln and colored with embarrassment.

"You are older than my Tad, I guess."

"I am thirteen, sir."

"And you go to school, I suppose, and you study geography, arithmetic, and history, and all that? And one of these days you mean to be President and stand right here where I'm standing, shaking hands with everybody?"

"No, sir, I hope not!" replied the boy, vehemently; "I never want to be President."

"You may well say that—you may well say you hope not," answered the President with a smile. "You have spoken more wisely than you know." And taking the boy's hands in his, he looked lovingly into the bright young face.

THE spring sunshine, the awakening of the flowers, the gleeful songs of birds were scarcely noticed by the Nation, radiant as it was at this time with new hope and joy over the fall of Richmond and the surrender of the Confederate Army.

We are told that "the bells in every city, town and hamlet pealed forth the glad tidings of peace." Strong men were not ashamed of the tears of gratitude that flowed unbidden from eyes that had watched and waited long for that glad hour, as they greeted each other in the streets and gathered in the churches to make their offerings of thanksgiving.

The hearts of the women of the nation throbbed and thrilled with the thought that their loved ones had not died in vain.

It was amid these stirring scenes that Mr. Lincoln performed his last official act of kindness. And it is a priceless legacy to the youth of our country to know that, though the nation was fairly intoxicated with joy, all hearts beating high with hope, the young still held a controlling place in that great, tender heart.

IN the early evening of his fatal day a petition for the pardoning of a young boy was brought to Mr. Lincoln. It was the sad story of desertion—a crime for which the boy was to give up his life.

As Mr. Lincoln took the pen in his hand to sign the pardon,—that hand that had broken the shackles of five million slaves,—he remarked, "Well, I think the boy can do more good above ground than under it."

That same evening, just as he was to enter the carriage that took him to his death, he stopped and signed an application for the discharge, on taking the oath of allegiance, of a young Confederate prisoner, on whose petition for mercy he wrote: "Let it be done."

"Scribner's Magazine" for December, 1919, contains a letter from President Theodore Roosevelt to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in which he wrote:

"It has been peculiarly pleasant to me to find that my supporters are to be found in the overwhelming majority among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people. As I suppose you know, Lincoln is my hero. . . . To me he seems to be one of the great figures, who will loom ever larger as the centuries go by."

WHERE CHILDREN LOVE MUSIC

By CHRISTINE B. ROWELL

THE spring festival of the Music School Settlement was about to begin in Æolian Hall. As Virginia and Sanford went to take their seats in the audience, fiddlers big and little on the platform were tuning up and expectancy was in the air. The director stood ready with his baton. What caught the eyes of brother and sister, however, was a pretty folder on the arm of each seat. It was in colors, was illustrated, and was altogether charming. It began:

"East on Third Street, at number Fifty-Five, I found" (and this picture followed)

"where one thousand pupils and one hundred teachers"—the story ran on—"pass in and out. I stepped inside at the sign.

"I saw a crowded hall, fathers and mothers, young men and women, boys and girls, and" (then came the picture of the children's orchestra which appears on the opposite page).

There was more of it, with pictures to complete the meaning of sentences; but the director lifted his baton.

There was a hush, and then the greeting to spring poured out. It was such fresh, enthusiastic, youthful music, and yet so serious and intelligent and finished! It had the warmth of fields lying under the April sunshine, and the joy of woodlands where leaf-buds were bursting. There were children shouting and romping, who at last tiptoed off at hide-and-seek. There was a lagging step or two, and all was quiet.

A pause, and in the applause that followed, one lady turned to her neighbor and said: "Well, my dear, I have given up expecting these concerts to be amateurish. That was the careful work of professionals, and was delightful." A man remarked to a preparatory school boy beside him: "Great, was n't it? But there is something about that crowd of youngsters that at first makes me afraid I 'm going to take to tears." The boy replied, "Once Father did."

Many were in the audience for the intimate reason that they were friends or relatives, fathers and mothers, girls from the up-town "Piper's Club," whose members make scholarships in the Music School possible; men and women who had given time and energy for the success of the school; the editor of a familiar magazine, who loved children and who leaned over and asked the performers questions as, after playing, they filed from the platform to the front row of seats; a charming essayist; a famous violinist. Others were there because a concert by little people, by big people, and by middle-sized people had sounded alluring. Leaving the concert to go its happy, successful way, let us learn with these latter the story of the Music School Settlement.

Twenty-five years ago, a young college girl was putting in her time in a downtown settlement. She loved music and hoped some day to earn her living by giving 'cello lessons. She also loved children and had found that, among her small friends in the Bowery, there were many who longed to know music and perhaps hoped to turn an honest penny by scraping tunes in dance-halls or in theater orchestras. Seeing her chance to render a unique, but very real, service, the young girl borrowed a little room at the University Settlement and set seriously to teaching music. Money was needed to pay for music scores, for light and heat, and the children brought what offerings they could from their savings. A few months went by, and the children were so enthusiastic over their work that arrangements were made to have the classes held in one of the clubrooms of the Settlement. Urged on by her success, the young teacher began to give more and more of her time and strength and devotion to the work, with the result that her chance of earning her own living became increasingly limited. A group of her friends accordingly promised to supply her with living expenses in order that she might give herself wholly to these children.

That was the beginning of the Music School Settlement.

The classes soon outgrew a single room, and a small house was rented. The work was supported by small fees from the children themselves and by subscriptions from friends who saw in the plan more than the giving of music lessons, although those lessons were of an unusual character.

A visitor at this house in the early days still speaks with amusement of her recollection of the place. The narrow stairway seemed to her crowded with eager young humanity, and she had to choose her footing carefully in order not to step on a child. Up in a tiny hall-bedroom she found three pupils busy at the same time; one taking a piano lesson, another practising with his violin, while a third was working over a dummy clavichord. At this time there were thirteen volunteer teachers, one of whom—a violinist whose own career sounds like a story-book—later became the school director.

When it was ten years old, the Music School moved into its present home. At that time it had a violin department, a piano department with a resident head, a junior and a senior orchestra. Many friends of the school had been glad to lend or give musical instruments; and when there was found to be need of a library, and, especially, of a library of music, other friends had taken the responsibility of starting and maintaining these. The libraries, indeed, became an important factor in the school.

In a short time the school threatened to burst its walls. An adjoining house was secured; and not long afterward, a second adjoining house. These three houses were made over into a single, practical settlement school and home. This home has ever since been a beehive of activity, with its lessons to individuals, its weekly recitals, its monthly concerts, its lectures, its clubs, its library, its flourishing concert-bureau and registrar's office, its vocal department, and chorus, its resident department and trained nurse. The work started twenty-five years ago among the dozen Bowery children and carried on by struggle and self-denial has expanded until, to-day, the Music School Settlement gives over thirty thousand lessons in a season. It has more than a thousand pupils, who represent at least fifteen nationalities. There are four orchestras and a large staff of teachers. The library of two thousand reading-books and of more than eight thousand musical compositions is used by some twenty-five hundred readers.

THE CHILDREN'S ORCHESTRA

A lover of children once said that he thought every boy's character was steadied and ennobled if he had the good luck to live near some elemental beauty of nature, as the sea or the mountains. The East Side child has had a kindred influence supplied in this element of the world's best music. The music, however, has not itself been the only end. Through it, other interests have come about that have made the school a haven of refuge to many a child and have played a strong part in his development.

What boy or girl has ever lived, for instance, who has not wanted to get up a club and to have some leading place in it? The boys and girls in the school have had clubs for games, for debates, for studying the lives of musicians, for learning the principles on which our American Constitution rests and of good government. In these

clubs, emphasis is laid upon the spirit of fair play. Other clubs have also been organized: a Mother's Club, for discussing such problems as economical buying, and a Parents' Association for the learning of English, for dealing with matters of health, for lectures, and for wholesome entertainments.

Early in the life of the school, friends of the children had in mind the question of what was to be done during the summer vacation-time. One afternoon, the librarian decided to find out how far five cents would take her by trolley toward the seashore. Her trip ended within sight of the ocean, and after a comfortable walk she was able to discover a plot of unused beach. It did not seem valuable or particularly lovely, but the librarian had an idea. She inquired about till she got hold of the owner, from whom at a small rent she secured the land. Here, within a few days, she pitched an old tent; and thus, some seven years ago, began Camp Story Hour, whither batches of children go for a day's outing during the hot weather. There are other outings in the country; and in the farm-lands of New Jersey, there is a camp where scholarship pupils go for a fortnight at a time. For those who are obliged to stay at home, the roof of the settlement house offers a playground; while in the basement, shower-baths cool and refresh children after the heat and dirt of the street.

It has been said that the Music School boys and girls seem cleaner and have brighter eyes than others in the neighborhood. There must be something in it. Give a boy a cake of soap, and it is speedily lost in the ash-can or the coal-bin. Give him a violin, and he soon finds a cake of soap for himself, while it is noticed, as week by week he takes his lesson, that his hands grow cleaner and cleaner.

Most noteworthy, however, is the inspiration of the school in its teaching of music.

One day a small boy was boasting that his sister played the piano every day on the ironing-board. His puzzled teacher visited the family to learn that Catherine's intense longing for a real piano caused her to sit before the ironing-board every day for an hour, after her return from school, while she carefully practised her fingers.

One girl was a sad, sickly child. Though her father was on his feet all day, he walked to and from his work in order to save his car-fare and send his daughter to the school. She was finally given a scholarship, although nobody was enthusiastic about teaching her. Then her sister came to study the violin. Gradually, two pairs of eyes grew brighter, two little girls grew personally more attractive; and Alice said one day: "We have a music party at home every Tuesday night. We don 't have a fire every day, but Tuesday we always have a fire and put on our best clothes, and sister and I play for the family, and it livens up the whole week."

WRITING A TUNE ON THE BLACKBOARD

A boy turned up one day and asked for piano lessons. The day was cold, but he wore no overcoat—for he had chosen between an overcoat and music lessons! He developed remarkably, though, in spite of tradition, he insisted upon playing Bach like Chopin and Chopin like Brahms, because he "liked it that way." At camp the next summer he developed as remarkably in physique and in character as he had musically. An independent boy who refused to accept favors and was willing to work hard, he was bound to succeed, and he did.

"Music is a luxury, but we get it here for ten cents," replied a small girl, upon being asked what music was. What she had in mind was her experience in a class of children learning to sing,

to play musical games, and to understand music from the inside; for with music, as with other things, we often know only the outside. The magic realm becomes real to those who learn to listen to the tunes in their own hearts and minds.

A visitor at the school was watching an eager, gray-eyed child take her lesson the other day. She was asked by the teacher if she would like to write a tune on the blackboard; whereupon she climbed upon a chair, the teacher saying that the first note would be in middle C. The child rapidly wrote the note, then listened for the simple tune that the teacher improvised. This she wrote, then clapped out the time, drew the bars, gave the notes their values, and triumphantly added a dot to the last note after she had discovered that it was needed to complete the measure. Then she went to the piano and played the tune. After that, she was told to play it again, beginning with any note she happened to strike. This she did easily, not realizing that she was doing that formidable thing called "transposing." She was asked to make a song herself. She thought a minute and made a wee sentence such as, "When the birds come flying home the sun is going down." She swung out the rhythm to this with her little arm, then sang it, at the same time making descriptive motions with her hands. After that, she wrote it on the blackboard.

Classes of six or eight of these children are so popular that the school is full of them and also of the grown-ups who come to listen. One teacher has declared that she is obliged to exert a repressive influence on these grown-ups, so great is their temptation to join in.

From these groups is made up the orchestra of younger pupils, and it rehearses regularly every week after public school is over. As lessons progress, the beautiful music of the great masters is gradually learned; and music learned in this way the scholars are glad to share with others.

A VIOLONCELLO CLASS

PART OF THE JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

THE SENIOR ORCHESTRA

Many are the home concerts in proud and happy families after the day's work, and keen is the appreciation of "up-town music," when these boys and girls are able to go to professional concerts. The concerts at the school are also a constant source of pleasure; for in a neighborhood where many people understand English imperfectly, if at all, music speaks the one language that needs no interpreter, that by its universal appeal hushes the individual differences of tongue and race, and so becomes the symbol of unity.

Many of its pupils feel that the school has brought them up. It is personal experience that always gives the vivid touch to a story. The records of such experience adorn in plenty the history of the Music School Settlement. From among them, two letters written to the present director are an illustration:

A young Englishman writes:

All through my childhood at home I was hungering for music and art; but my parents and adverse circumstances forbade my studying and discouraged me in every possible way. I ran away from home and came to America, seeking one thing only—music. I wrote to all the conservatories whose addresses I could get, requesting that I be allowed to work my way through. Those who replied did so in the negative. I eventually discovered the Music School Settlement. That was in 1912. The instruction I had in the school was splendid, and more *human* than I ever imagined teaching in music to be. I was brought up and fed on the ideals of the director and of the teacher of the harmony classes and the teacher of the piano department. My five years at the school, before I volunteered for the army, made one long course of feeding up a famished musical soul.

When I discovered a talent for teaching children and joined a class for teachers, I learned that teachers supply the sunshine, the water, and the environment to the opening bud of childhood, and guard it until it blossoms into a beautiful flower I knew that I was on the right track, because as soon as I applied these principles. I began to realize that the children were teaching me! I was receiving help from them musically, morally, and spiritually.

A young woman has said:

My early recollections of the Music School Settlement are quite too wonderful to express in my limited use of language. The interest and joy that came with my first introduction to Third Street cannot be described by any one short of a poet.

The strangeness of America was soon lost to me, and the old yearning for the quiet little village in Hungary grew less and less as I found friends and kindred souls who were interested in the same wonderful thing, music. I was much impressed when I was notified to come for an examination for the junior orchestra. That was eight years ago. The orchestra was there when I arrived. The music was exceptionally interesting and enjoyable, for it was all being made by such youngsters, boys and girls of my own age. *I felt at home.* I was no longer a stranger in a strange land. It was my country. And since that time I have been an American.

This last echoes what Sanford and Virginia found on an inside page of the pretty festival folder, a sentence that the Music School has always tried to make real:

"The glory of America is that it creates men and women by opening to them the gates of

PEDDLING POETRY

By NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

THERE was once a lad, but I 'll not disclose
His Christian or surname, who early rose
To fame and to honor and gained renown
For his native place, which was Boston town,
By his wit and his wisdom, his gifted pen,
And the priceless inventions he gave to men.
Fifteenth bud on the parent tree,
Brothers and sisters to spare had he.
His father, a maker of candles and soap,
His brother, a printer—I think I may hope
That the name of the lad can be quickly told
By every American, young or old.

The boy was a reader, and, day and night,
He studied by fire- and candle-light
In yellowing books, that he scarce could hold,
Romances and stories of heroes bold.
His brain was a field where gallants dared,
Where war-steeds trampled and heroes fared.
Now out of these visions he strove to frame,
In musical verse that should bear his name,
Weird tales of adventure on sea and land,
Of Blackbeard bold and his pirate band,
Of haunted houses and dungeons deep,
Such things as would make your flesh to creep!
The elder brother struck off the verse—
"The Lighthouse Terror," "The Pirates' Curse"—
From his printing-presses, and up and down
Through the paths and pastures of Boston town
The proud little poet pursued his way,
Crying, "Verses! Who 'll buy any verse to-day?"

The jingles were purchased both far and near,
Till the noise of them came to the father's ear,
And reading them all, 'twixt a smile and a frown,
He said, with his spectacles twinkling down
On the reddening cheek of his fifteenth hope:
"As a cure for your ailment we 'll try Doctor Pope;
For he who has once tasted Pope and admired
His elegant verses hath never desired
To take up the art for himself, unless he
A similar master of English can be."

Thus spoke the wise father and gave to the lad
The dose he deemed fitting for verse that was bad.
The cure was effective, and never again
Did the lad scribble verse with his eloquent pen.
He grew to be famous, America's pride,
And a nation mourned over his grave when he died.

Now who was this statesman of great renown
Who peddled his verses in Boston town?

FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—V

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

QUITE the most important building of our whole settlement is the village store. More time will probably be spent in and around this building than in any other. It is hardly likely that the citizens of Packing-box Village will spend the night-time in their cottages, because they are too small for comfortable beds, and certainly most of their waking hours will be spent out of doors. But the village storekeeper will have to stick to his shop during business hours so as to be ready for customers as they come along, and if he stocks it up with everything that tickles the palates and delights the hearts of his worthy fellow-citizens—everything from lemon-sticks to fish-hooks—he is not likely to be lonesome.

THE VILLAGE STORE

FIGURE 1 is a picture of a store that should serve all requirements. A plan of the store is shown in Fig. 2, while Fig. 3 is a sectional view taken on the line X-X of Fig. 2, and viewed in the direction of the arrows. The plan calls for a box of the same size as was used in making our barn, that is, 4'-6" long, 3'-0" wide and 4'-0" high. There is a porch at the front of the store, 20" wide, or just enough to shelter the display window.

As shown in our plan view, inside the store there is a counter with a hinged leaf that may be raised to let the storekeeper through. Behind the counter there is a corner seat and a bank of shelves on which goods may be stored.

The box will have to be treated as were those in making the barn and the cottages. The top is taken out to provide more head-room, and strips of wood are nailed to the side walls at the top to hold the boards together. Window openings are cut in the box where indicated in the plan view, also a door opening at the front, 20" wide. This is fitted with a door that opens inward. The opening for the show-window should be 20" square, and the sill of the window should be about two feet from the ground. It will not be necessary to provide a sash for this window.

After the openings are all cut, we can proceed with the roof of the store. The gable frames for this roof are constructed as shown in Figs. 4 and 5. It will be seen that the roof is somewhat different from the ones so far built, because it reaches across the store and the porch too, and only that part of each gable that overlies the store is boarded up.

First we must make the gable frames, using two rafters A and B, 3" wide and 4'-0" long. These should be mitered at the peak by sawing them off at an angle of 45 degrees in our miter-box. They should be nailed together and held firmly in place, until the gable is boarded, by

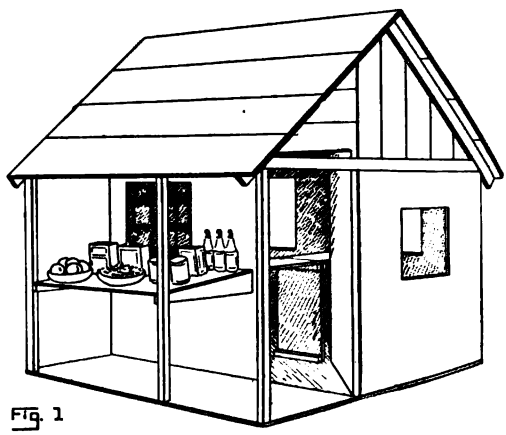


FIG. 1

nailing a small piece of board across the mitered joint. The bottom member of the gable frame, C, is now temporarily nailed to the two rafters. If the distance from the peak to the bottom of the strip C is 2'-8¼", there will be a span of 4'-8" between the rafters, or just enough to cover the store and the porch. Measuring down the inside edge of each rafter, the distance from the peak to the bottom of piece C should be 3'-3½". The piece C should also be mitered to the rafters so that it will lie in the same plane with them, and therefore we shall have to saw it off at each end along the line of rafters. The mitered ends are then nailed to the rafters. The front corners, which are to rest on the porch posts, will each have to be reinforced with

a piece of wood nailed across the joint, as shown in the detail view, Fig. 4. Now we may proceed to board up each gable for a distance of 3'-0" from the rear corner, nailing the boards on vertically instead of horizontally, as shown in Fig. 5. The gable frames are then set up and the roof boards are nailed to them. The roof should extend about six inches beyond the face of each gable. After the roof has been lifted up and placed on the store, the front wall of the store is carried up to the roof by nailing boards across from gable to gable.

For the porch we shall need a platform 20" wide and 4'-6" long. On this platform three posts must be set up to help carry the weight of the roof. The posts should be at least 2" square and they can be made out of a couple of 1" strips nailed together. There should be a post at each corner and one 21" from the right hand corner, leaving a space of 19" between the posts in front of the doorway and a space of 2'-5" on the other side. The posts are nailed to the porch at the bottom, and are doubly secured by nailing blocks of wood to the floor of the porch and then nailing the posts to these blocks. The two corner posts fit under the pieces C of the gables, but the middle post will have to be $4\frac{1}{4}$" longer than the other two and must be cut in the miter-box to an angle of 45 degrees so as to bear against the roof boards.

The display shelf of our show-window is merely a shutter hinged to the window opening. When the store is open, the outer end of the shelf rests on a couple of blocks nailed to the middle and the left-hand posts. At night the shutter may be folded up to close the show-window opening, and in its closed position it may be held by a button just above the window opening.

The display shelf is 20" wide and 2'-5" long, or just long enough to fit between the porch posts. Of course this is much wider than the show-window opening, but that does not matter. The shelf is made by nailing two or three boards to a couple of battens E (Fig. 7). As the shelf is to slope downward from the window opening it will be well to taper the pieces E. Make them 1" deep at the outer end and 3" deep at the inner end. After the boards have been nailed to the battens, hinge the shelf to the side of the store with a couple of stout hinges. Barn-door hinges had better be used, as the shelf may have to bear a considerable weight. The blocks F, on which the shelf is to rest (see Fig. 6), should be nailed to the porch posts 3" below the level of the window opening, or 21" from the porch floor. Fig. 7 shows the appearance of the shelf when closed up for the night.

Fig. 2

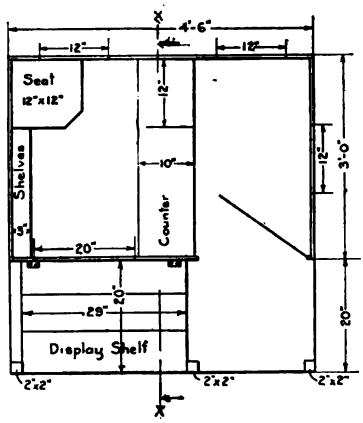
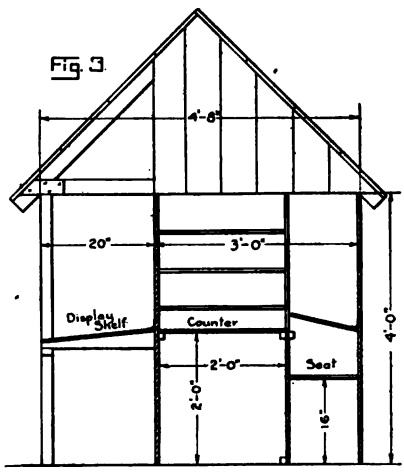


Fig. 3



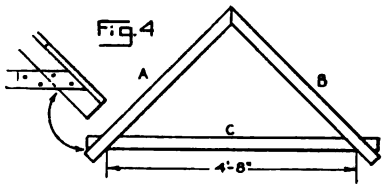
THE COUNTER

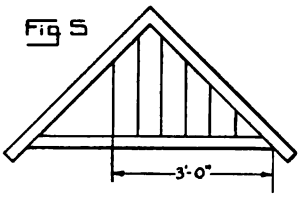
INSIDE the store the all-important furnishing is the counter. This is a board 10" wide and 2'-0" long, with an additional piece of the same width 12" long for the hinged leaf. The counter is set up 21" from the right-hand end of the store, so that the door will easily clear it. One end is supported on a cleat, G, nailed to the side wall, and the other rests upon a board, about two feet long, which is nailed to a cleat, T, fastened to the floor. At its upper end this board has a cleat, H, on one side, to which the counter is nailed and a cleat, I, on the other side, on which the hinged leaf rests.

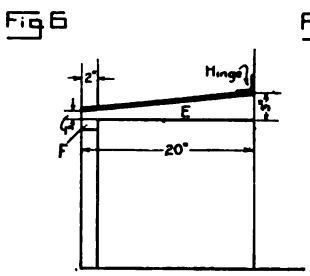
Before nailing the counter in place, we must fit it with a drawer, as shown in Figs. 9 and 10. The drawer consists of a box, N, 10" long, 8" wide, and 4" deep. The front board of the box is cut 10" wide, so as to conceal a couple of pieces, M, that are nailed to the sides of the box, and also to keep the drawer from being pushed in too far under the counter. The drawer is fitted with a handle made out of a spool sawed in two and fastened in place with a screw. The pieces, M, are $\frac{1}{2}$" by 2" in cross-

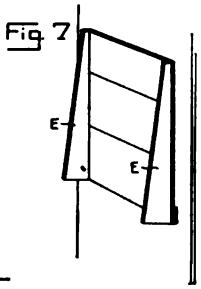
section, and they slide in ways, K and L, fastened to the under side of the counter, as shown in section in Fig. 9. These ways consist of pieces G and J (Fig. 8), two inches deep to which pieces, K and L, 1½" wide, are nailed so that they will extend under the pieces M.

When we have finished making the drawer,





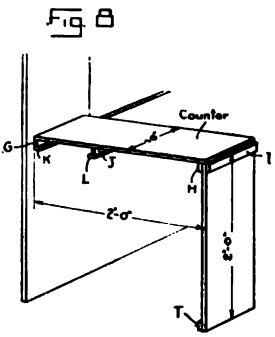


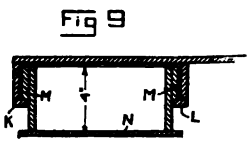


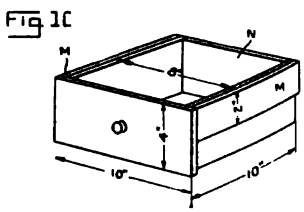
we may proceed to nail the counter in place. Then the counter leaf is hinged to the rear wall with a couple of hinges so that its outer end will rest on the cleat I, in line with the counter. The space under the counter may be boarded up, if the storekeeper so desires.

It is hardly necessary to describe any of the other fittings of the store. Any boy can put up a set of shelves. Because of lack of space, those behind the counter should not be more than 3" or 4" deep, and, in order to allow the storekeeper plenty of room to sit down, they should stop about a foot short of the rear wall of the store. Three or four shelves will probably be enough. The space required, however, will depend upon the enterprise of the storekeeper in building up a flourishing business.

The storekeeper's seat consists of a board, a foot square, nailed to cleats fastened to the walls of the building. The front corner of the seat should be sawed off, as shown in Fig. 2, out of respect for the storekeeper's shins, and the seat should be supported at this point on a short post extending up from the floor. The seat should be set 16" from the floor.







SPRING SCALES

THE store is now ready to be fitted up for business. One of the first and most important articles the storekeeper will have to have is a scale. Spring-scales can be bought so cheaply that it seems hardly worth while to describe the making of one, but there are some boys who would rather do things with their own hands than to get them ready made. The principal requirement for a spring-scale is a coil spring which may be picked up somewhere or can be made by winding a length of spring steel wire around a rod. A bird-cage spring might be used, or, better still, part of a screen-door spring. The spring should not be more than 3" or 4" long. Take a board 2" wide and 8" long and saw a slot in it to a depth of 4". In this slot is to slide the pointer, which is attached to the lower end of the spring. This pointer may be a piece of wire twisted around a coil of the spring, with one end projecting through the slot and the other ending in a hook on which articles that are to be weighed may be hung. On the face of the scale a piece of white cardboard is fitted, and on this the ounce and pound graduations are marked. The proper location for these graduations is found by weighing an object that is known to weigh just a pound and noting just how far the pointer is pulled down. A mark is made at this point and also at the point where the pointer comes to rest when there is no weight on the hook. The space between these two points is then divided into sixteen equal parts each representing an ounce. Graduations of equal width are then carried on down the face of the scale to its full length.

A more elaborate scale is the dial-spring scale, shown in Figs. 13 to 15. This is not a very difficult scale to make. We can use a peach-basket bottom for our dial, covering it with a piece of white cardboard. To the back of the dial, O, is nailed a block, Q, ½" thick, 2" wide,

and 5" long. This should project beyond the face of the disk and a hole should be bored through the projecting part so that it may be hung up on a nail or hook. Another piece, P, of the same size is nailed over the piece Q, but with its lower end projecting beyond the center of the dial. Peach-basket bottoms usually have a hole in them at the center. We are going to utilize this hole as a bearing for the shaft on which the indicator hand is mounted. A hole of the same size is bored in the piece, P, to support the other end of the shaft. The shaft is a round rod about 2½" long, just large enough to turn freely in the bearings. A nail is driven into the shaft between the two bearings and a cord is tied to it. One end of the cord is tied to the end of a spring, R, whose upper end is fastened by a nail or hook to the disk O, while the other end of the cord is given a turn around the shaft and is then attached to a scale-pan, S. In winding the cord about the shaft, pass it around in the direction of the arrow. An indicator hand, cut from a piece of cardboard, is fastened by a tack to the end of the shaft. It should be set to point to the top of the dial when there is no load on the scale-pan. Mark this point "0" for zero. Then some object weighing just a pound is placed in the pan. This will pull the pan down, making the shaft turn and move the hand around the dial. Mark the point where the hand comes to rest, and then subdivide the space between that point and the "0" point into sixteen parts. Mark off divisions of the same length all round the dial face.

Fig. 11 Fig. 12

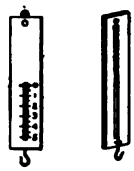
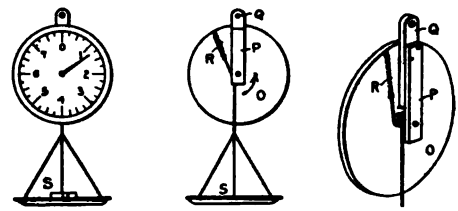


Fig. 13 Fig. 14. Fig. 15.



Now we are ready to stock up the store and start business. The only thing lacking to make this store just like the typical village store is a cast-iron stove and some soap-boxes for loungers to sit upon. However, there is no room for such a luxury, nor would it be safe to put stoves in our little wooden buildings; besides, we are not going to have any loungers in Packing-box Village.

A HOME-MADE SLED-PUSHER

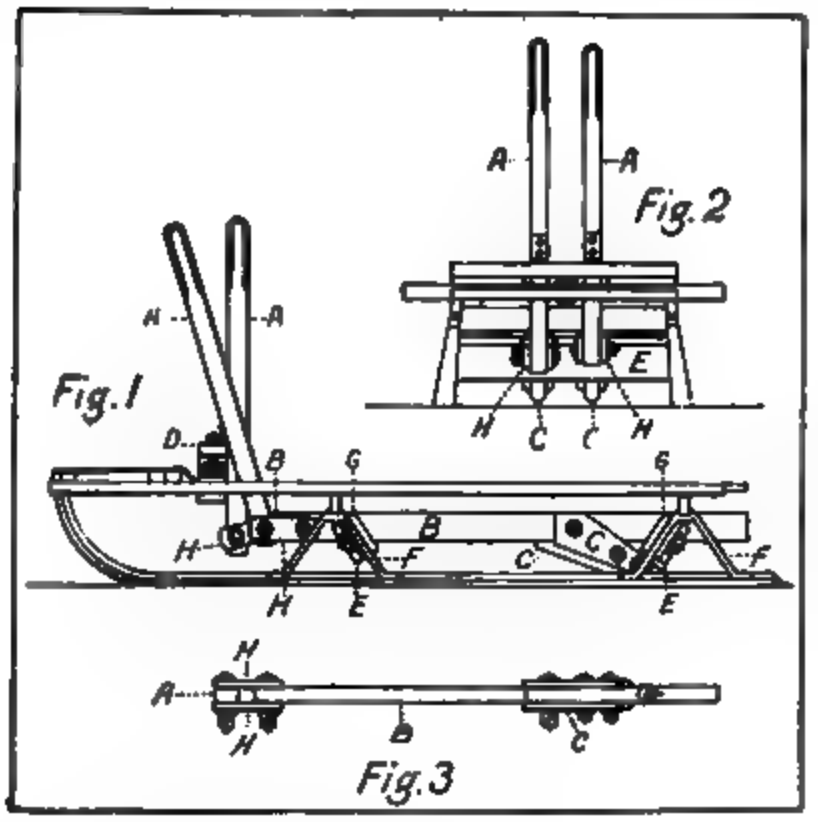
By W. M. BUTTERFIELD

SLIDING down hill is capital sport, providing you have a hill, but for town boys or girls a hill is rarely to be had. It is usually cleared of snow by meddlesome "white wings," or monopolized by inconsiderate automobile owners, and by trucks or other things that never should be allowed on a hill street during the sledding season. One must remember that a sled does not move of itself on level ground, notwithstanding the opinion some people seem to have that that is the proper place for its use, yet hundreds of thousands of boys and girls throughout the country will push or draw a companion's sled this winter on level ground to earn a ride for themselves—or be satisfied with running twenty feet with their own sled to obtain a ride of half that distance. There is no great sport in that sort of sledding, but it must be put up with unless a sled-pusher of some sort is to be had.

Here is a propelling device that may be attached or detached at will from any modern "flexible flier"—the kind of sled that all boys demand—without injuring the sled or marring its paint or its varnish. More than this, the arrangement of the parts will not prevent the sled from sliding forward at any time, so that if the owner desires, he can coast down hill without the use of the propelling device.

In Figs. 1 and 2 we have side and end views of the sled with the pushers in working position, while in Fig. 3 we see the moving parts of one propeller viewed from the bottom. There are two such wooden pushers, working independently of each other, each consists of a lever, A, a slide-bar, B, and an inclined push-bar, C. The levers are hinged to a lever-bar, D, clamped to the hand-rails on each side of the sled, as shown in the sectional view, Fig. 5, and in side view, Fig. 1. The slide-bars are supported in two guide-pieces, E, Fig. 10, clamped in inclined positions to four side-braces of the sled, as shown in an end view, E, E, Fig. 1. The slide-bar and lever of each propeller is joined with a wooden link, H, Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 7.

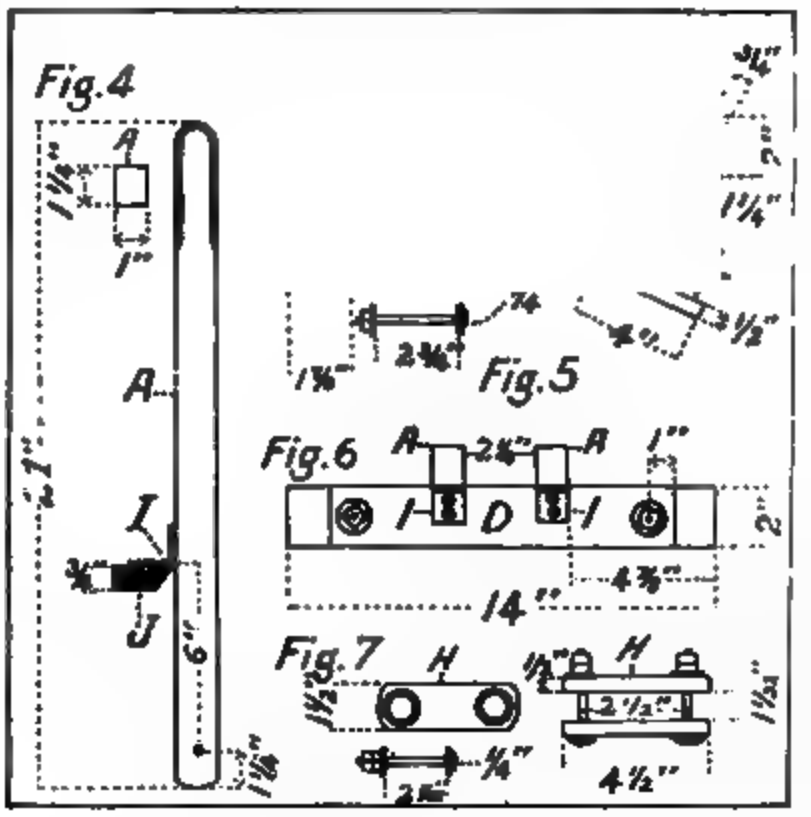
Each lever is 21″ long, Fig. 4, and 1½″ x 1″ in size, with the upper end formed, by rounding the edges and end, into a handle. It is hinged with a 1″ square hinge, I, to a part, J, of the lever-bar, D, as shown, and at the lower end is provided with a ½″ hole for a bolt in the wooden link, as illustrated in bottom view, Fig. 3. The lever-bar, D, Fig. 5, consists of five pieces marked J, K, and L. J, the ¾″ top-piece, is 11½″ x 2″, and has a 4½″ space, beveled in the center to allow the levers to swing forward at the bottom, see Fig. 4. This piece is bolted to two pieces, K, K, 2″ square and 3¾″ long, in the manner shown in the sectional view—this arrangement allows the lever-bar to turn while guiding the sled with its foot-bar. The ends, K, K, are in turn clamped to the side hand-rails on the sled by two ½″ x 2″ pieces, L, L, 4″ long, and beveled as shown. Places for the bolt-heads in K, K are gouged out



1, 2, SIDE AND END VIEWS OF SLED, WITH PUSHERS IN WORKING POSITION, AND 3, MOVING PART OF PROPELLER

in the center of L, L to keep each from slipping when clamped in place (see sectional view, Fig. 5). The sizes of the bolts, their lengths, and the position they will occupy are plainly marked with their proper numerals in Fig. 5, but we might say before leaving this figure, that it will be found advisable to use a $\frac{5}{16}$″ bit when boring the holes in K, K for the ½″ bolts used to clamp these end-pieces of the lever-bar to the sled. Fig. 6 gives us a top view of the bar, D, and the position of the two levers. They are located 4⅞″ from the ends with a 2½″ space between them.

We find in Fig. 8 that the 1″ slide-bar is 2′-5″ long, 1¾″ in width, and provided with two $\frac{5}{16}$″ holes—one in the center 11″ from one end, the other ⅞″ from the lower edge and 1¼″ from the opposite end. The two supports or guide-pieces for the slide-bars, B, B, are of ½″ material, and each is 3″ wide and 14½″ long on the lower

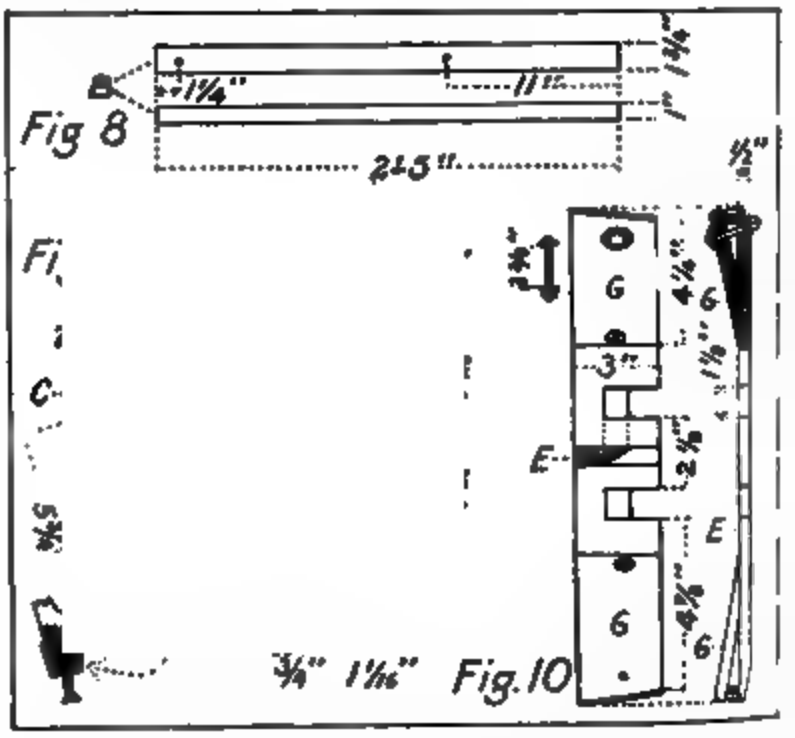


4, LEVER; 5, LEVER-BAR; 6, TOP VIEW OF LEVER-BAR; 7, WOODEN LINK FOR LEVER AND SIDE-PIECE

edge—the guides narrowing toward the top edge, following the spread of the side-braces of the sled.

Each guide consists of three pieces, one marked E, and two at G, G, which make it possible to clamp each guide to two opposite braces on the sled (see Fig. 1).

A sectional view, Fig. 10, shows the method of



8, SLIDE-BAR; 9, DETAILS OF PUSH-BARS; 10, SECTIONAL VIEW OF GUIDES

doing this. Each clamping piece is 1½″ thick, 3″ wide and 4½″ long, with a top bevel, as shown. The ends of piece E are also beveled and are pro-

vided with $\frac{5}{16}$" holes, 1" from each end, for the $\frac{1}{4}$" clamping bolt. Two $1\frac{1}{8}$" slots, $2\frac{1}{2}$" apart, are sawed $4\frac{3}{8}$" from each end, with bottoms on the angle shown in section on E, Fig. 10. A small $\frac{1}{8}$" x $\frac{1}{2}$" screw is placed at the thin end of each piece, G, G, as shown, which prevents the pieces from twisting. The $\frac{1}{4}$" bolt-hole is also 1" from the end of G, G.

Turning to Fig. 7, we find that each wooden link that fastens each lever and slide-piece together (see Fig. 3) is composed of two $\frac{1}{2}$" blocks, $1\frac{1}{2}$" wide and $4\frac{1}{2}$" long, with two $\frac{1}{4}$" check-nut bolts that hold these blocks $1\frac{1}{16}$" apart; that is, the nuts, when forced tightly together, allow the blocks to remain that far apart. The bolt-holes are $\frac{1}{4}$" in diameter.

In Fig. 9 we find the details for the push-bars, C, C. Each of these is composed of three parts—a center piece $1\frac{1}{16}$" thick, 7" long, and otherwise shaped to the dimensions given, as well as two $\frac{1}{2}$" side pieces that fasten the push-bars to the slide-bars very much as the links attach the levers to the slide-bars. These side pieces are made according to dimensions given and are bolted to the center piece with $\frac{1}{4}$" bolts, while a $\frac{1}{4}$" bolt fastens the push-bar, C, to the slide-bar, B (see Fig. 1). In making these pieces, nail all four boards together at both ends (but at points beyond the pieces and so as not to interfere with sawing) and then saw all four at the one time. Use $\frac{1}{4}$" bit for holes and follow measurements. To make a metal push-point we screw a $\frac{6}{16}$" screw $2\frac{1}{2}$" long into a $\frac{5}{16}$" hole bored in the lower end of the bar (see sectional view) and file the end to a point. To prevent the wood from splitting, we put a metal ferrule on this end of the bar.

The above figures are for most makes of "flexible fliers" of the number 4 size, 52" long, 14" wide and $7\frac{1}{8}$" high, but the device can be attached to any size, width, or height of flier, still following all the foregoing instructions with a few exceptions, and any boy can make the changes necessary to adapt the construction to his own sled.

A BRAKE FOR THE ROLLER-COASTER

HOME-MADE "push-mobiles" and "roller-coasters" are not usually provided with brakes. If the rider of one of these cars finds it necessary to stop his machine or slow it up, the favorite method is to drag his feet on the ground, and that is hard on shoes. A very simple brake for such vehicles may be made of a board fastened to the under side of the vehicle body by means of a couple of stout hinges. A spring holds the board clear of the ground, but when it is desired to put on the brake, the board is pulled down against the ground by means of a brake lever, with which it is connected by a wire. The board should be placed near the rear wheels to prevent the roller-coaster from skidding when the brake is put on suddenly.

WILLIAM HARTE.

BILLY'S WAY

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE ice was strong and crystal clear,
  And Billy, the dear little man,
Longed for an ice-boat that should sail
  As swift as only ice-boats can.

To think, with Billy, was to do,—
  He called the other fellows in,
And, in no time at all, the boat
  Was built and rigged and bound to win.

Then, as they would have launched their work,
  Down came a swooping whirl of snow,
Covered the pond, and broke their hearts,
  Seeing their labor thus laid low.

Not so with Captain Billy; he
  For brooms and shovels called straitway:
They swept the pond of all the snow,
  And launched the ship and sailed away!

STRONGER WITH THE PASSING OF THE YEARS

THE shortest month brings the two great birthday anniversaries that are observed by this nation. Year after year we honor the memory of Washington and Lincoln; and the story of their greatness never grows stale, the lesson of their lives is always inspiring.

What was the hardest part of Washington's work? Not compaigning against the enemy armies, but overcoming the pull-back of ignorance, apathy, and even disloyalty in America itself! And the heaviest part of Lincoln's load, we suppose, was put upon his burdened shoulders not by Southerners fighting for the right of a State to secede from the Union, but by Northerners who opposed his policies.

Not many of us are destined to become Presidents of the United States, but every one of us must do the work of a citizen. Every one of us will count for something, be it much or little, on one side or the other, in America's problems and tasks of war and peace.

Each year as we recall the lives and works of these two great Americans, we must try to see more clearly the man behind the legend and follow his example as a *good* American. We patriots of 1920 can share the spirit of the patriots of 1776, 1861, and 1917.

THREE SECRETARIES

THE secretary of the interior, in his annual report, spoke of America's wonderful natural resources, and made some stimulating remarks about the best of them all, the American men and women. To make the best use of our land, we must give the best possible training to our people. And so the secretary urged more and better education. Ignorance makes half the trouble in the world.

The secretary of the navy reported that our navy is second in power only to Great Britain's, and far ahead of every other "in ships, in men and in every element of strength." The Navy Department spent nearly three billion dollars in the war. Between October 1, 1918, and October 1, 1919, 159 vessels were built for the navy; one was a battle-ship, 32 were submarines, and 103 were destroyers. Twelve superdreadnaughts and six battle-cruisers are now being built.

The secretary of agriculture joins the secretary of the interior in urging education; he wants to see the rural schools improved. As to production, he says we produce less per acre than the European countries, but more per man. We need a better, less wasteful, system of distribution and marketing. The secretary advises the building of more good roads by the Federal Government.

Secretaries Lane, Daniels, and Houston all fail to show any good reason why Americans should be discouraged—or idle!

A SIDE-GLANCE AT GERMANY

GERMANY gave us a bit of a surprise when our Senate rejected the Treaty. Not by being impudent, but by being less so than was naturally to have been expected from the nation that deliberately brought on the world war, carried it on with the utmost contempt for civilization, and took its whipping with the bad grace of a big bully who has met his match.

Germany started the war when she thought she "had a sure thing." She made war on non-combatants. The battles were fought in other lands than hers; Belgium and northern France were wrecked, while German farms and cities went unscathed. Even when the British made air raids in retaliation, they bombed munition plants and railroad yards, not homes and churches. The Teuton armies were beaten, but the German people came through, in many respects, in better shape than the victims of their greed and cruelty.

Germany permitted her own partner, Austria, to suffer a worse fate than she hoped to inflict upon her enemies. The pitiful plight of Austria this winter is a warning to all who might place faith in German friendship.

When the Senate rejected the Treaty, Germany pretended to foresee an early falling apart of the Allied Powers. But she did not openly defy them; she acted like a bad boy who means to make mischief, but has n't the courage to come right out with it. She made faces—and then began right away to ask favors! "We won't pay for the ships sunk in the Scapa Flow. Please give us credit for three billion dollars, to be taken out of customs duties, and help us beat you in the war of commerce, since we could n't do it in the war of guns!"

The other nations don't want to see Germany suffer—too much! They certainly don't want to see German babies starve—and they don't believe German babies are in danger of starving. They can't forgive, but they want to forget—so long as this one thing shall be made certain, that never again shall Germany destroy the world's peace. The nations need Germany's trade, and they want to see her prosperous enough to resist the spread of the Bolshevism that she cultivated in Russia, just as she poisoned the wells in Belgium and France. But they are not bubbling over with friendliness; they are not again going to be victims of German treachery. If Germany's lot seems hard, she has only herself to blame.

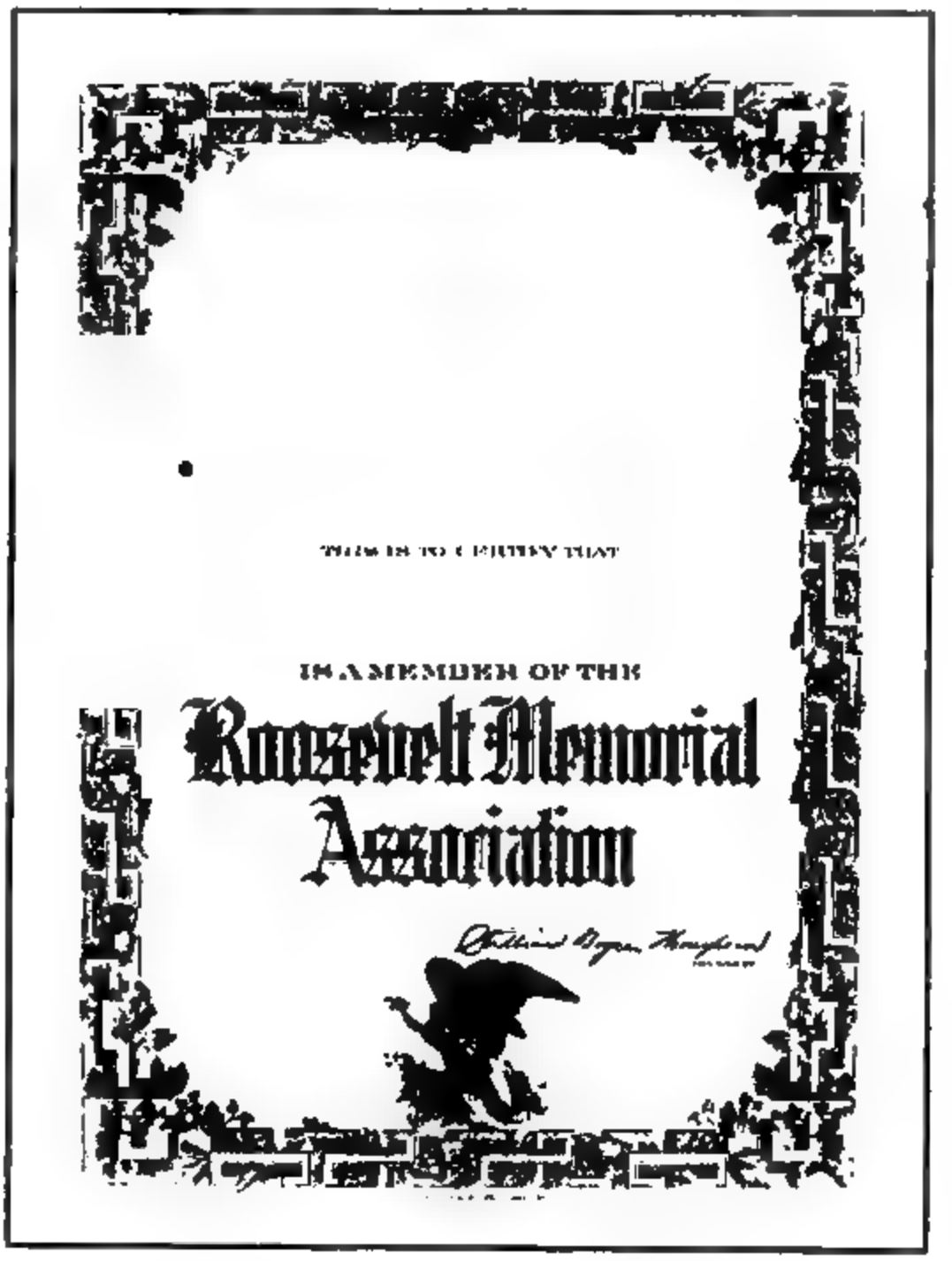
It was German stupidity that made it possible for the Allies to win the war. She was prepared, they were not—except for the unconquerable spirit that dwells in the nations not ruled by materialism and militarism. She had method and materials, but her brains were dull and heavy.

Because of this deep-rooted and characteristic lack of intelligence, there is some danger that Germany may misunderstand the United States as badly as she did in the war. The people of Germany and their governors would do well to realize that this nation works in times of peace with the same ideals, the same courage, the same skill and the same efficiency that it displayed at Château-Thierry and carried into the Argonne.

In or out of the League of Nations—signing or not signing the Treaty, the Yanks are still the Yanks. And that, as they say, means something!

"ONE FLAG, ONE LANGUAGE, ONE LOYALTY"

ONE year ago, exactly, we printed on the first WATCH TOWER page our tribute of respect to Theodore Roosevelt. Now we are reproducing for you the certificate of membership of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, a copy of which will go to each of two million members. The quotation on the certificate, printed just below the portrait, is from Mr. Roosevelt's last public utterance:



"One flag, the American flag; one language, the language of the Declaration of Independence; one loyalty, loyalty to the American people."

You can read it in half a minute; you cannot forget it in twice half a lifetime.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

HENRY CLAY FRICK, who died in December, was an American citizen of the very finest type. We Yankees prize in men two qualities that are not commonly supposed to be combinable in one character: ability in practical affairs, and appreciation of the beauties of art and literature.

Photograph by Pach

HENRY CLAY FRICK

Europeans have too often regarded us as mere worshippers of the Almighty Dollar, and one good thing that will be seen to have come out of the war is a new knowledge in other nations that Americans have ideals that cannot be measured in money and for which they are ready to fight, when that is the only honorable way in which their ideals can be upheld.

Mr. Frick was "practical" enough to become one of the "big men" of the steel industry. In business he had foresight and courage, patience and persistence. These qualities are the seeds of success.

Some men who have these admirable qualities fall short of the best standard of manhood because they lack certain other qualities. Success in business is only part of success in life. You have to know what a man is like in his home as well as in his office, in his pleasures as well as in his work, before you can really know the man and estimate his value. Mr. Frick had these other qualities; and they made him a truly great man. Our great men are not all presidents, generals, admirals, senators, judges, or baseball players!

Mr. Frick left a large fortune, and willed the greater part of it to public uses, in charity, art, and education. He gave the city of Pittsburgh a park, and made his beautiful New York home and his splendid art collection the property of the public, permanently. He left millions of dollars to universities, as part of their endowment funds, but permitted them to use the income each year as they might choose. There were no "strings" to these gifts.

Mr. Frick did not advertise himself. He lived his own life, quietly and usefully. He made an honest fortune, and disposed of it not only generously, but wisely. He was a thoroughbred American gentleman, and we can be proud of our democracy when it produces such men.

VELVET GAUNTLET, OR IRON FIST?

WHO were in the wrong—the men who run the coal mines, or the men who do the digging? Or both? While the operators were acting like an immovable body, and the miners like an irresistible force, the public suffered.

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GOVERNOR HENRY J. ALLEN OF KANSAS

When the coal stops coming out of the ground, the wheels stop turning. Cold houses mean sick people; cold boilers in the factories mean idle people. Wheat, cotton, and coal meet the principal needs of life—food and clothing; light, heat, and power. Interrupt the production and distribution of any of them, and you cause widespread suffering.

The mine owners were obstinate, the miners' unions were defiant, the Government was—well, awfully sorry that there should be trouble; and the public shivered. There were conferences and court proceedings—but the pick and the shovel lay where the miners had flung them down.

Then, out in Kansas, Governor Allen got busy. Says he, "The coal must come out!" And he called for volunteers. And the volunteers came—college students, professional men, veterans of the A. E. F.—and the coal began to come out! Never mind the wet and cold, never mind the aching muscles; swing the pick and swing the shovel—into the cars with the precious stuff, and away with it, Kansas *must* have coal! And so Kansas got coal; so they kept the wheels turning and the home fires burning. And—would you believe it?—these amateur miners beat all union records. No wonder the men who had quit began to be worried!

Then there was the Governor of Missouri, Frederic D. Gardner. He had offered to arbitrate, to act as umpire, between the operators and the miners in his State. Nothing was done. Then the Governor seized the mines in the name of the people of the State, and ran them for the good of the people. "Coal must be mined and delivered to the public," he said, "and will be mined if there are enough men in Missouri to mine it; and I think there are." There were!

As Governor Gardner said, "Unless a Government can protect its people in a crisis of this kind, it has ceased to function."

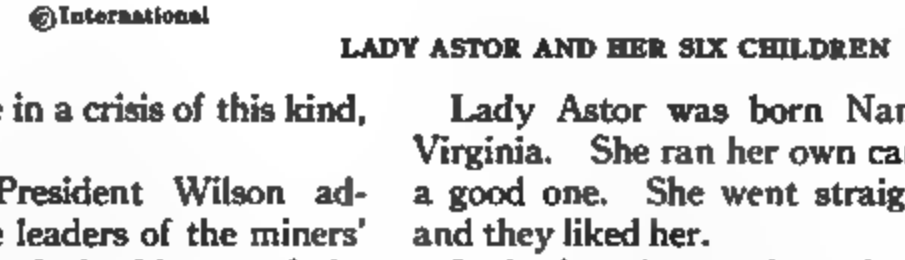
Early in December, President Wilson addressed a statement to the leaders of the miners' union, in which he sketched the history of the strike, stated the Government's desire to see fair play all round, urged the miners to accept temporarily the increase of 14 per cent. in wages which had been offered, and to go back to work and permit him to appoint a commission to investigate and to suggest a settlement within sixty days.

The General Committee of the United Mine Workers accepted this offer, called off the strike, and ordered the men back to work.

So, at an appalling cost to the country, the great Bituminous Coal Strike of 1919 came to an end. We must give full value to the difficulties it presented. The Government had to see that both the miners and the operators had fair play, and it had above all to protect the public. In praising or blaming the Government, we have to ask ourselves whether its way was the best way, or whether the problem could have been solved more quickly and more cheaply through prompt and determined use of the Administration's power.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

ANYTHING is possible—to an American! Consider the case of Lady Astor, who was elected to the British House of Commons.



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LADY ASTOR AND HER SIX CHILDREN

Lady Astor was born Nancy Langhorne, of Virginia. She ran her own campaign, and it was a good one. She went straight to the people—and they liked her.

Lady Astor's experience is quite a contrast to that of her husband, who, by the death of his father, became a member of the House of Lords—an honor that evidently did not appeal to him, for he tried to get rid of his inherited peerage!

Perhaps we are not as respectful as we should be—but it did seem to give the situation a comic opera flavor when Lady Astor's right to the place to which she had been elected was questioned because she was the wife of a Peer who did n't want to be a Peer. This is, as the philosophers tell us, a funny old world!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

BOSTON'S police strike, which Governor Coolidge took in hand and settled in a manner that gained him country-wide praise, has resulted in the establishment of a new police force. The Governor won a victory for law and order, and the new men who have taken the place of the state militia in guarding life and property in the city are a monument to his sound Americanism. Another phase of Mr. Coolidge's good citizenship is shown in the pictures we have all seen of the Governor and his family in their home.

COÖPERATION, or competition? A study of the problem of milk distribution shows that in Rochester, N. Y., in a small section of half a dozen square blocks, fifty-seven milk wagons call each day. They travel thirty miles in leaving milk that could be delivered by one wagon in a two-mile trip. In a tenement in a New England city, eleven men call each morning to deliver milk. Seems like bad management of time and effort, does n't it?

THE next Presidential election is less than ten months away. The parties are planning for their national conventions, to be held in June or July. Now is the time to begin to get acquainted with the possible candidates and the probable platforms. How much do you know about the tariff, free trade, and protection?

STATISTICS of June, 1918, give the Indian population of the United States as 336,243. Oklahoma has, in round numbers, 119,000; Arizona, 44,500; South Dakota, 23,000; New Mexico, 21,000; California, 15,000; Minnesota, Montana, Washington, and Wisconsin, between 10,000 and 15,000 each. Massachusetts has 688, and New York 6,342; New Jersey 168, Rhode Island 284, New Hampshire 34, and Delaware 5. Out of 33,000 Indians eligible for military service, more than 10,000 were in uniform during the war. In the course of subscriptions to the five Liberty Loans, American Indians took nearly twenty-five million dollars' worth of bonds, an average of about $75 for every individual. Nearly 200,000 of these Indians are American citizens.

THE WATCH TOWER gives one of its hearty welcomes to the new Ambassador from Japan, and trusts that he will be able to do a whole lot toward clearing away the international misunderstanding which so often is the background of international mistrust.

THE WATCH TOWER spoke about the "years" it takes for a ray of light to come to us from the sun. We slipped a cog there! You 'd be surprised to see how many people know how many million miles it is to the sun—how many thousand feet a ray of light travels in a second—and how many minutes (not years!) it takes the sunshine to reach us. Yes—it 's eight minutes and ten seconds. And may there be no let-up in the supply!

THE history of South American independence is a corking good story. While you 're thinking this month about Washington and our own Revolution, read up on the Liberators who, a century ago, broke the Spanish rule and established the first South American republics. Look up Bolivar and Colombia, San Martin and Chile and Peru, in connection with the picture of the celebration of the Chilean Independence Day.

Wide World Photos

REVIEW OF CADETS OF THE CHILEAN MILITARY SCHOOL IN CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY IN CHILE

THE "FORESTRY BUILDING" AT PORTLAND, OREGON

THE LARGEST LOG HOUSE IN THE WORLD

THE recent greatest war the world has ever experienced, both in numbers engaged and intensity, as well as the billions raised to finance it, have accustomed us to thinking in terms of big things. Although the largest guns, the largest loans, and the largest of everything obtainable were used in the prosecution of the great war, it still remains a fact that many of the largest things in the world are, after all, employed in typifying peace, industry, and natural greatness.

To this interesting collection of biggest things, Portland, Oregon, has recently added a new and quite-out-of-the-ordinary exhibit by the construction of the largest log house in the world.

Since colonial days we have been accustomed to log cabins in pioneer sections. They were the first homes of our ancestors, built in many cases of the logs the settlers cut by their own strenuous efforts in making the necessary clearings in the forests surrounding their new homes. These primitive dwellings were small affairs, however, and were ultimately abandoned for more commodious quarters, in the course of the gradual development of the settlements.

While log houses were thus a type of early American dwellings, it has remained for the builders of this century to originate a log house *de luxe*. And it is a truly wonderful, up-to-date structure in many particulars, and typically American as well.

In Portland it is known as the Forestry Building, and was created when it was decided to make a permanent exhibit of the lumber and forest resources of Oregon. It is almost entirely constructed of Douglas fir, the most abundant and valuable tree of Oregon and the Pacific Coast.

The enormous logs for its construction were chiefly obtained from Columbia and Clatsop counties on the lower Columbia River, Oregon, and towed by steamer up the Columbia and Willamette Rivers to Guilds Lake, and hauled thence to the site of the building by means of powerful donkey-engines over a tramway especially constructed to protect the bark in transit.

This gigantic log house is 206 feet long, 102 feet wide, and 72 feet in height. In its construction no less than two miles of large fir logs were used, besides eight miles of poles, 30,000 fir-bark shingles, and 1,400,000 red-cedar shingles. The floor contains 22,000 feet of vertical-grain fir and it is so absolutely perfect that not a single defect, such as a knot or pitch seam, can be found in it.

The walls and pillars rest on a firm concrete foundation, the only building material except

wood used in the entire structure. The pillars, of which there are sixty-four in all, are fifty-four feet in height and average eight thousand feet of lumber each, the whole building scaling 1,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure. The heaviest log used in the construction of this great house weighed thirty-five tons and the whole building at the time of construction weighed 32,640 tons.

On entering the largest log house in the world, the first idea suggested to the visitor by the pillars and aisles, is that of an Egyptian temple; and many eminent singers and musicians who have visited it have found its acoustic qualities equal to those of the best theaters. Another impression produced on the tourist upon entering is that he is in a veritable forest of giant firs, as in point of fact he is. As the building is maintained for the purpose of exhibiting the lumber and forest resources of Oregon, specimens are here of the ninety species of trees occurring in the State, and it is hoped within the next few years to have every species in the State represented in the collection.

Next to land itself, the forests of Oregon, from which the material used in this picturesque structure was derived, constitute its greatest resource at the present time.

THE LOG HOUSE'S PILLARS AND AISLES ARE LIKE THOSE OF AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE

During the past twelve years, the Federal Government has had estimates made at different times of the total standing timber of the United States. The timber in Oregon alone represents almost one fifth of the total standing merchantable timber of the United States, or proportionately 30 per cent. more than the State of Washington and 43 per cent. more than California—the two next largest timber-producing states.

The amount of lumber annually cut in Oregon at present is, in round numbers, two billion feet, board measure. Besides this, the State has a further output in the form of poles, hardwood, veneering, cord-wood, ties, barrel-hoops, staves, wood pulp, boxes, and medicinal barks. Of Oregon's many magnificent forest trees, the Douglas fir is the most abundant and valuable.

And while speaking about big things in the way of lumber, it is interesting to note that the largest trees in the world are the redwoods of California. The most famous of these, now down, was called "The Father of the Forest," and lifted its mighty bulk 450 feet in the air, while it was 40 feet in diameter at the ground when standing. However, there are still many redwood trees standing with diameters of 20 or 25 feet with a corresponding height of 300 or more feet.

ANOTHER FAMOUS RIDE

SPEAKING of unusual rides,—there was that of Paul Revere, and the no less famous one of *John Gilpin*, of London Town; and, too, the journey of Old Floyd Ireson, "tarred and feathered and carried in a cart by the women of Marblehead," for sailing away from a leaking ship with his own townspeople upon her deck, as so graphically told by Whittier; and the equally wonderful ride from Ghent to Aix, as told in galloping rhyme by Robert Browning. And now, as strange and difficult as any of these, comes along an old Canadian hunter, with his tale of having ridden the king of all the deer family, the lordly moose, greatest and strongest swimmer of all the tribe. And unlike the previous feats we have mentioned, which happened before the days of the camera, the old hunter's jaunt is backed up by photographs!

It happened not so long ago in that moose-hunting territory of New Ontario, where, until the recent completion of the Canadian Northern Railway, Canada's third great transcontinental line, the big-game hunter seldom entered. On Rainy Lake, in the heart of this district, moose were very often seen swimming across to better feeding-grounds. And just here, in case the reader is not familiar with the habits of the moose, it may be mentioned that this animal is a wonder in the water. The distance it can swim has long been a subject upon which hunters dispute, some claiming that ten miles is entirely possible. Whether or not this be correct, it is certain that one-, two-, and even three-mile swims are often taken by the animals to new feeding-grounds, to islands out upon a lake, or to avoid a long land detour which would otherwise be necessary to reach some desired locality. So on Rainy Lake, moose taking a two-mile swim were nothing out of the ordinary.

A TICKLISH MOMENT BOTH FOR MAN AND MOOSE

LETTING GO OF THE CANOE

Two old hunters, with much time on their hands, a desire for the unusual, and an eye to

getting some "real bang-up pictures" with which to startle occasional tourists, prepared to stage this ride.

The pictures tell the tale, and stand unique among photographs of wild animals. In the first picture the moose is shown in mid-lake. Cutting across from a neighboring point, the two hunters have overtaken it. Letting himself over the bow of the canoe, one of them maintains his balance with his hands on the canoe and his feet upon the back of the swimming animal. Any boatman will appreciate the delicacy of this remarkable piece of balancing, requiring a cool head, good judgment, and expert knowledge in handling a canoe.

"ALL ABOARD!"

The second picture which we print shows this still further. Choosing his moment, the hunter let go of the boat, throwing himself forward, and maintaining his position by grasping the rear points of the antlers.

This photograph is also interesting from another point of view, giving, as it does, an idea of the moose's peculiar, almost entirely submerged, style of swimming, only the eyes, the point of the nose, and the front of the horns being visible when in deep water. In the third view the rider is speeding up his mount, using his hat as a jockey does his whip.

But while feeling perfectly safe out in the lake, the hunter did not wish to take any chances on the temper of his unwilling steed in shallow water, and dismounted as they neared the shore, where the surprised animal quickly disappeared.

FRANCIS DICKIE.

BUT MOOSE *CAN* BE TAMED!

JUST previous to the outbreak of the late war, Canada's newest transcontinental railway was completed. This railway passes through hundreds of miles of forest in which, save for the rough, ungraded, portage trails of the lumbermen, no road of any kind had ever before been constructed.

On one occasion, while some boys from a small village in New Brunswick were out for a holiday trip along the new railroad, one of them, Lawrence Mack, espied a moose-calf caught in the wire fence which bordered the track. The young animal was almost exhausted, so it was with little difficulty that the boys released it from the fence and finally brought it home.

At first it did not seem to want anything to eat or drink, and for a while lay on a bunch of straw, looking weary and ill. When approached, it would tremble and moan pitifully. After a few days, however, with much careful attention on the part of its young master, it would taste a few tender leaves, especially when they were wet with dew. Before long it was quite active; and by the time autumn came, it had grown much larger and was exhibiting considerable strength. As time went on, it learned to eat a great variety of food, such as hay, oats, and wheat bran, as well as potatoes and turnips, either raw or cooked. In fact, it was not at all particular about its food; but its favorite meal was a good bunch of leafy twigs from the maple or yellow birch. It would stand for hours and gnaw the bark from a birch stick, just as a dog would gnaw a bone.

The moose was tamed quite readily; and by the time it was a year old, it was far more docile than are some domestic animals. All winter, Lawrence kept it out of doors, or, at least, tied with a long chain to a post by the door of an open shed, so it could go in or out as it pleased, for it thrived much better in the clear frosty air than confined within a stable. It was tied with a chain because it used to chew off a rope or a strap. Its owner did not wish to risk losing the animal, although never once did it even attempt to run away. The appearance of this quiet, inoffensive beast never would lead any person to think of its kin as being great, gray, forest rangers, charging through the woods, with antlers thrown back over shaggy shoulders, snorting, and crashing through the brush, with an air of defiance in every stride.

The boys noticed that their pet was becoming more and more intelligent as it grew older. It would distinguish those who tended it from other persons, even from other boys, and would lightly lap the hand of its master with its thick lips, or flop its long ears forward in token of friendship.

Sometimes when approached by a stranger it would seem to be nervous and make a low, whining cry; but a few gentle strokes along its neck, or, better still, two or three peppermint-candy lozenges would soon win its confidence. It also came to understand the meanings of a few simple words such as, "Come," "Go," "Stop," etc.

Then it was that Lawrence conceived the idea of harnessing the moose and teaching it to be driven like a horse. Accordingly, when the next winter came around and the moose was nearly two years old, the boys got a harness for it, with bridle and reins, and also a low sleigh with long shafts to suit the animal's long hind legs. It was some time before they got it to go very well. At first they just drove it about the home yard; but it would not move, except for short distances, any faster than a walk. It would run for a few yards, then ease down and walk moderately, its ankle joints bending loosely and its knees awkwardly knocking toward each other at every step.

At last, one day, they drove it out onto the road, and then it seemed to understand for the first time what they wanted, for it started off at a swift run. It did not trot, nor gallop, but paced; a moose always paces when it runs. A crowd of boys were on the sleigh as its master drove it merrily down the road, the moose's thick matted hair shaking as its body lurched from side to side. Then a train came in sight as it rounded a curve at the other side of the town. Suddenly, the moose placed its two fore feet together and stopped short. Its sharp hoofs were set into the hardened ground. Its legs were braced like two poles. It held its head erect, its nose pointing straight forward. With nostrils twitching and eyes wide open, it glared at the puffing locomotive until it passed by. Then it started as suddenly as it had stopped. Stretching its neck out in line with its back, then flinging its forelegs out straight and kicking its hind feet far behind, it went down the road like a dark streak, fully demonstrating that it was the speed champion of all the living things in town.

LAWRENCE AND HIS HARNESSED MOOSE

Lawrence and his friends enjoyed many merry times with their unique racer. But although the moose could run very swiftly and haul as much as a colt of the same age, it never got over its habit of both starting and stopping with a jerk. For this reason it never became a perfect driver; but it served as an unfailing source of interest and of wholesome amusement to the boys and girls for many long days.

A. A. Hovey.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE LITTLE BEAR CUB WHO BECAME A COOK

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. S. CHURCH

WE lived on a mountain in France. My father died, and Mother and I went down to a little town to get something to eat. Mother was a nice brown bear, and I was her little Cubby. We were both hungry and weak from lack of food. A kind, lovely man whom we met as we neared the town gave us his dinner of bread, potatoes, and a bottle of milk, and we were glad. Then, when we had eaten it all up, he took us to his home.

He was a cook, and Mother liked him. He showed her how to help him to do different things, like turning the spit as he roasted, and pumping and bringing water from the well. He taught me to sweep and wash dishes; and we were very happy.

Then Mother fell sick and left us, the war broke out, and my master told me he had to join the army. I said I wanted to be a cook and go out in the world and make a living; so he cut down his apron and made his cap so it would fit me and gave me some things to cook in and some pepper and salt and other things like that to put into food to make it taste good, and I started off.

"IT WAS FUNNY TO SEE HIM EAT"

I went down and got on a ship that was going south. The sailors all liked me and said it was funny to see a little bear cub who wanted to be a cook. Then we sailed away, and I made myself as useful as I could on the trip, and showed the cook how to make some new dishes that I learned about when Mother and I lived with the kind man who did so much for us. After we had sailed and sailed, we came to a strange land, and I started out to see the world and make my living.

As I walked along the beach, I met a curious, bright-colored bird. I found out afterward that it was a flamingo, and I asked him if he would like me to cook something for him. He said he would be delighted, so I made him a

clam chowder and put it in a dish before him. It was funny to see him eat, straining everything through his crooked bill, stamping in the dish and making a great spatter, stirring up things with his feet. You would think he was dancing as well as eating. It made me happy to see how he enjoyed it, but he did n't give me anything.

A little farther along two laughing sea-gulls came up to me and I offered to cook something for them. How they laughed and laughed at the idea, and even made a big spider-crab laugh, who had crawled up to see what was going on. I chopped up some more clams and put some nice seasoning in the dish, and they said it was the nicest meal they had ever had. I gave the spider-crab a spoonful, and he liked it. But *they* did n't give me anything.

"TWO LAUGHING SEA-GULLS CAME UP TO ME"

Then I started into the woods, because I knew that I would feel at home there, and finally I came to a swamp. A big alligator came out on the edge of the water, and when I asked him if I could cook something for him, would you believe it, he tried to knock me into the swamp with his tail! He missed me, but he hit one of the nice dishes I was carrying on my back and it went whirling through the air. I got away all right, and picked up my dish, too!

"THE SNAKE GOT MY FRYING-PAN STUCK BETWEEN HIS JAWS"

Then I went a little farther into the woods, and I met a great big snake who tried to swallow me before I could say anything; but he got my frying-pan stuck between his jaws, so he was quite helpless. He begged me to take it out, which I did, and he crawled away, with tears in his eyes, looking sheepish.

I did n't like the big woods, so I went back to the sea and got on a ship that was going still farther south. These sailors, too, were glad to have me on board, and I helped the cook during the voyage.

"THE BIG BEAR SAID THEY WERE PENGUINS"

We landed where it was all snow and ice, and I started out again. I had n't gone far, when along came a great big bear, who was delighted to meet me, and two funny-looking birds came up, waddling along. The big bear said that they were penguins. They bowed and scraped, and I got to work and cooked a dish for all of them with some canned goods that the cook had given me, and they were much pleased. The Big Bear wanted me to go home with him, but it was too cold and I did n't like so much snow and ice. And *they* did n't give me anything.

So I went back to the sea, and there was a ship that was going up where it was warm. So I went on board, and the first thing I did when I landed was to go right into the country, when I met a lot of bluebirds, I made them a nice dish of suet and nuts, and they sang and sang, while I kept time with my spoon. To be sure, they did n't give me anything, either, but their song was a beautiful one, wishing me great happiness, and that, of course, was better than money.

Just as the song was finished, and the birds had flown away, a man came along and said there was a circus in the town near by, and I could get a nice

"THEY SANG AND SANG WHILE I KEPT TIME WITH MY SPOON"

job there. This I did, and I have made my home there ever since. We all march out into the ring at every performance and I cook a meal for the pelican and the adjutant-bird, who are in the menagerie. And everybody laughs at us, 'specially the little people—we three look so funny, they say. And I have a nice place to sleep, and lots of bread and butter with jam on it, and peanuts and lemonade, and all the people that belong to the circus like me.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

As our readers are only too well aware, ST. NICHOLAS has had to endure many serious inconveniences and handicaps from the great strike in the printing-houses of New York. Not only do the November and December numbers suffer in appearance, when compared with previous issues of the magazine, but their publication was delayed far beyond the usual dates. And consequently, we are compelled to omit the LEAGUE pages entirely from our March number, since our young LEAGUE members did not receive their November copies until *after* December 5th, and, of course, could not send in their contributions by that date. Foreseeing this complication, however, we repeated in the December issue the subjects assigned for November. And the results of this *extended* competition, covering two months instead of one (and including, of course, in the subjects for drawings, headings for either March or April) will be printed in our April number.

We are more than sorry that our young folk of the LEAGUE will have to look in vain for their favorite pages next month; but it could not be helped, in this instance, and we must console ourselves with the reflection that this is the first and only time the LEAGUE has failed to appear throughout the whole twenty years that have happily chronicled the history and progress of our beloved organization.

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JANET BLOSSOM, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON MAY, 1918)

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 240

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Natalie C. Hall** (age 12), Canada. Silver Badges, **Martha Kronmiller** (age 15), Maryland; **William M. Hiester** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Elizabeth M. Ramsey** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Ida Mary Robinson** (age 14), Nevada; **Katharine M. Lewis** (age 13), Maine; **Mary R. Bishop** (age 14), Ohio.

VERSE. Gold Badges, **Caroline Rankin** (age 14), New Jersey; **Dorothy Rose Oppenheim** (age 15), Maryland. Silver Badges, **Margaret Humphrey** (age 12), Oregon; **Josephine Rankin** (age 11), Michigan; **Eleanor Ellis** (age 16), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Janet Blossom** (age 16), New York. Silver Badges, **John H. Whitcomb** (age 13), Wisconsin; **Mary C. Neal** (age 14), England; **Eleanor Young** (age 13), Colorado; **Evangeline Mortenson** (age 14), Illinois.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Priscilla M. Carstairs** (age 12), Pennsylvania; **Louis Jack** (age 15), New Jersey; **Carol Finley** (age 11), California; **John Sweigert** (age 12), New Jersey; **Grace H. Pfafflin** (age 14), Indiana; **Winthrop H. Towner** (age 14), District Columbia.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badge, Marion Pickard (age 16), Massachusetts.

BY ANNIE MAY YOUNG, AGE 13. BY RUTH LUCIE STERN, AGE 13.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT"

THE TRUMPETER

BY CAROLINE RANKIN (AGE 14)

(*Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1918*)

THE air of night is hushed until
A call resounds from plain and hill,
And echoing breaks the morning still;
The dawn soon dims the Milky Way.

The message echoes far and near,
The farmer wakes with right good cheer;
But no one thanks bold chanticleer—
The trumpeter of coming day.

A GOOD EXCUSE

(*A True Story*)

BY IDA MARY ROBINSON (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

SEVERAL months ago I read an article in ST. NICHOLAS about the Belgian king. I take this as "A Good Excuse" to tell you that I have shaken hands with him!

It was on Friday morning, October 10, 1919, that the Reno Schools were dismissed and we were allowed to go down to the depot to see the Belgian royal family.

We waited patiently and anxiously for the train to arrive. At last, we heard the whistle and the crowds rushed forward to catch the first glimpse of the king.

He was on the platform of the rear car of his special train. He wore the uniform of a Belgian officer.

The king gave a short address thanking the people of America for their kindness to his country.

The crowd pushed forward to shake hands with him. In a few moments, I found myself up at the front of the throng.

The king is a very tall man, and he reached down, and I reached up—and clasped the hand of royalty!

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY KATHARINE M. LEWIS (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

To think that the great General Washington was going to have dinner in Jane's own home! Yes, it was indeed true that he was to pass through Kensington on his way to Washington and Mt. Vernon. And Jane was actually going to make the cranberry-sauce!

Finally, the sound of martial music was heard in the distance; then it came nearer and nearer, until at last the General and his body-guard came into view around the corner.

Jane held her breath as the little procession halted in front of her door, and General Washington came up the brick walk, to be greeted by Mistress Nelson with a sweeping curtsey, while his attendants rode on to the small hotel.

When the cranberry-sauce was served at dinner, the General said,

"What a fine sauce, Mistress Nelson!"

Little Jane slipped from her chair and, with her best curtsey, said simply,

"I made the cranberry-sauce, sir."

"Well, well, my little maid, 't is a very good sauce—very good indeed! Would you not like to come to Mt. Vernon, for a visit, and perhaps make some sauce for my wife?"

"Oh, thank you, sir! But teacher said we must not be absent from school without a good excuse," replied Jane.

The blood rushed to her mother's cheeks, and she quickly rebuked her daughter, saying, "*Jane!* As if 't were not a fit excuse to be invited to visit General Washington's home at Mt. Vernon! Yes, General," she continued, "Jane will be very glad to accept your kind invitation, with many thanks, I am sure."

So Jane went to Mt. Vernon, the happiest and proudest little girl in all the country.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT" BY CAROL FINLEY, AGE 11
(SILVER BADGE)

THE TRUMPETER

BY MARY HARRIET WHITE (AGE 13)

(*Honor Member*)

HE comes with the winds and snows of March
To bring the April showers;
He calls the birds from the sunny south,
And wakes the early flowers.

He blows on his trumpet a clear sweet note
To call forth Mistress Spring;
He teases the leaves until they unfold,
And he makes the children sing.

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY."
BY ELEANOR YOUNG, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE)

He bids the wind o'er the hill-tops blow,
Till the bare trees shiver and shake;
He sets the brook in the valley free,
And he cries to the orchards "Awake!"

He shakes the vines till their leaves come out,
He sways the bluebells till they ring,
And loudly he blows on his trumpet to tell
That he is the herald of Spring.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT" BY PRISCILLA M. CARSTAIRS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

A GOOD EXCUSE

(A True Story)

BY NATALIE C. HALL (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1919)

IT was on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to a Canadian town that the incident occurred of which I write.

A ball was being given in his honor at the hotel where he was staying, and it was to be a very grand affair. So many of the guests wanted a souvenir of his visit that it was a very difficult matter to know what form the souvenir should take. By a stroke of genius, some one suggested that a large cake, with very perfect sugar ornaments, should be cut by their illustrious guest at the close of the ball, and each guest should be the recipient of an ornament. This was decided upon as a unique and pretty thing to do.

Of course, the confectioners put all their skill and artistic taste into the making of the cake, and it was a very high, beautiful one when it was finished. The novel ornamentations were as perfect as they could be made, and it was quite worthy of the prince's favor.

At last the ball was at its close, and the prince was escorted to the table on which the "Wonder" stood. The guests were all waiting expectantly round about him. But, knife in hand, His Royal Highness hesitated, and, turning to Admiral Halsey, his chief of staff, he said, "Oh! I cannot cut that thing of beauty!"

So the souvenir-hunters did not get their souvenirs, and the cake stood, as before, in all its splendor.

Surely the man who made the "Good Excuse" that he could not spoil a thing of beauty will, in future, make a wise king, who will foster in his subjects the love of art and of all kinds of beautiful works.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT." BY ELSIE M. DODGE, AGE 14.

THE TRUMPETER

BY DOROTHY ROSE OPPENHEIM (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1916)

"HE hath sounded forth the trumpet which shall never call retreat!"
Through the blue and smiling heavens rang the blast.
And the nations flocked to answer it, on many-marching feet,
While the placid skies grew dull and overcast.

For His thunder seemed but echo of the thunder in our guns;
In our star-shells shone His angry lightning's gleam;
Like the patt'ring of His raindrops fell our shrapnel 'mid the Huns,
Like the rattle of His hail our volleys' scream.

We rallied to His trumpet call, and beat the Germans back,
Though the way was hard, and victory seemed slow,
Never once our courage falt'ring, never once our efforts slack,
And we freed staunch France and Belgium from the foe.

From all sections of the land we came, from east, west, south, and north.
As one we strove, and never saw defeat.
The reason of it? Thus, O world, "*For He hath sounded forth*
The trumpet which shall never call retreat!"

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY WILLIAM M. HIESTER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

JOHN DALTON was a member of the Boy Scouts. A special meeting was held by the troop to discuss some important business. The patrol leader had the names of those in his patrol who were sick and could not come. Every other member was ordered to be present, and there was only one absent and not accounted for. This one member was John Dalton. The meeting was postponed for half an hour in the hope that he would turn up. Slowly the clock showed fifteen minutes gone and then twenty. The half-hour passed, and then the meeting was called to order. Everybody was wondering where the missing Scout was. They could not keep their minds down to business, for every member loved him and thought him the best fellow in the troop. The meeting was almost over when in walked John Dalton. He was dripping wet and cold. All the boys ran to where he stood in a pool of water. His face was red and he was shivering all over. Quickly they hung up his clothes to dry and wrapped several blankets around him. A member volunteered to get something hot to help him along. He was

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY" BY EVANGELINE MORTENSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

BY GRACE HOPE PFAFFLIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

BY LUCY T. BESWICK, AGE 12

BY MARY REEVE, AGE 12.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT"

rubbed down by willing fellow-scouts. After a while he was warm and he put on his clothes, which had become dry. He then told why he was late. He was passing by the old ice-pond and heard cries for help. He threw himself into the icy cold water and rescued a little girl who had fallen off the bank into the pond. Never before had Scoutmaster Evans accepted so good an excuse from a Scout for being absent from a meeting.

THE TRUMPETER

BY MARGARET HUMPHREY (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

ROUND the sagebrush there is ringing
The coyote's mournful cry,
For the winter-time is coming
And the long dark nights are nigh.
Herald of the cold, white winter,
Trumpeter of the West,
His sad voice makes ghoulish music
In the land I love the best!
Out on the hillside
Hear his lonesome cry,
While the autumn days are passing
And the wild geese southward fly!

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY MARY R. BISHOP (AGE 14)

(*Silver Badge*)

"I-I-CE cold pop! Lemonade! Lemonade! Come on over here to get your pink lemonade!!"

"Oh, there are some peanuts! Let 's get some."

"*Um-m*, but these are good!"

"Come! see this 'colossal collection of marvelous monstrosities! All things here are of prodigious proportions or are infinitesimally invisible.' "

"Let 's buy some of those big red balloons. O-Oh! That one busted!"

"I'm for the animal tent to see the new giraffe."

"Oh, looky! He just picks 'em up in his trunk!"

"Oh! There comes a man with ice-cream cones. Call him over!"

"Just listen to that band!"

"Oh! Oh!! Look at that elephant! He 's standing straight up!"

"Gee, this is great!"

"Did you ever see anything so funny in all your life? I think those clowns are simply killing."

"Oh, cowboys! That 's a real Indian over there."

"Hurrah! The cowboys have won."

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JOHN H. WHITCOMB, AGE 13 (SILVER BADGE)

"Whee! The chariot races! Hurry up! I' m glad the man in green won it! I knew he would."

"Please, just one more sack of peanuts!"

A circus! A good excuse? Well, perhaps not. But was there ever a better one for "playing hookey"?

"ON DUTY." BY JESSIE DAY, AGE 13.

THE TRUMPETERS

BY KATHERINE HICKS (AGE 12)

"Honk Honk!—Honk Honk!"
There are wild geese in the air!
"Honk Honk!—Honk Honk!"
It soundeth everywhere!
Onward!—Onward!
Winging across the sky!
Onward!—Onward!
Whither do you fly?
"Honk Honk! Honk Honk!"
Hear that weird, wild call!
"Honk Honk! Honk Honk!"
Bon voyage to you all!

THE TRUMPETER

BY ELIZABETH MITCHELL DUKES (AGE 17)

(*Honor Member*)

I STAND at the door of the Valentine Inn,
Where the sign hangs brilliant and high.
And I find, to my sorrow, I 've lost my heart
To the cook and her cranberry pie.
Was never a trumpeter back from the wars
So cruelly treated, I trow!
When I tried to imply
My penchant for her pie
She pouted and told me to go!
"Clever cook, be my love, for your pie's a *chef-d'œuvre!*
To eat it forever I 'm willing.
Its crust is so toothsome—
Go quickly, produce some—
That filling is lusciously thrilling."
Yet with frown and with pout
Still she ordered me out
Though the wind was as keen as a knife.
Now what must be done e 'er her cruel heart 's won
And I make her my cook for my life?
Ah, my pie, truest friend, inspiration you lend—
I know what is needful to win her;
I need but imply
She 's the goal—not the pie—
And then I 'll have pie for my dinner!

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY JULIA POLK (AGE 13)

"GOOD-BY, Arthur!" called Mrs. Gray, as she watched her son out of sight. "Well, I hope he won't get into mischief to-day," she said, as she entered the house; "I had a note from his teacher yesterday."

Arthur trudged gaily up the street, whistling merrily, when suddenly his music stopped. He saw some boys tying a tin can to a little cur's tail; the dog was trembling with fright, for the boys were rough in handling him.

"Here! what are you doing to that dog?" said Arthur, in an angry tone; "you 'd better stop or you 'll be sorry!"

"Huh," said one boy, "I guess I can do what I like with him without you butting in."

BY EVARISTODE MONTALVO, AGE 12.

BY LOUIS JACK, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY LESTER N. TOWNER, AGE 13.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT"

BY FLORENCE E. FINLEY, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER)

BY EVELYN CARSON, AGE 15.

BY WINTHROP H TOWNER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT"

Arthur crept up slowly, and suddenly gave the boy a buffet that knocked him over in the street. He then untied the tin can and stood up ready to meet the attack of the boy, who was by this time up and ready for a fight.

Arthur, not being large, got the worst of the fight, and when the other fellows came to help "Mike," he would have been knocked out altogether if it had not been for the dog, who came and nipped the ankles of the other boys, who turned their attention to him. Fortunately, the dog got away and followed Arthur, who was racing up the street toward school.

He was late, but was not scolded, as he had a good excuse. As for the dog, he slept under Arthur's chair all through school.

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY VINCENT P. JENKINS, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER)

THE TRUMPETER

BY ELEANOR ELLIS (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

Upon the threshold of the past he stands,
  Bathed in the glory of a waning day.
  And to the setting sun this lay doth play:
"I am a trumpeter of hoary age;
  From olden times to this my fame held true,
  A heralder of kings. Of very few
Was I most honored by their royal smile.
  When through the motley, crowded throngs I passed,
  Through walls of human beings, thickly massed,
My trumpet's clarion note to them proclaimed
  The coming of the king. Their lusty cheer
  The very air did rend, and echoes clear
Resounded. But now all is changed.
  The clamor of the peoples shakes the thrones;
  The discontent of sullen undertones
Proclaims this day the twilight of the kings.
  The old is ever giving place to new,
  The wish of many ends the rule of few.
And who can say that 't is not justly so?
  Democracy shall rule on every hand,
  And banishes my trumpet from the land.

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY MARTHA KRONMILLER (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

"Donald West! Where have you been?" exclaimed his mother.

"Er—er, you see I—I had to do something for a lady."

"Well, it certainly took you a long time. Here it is, five o'clock and you 're just coming from school! And from appearances you swam across the river. Yours is a very poor excuse."

Some time later Mrs. West met a friend of hers, Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, I had an awful experience the other day, and if it had n't been for that fine boy of yours, I don't know what I should have done!" said Mrs. Jones.

"Donald? He said nothing about it. What in the world happened?"

"I was in the kitchen baking pies, when I happened to glance up, and there was the table, next to the stove, afire and blazing. As it was near the door, I could n't get out, but I saw Donald going by and called to him. He came rushing in, seized the garden hose and turned the water on and had the fire out almost before I could say 'Jack Robinson'."

"That must have been the day he came home so wet and said he had done something for a lady," said Mrs. West.

On the way home she did some hard thinking, and when Donald came home from school she had the bad taste, as Donald thought, to make him blush before Jimmie Green, by saying:

"Donald, on second thoughts, I find your excuse of the other day very good, and I am *very, very* proud of you!"

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT." BY MARTHA DICKINSON, AGE 10.

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY ELIZABETH M. RAMSEY (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

"It seems perfectly criminal to me to be going home without seeing the king and queen when they are right here in New York!" I said regretfully, as, at the completion of our shopping tour, we turned our steps toward the station. And indeed it did seem foolish, but we were invited out for dinner, and the only train which would get us home in time left at four-fifteen—fifteen minutes before the royal Belgians were to be received in Central Park.

"Do you know," Margaret was studying her time-table intently, "if we were to take that five-eleven, which is an express, I think we should n't be more than about ten minutes late for dinner. And then we—"

"Could see them!" I finished for her, in great excitement. "Let 's telephone Mother, and see what she says."

Ten minutes later we were on our way to the park, firm in Mother's assurance that if we were a few minutes late our hostess would not mind, as we had such a very good excuse.

By a mere chance, we entered by the avenue up which Their Majesties were coming, and found a very good place, as the greater part of the crowd was gathered around the platform where the exercises were to take place.

Then—they came! We saw them as they passed close by, and we were thrilled. But the thing which caused us the greatest excitement was when Queen Elizabeth smiled directly at us! It really seemed too good to be true!

When we arrived at the place where we were to dine, and gave the reason for our tardiness, we were speedily forgiven and much envied. And we spent a charming evening in which there was much talk of kings and queens.

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT." BY JOHN SWEIGERT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

THE TRUMPETER

BY JOSEPHINE RANKIN (AGE 11)

(*Silver Badge*)

The golden sun in the far-off west shed its last few rays with a smile,
To think of the end of a perfect day,
And the morrow's prospects gay;
And as into night we sally,
The trumpeter's call from the hill-top high,
Resounds throughout the valley.

The moon came up and the stars shone bright,
And the dogs forgot to bark and fight;
The cats refrained from concerts, too,
As the moon and stars sailed their sea of blue;
And from off in the woods, through the whispering trees,
Comes the trumpeter's call, "*To Whoo! To Whoo!*"

"A RANDOM SNAP-SHOT." BY DOROTHY P. BROOKS, AGE 13.

A GOOD EXCUSE

BY EDITH OLLIVE (AGE 10)

One day Mary asked her father if she might join the St. Nicholas League.

Her father said, "But, Mary, you cannot write or draw. So why should you wish to join?"

"Daddy," explained Mary, "that is the very reason—to learn how. Is n't that so?"

"Yes, Mary," said her father, after a minute's thought, "that is very true. So you may join if you want to."

"Thank you, Daddy," said Mary, and went away a very happy girl.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

VERSE

Marthedith Furnas
Charlotte M. Reynolds
Eudora Blakeney
Jessica L. Megaw
Rosamond W. Eddy
Virginia H. Bowman
Jean Sproule
Elizabeth Stamps
Ruth E. Campbell
Dorothy M. Patty
Katharine Born
Catherine Parmenter

PROSE

Margaret A. Durick
Kathryn Smith
Katharine Moedock
Rachel Knapp
Elizabeth McCollough
Fannie E. Goodman
Harriet M. Gadd
Virginia H Cowperthwaite
Marian Brimhall
Emmie Lou Washington
Ruth H. Thorp
Charles A Bartlett
Mary R. Hulcher
Silvia A Wunderlich
Eleanor Scott
Hope Todhunter
Jean Maisonville
Constance M. O'Hara
Margaret Mackprang
Dorothy J. Miller
Helen M. Schroeder

PHOTOGRAPHS

Virginia M Burmister
Kate McCurley
Lucille E. Witthe
Helen S. Fowler
Evelyn Brossman
Jane Richardson
Grace Waggaman

ROLL OF HONOR

A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

PROSE

Undine Hodgson
Helen H. Dan
Hugh L. Willson
Annette Klein
Eleanor F. Huntley
Edward Lawrence
Carolyn Kaufman
Margaret Gould
Dorothy P. K. Deahy
Jeanette Warmuth
Eleanor Evans
J. Stewart Lacock
Thora Macavoy
Robert Diller
George B. Hiester
Suzanne Parker
Louise Howland
Henry Bunting
Mildred H. Wimer
Harriet McCurley
Mary M Lewis
Evelyn Abraham
Virginia Watson
Corinne Monsarrat
Jeanne Gadsden

"ON DUTY" BY SARAH A. ZIMMERMAN, AGE 15.

Margaret Coates
Virginia Barton
Gertrude Green
Susan G Donogh
Mary Adelman
Ruth V. Kirby
Helen C Streeter
Meyer Lisbanoff
Alice Loeb
Eleanor Marsh
Isabel Knapp
Gladys Hadden
Miriam Wayt
Elaine Brown
Elizabeth Cheatham
Naomi Grigg
Dorothy Stephenson
Olive Skinner
Maxine Oberndorf
Dallas Stone
Nell Shawhan
Jean A Buchanan
Elizabeth T. Sarratt
Abbé Huyler Held
Georgia Finckel
Katharine E. McAfee

VERSE

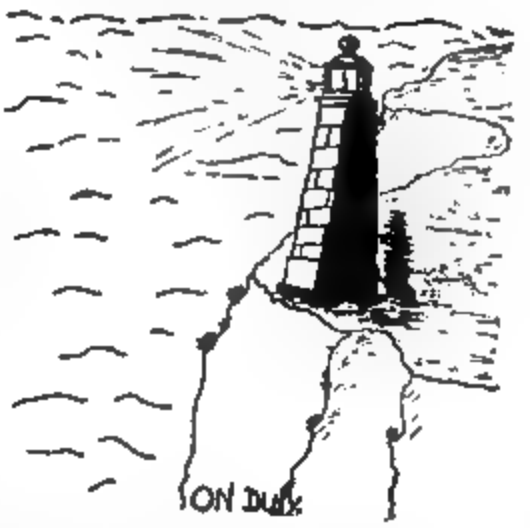
Pearl E. Hahn
Dorothy Legg
Elizabeth Cleaveland
Kathleen Heile
Margaret G. C. Boultbee
Travers Hand
Kathryn E. Lisaberger
Ruby Humphrey
Helen Jenks
Margaret Moore
Frances Levy
Isidore Katz
Beatrice Mitchell
Caroline Forry
William S. Clarke, Jr.
Fannie P. Tartt
Margaret Ludden
Doris Varns

PUZZLES

Betty Sargent
Mary Louise Huffman
Signe Steen
Dorothy Bowen
Emily Pendleton

PHOTOGRAPHS

William Thurow
Anna J. Phillips
Elizabeth Barnes
Mary Kroehle



"ON DUTY." BY MARY C NEAL, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

DRAWINGS

Katharine A. Shand
Jessica G Abel
Ione Finch
Jean McIntosh
Wm. W. Burgess, Jr.
Worthen Bradley
Sally Ingalls
David D. Lloyd
Helen Fields
Jean Henderson
Eunice C Resor
Margaret Morris
Frances B. Dabney
Frederick P. Latimer, Jr
Mildred Bernstein
Arabel Cushman
Florence Bryans
Muriel King
Elizabeth Garrett
Charlotte White
Mary Rebmayne
Gwenfread Allen
Myron Reamy
Mary M Kern
Ferdinande Poppe
Janet Bissell
Ann Hyde
Carol Johnson
Barbara Probasco
Mildred D. Bernheim
Ralph Friedrichs.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 243

Owing to possible delay in publication, Competition No. 243 will close **February 28**. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**. Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "When Roses Bloom."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Test of Courage."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "In the Open."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Coming Home," or "A Heading for June."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

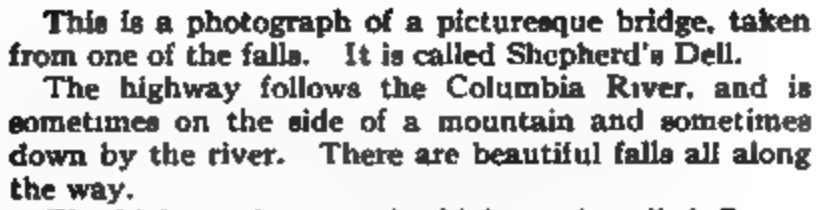
Address: The St. Nicholas League,
The Century Co.,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.

THE LETTER-BOX

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and I enjoy you very much. I got you for a Christmas present and I think it the best present I have ever had.

I have only seen one picture of the Columbia River Highway in ST. NICHOLAS and I 'm sure others would enjoy seeing this picture I am sending, as Oregon's scenic beauties are not very well known.



This is a photograph of a picturesque bridge, taken from one of the falls. It is called Shepherd's Dell.

The highway follows the Columbia River, and is sometimes on the side of a mountain and sometimes down by the river. There are beautiful falls all along the way.

The highest place on the highway is called Crown Point, where you can look all up and down the great Columbia, and when the sun sets, the sky and the river are all lit up with a golden light.

Your interested reader,

ANETA KELLOGG (AGE 13).

BETHLEHEM, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years and I simply adore you!

I have an aunt who was a Red Cross nurse in France. She just came home. She brought me a lovely silk scarf and a knitting-bag made by a wounded soldier, and lots of foreign money.

Last spring I christened a ship, and received a beautiful gold wrist-watch.

I can hardly wait for your next number to come.

Your devoted reader,

VIRGINIA S. HUTCHINSON (AGE 12).

BUTTE, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly two years. My mother took you when she was a little girl, and for nearly twenty years.

I like "The Slipper Point Mystery," and "*Vive la France!*" I also like to read the LETTER-BOX, especially letters that are written abroad.

We live at Columbia Gardens in the summer-time. Ex-Senator Clark owns and keeps up these gardens. Every Thursday is Children's Day, and all children under sixteen come to these gardens free.

The last Thursday before school starts, they have a festival. This year the girls danced, the boys did some gymnastics on the horizontal and parallel bars and some table acrobatics. Their instructor did some gun-twirling. We then had "Mistress Mary's Garden Party," which was a *Mother Goose* play

Your devoted and loving reader,

ELIZABETH CHAPMAN (AGE 14).

AMOY, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last night after my sister was in bed we heard a noise up the road. In a little while a bunch of boys came in sight beating gongs and carrying a little seat with an image of one of their gods in it.

Then came a larger one, all right; they had about five of those seats in this one, with gods in them.

This big one is probably due to cholera, and they continually kept swinging them back and forth; they thought the spirit kept it going all of the time.

And that thing stretched at least a quarter of a mile—maybe more and maybe less.

I have a bird kite that a mandarin gave me. It is five feet from tip to tip. You can take both wings out and fold the tail back.

I have only had you eight months.

Your loving reader,

ROBERT S. ELLIOTT (AGE 11).

ASUNCION, PARAGUAY

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father just brought you home, and how glad I was to get you!

Asuncion, where I live, is not very large. The people are sort of between black and white, and three quarters of them are barefooted. A few Sundays ago a man went by the door all dressed up and carrying a cane, but he was *barefooted!* The women come to the door selling chickens and ducks, all in baskets on their heads, and you will often see a woman go by with a basket of eggs or chickens on her head, a baby under one arm, chickens in the other, and smoking a great big black cigar, and before her goes a little burro, loaded with everything the woman cannot carry.

I am your very interested reader.

BETTY LYTLE (AGE 11).

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for two years, and we intend to take you for many more. All the stories are fine, but I like best "*Vive la France*" and "The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium."

Last summer my mother, father, sisters, and I went on a tour to the Province of Quebec, camping at night on the way, and for a month on Lake Memphremagog.

The camp outfit was on the car. The gasolene stove on the back, a cabinet on the left side for blankets, cots, etc., and the fireless cooker and washstand on the right, the tent being in a cabinet under the doors on the right. Everything is covered with black oilcloth to be waterproof and to keep things dry. We had a glorious time.

An interested reader,

LUCY HANCOCK.

LAGRANGE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you ever since I can remember, and like you so much that I would not like to lose a single number.

One day, after a big storm, I found a baby squirrel. If I ran, it would run to me. I soon found there were two more running up my legs. They must have lost their mother. They were so hungry I cracked nuts for them. They looked funny sitting up to eat them.

Yours truly,

RALPH H. ELLISON, JR. (AGE 9).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1 Hark. 2. Amen. 3. Reno. 4. Know. II. 1. Jack. 2. Able. 3. Clan. 4. Kent. III. 1 Wrap. 2 Race. 3. Acme. 4. Peel. IV. 1. Bask. 2. Ante. 3 Stag. 4. Kegs. V. 1. Trip. 2. Role. 3 Ills. 4. Pest. VI. 1. Lops. 2. Ogle. 3. Plan. 4. Sent. VII. 1. Slap. 2 Lave. 3 Avon. 4. Pent. VIII 1. Toes. 2 Opal. 3. Ease. 4 Sled. IX. 1. Taps. 2. Aloe. 3. Pole. 4. Seen.

DIAGONAL. Heir. 1 Hare. 2 Pear. 3 Pair. 4. Wear.

RHYMING BIRDS. 1. Chickadee. 2. Wood pewee. 3. Yellow throat. 4. Oriole. 5. Indigo bunting. 6. Meadow lark. 7 Mocking bird. 8. Horned owl.

DIAMOND. 1 T. 2. Met. 3. Texas. 4. Tan. 5. S.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG. A Happy New Year. 1. Ants. 2. Ship. 3. Crab. 4. Drop. 5 Rope. 6. Lyre. 7 Nail. 8. Ream. 9. Fawn. 10. Dray. 11. Sled. 12. Pail. 13. Rake.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Thanksgiving Day.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials: Robert E. Lee; third row, Nathan Hale. Cross-words: 1 Rondel. 2 Opaque. 3. Better. 4. Ethnic. 5. Reader. 6. Tender. 7 Exhort. 8. Loafer. 9. Enlist. 10. Energy.

ABSENT VOWELS. 1. Crypt. 2. Sly. 3. Gypsy. 4. Fly. 5. Shy. 6. Tryst. 7 Fry. 8. Myth. 9. Spy. 10. Lynx. 11. Sty. 12 Try. 13. Pygmy. 14 Ply. 15 Hymn. 16. Mynh. 17. Sylph. 18. Dry. 19. Nymph. 20. Pry. 21 Spry.

CHARADE. In-grate.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Begin at 3. Château Thierry, Solssons, Nancy, Verdun, Ypres, Zeebrugge, Ostend, Amiens, Marne.

NO ANSWERS WERE RECEIVED TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER, OWING TO THE DELAY IN PUBLICATION.

ENDLESS GEOGRAPHICAL CHAIN

To solve this puzzle, take the last two letters of the first place described to make the first two letters of the second place, and so on. The last two letters of the tenth word will be the same as the first two letters of the first word.

1. The country of which Khatmandu is the capital. 2. A province of Canada. 3. A city of Washington. 4. A city of Spain. 5. One of the United States. 6. A mountain in Oregon. 7. A Russian seaport. 8. A Central American republic. 9. A South American river. 10. A city on the Rhine.

DOROTHY BOWEN (age 13), *Honor Member*.

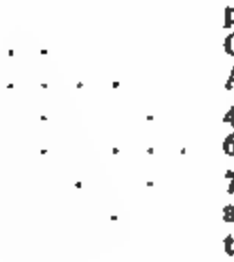
NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of one President, and another row of letters will spell the name of another President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. At all times. 2. To take the color out of, and make white. 3. A church festival. 4. A river in eastern Pennsylvania. 5. Simpletons. 6. A number. 7 Forcible. 8. A form of the word "hostler." 9. To relax. 10. A representative of the pope at a foreign court.

GWENFREAD ALLEN (age 14), *Honor Member*.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE



IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle has fifteen cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. In herd. 2. A pronoun. 3. Warm and moist. 4. A metallic pin. 5. To lure. 6. A strengthening medicine. 7. To produce. 8. An accountant. 9. To exhaust. 10. Raptorial birds. 11. At no time. 12 A pigment prepared from the ink of the cuttlefish. 13. Crest. 14. Active. 15. A South African antelope. 16. To penetrate. 17. A storehouse. 18. A scamp. 19. A garment. 20. A number. 21. Fascination. 22. To teach. 23. Of little account. 24. To bow the head. 25. In herd.

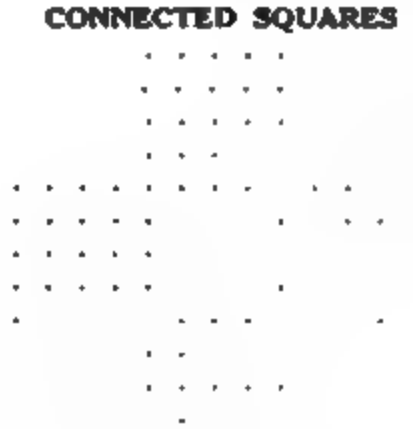
GUSTAV DIECHMANN (age 14), *League Member*.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Tyler, but not in Madison;
My second, in Madison, but not in Monroe;
My third is in Monroe, but not in Pierce;
My fourth is in Pierce, but not in Polk;
My fifth is in Polk, but not in Garfield;
My sixth is in Garfield, but not in Grant;
My seventh is in Grant, but not in Adams.
My whole was a President of the United States.

FLORENCE H. PIERSON.

CONNECTED SQUARES



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. To set again. 2. To slip away. 3. A glossy fabric. 4. A manifesto. 5. Portable lodges.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To officially examine an account. 2. To combine. 3. A water bird. 4. Details. 5. Concise.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To ascend. 2. The central portions. 3. The coverings of seeds. 4. A feminine name. 5. To attempt.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Lifted up. 2. A large basin. 3. A genus of plants. 4. Portable shelters. 5. To wipe out.

GERTRUDE E. MCINTYRE (age 16), *Honor Member*.

PICTURED ANSWERS

A number of objects are shown in the above picture. Among them may be found the answers to the four following riddles:

I. A widespread roof, and little more;
It lacks a window and a door,
And walls and chimney and a floor.

II. It reaps and mows where no man sows,
And the same field over and over again,
Winter or summer, sun or rain.

III. The smaller species in the main
Have four strong horns; the larger, twain.
They seize upon the yielding prey
And bear it upward and away;
And having stowed away their store,
They speedily descend for more.

IV. They drag me out and drive me in,
And I burrow and bore through thick and thin;
I'm strong enough, though little and spare,
Innocent blood I have often shed,
And my double tail grows out of my head,
And it keeps growing shorter the farther I fare.

RICHARD PHILLIPS.

BEHEADINGS

The twelve words described are not all of the same length. When rightly guessed and beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a famous man who was born in February.

1. Behead a stem, and leave to speak.
2. Behead to dart, and leave to cry out in contempt
3. Behead to tremble, and leave an animal.
4. Behead to strike, and leave a small amount.
5. Behead certain tropical trees, and leave charity.
6. Behead Mohammedanism, and leave to shut with force.
7. Behead a festival, and leave a point of the compass.
8. Behead a high standard, and leave to distribute.
9. Behead foolish, and leave badly.
10. Behead custom, and leave a wise man.
11. Behead a lid, and leave above.
12. Behead a cold substance, and leave at the present time.

JOHN T. TAYLOR, JR. (age 14), *League Member*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals, reading downward, and the finals, reading upward, will each name a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Thin. 2. One of the United States. 3. Vase-shaped receptacles. 4. A river flowing into the Danube. 5. Part of a shoe. 6. A very small particle. 7. A measure of distance. 8. Afresh. 9. To strike with a thong. 10. A fresh-water fish. 11. Verbal. 12. A salt-water fish. 13. To rend.

AN ALLIED DIAMOND

1. In doctor. 2. A toy. 3. A dogma. 4. The town in which the two authors (named in the Double Acrostic) lived. 5. A gorgeous flower. 6. To attempt. 7. In doctor.

LOUISE CASSELMAN (age 11), *League Member*.

DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letters to the lower right-hand letter, will spell a name honored throughout the world.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Thefts. 2. One of the United States. 3. An important study. 4. A city of Prussia. 5. Sentenced. 6. Getting. 7. A number. 8. Often used on athletic fields. 9. A high office held by the person named by the diagonals.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE COMPETITION.

5 * 60 15 37 57
65 * 36 45 58 51
30 * 20 28 63 17
18 * 3 26 11 62
56 * 64 23 54 34
8 * 22 2 31 42
32 * 47 55 59 6
35 * 9 38 43 40
13 * 49 44 61 41
19 * 4 48 46 53
25 * 14 27 39 12
50 * 1 24 16 10
29 * 33 52 21 7

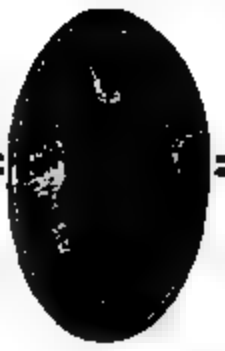
CROSS-WORDS: 1. To deliver into the hands of an enemy. 2. Expert. 3. Terrified. 4. To manage. 5. A ditch dug for soldiers. 6. To set afloat. 7. A feminine name. 8. A number. 9. Nothing. 10. To qualify. 11. An epic poem. 12. A man's beard on the chin. 13. Fatal.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed, the row of letters represented by stars will spell the name of an American man of letters; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 10 will spell the name of a poem by him; from 11 to 16, another poem; from 17 to 32, another poem; from 33 to 40 another poem; from 41 to 50, a story; from 51 to 65, another poem.

MARION PICARD (age 16).

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

PLAYMATES *for* Boys and Girls



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sometimes intimidates the
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they will weather, blending
inviting immediate habitation.

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and shrubs. The trees and
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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL R. SIMMONS

VICTORY STAMPS

We had intended this month to talk a little about general matters, and not devote quite so much space to pictures of new stamps. But two circumstances developed to change our plans. First of all, an unusual number of readers of STAMP PAGE have written us saying how much they enjoyed the pictures of new issues shown to them, and asking further information about certain of our illustrations. Added to this, was the receipt from abroad of a particularly fascinating series of Victory Stamps from New Zealand. Every reader who collects such stamps as have animals on them will want some specimens from this set. Those who collect "War Stamps" will wish the entire set, while those who collect every stamp they possibly can will long for every one of the six varieties which compose this issue. And with good reason, for it really is a beautiful lot of stamps. The designs are striking, the workmanship finished, and the colors vivid.

land Victory Stamp," Victory seated upon the lion of Great Britain, and bearing in her extended left hand the wreath which typifies her name. In the lower corners are the dates, 1914 and 1919, and between them are the words "Postage and Revenue." The value is in both the upper corners. There is one thing in the design which we do not understand, and we may as well speak of it now. Just before and at the top of the second 'a' of Zealand there is a dash of color. It does not appear on the first 'a'; only on the second. This dash shows on this particular letter in all of the stamps of the issue except the one-penny. We do not know why. The one-penny, a vivid crimson in color, bears at the top of the design the words "Victory Stamp." Here again is Victory, bearing high her wreath, while walking beside her is the self-same lion. At either side, at the base of the supporting pillars, are other palm-leaves. Below are the words "Postage and Revenue"; also, still lower, "1 d. New Zealand." The one-and-one-half-penny is a rich shade of yellow brown. The design here divides itself into two parts. At the top of the left-hand side are the usual words, "Postage and Revenue," below which is the word "Victory." Then there is a design of interwoven fern-leaves and faces of idols. At the bottom of the stamp is the value, 1½ d., and "New Zealand." The right portion shows an oval picture of a native chief. In the design itself we can easily see the hair and ornaments, and also the lines of tattooing upon the face—a rather savage-looking individual, whom we would rather see upon a stamp than walking up the street at night. The three-penny is dark brown in color, and of a simple, striking design—a very beautiful stamp, we think. At the top is again "Victory Stamp." In either upper corner are bunches of laurel and oak leaves. In the lower part of either side of the frame margin are the dates, 1914 and 1919. The central figure is a massive lion, gazing forward with magnificent repose, while beyond him radiates the rising sun of peace. In the six-penny, the design is again vertical. This also is a striking stamp, deep purple in color, which color lends itself especially well to the design—a very beautiful one. An upright winged female figure, bearing a scroll in her right hand, while her left rests upon a child holding in his arms a sheaf of grain. Above are the words, "Peace and Progress," together with the value, 6 d. The dates appear at the bases of the two columns, and below is the usual "Postage and Revenue, New Zealand." The last stamp of the series is red-orange in color. The central design is an excellent likeness of King George. In both upper corners appear heads of idols. On either side of the portrait a lion is seen emerging from a leafy jungle, while the usual wording is woven into the design. It is a series of stamps which displays remarkable dignity and good taste, worthy, indeed, of the great victory whose purpose it is to typify.

WHAT TO COLLECT

EVERY year STAMP PAGE acquires a new set of readers; a new group of boys and girls begin collecting stamps. These write us many letters, and frequently ask advice as to what they should collect. This is rather difficult to answer, because there are many stamps of many kinds. Some of all kinds find their way into the hands of the small collectors. And which of us wishes to throw away a real stamp, no matter what the purpose of its issue was. As a rule, however, collectors confine themselves to two groups of stamps. The first group would be the stamps of the United States, including all its postage-stamps, whether adhesives or envelops (except post-cards), all official stamps, all embossed envelops, telegraph, and many revenue-stamps. The tobacco and beer stamps are not generally collected. The second group would be foreign postage adhesives. Few collect foreign envelops and foreign revenues. Try to have nice-looking, clean copies. Do not cut your envelops round, but square, with very liberal margins. Postal cards (if collected) should be kept entire—not cut at all. They are stiff and awkward to fasten in an album. But the beginner must not worry about them, with plenty of adhesives demanding his attention.

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CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR MARCH, 1920

		Page
Frontispiece: Galahad the Deliverer. From the painting by Edwin A. Abbey		
A Master Painter of Romance: Edwin A. Abbey. Sketch. Illustrated from paintings and drawings by Edwin A. Abbey	**Mary R. Parkman**	387
Chickadee's Pantry. Sketch. Illustrations from photographs	**Alice Chamberlain Kendall**	396
The Treasure-Chest of the Medranos. Serial story. (Conclusion.) Illustrated by W. M. Berger	**Elizabeth Howard Atkins**	398
Opportunity. Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea	**Walter Scott Story**	405
Patrick Flannigan's Goose. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch	**George William Ogden**	414
The Crimson Patch. Serial story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea	**Augusta Huiell Seaman**	418
Tommy's Order for "Daylight Saving." Verse	**Mary Dickerson Donahey**	428
"Is Thy Servant a Dog?" Illustration by George Varian	**Fullerton L. Waldo**	429
The Police Dogs of Belgium. Illustrations from photographs	**Clara T. MacChesney**	431
Modern Dogs of War	**Lewis Edwin Theiss**	434
Dogs of War Showed Devotion to Duty. Illustrations from photographs	**George F. Paul**	436
Young Abel Yancey. Story. Illustrated by George Varian	**Archibald Rutledge**	438
Boy Scouts in the North: or, The Blue Pearl. Serial story. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull	**Samuel Scoville, Jr.**	444
The Happy Venture. Serial story. Illustrated by the author	**Edith Ballinger Price**	451
"Johnny Mouse." Picture. Drawn by Clifton Meek		457
The Wind of March. Verse	**Livingston B. Morse**	458
The Fairies' Fishing-pool. Picture. Drawn by Elizabeth Colborne		458
For Boys Who Do Things: Illustrated with diagrams		
Packing-Box Village—VI	**A. Russell Bond**	459
An Airplane Rudder for the Sled		462
A Hobby-horse for the Roller-coaster		463
A Fish-tail Sculling-oar		463
The Watch Tower. Illustrations from photographs	**Edward N. Teall**	464
Nature and Science for Young Folk. Illustrated		469
Forest Fire Lookouts Now Have Standard Houses (George F. Paul)—**A Camera Trap-line** (Howard Taylor Middleton)—**Outwitting the Desert Sands** (G. F. P.)		
For Very Little Folk:		
My Goldfish. Verse. Illustrated by L. B. Mansfield	**Mary Lord**	474
Nursery Verses and Pictures. Illustrated by Decie Merwin	**Mattie Lee Hausgen**	475
Her Dolly. Verse. Illustrated by the author	**Janet Dexter**	476
The Photograph—When Mother Dear Was Ill. Verses. Illustrated by the author	**Edith Ballinger Price**	476
St. Nicholas League Competition for March		478
The Letter-Box		478
The Riddle-Box		479
St. Nicholas Stamp Page. Conducted by Samuel R. Simmons	Advertising page	36

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"GALAHAD THE DELIVERER." PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

("THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL." TWELFTH PANEL)

"Galahad has delivered the lance from the blight that lay upon it. Peace with plenty abounds among the people. Surrounded by the faithful folk, with banner flying from his lance, Galahad journeys forth upon his last great adventure."

ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLVII MARCH, 1920 No. 5

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A MASTER PAINTER OF ROMANCE

By MARY R. PARKMAN

And behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful.—BUNYAN.

HE was a small boy for his age, with a round, close-cropped head and handsome brown, though near-sighted, eyes. His brow was puckered now with serious thought as he looked up at his father. He was fifteen years old, and when one finds himself already three years in his teens it is time to consider things carefully.

"Yes, Father, I know I 'm beginning to be grown up," he said soberly. "Why, when I 'm out of my teens. I 'll be a man, almost."

Mr. Abbey smiled down at the little chap who was looking forward to his remaining teens to make him quite grown up, and who, with all that was in him, longed to be tall.

"You have time yet to grow in," he said kindly; "I 've seen smaller lads than you who made big men. But it is n't too early to think what you are going to do when you 're a man."

This seemed almost as embarrassing as the question of growing. "R-r-r-really, F-f-father," Edwin stammered, "I don't know anything I care for especially but drawing and baseball. And I 'd rather draw than go to the bat—really!" he added in a sudden burst of feeling.

"If you are going to win in the world of pictures, Edwin, you must begin to think of something besides making rebuses and funny sketches for this paper and that," said his father. The boy had shown a clever hand at entertaining skits with his pencil, and several of his drawings had appeared in the columns of "Oliver Optic's Magazine," a periodical for young folks.

"Yes, Father," replied the young artist, hopefully, "I 'm ready to follow up any line you say if it is something that is in *my* line—something where I can go on with my drawing."

Edwin was nine years old at the outbreak of the Civil War, and, living in Philadelphia throughout the trying years of this struggle, he saw much of the seriousness of life. Even the children felt something besides admiration and excitement when they saw marching men pass through the streets. All knew something of what the farewells meant and of the fearful cost of war.

Yet the pictures that Edwin Abbey saw week by week in the illustrated papers meant more to him than anything else. How wonderful it was to be able to make people see what one would—scenes of battle, where brave men struggled; moments of action, hope, and courage! How those drawings of Winslow Homer's in "Harper's Weekly" made things live!

Edwin Abbey had the gift of seeing and remembering "the look of things." Everything he saw—prancing horses, marching soldiers, toiling workmen, and playing children—all lived in his memory as vivid pictures. Everything he read—tales of adventure, stories of noble knights and fair ladies—lived in his fancy as clear as seeing. But these lovely, living pictures were always changing, melting into each other. How he longed to be able to seize them with his pencil, to make them fixed and real—for himself and for every one else! And so he was always trying to

draw, trying to catch the changing look of things in strong, lifelike lines.

Mr. Abbey was, naturally, anxious to see his son properly equipped and fortified for the battle of life, and, after his talk with Edwin on this subject, it was evident that this could best be done by turning to practical account the boy's gift for drawing; so not long after the father found an opportunity for him such as he sought.

"I have secured a place for you, Edwin, with a firm of engravers," he announced, "an excellent firm, where you will have a chance to learn drawing on wood for book illustrations."

"All right," said the boy, his eyes snapping with eager resolve, "I think I can promise to make good."

So steadily did he apply himself, indeed, that he devoted evening after evening, when he was not working in the antique class at the Academy Pennsylvania of Fine Arts, to carrying out ideas that had come to him during the day. It was soon evident that he possessed the illustrator's gift to an extraordinary degree. His mind was stored with memory pictures which he could evoke and reshape at will.

Some of these early sketches found favor with "Harper's Weekly." It was a proud day when his picture "Tracking Rabbits" was accepted. Was it, perhaps, that some of his own glad gratitude lent spirit to his next drawing of "The First Thanksgiving"? For that animated sketch of the Pilgrims' feast with their Indian guests also met with success. And his engagement with the engraving firm having come to an end, after another year of study at the Fine Arts he won a place on the Harpers' staff of artists.

Edwin was afraid that he would wake up suddenly. Could it be that his dreams were going to come true? Was he really going to find that the work of life and the joy of life were one? Was he going to be able to earn his living through doing the thing he loved best?

Even the thunder of the elevated did not waken him from his dream. At nineteen Edwin Abbey had entered upon his new life in New York as a member of the Harpers' art department, one of a little brotherhood of six workers among whom C. S. Reinhart was the best known. And so, doing the thing he loved in company with others who cared for the things that counted with him and who spoke his language, he knew the happiness that is only to be found in work which brings out the best that is in one.

It was said of Abbey that "he learned to swim by jumping into deep water." One of his earliest drawings showed the pulling down of the Vendôme Column by the Paris mob during the lawless period known as the Commune, in 1871. The young illustrator was able to work up the most convincing crowd scenes, such as the thrilling moments of fires, election celebrations, and other occasions of popular excitement, often without leaving his desk at the office.

"How can you draw in such a lifelike way what you have never seen?" he was asked, when a spirited drawing of a royal review of the British troops was being admired.

"But I have seen it and I do see it—in my mind's eye," he declared. "All that I have ever known remains with me as pictures; and when I read about a thing, I do not just hear and understand, I *see it happening*."

It was found that Edwin Abbey could make more vivid drawings of scenes from the picturesque past than any of his fellow artists.

"If it is in 1776, give it to Abbey," his companions would say. "He has the trick of making the Colonial breathe." At one time they called him, laughingly, "the stage-coachman," because of his fondness for drawing wayside taverns at that lively moment when the coach pulls up for a change of horses and mine host and his helpers stand at attention to welcome the new arrivals.

When one has the gift of doing a thing easily, there is always the temptation to keep on doing it in the same way, and what was once alive and charming becomes mechanical and uninteresting. Abbey was saved from this danger by his intense longing to know more and ever more about the things that had fascinated his imagination. He was a great reader, with a particular fondness for Goldsmith and other eighteenth-century writers. It would not be true, however, to say he knew that period like a book. He saw it in the life. He knew how the people dressed to the last shoe-buckle and how they felt in their clothes. So while one enjoyed the picturesque details of his drawings, the lifelike people were even more interesting than the quaint costumes and furnishings.

The Centennial year of 1876 was an important time for Abbey. The exhibition of pictures brought together then in Philadelphia opened the eyes of the enthusiastic young illustrator to a world of art of which he had hardly dared to dream. It was plain that he must go abroad to study. But in the meantime he had eyes for the lovely and picturesque in his own world, and kept a note-book for sketches of interesting bits by the way—a friendly stile, a homely barnyard, a quaint rustic bridge and stone wall. His faithfulness to the exact truth of each detail in the accessories of a picture was always as marked as his instinct for seizing the glimpse of picturesque life or romantic story which it presented.

"One must find his ideal beauty in the real, or

he has n't done anything but chase a will-o'-the-wisp," he used to say.

The year before, he and a young fellow-artist at Harper's, James E. Kelly, who was destined to become a lifelong friend, formed a partnership and opened an office on Union Square. Soon after, examples of his work, notable for that time, began to appear in "Scribner's Monthly," now THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

In 1878, the longed-for chance to go to Europe came to him from Harper & Brothers.

wonderful that there is nothing else in *this* Broadway with even a hint of the hurry and worry, the getting and spending, of the life of to-day!"

The village is the very place we see pictured in Abbey's illustrations of Herrick, and also in his drawings for Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and "She Stoops to Conquer." There is the single street leading uphill, the mossy-roofed cottages built of stone that looks washed even during the dryness of August. Everything is of stone except the wonderful English greenness of the

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ONE OF ABBEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK

"We want to bring out an edition of Herrick's poems that will make his day and generation live for people," Abbey was told. "You are the man to put breath in the far-away scenes and make the quaint and curious a part of life. But you need a chance to be in the right atmosphere for a while. How would you like to have this commission and a leave of absence at the same time—go to an ideal spot of rural England to do the Herrick drawings?"

So it happened that Abbey and his friend Alfred Parsons found themselves in the village of Broadway, a bit of old England nestling in the friendly landscape about twelve miles from Stratford. Many times Abbey chuckled over the name.

"What a delightful chance that we have that much of New York here in case we should fancy ourselves homesick!" he said. "And is n't it

gardens, meadows, and hedges. There are geese, too, on the green, and a goose-girl!

The happy artists secured a tumble-down house known as "The Priory," which must have been a necessary part of the landscape when it was built in 1563. This they converted into a studio, and here Abbey worked contentedly upon his drawings, indulging in occasional water-color sketches by way of pastime. His love for old things, for the charm and fragrance of the past, grew with the days. How he delighted in his sketches of cobblestone streets, garden walls, latticed bowers, sedan-chairs, and lovely ladies! What care he bestowed on the sweeping draperies and airy ruffles! How he knew the dashing gallants, to the latest fashion in frills and sword-knots!

The illustrations of the Shakespeare comedies, too, show not only this loving attention to detail,

but also a power of suggesting character. His *Beatrice*, *Rosalind*, *Viola*, and *Perdita* have a loveliness that is more than skin-deep because they have the charm of individuality. He knew how his people felt as well as how they dressed, so his humorous scenes are never ridiculous; we smile *with* his quaint people, but not *at* them.

While working steadily on his illustrations, he became more and more interested in oil-painting. Groups of his water-colors and pastels had been exhibited and praised, but it was a great day when his first work in oil was accepted by the Royal Academy. This painting, "A May-day Morning," is a spring song in fresh, joyous color. There never was a more delightful spot than the old-fashioned garden we see pictured there, with its high walls and box walks, its blossoming pear- and peach-trees, the glowing sky of early morning, and the light-hearted youth and maiden.

"It 's the happiest picture in the gallery, and the truest," said a white-haired critic, smiling as he leaned on his cane to linger before it. "One forgets the years and the London fog—why, I know every bright-faced posy there, and every mossy stone in the old wall!"

Abbey had found in England inspiration and material for his work, and after 1883 it became his permanent home; but it could not take the place of his native land in his affections.

"I miss America and American ways—particularly the baseball!" he used to say. "Cricket tries to take its place, but it can't. I need England, though, for my pictures."

In 1890, when he was chosen to decorate a room in the Boston Public Library, it was not alone the honor and the opportunity of the commission that gave him joy, but the fact that his work was to go to his own country. The distinction of being selected Coronation painter by King Edward did not mean as much to him.

In his home, Morgan Hall, in Gloucestershire, he had the largest private studio in England—a place large enough to hold the big canvases for the Boston Library and to give his friend, Sargent, room to work on his commission for the same building. There the brother-artists painted together, Abbey, the famous illustrator, learning much from the master hand of the famous painter of portraits, who had worked almost entirely in the one medium of oil.

How the studio glowed with color as the pictures of *Galahad's* quest for the Holy Grail grew in their splendor of scarlet and gold. The months grew into years, and Abbey was still working on them, while Sargent became more and more absorbed in his frieze of the "Prophets."

"Give me a little time, and I 'll do something worth while!" Abbey said, on being asked when the decorations would be finished. He felt like his boy self again, with a new goal ahead and the joy of working to gain a new mastery of his art.

Five years after Abbey received the commission, the first five sections of the decoration were exhibited in London, and in seven years more (1902), the series of fifteen panels was complete.

Every one who enters the Library delivery room feels the spell of these paintings, whose rich colors, contrasting with the deep tones of the woodwork, seem to hold the spirit of all romance and the longing for the ideal that stirs in every heart.

Some high-school students were trying to trace the story of the knight whose "strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure."

"But one does n't have to know it all to feel the pictures!" one of the girls protested. "*Blanchefleur* and all the others in the Hall of the Maidens are lovely, no matter what they happen to be doing there; and when you see *Galahad* on his horse, in the castle and in the ship, you feel the stir of splendid things, even if you have never heard of the quest of the Holy Grail."

"I can't pretend to remember the queer legend," agreed another, "but I love the feeling of romance and mystery and holiness that the pictures give me. They make beautiful thoughts and dreams live in color just the way Beethoven's music makes them live in sound."

"Abbey has a wonderful power of observation of the remote," the critics said. "He makes the strange familiar and the familiar strange—strangely beautiful and fascinating."

Abbey's studio at Morgan Hall was a place of wonder and delight. Splendid pieces of tapestry, curiously carved panels, suits of armor, gleaming swords and battle-axes, rich costumes and furnishings of different periods were gathered there.

"It looks as if you would be able to stage almost any sort of romantic situation one could think of," a visitor remarked.

"But I often have to go afield to find the particular thing I need," Abbey replied. "I went to Brittany, for instance, to get the groined and vaulted roof for one of the Grail pictures."

"Why are you so particular about the historical exactness of every detail?" he was asked. "You are the only one who would know the difference."

"Did you ever learn 'memory gems' when you went to school?" Abbey queried, with a bantering smile, but with a tender light in his eyes. "There were some lines—ot Longfellow's, I believe—that I learned when I was a little chap and which I have always remembered:

> "In the elder days ot Art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part;
> For the Gods see everywhere."

It 's because I can't forget those lines that I must make things as right as I know how, even if nobody *is* the wiser. 'The Gods see everywhere!'

Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers. From "The Comedies of Shakespeare." Illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES. FROM "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

Sometimes it 's a little inconvenient to care. After I had finished the picture of Gloucester and Lady Anne, I discovered that I had the wrong quarterings on the coat-of-arms decoration of my lady's dress, and my conscience gave me no peace until I had put a new and entirely correct dress on her ladyship."

It was rumored that Abbey's magnificent painting of the coronation of King Edward VII had won for him the distinction of knighthood from the appreciative monarch. But the painter never gave up his American citizenship, and remained simply Abbey, the artist. Indeed, if he had ever been a worshiper of rank and pomp, his experience in painting this coronation picture would have wrought a change. He was so sorely tried by the unpunctuality of some of the hundred and more distinguished personages who figured in the pageant and who had to sit for their portraits, that

when he was offered the royal commission of coronation painter to his Majesty George V, he declined the honor.

"King Edward and Queen Alexandra were all consideration," he said, "but some of the lesser dignitaries apparently could not conceive that a painter's time had any value."

Nothing could be more sumptuous or more impressive than Abbey's rich, dignified painting. A king and a queen never looked more royal. The whole scene at the crossing of the transepts of Westminster Abbey suggests something more than an occasion of pomp and splendor. He seems to have caught the very spirit and ideal of royalty in a wonderful harmony of crimson, blue, and gold. It is interesting to note in this connection that Leslie, the painter of one of the scenes of Queen Victoria's coronation, and Benjamin West, court painter to George III, were also sons of Pennsylvania.

The pleasure that Abbey felt when he was asked to furnish decorations for the State Capitol at Harrisburg showed that he had a loyal affection for his native land. Into this great task he put all his heart, the varied gifts at his command, and the ripe experience of the years. The paintings show not only beauty and charm, but also understanding and insight. The master painter is a poet and a seer.

The rotunda in the center of the building is decorated with paintings which symbolize the ideal forces in the life of the people. There is, for instance, "Science Revealing the Treasures of the Earth," which shows the figures of Science, Fortune, and Plenty hovering over an open shaft where we see miners at work; there is "The Spirit of Vulcan," which shows men toiling in the steel works, over which broods the mythical figure of the God of Fire; and there is "The Spirit of Light," where we see graceful, soaring, flame-like figures bearing torches, painted against a background of the grim, towering derricks of the oil-fields.

Above the speaker's rostrum in the Hall of the House, a gracious figure representing the Genius of the State sits enthroned, surrounded by those who have had a share in shaping the destinies of the commonwealth, from the period of discovery

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"THE OATH OF KNIGHTHOOD." PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

("THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL." SECOND PANEL)

"Galahad kneels at the chapel altar. The two knights fasten his spurs in signal that the moment for his departure has arrived, with its beginning of his life's service in the world"

"THE DEPARTURE," OR, "THE BENEDICTION UPON THE QUEST." PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY

("THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL." FOURTH PANEL)

"Galahad and his fellow-knights from the Round Table congregate in the cathedral for the benediction upon their quest—a benediction appropriate as a prelude to the campaign of struggle, of conflict in the great world."

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Painted by Edwin A. Abbey

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS. IN THE STATE CAPITOL AT HARRISBURG

and settlement, represented by Sir Walter Raleigh, Hendrik Hudson, and Peter Minuit, down to more modern times, represented by Stephen Girard, the founder of the school for orphan boys, and the volunteers of the Civil War under the leadership of Meade and Hancock. Many men are assembled in this great painting, and yet it is not a crowd; each is a distinct individual, and yet they all belong to a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. The three chief men of Pennsylvania, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, and Robert Morris, stand in the center upon a rock on which are fittingly engraved these words from the Bible, which call to mind the lessons and inspiration of the past:

> Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee."

When the lawmakers look toward the speaker they face this reminder that history is only the story of great men, and that the measure of greatness is the worth of one's work for others. When they lift their eyes to the ceiling they see the painted dome of the heavens, around which pass in a circle the hours of the day and night—the former, bright, dancing figures, followed by the dark hours, gliding forms shrouded in heavy, sweeping mantles. To the left and right of the central painting are panels showing "Penn's Treaty with the Indians" and "The Reading of the Declaration," the latter finished by Abbey's pupils after his death in 1911.

"How wonderful it is that Abbey is able always to *observe* directly figures, scenes, and places that exist only in the fairyland of his fancy!" exclaimed Henry James. It was, indeed, true that as he thought of things he *saw* them—the far-away drew near, and the veils of mist changed into lovely form and color. The "stately palace, the name of which was Beautiful" was no unsubstantial mirage that receded as he tried to enter it. His imagination was balanced by his sense of life, by his instinct for seeking the ideal in the real. I like to think this was because he was an American as well as a true artist of the beautiful.

In the afternoons, when the lengthening shadows put an end to the day's work, Abbey often went out on the lawn for a game of cricket—the sport that tried in its conservative English way to take the place of baseball. Once, when the painter was on a visit to New York, he went into a sporting-goods house and bought a supply of baseball bats, balls, masks, and gloves which he took back to England with him.

"We 'll see what can be done about organizing a nine on the other side," he said.

"If you really get baseball thoroughly established in your adopted country, there will be nothing to bring you back to America even for an occasional visit," protested one of his friends.

"You can't lose so easily one who was 'born and bred in the brier-patch!'" was the laughing reply. "I 'll be an American under the skin, you know."

It is certainly true that it was the American in Abbey which, added to his genius, made him able to clothe his dreams in such persuasive reality that, when we look at his pictures, we are able to enter into the spirit of the scene he presents as if it were a part of the life we know. So it is that he takes us with him into the Palace Beautiful.

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EDWIN A. ABBEY'S LAST PAINTING, "VALLEY FORGE"

CHICKADEE'S PANTRY

By ALICE CHAMBERLAIN KENDALL

WHEN the snowflakes begin to dance over the hills, Chickadee comes out of his summer pasture and hurries around to our house. He remembers there used to be some suet on the old pine-tree by the back door. Yes, the string is there still, but not one billful of the suet is left! He investigates the window-sills, upstairs and down—no seeds anywhere, not a doughnut in sight. Perhaps the folks had not expected him so soon.

Chickadee dee dee!
Can't you folks see
I 'm here—
But where 's the suet?
Dee, Dee!

"Hello, Chickadee," cry the small folks at the window, "we 've got lots of sunflower seeds saved up for you, and Mother is going to order that suet right away. There is n't a single doughnut in the house, but Aunt Sally will be making some to-morrow, so you 'd better stay around."

Chickadee does stay around, and presently an old table appears outside the window. And after the north wind lays a sparkling white tablecloth, friendly hands spread the feast—sunflower seeds, suet, cornmeal, chaff from the barn, bits of dog-bread, nut meats, and a crusty brown doughnut.

Then Chickadee makes merry. All his friends and acquaintances are invited, and a dozen or more little black-capped fellows dine together—till the tree sparrows blow in and declare it is their turn in the pantry. Two tidy nuthatches always come together. A gray junco, shyer than the rest, ventures up when he thinks no one is looking. He has no taste for doughnuts, but the basket full of hay-seed makes his little black eyes shine. The downy woodpecker, with a smart red feather in his cap, is something of a highbrow. He prefers *his* suet on the pine-tree—the table is too noisy and crowded for him. From afar a pair of fat blue-jays survey the banquet and watch their chance to carry off some of the goodies, a manœuver executed with considerable dash and much flashing of blue wings. Sammy, the rascally red squirrel, occasionally "butts in," and is roundly scolded by everybody.

Breakfast and supper are the most popular meal-times, and lively tête-a-têtes go on across the table in the cold twilights. After the snowfall of the night, the first footprint on the doorstep is Chickadee's. He is very fond of the back porch and the Packard box of grain in the corner. It makes a cozy shelter when the blizzard comes.

THE TÊTE-A-TÊTE

CHICKADEE, TREE-SPARROW, AND JUNCO

How eagerly the little fellows crowd in and make themselves at home on the old rustic chair! The hillside is a fury of wind and snow, but here,

CORNMEAL AND DOUGHNUTS FOR BREAKFAST

"SAMMY, THE RED SQUIRREL OCCASIONALLY 'BUTTS IN'"

watched by friendly faces at the door, they shake the snowflakes from their feathers, catch their breath, and hastily eat their fill at the food-box. Then, as the night comes, they whirl away in the blast—who knows where?

It takes a very bad blizzard, indeed, to make Chickadee even the least bit discouraged. We never saw him really disconcerted but once, and that was in a driving rain. He blew into the porch as though in desperation, and clung to the arm of the old chair, drenched and breathless, a very much bedraggled "scrap of valor." For several minutes, it seemed, he did not move. Then suddenly shaking himself, he began methodically to preen his feathers, and at last, fluffy and cheery again, sampled some sunflower seeds, gurgled a jolly "*Dee dee*," as though amused at himself for so nearly losing his wits, and darted away in the storm.

"Windy wild weathers
Ruffle my feathers.
The storm is so stout
It blows me about
A toy of the air;
But little I care!

"My heart is so small
It has n't at all
Room for a fear,
Only good cheer,
Courage and glee.
Chickadee dee!
Zee dee!
Love me!"

THE TREASURE-CHEST OF THE MEDRANOS

By ELIZABETH HOWARD ATKINS

CHAPTER XII

ON THE HILLSIDE

Now we are to see what happened on the hillside after Lorenzo had indignantly kicked the doll's trunk off into space.

Instantly, *El Señor Carlos* had drawn himself up to his full height. There was no little resolution in the way he folded his arms across his broad chest and fixed Lorenzo with a stern and forbidding eye.

"It is death, then!" Lorenzo thought.

But no, death was not to be the penalty.

No longer, however, was there any languor or indifference about *El Señor Carlos*. Even his soft mood had vanished. He pointed a stern finger down the cañon, where Rosita's wardrobe lay lightly scattered over the landscape!

Lorenzo paused for moment. *El Señor Carlos* held Rosita carefully with one hand. Now the other was—yes—at the pistol in his belt!

"Do not linger, Lorenzo!"

And Lorenzo descended.

Then it was that *El Señor Carlos* laughed. He leaned against a convenient oak-tree, and sounds of mirth reverberated in the little cañon.

"Do not forget the treasure-chest, *amigo*," [friend] he called out after his protégé's departing back.

So Lorenzo paid the penalty for his impulsiveness. On hands and knees he crept through the chaparral. The doll's trunk had rolled to the very bottom of the cañon. Lorenzo now rolled after it. He bruised his shins and tore his clothes—he, the most exquisite of *bandidos!* The doll's raiment—her frocks, her sashes, her rebosos and mantillas, her gloves, her embroidered shawls, her high combs, her chains and ribbons, her camisas of sheer linen, her jackets and bodices, her cloaks, her handkerchiefs, her boots and slippers, her silk stockings, and all the rest of her elaborate belongings—strewed the little ravine from top to bottom. The dejected Lorenzo picked up everything.

He groped among the ferns, scratched his hands on the wild-rose thorns, impaled himself upon the Spanish bayonet (with its unkind, barbed spikes), and crawled underneath the manzanita bushes, in order to restore every little shoe, slipper, and stocking to its mate. Not that Lorenzo cared—no, indeed! A quail, marshaling her young family out of danger, heard him say distinctly, "Would that the creature had but one leg!" But would Lorenzo have cared to return to *El Señor Carlos* with an odd shoe, for example?

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIESTA

It was the day that Doña Ysabella Medrano and Don Felipe Alvarez were to be married at the Mission. Many had come from far off, from neighboring pueblos or distant ranchos, to attend this great wedding, which was to be followed by a splendid fiesta at Don Pedro Valencia's house under the magnolias. All that morning carretas drawn by bullocks (for you must remember that Aunt Serafina owned the only carriage that had ever been seen in Santa Barbara), filled to overflowing with laughing guests, had jogged and rumbled into the little town. Except for cushions and rugs, which were placed upon the floor of the vehicle to provide seats for the ladies in their silk dresses, these carretas, with their solid wooden wheels, were as rude and clumsy as Ximeno's ox-cart. But no one seemed to mind

that! Here also came magnificent caballeros on horseback, rider and horse glittering with silver ornaments. Here was a dignified don with his daughter before him, on a sort of pillion. There were also many on foot, and all in their holiday attire, hastening to Don Pedro Valencia's house, where Josefa, looking out of the kitchen window, gave praises to the saints that she had made an abundance of tortillas. Rich and poor were welcome, friend and stranger.

The Mission bells rang joyously, and it seemed as though the larks sang more sweetly than ever in honor of Ysabella's wedding.

The door of Uncle Pedro's house opened, and upon Don Fernando's arm came the bride. She was wearing the pearls, of which, by a miracle *El Señor Carlos* had not deprived the Medranos forever.

But even the miracle, such as it was, was spoken of in whispers, for there was Felisa, in the silk dress which Aunt Serafina had brought from the City of Mexico, quite pale, poor little one, but smiling, nevertheless.

Under her bodice, Felisa could feel the little adorable silver key of the doll's "treasure-chest" against her heart. She would always wear it. It was all she had by which to remember Rosita, the beautiful, enchanting doll Don Felipe had given her.

"My heart is broken," she thought.

Yet she smiled and held her head proudly and walked on—because, as *El Señor* himself had said, she had many an Inheritance, of which a brave endurance was not the least.

At the Mission a great crowd was assembled. Those who could not get into the church elbowed each other good-naturedly in the doorways. But on the broad flagged steps a path had been left for the wedding procession. It was strewn with flowers—one walked upon rose petals. Felisa smiled at the children who stood upon the coping of the fountain (yes, there was Juancito wearing the shoes!) to get a better look at the bride.

She could hear them whispering, "There are the pearls of the Medrano Inheritance." And one small voice said clearly, "The *bandidos* stole the little Señorita's doll."

The Mission was aglow with the soft radiance of many candles.

The mass was intoned, the little Indians swung their censors, and all bowed their heads as the chalice was lifted in the Padre's hands. In the loft over the door, the Indian choir sang heartily —a little out of key, but who was to mind that? Old Ximeno and little Juancito looked up at them admiringly.

Now the wedding party retraced their steps to the sound of music, pelted with flowers, to Don Pedro's house. The new cannon was fired at the presidio in honor of Ysabella Medrano—Doña Ysabella Alvarez now, you must remember! The spirit of the fiesta was let loose. Egg-shells, filled with perfumery, were thrown amidst the crowd, to break on unsuspecting heads. Already, from the house, could be heard the enticing strains of the violins and guitars. In spite of that broken heart, Felisa's feet, in their slim black slippers, began to want to dance away.

"UPON DON FERNANDO'S ARM CAME THE BRIDE"

But it was after the candles were lit that the crowd grew bigger and noisier and gayer than ever. Not a soul in Santa Barbara had failed to come to the fiesta—to drink to the health of Doña Ysabella and Don Felipe in the gold goblet,

to feast upon *tortillas de maiz* served upon silver platters (yes, the flavor was remarkable!), and to marvel at the pearls. And to think that they had almost been lost forever! What a joke upon the *bandidos* to have stolen the doll instead of the Inheritance! And yet do not laugh too loudly, for fear the little girl—*pobrecita!*—[poor little thing!] over there, will hear you.

It was a brilliant picture that Felisa looked upon that night. Such wonderful ladies in black lace mantillas, with full-skirted dresses, voluminously flounced with lace, which swayed delightfully as they danced! And even more resplendent were the caballeros, with their suits of dove-color, braided with gold. Jaunty embroidered sashes encircled their waists. Their shapely legs were encased in the finest of white silk, and they wore shoes with silver buckles. Some wore their sombreros—they were ornamented with gold eagles, and gave their wearers a dashing air! Many of the caballeros did not remove their long serapes, which they flung over their shoulders picturesquely as they danced.

It was like a gay flower-garden come to life! The alluring lilt of *"La Jota"* set every eye to sparkling, and every little black slipper and every silver-buckled shoe tapped to the enticing measure.

CHAPTER XIV

A CELEBRITY INCOGNITO

BUT now Felisa is weeping, while Josefa is brushing her hair—weeping so quietly in the hope that nobody will notice.

Ysabella was standing before the mirror (a rare possession, which Aunt Serafina had brought with her from the City of Mexico), her hands caressing the lovely necklace about her throat. She reminded one, yes, of Doña Maria Narcissa, in the old picture!

It was Don Felipe who discovered Felisa's tears. He knelt at her feet—what thought had he for dove-colored trousers, for immaculate silk stockings?

He was as enchanting as could be, with his melancholy black eyes, his debonair mustachios, and he promised, with his hand over his heart, to scour the whole of California, yes, of the Americas, to find another doll for Felisa, his little sister Felisa.

Yet Felisa's tears fell faster than ever, and she could only murmur, *"Gracias*, [Thanks], *Señor*," with a wan smile.

Then Ysabella wept, too, on Felipe's shoulder, and said that she would rather, yes, a thousand times, that the *bandidos* had stolen the Medrano Inheritance!

When at last Felisa's tears had been mopped away with Aunt Serafina's delicately scented handkerchief, she took Don Felipe's hand and returned to the *sala*. With her dark hair falling straight on either side of her grave little face, just touching her shoulders, in her quaint frock with its full skirt and wide sleeves, she looked so appealing that every one murmured, "Poor little one!" It was enough to make one begin crying all over again!

But before she could begin, here was Don Felipe, holding the golden goblet to her lips that she might be first to drink her sister's health. Then it was passed from hand to hand. The music struck up again—the guitar, the violins, the mandolin and flute. The dancers sang as they whirled and struck their heels on the floor to accent the music. Then the players burst into still livelier strains:

"Palomita, vete al campo,
Y dite à los tiradores
Que no te tiren, porq 'eres
La dueña de mis amores."

["Little dove, fly to the woods
And tell the huntsmen
Not to hunt thee, for
Thou art mistress of my love."]

Every one was singing, clapping hands in time to the music, and Felisa saw Don Felipe standing before her, his hand on his heart.

Felisa spreads her skirt in a beautiful curtsey and takes his hand. She is laughing now; her eyes shine and every one is looking at her, for she dances so gracefully, and with such fire, like a true daughter of Spain. She weaves her way through the intricate figures, and finds her partner again.

Everybody claps and cries, "Brava, little *Señorita!*"

Yet Felisa is so lost in the joy of the dance, that she scarcely hears them. All too soon the music stops, and on Don Felipe's arm she returns to Aunt Serafina. Her cheeks are brilliantly pink now, and she chatters and laughs.

Listen! They are playing the *segundilla!*

Felisa sighs, "Oh, to be grown up and to dance all night!"

In magnificent black silk, with huge jet earrings, Aunt Serafina sat in her chair, and Felisa leaned against her. Yet she was uneasy. She watched the doorway anxiously, for at any moment now she feared to see Josefa coming, coming to take her away, could anything be more stupid, to bed. That door continued to have a fearful fascination for Felisa—she could not keep her eyes away from the place where Josefa would presently appear with her inevitable summons. So she was the first to see the distinguished person-

age who entered the *sala* by that door. Indeed, every one turned to look at him immediately. He was tall and dark and held himself with so proud an air. With his serape flung gracefully over his shoulders, his sombrero in his hand, he stood looking over the assemblage, smiling a little, as if his thoughts at the moment were amusing. He wore riding-boots bound at the knees with ribbons, and silver spurs at his heels. Felisa regarded him curiously. She had seen him before, certainly, yet she could not remember where. Then his eyes met hers, and he smiled. With a free and graceful stride, he crossed the *sala*, and bent over Doña Serafina's hand.

"I wish thee good health, Doña Serafina, on this great occasion," he said.

Doña Serafina looked at him inquiringly, as she returned his greeting.

"Thy name, *Señor?*" she asked.

"I am Carlos Rodriguez, *Señora.*"

"Alas!" sighed poor Aunt Serafina, apologetically, "I am growing old and cannot well remember thy face. Thy name even, as you see, has escaped me. Yet it has a familiar ring—Don Carlos Rodriguez! Thou art a friend of the family, *Señor?*"

"I may call myself a friend, yes, Doña Serafina."

"And a distinguished one, no doubt, *Señor!*" said the little old lady, archly.

Don Carlos Rodriguez shrugged his shoulders ever so lightly, and a charming smile enlivened his grave features.

"Distinguished in my profession, perhaps, Doña Serafina."

"Alas! I have even forgotten your profession, *Señor!*" exclaimed Doña Valencia, in some confusion.

"It is no matter, for I am about to retire into private life."

But Doña Serafina tapped his arm with her fan: "Now what *is* your profession, Don Rodriguez?"

Don Carlos Rodriguez smiled once more at his own thoughts!

"I am a collector of rare objects, *Señora,*" he replied, without hesitation.

"How delightful, *Señor!*"

"Yes," said Don Carlos Rodriguez, and he sighed a little. "I have always been particularly interested in the Medrano Inheritance."

"'I WISH THEE GOOD HEALTH, DOÑA SERAFINA, ON THIS GREAT OCCASION,' HE SAID"

"You flatter us, Señor," said Doña Serafina Valencia. And she added, "See, over there they are drinking the health of the bride in the gold goblet. Will you not join them?"

"No, I wish Doña Ysabella every happiness,—how beautiful she is, with her pearls!—but I cannot drink out of the gold goblet. It is too tempting. I would wish to run away with it!" Don Carlos replied, with a rueful smile.

"You talk like a veritable *bandido, Señor!*" exclaimed Aunt Serafina, laughing and fluttering her fan.

"I suppose *I am* one!" Don Carlos Rodriguez confessed boldly.

Then he bent and took Felisa's hand very gently in his own. "And even thou hast forgotten me, little one!"

"No, *Señor*," Felisa hastened to reassure him. "I well remember thy face, yet not, alas! where it was that I saw thee first."

"No?" Don Carlos Rodriguez lingered on the word. "Well, some day thou shalt remember!"

Continuing to hold Felisa's hand in his own, he turned to Doña Valencia again. "If the Señorita Felisa is willing, I should like to dance with her," he announced.

"The child should be in bed, *Señor*."

"I beg thee, relent this once, Doña Serafina!"

"*Cielo!* [Heavens!] Thou *art* a veritable *bandido!*" exclaimed Felisa's aunt.

"It is said that I have a taking way with me, *Señora!*" answered Don Carlos Rodriguez, his eyes twinkling merrily.

Felisa demurely took the arm of her handsome caballero, but her composure concealed a beating heart. With his serape swinging gracefully from his shoulders, revealing its lining of scarlet, Don Carlos Rodriguez was indeed a picturesque figure. And his dignity—that calm gaze sweeping the assemblage, seeming to note all, and yet remaining serenely indifferent! The little girl clinging shyly to his arm, with her eyes demurely lowered, heard a whisper in passing, "Perhaps he is the king's ambassador!"

Once more, now, her feet flew joyfully over the floor, her black hair tossing, her skirts fluttering. She looked up into her companion's face, yet he was so tall and she was so little that it was impossible to converse above the music. So Felisa could only smile, and Don Carlos Rodriguez looked down upon her, from his great height, with an expression so kind and charming (surely an expression that she remembered!) that the poor child was more than ever perplexed to know where she had encountered it before.

But when the music had stopped, with a last gay click of castanets, a sweep of the thumb over the guitar strings in one mellow chord, and Felisa slipped her little hand through Don Rodriguez's arm, he bent his head to say:

"You dance so gaily that I think you must be quite happy again, *Señorita*."

"Then you know about Rosita?" She could not help it—suddenly her eyes filled with tears.

"To my regret, yes, *Señorita!*"

"Do you not think *bandidos* very cruel to take away dolls from little girls, *Señor?*"

"I can hardly bear to think of it," he answered.

As they crossed the *sala*, Don Fernando Medrano turned to his sister. "Serafina," he remarked, "who is that stranger? I am certain that I have seen him before. But I cannot recall where."

Aunt Serafina fanned herself and smiled knowingly.

"At the moment I cannot enlighten thee, Fernando," she answered. "He is called Don Carlos Rodriguez—"

"Don Carlos—" Señor Fernando paused; his manner was nervous.

But Doña Serafina was as voluble as ever: "It is an incognito, of course," she pointed out, in a mysterious whisper. "I am certain that he is distinguished—ah, magnificently so! We shall find, without doubt, that a great celebrity attended the humble fiesta of the Medranos and the Valencias—that we have, all unknowing, conversed with some great personage. And in after years our little Felisa shall say, proudly, 'I danced with—' "

But Aunt Serafina was suddenly interrupted—a blood-curdling scream had startled every one. It was Josefa, who had come to take Felisa to bed—and you know that Felisa is crossing the floor on the arm of Don Carlos Rodriguez.

Josefa screamed once more, even more loudly, nearly turning the guests at the fiesta into stone. She then fainted—right in the astonished Don Fernando's arms. The poor old gentleman held her up with difficulty; Don Pedro Valencia rushed to his assistance—*Maledicte!* They would all be on the floor in another moment, for Josefa's inert form was not of the lightest!

It was Don Carlos Rodriguez (Josefa crossed herself, always, in after years when she thought of it) who relieved Don Fernando and Don Pedro, and picked up Josefa's limp body, as nonchalantly as though she had been a mere feather, and carried her (was it with one hand?) into an adjoining room.

And before Josefa, who alone had recognized the stranger, slowly came back to consciousness in this world of perils, Don Carlos Rodriguez had made his adieux.

"*A dios, Señorita,*" Felisa's mysterious friend had said. He took both her hands in his. "May you be quite happy again, and remain so always!"

And Felisa, smiling, still wondering, looked up at him with her little, "*Gracias, Señor!*"

CHAPTER XV

ANOTHER SORT OF INHERITANCE

OUTSIDE Don Pedro Valencia's house, by the stone wall, under the magnolia, a caballero had been waiting with two horses. The moonlight shone upon the silver-mounted bridles, on their sleek black coats. Ximeno, the guardian of the

"HER FEET FLEW JOYFULLY OVER THE FLOOR, HER BLACK HAIR TOSSING, HER SKIRTS FLUTTERING"

Medranos, leaned against the doorway and idly watched the young man as he smoked innumerable *cigarillos* and walked up and down restlessly.

Presently Don Carlos Rodriguez emerged and joined him. Ximeno could hear the voices of the two engaged in conversation. In a moment more, Señor Rodriguez stepped up to the old Indian, carrying a bulky parcel.

"It is for the Señorita Medrano," he said, placing the bundle in Ximeno's arms; and he gave him a new silver dollar (which Ximeno, to ease his conscience of its possession, later gave to the padre to put to some holy use).

From his station at the doorway, Ximeno watched the caballeros depart. They rode swiftly away in the direction of Santa Ynés. He then turned his attention to the bundle. "It is a gift for the bride," he said to himself, but yet would not leave his post for a moment—was he not the guardian of the Medrano family? He began dreamily, as he puffed his long pipe, to think of his lengthy and successful career as a guardian angel. He felt, comfortably, the stiletto in his sash, pressing against his ribs.

But what was this? The music had stopped suddenly in the middle of a phrase, and every one, young and old, the poor and the rich, every one at the fiesta emerged, crowding through the doorway, nearly crushing Ximeno against the wall—shouting, shrieking, stampeding—*Maledicté!*—like the cattle at the rodeo!

"Which way did they go—the *bandidos?*" shouted some one in Ximeno's ear.

Ximeno stared in stupefaction.

"The *bandidos?*"

"Yes!"

"I saw no *bandidos*," replied Ximeno, with affronted dignity.

"*Cielo*, man! Hadst thou no eyes, then? It was *El Señor Carlos* who passed thee in this very doorway!"

"Two gentlemen on horseback—" began Ximeno, with dignity.

He was interrupted by a cry in the other ear, "Which way? Which way?"

Ximeno in bewilderment pointed to the road at the foot of the mountain, behind the Mission, the whitewashed façade of which was plainly visible in the moonlight. Immediately, five young caballeros leaped to their horses and dashed off in the direction indicated.

"But the Inheritance?" asked Ximeno, as he had inquired in the same manner, only a few mornings ago. He was trembling; his lips were white. "It is not stolen?"

"It is safe," Don Fernando assured him, with a sigh of relief. And then, as his foot stumbled against the bundle at Ximeno's feet (over which in the confusion, Juancito had fallen headlong, and was now lifting up his voice lustily in the very midst of consolation), "*Maledicté!* What is that?"

Ximeno answered him mechanically. "It is a gift, *Señor*—"

Then suddenly he ran his hand through his hair and an exclamation of wonder passed his lips—a sort of whistle, or gasp, of utter astonishment.

"That gentleman, *Señor*," he began, "It cannot have been—" And then, as if the world had indeed turned topsyturvy, poor Ximeno cried, "Who ever heard of a *bandido* who took nothing away—but left a present—*Cielo!*—behind him?"

"You do not mean—" began Don Fernando, but got no farther, as Ximeno thrust the bundle into his hands, somewhat in the delicate manner in which one would offer a box of snakes.

"It is a gift—for the Señorita Medrano!" Ximeno passed his hands through his hair again and leaned heavily against the wall.

"For Ysabella!" Don Fernando regarded the bundle incredulously.

But an excited voice broke in upon them—Felisa's voice, trembling a little with eagerness. "I, Papá, am the Señorita Medrano," she reminded him, with a certain grandeur (of which Doña Maria Ysabella would undoubtedly have approved).

"It is so," answered Papá; and in spite of the gravity of his feelings, of the excitement of the moment, he laughed heartily.

It was true. Under the cords which were tied firmly across the bundle, a letter had been slipped, addressed in a flowing Spanish script:

"To the Señorita Felisa Medrano."

But, *cielo!* What a wonder that a *bandido* should be bringing one a present—a *bandido*, hark you, and any one knows one would steal the very hair-pins from your head; it becomes such a habit to take something! But to *give! Valgame Dios!* [Bless me!] The world *is* topsyturvy! That was what every one kept saying—Papá, Uncle Pedro, Don Felipe, Ysabella, Aunt Serafina, who was nearly fainting and calling for smelling salts, which she had unfortunately hidden in one of the secret drawers in the bureaus—away from the *bandidos*, one supposed; anyhow, no one could find them! Every one had crowded about Felisa, to see what *El Señor Carlos* had given her!

Somehow, Felisa had been certain of it from the very first. She loosed the cords and tore off the wrapping with fingers that trembled.

Yes, it was—the "treasure-chest," as fine and beautiful as ever, its silver lock again whole, and one only had to pull out the key, which one would wear, always, against one's heart!

And behold, there lay Rosita—beautiful and serene, and even more splendid! For, with a little cry of delight, Felisa saw that she was wearing—what could it be?—a string of pearls! But not real pearls? "Yes, of course they are real!" cried Aunt Serafina, who knew all that was to be known about everything. And the poor little lady, who had revived by this time, though she could not remember where the secret drawer was, looked at Rosita's necklace, and fanned herself, and murmured in a shocked voice: "Part of his collection of rare objects, I suppose! But open your letter, child!"

The letter was written in a fine, clear hand, with many flourishes.

Señorita Felisa Medrano (it read)

I salute thee! The compliments and the regrets of thy friend, Carlos, who was unhappy to have caused thee pain. Thou wilt see that the doll is well; she is none the worse for her adventure with the bandidos. Señorita Felisa, I have long envied thee one thing—thy Inheritance, the pearls and the goblet, the seven silver platters. Now I envy thee, also, and a great deal more, another sort of Inheritance. It is the Inheritance, this, of brave and noble deeds, of gracious living, of love (and that is the best of all) that is thy Inheritance, too, Señorita Felisa. Thy way is clear before thee, in the steps of those who have preceded thee upon thy journey. For the little Carlos, it was not so—there was no road, or else the way was lonely and choked with thorns; and alas! I have taken the wrong turning, and, the journey being nearly over, it is difficult to retrace my steps. Thou wilt see, then, how it is I envy thee an Inheritance which is more precious than gold, silver, and pearls!

May'st thou be happy, and remain so always, is the wish of

Thy Captive,
CARLOS RODRIGUEZ
called, EL SEÑOR.

Here then, we leave Felisa, with the beloved doll held closely, lovingly, against her heart.

The moon shines down into the garden. The magnolia holds up its white, cup-shaped flowers to the light. The music has begun again. One hears the guitar,—that most romantic of all instruments,—the click of castanets, laughter and gay voices. And behind the Mission rises Santa Ynés, a dark wall against a sky full of stars.

THE END

HAVING delivered his order of lobsters to the Blaisdells, city people who yearly remained in their fine cottage on the Stonepoint highlands till late September, young Bob Blake, empty basket in hand, began his return home along the winding cliff path, bending before the stiff northeast wind and the driving rain.

It was late in the afternoon of a stormy day. Rain had been falling since early morning, and the wind had been steadily increasing and was now blowing so hard that the stout young villager really had about all he could do to keep his feet and make headway.

After a time Bob halted and looked thoughtfully out beyond the cliff's edge, the wind tearing and howling at him and the rain pattering fiercely upon his oilskins. The sea was a mere dull gray vagueness, although for a few rods he could dimly see the grim, foam-capped billows that came racing in from the ocean beyond. It was almost low tide, but, nevertheless, the sea rolled in quite to the foot of the high wall upon which he stood, and sent up great sheets of spray to be seized by the wind and whipped with the rain across the path and across the fields stretching up to the summer residences. Under

the continuous, endless surge and pound of the surf, the ground trembled beneath his feet.

Bob shook his head gravely. He understood what such a surf here meant. About a mile and a half out, a great reef, broken, but roughly crescent-shaped, with its cusps shoreward, protects the Stonepoint coast, and behind its barrier there is safe anchorage even for large vessels in ordinary weather. At low tide the outer seas must break upon the serrate ledge, surmount it, and re-form their impetuous legions in the short distance between the rocks and the shore, and at the ebb it is only a tremendous sea outside that can break over the reef and send in billows great enough to shake the shores and send sheeted foam-clouds over the cliff brink and into the fields.

Such a surf was no great novelty to Bob, although it was unusual at low water and was a sure indication of great seas beyond the reef and up and down the coast.

Bob looked to right and to left. At his left on the northern arm of the little harbor proper, protected by a constructed breakwater, he saw the Stonepoint light gleaming,—a steady, but misty, beacon in the deepening gloom of night and rain, —and to the right, the Tilton light—much farther away—likewise sending out warning to any seafarer who was unfortunate enough to be caught in open waters near shore on such a night.

These two lights indicated, to those familiar with the coast, the Stonepoint reef,—a three-mile ledge well known to coasters,—and such sailors gave this particular stretch of shore a wide berth in questionable weather. Occasionally, however, during the course of years, the reef caught and mangled and devoured some stranger.

Turning, Bob went on his way, stopping again once or twice to look down into the vaguely seen welter beyond the cliff edge. Naturally enough, he was thinking of shipping, and particularly of vessels that might be in perilous positions along the coast. He had, perhaps, no conscious thought of wreck,—or, anyway, of wreck upon the Stonepoint reef,—but his train of thought was such as to make him ready to perceive opportunity when it came. His thought, although of the sea, was not wholly of storm or of wreck. Indeed, it was mainly of contrary things—of fine weather, of success, of construction and growth.

At the present time, there were lean and anxious days in Stonepoint. The great strike of fishermen was on, and the Stonepoint fishing-boats lay at their wharves or moorings, idle day after day. A good many of the non-union fishermen of Stonepoint followed the example of the union men, some in queer, clannish deference to their fellow-workers and others through obvious policies.

Like other lobstermen, Bob Blake kept on with his lobstering; but, with the summer population dwindling and with the outside markets virtually dead because of strike conditions and other causes, the business was not very profitable for individuals.

Bob, however, had no intention of remaining a Stonepoint lobsterman all his life. He was ambitious, but salt water was in his blood, and all his ambitions were connected with the sea. He had gone out from Gloucester three seasons, but to follow that life as a trade, even as a skipper, did not meet his ideas.

He descended from the high point of land to the south of the harbor in a little while, and under the lee of the high land went on toward his home.

His house and his wharf and his boat gave accurate index to his character. Everything was clean and neat, and if anything was old, it looked as good as new as far as water or fresh paint—whichever might be needed—could make it. His high-power motor-boat—his greatest pride—was almost new, and represented most of his savings since he was a rather small boy. It was a craft very much bigger and better than he actually needed in his work; but it was not really an extravagance, for, keeping it clean and fine, he used it to take parties of summer residents out on deep-sea fishing excursions, as he always secured a license giving him the right to have passengers.

Having taken off his dripping "oils" in the shed, he entered the kitchen, where his mother was preparing supper.

"Pretty bad, is n't it, Robert?" asked his mother.

"Pretty bad, Mother," he returned.

Mrs. Blake said no more about the weather. She was silent for a time, and, as always during stormy days and nights, was thinking of Bob's father, who had gone down with other Stonepoint men off the coast twelve years before.

"I guess the sea 's about as high as I 've seen it for a long time," observed Bob, as he made ready for supper. "When I was coming from Blaisdell's, the spray was coming up over the cliff—and it 's low water, too."

In the evening Bob went up to the town library and spent an hour there reading side by side with his chum and partner, George Turner, another stalwart boy, somewhat younger than Bob. From the library they went down to the harbor shore and chatted with the group of friends and fellow-fishermen there till it was time to go home.

"I tell you, Bob " said George, as they started

"'OF COURSE, THERE 'S NOTHING WE CAN DO—BUT WE MIGHT 'S WELL HAVE A LOOK'" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

up the village street, "a lot of those fellows are hard up. Would n't you think they 'd go inland and work for some of the people who are crying for help. If you and I were not putting down traps, would we just sit around and loaf?"

"We would not!" returned Bob, emphatically, with a laugh. "But you and I, George, don't expect to remain as we are. Those fellows you 're talking about are satisfied with the jobs they 're doing and don't want anything better."

"To hear them talk," retorted George, a trifle scornfully, "you 'd think they wanted something better, all right—that they wanted everything good and to have cash rolled up to their doors in hogsheads."

"Well, they *don't* want anything better—anyway, not enough to try to get it. If a man really *wants* anything he *works* for it; he does n't just *wish* he had it. You and I do a good deal of talking, too, but then we 're studying and saving money, and some day we 'll see just what line of work we want to tackle. And we 'll *tackle* it!"

"It takes a good bit of capital to start anything these days," said George, rather moodily.

"I guess so," agreed Bob, "but I s'pose everybody who ever started in business had some

difficulty to meet that seemed bigger than any trouble anybody ever had before. Don't want to preach, but I figure there 's always a chance for success."

"Maybe," said George. "Bad night outside, all right," he added, changing the subject. "Water coming over the breakwater now."

"Sure. Tide 's just begun flooding. Well, so long, George. Come over in the morning, and we 'll put a few traps together. You can bet we won't be going out to *draw* traps."

They parted at the corner and went their separate ways.

All that night the storm increased in violence, the wind becoming a strong gale, the sea rolling up tremendous.

When Bob got up in the morning the wind was still very strong, although showing signs of abating. The rain had ceased to fall, and the low clouds were beginning to lift somewhat. The tide was ebbing, but the sea still broke over the harbor breakwater and even rolled in to the end of the harbor with such violence as to send spray and foam into the main street.

Dick Blake, Bob's brother, who worked in Snow's grocery, had been out for some time before breakfast, and when he came in he announced that there was a wreck on the reef.

"That so?" said Bob, with feigned indifference, and asked no questions about it, because of the look of distress that crossed his mother's face at the mention of a wreck. Giving Dick a quick, meaning look, he began to talk about something else, and the other, understanding, followed his cue.

Immediately after breakfast, Bob left the house and walked swiftly toward the village. When he was half-way down the road he met Tom Stanley, a seiner, who was returning from the grocery with a few packages.

"Hi!" he called, in the customary local greeting.

"Hi!" returned Tom. "Been up to the highland yet, Bob?"

"No. Wreck, is n't there?"

"Yes. I was up early this morning—guess pretty soon after she struck."

"What is she? and where?"

"A big two-sticker, and she 's caught in that mess o' rocks just east of the point where Blaisdell is."

"Anybody—in?"

"No," returned Tom, gravely. "No telling just when she struck, but probably early this morning. Ain't no signs of any of 'em, and they ain't no one on her now."

"Too bad," observed Bob.

Tom shrugged his broad shoulders, his seamed, bronzed face very sober. "Uh!" he agreed, and then passed on toward his home above the Blake house.

George Turner came around the corner and met Bob as he left Stanley. "Heard about the wreck, Bob," he asked, at once.

"Yes. I was coming down to get you and go up to have a look at her. Guess we can spare the time. Of course, there 's nothing we can do—nothing anybody can do—but we might 's well have a look."

Without further words, they turned and strode up the road, passed Bob's house, and went up the way and up the path winding among the wild-rose bushes and maze of rocks beyond.

"What a sea!" exclaimed George, as they reached a point where they could see over the rocks.

The usually calm waters of that comparatively sheltered place were now a gray welter of racing billows, rearing and roaring and plunging, here and there breaking into seething meadows of foam. The spray came up above the rocks and whipped down upon them like salty rain.

They could see the great white line far out—the line of the reef—and far off to the right could make out, amid the breaking, upthrown surge there, what they knew must be a vessel lodged among the rocks and exposed to the merciless pounding that would before long utterly smash and rend her, no matter how strongly or cunningly built she might be.

The two lads pushed along among the rocks and finally gained the clear path that ran in conformity with the curve of the sand cliffs. Now and then they met silent, sober friends who were returning after seeing all there was to see.

They finally came to a halt well up on the highlands where the summer cottages were situated, and for a time watched the billows that came in to break with a thundering crash and boom below. Then they wandered down behind a rock that sheltered them from the surf.

"A two-sticker, all right," observed Bob, "and a big one. No telling what she is or how long she 'll last under the beating she 's getting. But," he added, looking up and about with his keen eye, "she may last quite a time, because the wind 's shifting and will smooth out the sea a good bit. She must be wedged in there pretty close, or she 'd go to pieces and come in. Well, let 's go on home and get to work."

They returned the way they had come, and when they reached the first house where the road began, they saw two Portuguese fishermen coming up from the water bearing a long, wet plank. The men—whom they knew well, of course—bore the beam across the road; and as they halted to exchange a word with the boys, Bob

gave George a nudge with his elbow—for a reason George did n't then understand.

"Guess she come off that schooner, Bob," said one of the swarthy fellows. "When she break up, everybody have wood, 'cause she 'll all set in just around the headland here."

"Guess you 're right, Ramon," responded Bob. "Come on, George."

They went into the shed in the rear of Bob's house, and worked at their traps and bait-boxes for an hour or so with little conversation.

Finally, Bob threw his hammer to the bench and sat down on a trap, upturned for the purpose. Opportunity had knocked, not very loud, but it had knocked. He had heard and was heeding.

"Sit down, George," he said, with suppressed excitement.

George looked at him, and, noting his excitement, sat down. "Shoot!" he said.

"Notice that board Ramon and Manuel had?" began Bob.

"Sure."

"Know what it was?"

"Looked to me like yellow pine."

"Well, it 's *mahogany*—or I 'll eat my hat!"

"Mahogany?"

"Sure!—that light-colored mahogany. Maybe that schooner's loaded with it. Know what she 's worth if she is?"

"I have some idea, Bob. But what of it?"

"Well, this," returned Bob, his voice now actually tremulous with the excitement pulsing through him because of the idea that was becoming clearer and clearer. "We can salve it!"

"Nothing doing, Bob. We could n't do it in a year of Sundays. That schooner won't stay together long. When she goes, where 'll your lumber be? All over the Atlantic."

"We *can* do it, George. I 've been thinking about it. It 'll be two or three days before any tug—any big tug—can get near that schooner, and in about that time she 'll be smashed up and, as you say, the cargo will be up and down the coast and some of it half-way to Florida. This is my plan—just possible because things are as they are now. Listen." Bob gave a quick look about, then, leaning forward, gave his chum the plan he had formed while his hands were busy at repair work.

"'A TWO-STICKER, ALL RIGHT,' OBSERVED BOB, 'AND A BIG ONE'"

George listened without comment, astonishment, admiration, and wonder growing in his face, fascinated eyes upon the eager friend who had seen opportunity where other people saw nothing.

"This is our chance," declared Bob, at length. "Are you with me?"

"You bet!" responded George, and thrust out his hand and gripped Bob's, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm.

They dropped repair work for the time, put on their coats, and went down into the village. They called at the Stonepoint National Bank and had a short, but satisfactory, interview with an astonished, doubting, but accommodating, president.

They got up very early the next morning, boarded the *Gull*, Bob's fine boat,—which now was just the craft for the new work in hand,—and left the harbor. The sea beyond the breakwater was still very rough, but the *Gull* rode the welter and went through breaking rollers and boiling foam meadows in a way that showed the fitness of her name. When they came near the reef they found that it would be exceedingly difficult and dangerous to go in close enough to board the wreck, jammed in among the ragged

ledges. There was still a tremendous surge outside, and the sea rolled in upon the outer rocks with a continuous roar and crash, climbing up and over the listed vessel and shooting beyond her toward them in a foam-laced cataract. The *Gull* in this rush of waters, boiling and swirling and re-forming for their charge upon the shore, rolled and tossed like a chip, as constantly awash as the wreck.

Every now and then great timbers came shooting toward them from the cataract, plunging in the caldron inside the reef, and this menace of threshing planks was as if they were exposed to the broadside discharge of twelve-pounders. They both saw these timbers, of course, but said nothing about them.

It was impossible for them to board the schooner then, no matter what degree of risk they were willing to take; and the only thing they could do was to hold off from the reef and wait, and this they did, rolling and plunging head on.

Well along in the afternoon, when the tide was almost out, they moved up nearer the reef, the violence of the sea considerably diminished.

After a few words of agreement as to the risk, they went in among the rocks and skilfully gained the lee of the wreck. They were in comparative safety under her bulk, as safe as they could hope to be, although the *Gull* rolled and rubbed and grated against the rocks in a way that made the nerves shiver.

As leader, Bob had chosen to board the schooner, and, watching his chance, he scrambled up among a litter of rope and riven timbers. The canted deck was a scene of desolation. The masts were gone,—mere jagged stumps remaining,—the rails were wrenched away, and the decks were swept clean. There had been a deck cargo, however, and it had been lashed with extreme skill, for an astonishingly large part of it was still fast, in spite of the way the vessel had otherwise been stripped and smashed by a destroying power.

Risking life and limb every second, Bob went below, crawling like a fly on a wall, and in twenty minutes—a time that seemed an age to George in the rubbing, grinding *Gull*—had secured the information for which they were taking so great a risk.

He made a conscientious hunt for men, as thorough as possible under the conditions, but there were no signs of life anywhere. The skipper and his crew were lost—no doubt about that—and their bodies might be lost forever or might be found at any time along the coast near by or a hundred miles away.

With exceeding care, Bob crept forward after examination and search, holding tight in desperation when the green flood swept down the deck, and finally dropped beside his chum in the *Gull*.

It took all their strength and skill and nerve to get free from the trap they had voluntarily entered, but at length they cleared the rocks without mishap and gained the open water behind the great ledge. They started homeward at once, and when they looked back at the foaming rocks and at the deluged wreck it seemed impossible that they had really been in the maze of the ledge and aboard the hulk.

"Well?" said George, eagerly, when they were safe in the open water and headed for the harbor entrance.

"It 's our chance, George," returned Bob. "She 's the *Mercedes K. Hackett*, of Boston, Santo Domingo to Boston, loaded with Santo Domingo mahogany. Her owners are Dutton and Pease, a New York firm. She was probably just reaching Boston and got driven up here on the cape. Probably a rudder-chain broke or her sticks went down, with no show left for her. We 'll have to do quick work, though, just as we thought, 'cause she's going to go all to pieces before very long. If she had n't been jammed in the rocks the way she is, she 'd have been smashed to smithereens long ago. It 's a sure thing, though, that our way is the only one to salve the cargo. It 'll be our start toward fortune!"

It was dark when they reached Bob's wharf. They made the *Gull* fast, and, without thought of supper,—although Bob went to the house to tell his mother that he had returned and sent his small sister up to George's house to tell that George would n't be home for perhaps two or three days,—hastened down to the village and called at the house of Mr. Jeremiah Snow, the president of the bank.

When they left Mr. Snow, they went to the telegraph office and sent a carefully worded telegram to Dutton and Pease, offering to salve the *Mercedes K. Hackett* and naming the bank president for reference, as he had said they might.

After sending the message, they had something to eat in the restaurant, and then returned to the telegraph office to await their answer.

"Here 's a telegram from Dutton and Pease," called Ruth Pierce, the operator, after they had been in the office about two hours.

Both lads started up from their seats as if shot, thrilling with excitement.

"It 's for Mr. Snow, though," said Miss Pierce. She knew, of course, that they were on pins and needles, and allowed them to read the message to Mr. Snow:

Please call Lexington 23760, New York, between nine and ten to-night, reversing charge, or telegraph full details *Mercedes'* location and condition, our expense.
DUTTON & PEASE.

Bob offered to deliver the dispatch, and the operator was glad to have him do so. When Ruth handed it over for delivery, the young partners set off immediately, hotfoot.

Mr. Snow was in, and he read the message with provoking calmness and deliberation

"What they want to know, boys," he said, at length, "is whether their schooner is really about to break up and can't be salved by people they can send from New York or Boston. If it is, they 'll let you do what you can, never doubt."

"She 'll not last three days," asserted Bob, earnestly. "Ask any man in this town. It 's a wonder she 's there now. If they don't take our proposition, they 'll lose everything."

Mr. Snow smiled and nodded his head. He realized the boys' enthusiasm and excitement and feverish impatience, and sympathized with the ambitious young fellows. He went to his telephone and called up four or five well-known and responsible seafaring men and asked their opinion in regard to the wreck. All with whom he talked said the *Mercedes* would break up within forty-eight hours—that it was as sure as the rising of the sun. When he had gained what he believed sufficient information, he called the New York number and had a long talk with the senior member of the shipping firm, the result of which was that Robert Blake, of Stonepoint, was authorized to salve the *Mercedes'* cargo, compensation to be 20 per cent., current market rate at time of restoration to owners.

"I heartily congratulate you, Robert," said Mr. Snow, "both of you, upon seeing the chance, and I wish you success. Of course, you take some risk of putting yourself in heavy debt, as you yourselves have seen; but even with your method, you may save enough to meet the expenses. I hope you will make a profit. If there is anything I can do, let me know. Now," said he, with a smile, "*get busy* and let 's see what you can do!"

Warmly thanking their influential and admiring friend, Bob and George left the house on the wings of hope and enthusiasm.

"BOB SCRAMBLED UP AMONG A LITTER OF ROPE AND RIVEN TIMBERS"

All night long they hustled, carrying out their plan—hiring the idle fishermen and their little boats at a day wage decided upon while they were waiting in the telegraph office. They had figured that, even if they saved but a quarter or a sixth of the cargo still on the wreck, they would come out of the venture with a fine profit.

By daylight they had employed every available man in the village, including many stout fellows who hardly ever put foot in a boat, even if they did live within a stone's throw of the sea.

When the matter of labor was settled, they called upon Jerry Calthrop, who owned harbor-side property, and rented a strip of land convenient for storage of the salved cargo.

It was almost breakfast-time now, and they had something to eat, but gave no thought to sleep. After their hurried bite in Bob's kitchen, —Mrs. Blake almost as excited as they,—they went to the *Gull* and made ready to go out.

Their laborers, every man of them eager to earn the promised wage and knowing that Bob would pay, no matter what the outcome of his venture, were already coming out in motor-boats

and dories. The *Gull* headed the fleet out beyond the breakwater in the gray morning and set off for the wreck.

Bob directed the dory-men to gather all the floating timbers—the comparatively calm water within the reef was now thick with them—and tow them in and pile them on the rented property. Every one with a dory set to work blithely, the task set being fairly easy and the pay certain and good.

The motor-boats—twenty-four, of all kinds, sizes, and conditions—went on toward the reef in the lead of the *Gull*.

Bob clambered first aboard the *Mercedes*—now a comparatively easy feat, although still constantly awash—and set the example for twenty husky friends.

The schooner groaned and creaked and quivered like a living thing in death-throes. Everybody knew that the work must be done within a short time, and each man worked the best he could—partly in enthusiasm and partly because he did n't want to be on the wreck when she finally gave. In all probability the vessel, when she yielded, would go asunder as if bursting—a deadly maze of twisting, threshing timbers, to be overwhelmed by the sea and crushed among the rocks and then cast beyond into the shoreward waters or sucked outward by a terrific backwash.

All that day they toiled like giants on the writhing, giving schooner, in peril of their lives, and bit by bit drew out her precious cargo and dragged it ashore in securely roped rafts.

When night came, they kept on without let-up, working in the dim light of lanterns, with the sea rolling down the decks and the keen wind whistling in their ears. They stuck to it all that night, Bob Blake, seemingly tireless, working and directing, George, in the *Gull*, directing the work of the motor-boats and dories.

In the morning, however, half of the force knocked off work and returned to the harbor, but the rest kept on with Bob—gratitude to them filling his eyes with tears even as he toiled. The men who went ashore returned in six hours and gave the others relief. But Bob Blake took no time off; neither did George; they remained, by sheer will and ambition fighting off numbing fatigue and leaden sleep.

It was a prodigious undertaking to carry out in this way, under the adverse conditions of a still high and threatening sea, with the vessel almost perceptibly going to pieces about them—death before each and every worker on her deck or below. At the end of thirty-six hours, however, virtually all the cargo had been removed, although many roped rafts had been cast out to be picked up later. At the end of this time, Bob suddenly gave his order for quitting work.

"Knock off, fellows!" he cried, warningly. "Everybody quit and get out. We 'll get what 's left when she breaks up. Hustle off! —*everybody!*"

Although the tide was running out, the sea, instead of dying down, had become higher and heavier, the tail of the storm probably sweeping down the coast. The *Mercedes* quivered and shrieked and groaned at every billow that crashed upon her, and it was clear that she might now become a death-trap in the wink of an eye.

The men were not loth to leave, and every man—as far as Bob noted—left in the motor-boats coming in to the reef for them at George's shouted calls.

Bob was the last to leave, and he dropped into the *Gull* with a breath of vast relief and mighty exultation.

"We 've done it, George, old man!" he cried, and then sank down into the cockpit near his friend and almost went to sleep as he leaned against the cabin.

George brought the *Gull* into clear water and started for home, the only boat without a heavy tow.

"Where 's Bill Sackett!" roared Tom Stanley, as the *Gull* came abreast of his heavily laden boat. "Is he with you, Bob?"

Bob shook off the tightening grip of fatigue and stood up.

"Ain 't he with you, Tom?" he called.

"No. I thought he was with you. He was below when I left. He must 'a' gone with some of the others." Bill Sackett was Tom's partner, and Bob felt a thrill of fear in his heart at Tom's words. Tom, for his part, looked back in the gloom at the *Mercedes*. Then he looked forward at the other boats. He felt sure that Bill was with some friend, and he kept on.

Bob did not share his certainty. He had seen every man who left. He was sure he had not seen Sackett. An icy-cold hand seemed to close over his heart. Was Bill left behind in the night on that disintegrating hulk? Tom's partner had been one of the best workers during the back-breaking, heart-trying labor of the last thirty-six hours. He was now on the *Mercedes!* Probably he had been below when the boats left, risking his life, as he had risked it a hundred times during this strenuous, memorable salving on the Stone-point reef.

"Go about, George!" ordered Bob, sharply. "Go about! Bill did n't get off!"

Under George's skilful hand, the *Gull* went about and put back in the gathering night for the reef and the wreck. "We can't get to him, Bob,"

shouted George, as they both looked forward and saw the white waters rolling in across the reef and breaking against the hulk.

"We've *got* to get to him," returned Bob, grimly. "What good 'll the job be if we lose Bill—or anybody else?" He almost choked at the thought that a friend's death should be the price of success in his first venture in the business career he knew lay before him. "Drive her in!" he cried commandingly.

George, as brave as his chum, a fitting partner, drove the *Gull* forward into the gloom toward the rocks, and held her on as they pitched and plunged, with the seas thudding upon her bows and rolling aft upon them.

The two loyal, stout-hearted lads were well repaid for turning back and for venturing in toward the wreck because they feared some one had not got away. A hail came from the rush of the sea and the gloom of the night.

"Hello! Hello, Bill!" shouted Bob, through the trumpet of his hands. "Go ahead, George," he ordered again. "Go ahead!"

George pointed in and held the *Gull* straight. The little craft buried herself in foam and plunged and rolled wildly in the fierce rush of the seas leaping the reef. The rocks loomed up like jet, with constantly changing white robes.

They finally worked up under the lee of the wreck, and, although they could see nothing and had no time to look, felt some one drop into the boat and heard this some one shout wildly.

"She 's going!" screamed Bob, abruptly. "Hurry, George! Get out! Quick!"

The *Mercedes* was giving out her death-cry. Every joist in her, every knee, every timber, screeched in torture, and with a fearful rending, tearing, crashing she went to pieces,—surrendered after three days of the resistless pounding of the sea,—her great beams twisting asunder and pulling lose groaningly from her vital bolts. She gave up all of a sudden, and in that instant was no longer a vessel in form—merely a tangled mass of beams and timbers churning and tossing and swept crashing forward by the urge of the sea pouncing upon it with greater force and speed in this time of inevitable triumph.

No human skill could possibly avail the *Gull* and her company of three in this extremity, nothing but fate—or Providence.

Somehow or other, the *Gull* did come from among the rocks and free from the sweeping, terrible litter of timbers. No human tongue can tell how she escaped. But she *did* escape, and, safe and sound, rode in toward the lights of the salving fleet chugging ahead with their heavy tows.

Not one of the awed three on the *Gull* said a word about the rescue or the escape, but each in his own way gave fervent thanks.

Bob Blake sank down in the cockpit, labor and peril done for the time, and in the turn of a hand was in the profound sleep of exhaustion.

When all the lumber was ashore that night, Bob and George went up to Bob's room, tore off their coats, and threw themselves upon the bed and slept till long after sunrise.

For several days thereafter they kept their friends busy behind the reef and beyond, gathering the fine mahogany planks from the tides—that part of the cargo they had been unable to take out from the schooner before she broke up. Of course, thousands of dollars worth of timber floated away, but they were satisfied with what they had been able to save.

When the work was done, they had salved more than half of the cargo,—a very remarkable feat under the circumstances and conditions,—and after they had paid for rental of property, for gasolene, damages to boats, and for labor, each of the enterprising young fellows had sixty-seven hundred dollars' profit to his credit in the Stonepoint National Bank.

Sometimes men get little praise from their own people or from their own town or city; but Stonepoint was proud of the two boys who had salved the cargo of the *Mercedes*, and made it clear that it was proud. Bill Sackett was not slow in coming forward to tell that Bob and George had turned back to almost certain death to rescue him—taking a risk that no man would blame another for not taking at all—in the hour when they knew they had achieved a success that would net them a large money profit and give them a big start in life.

Of course, Bob and George were proud of their success in salving the *Mercedes'* cargo,—they would have been strange young fellows if they had n't been,—but they did not allow success or praise to turn their heads. This undertaking, however, settled their ambitions definitely. They followed their lobstering for the next year or two, worked for wreckers three years, and then, with two tugs owned by a stock company of Stonepoint people, began the long, fine career well known to all the profession from Key West to Halifax.

Their many clients know they will always receive from them honest and efficient service, and their employees know that not the least of them will ever be left to death for the sake of saving a dollar or any number of dollars. The best of service, honorable, fair dealing, and loyalty to client and to employee gained them reputation and business from the first and made them honored and happy and rich.

WHAT is it, Mavournin, they 're teachin' ye now
In this grade ye name "Fi'th"?
What there 's no Little Folk in the fields, anyhow?
An' ye calls them a "myth"?
Belike that is thrue of this land; over there
We had them a-plenty in ould County Clare.

There 's a glen in the parish of Bally M'Cleugh
Called "The Little Folks' Dell,"
That each time ye go to Duveen ye pass throu
I remember it well.
An' why would they ever be givin' that name
To the glen, if they had n't met up wid the san

An' it 's often I 've heard old Pat Flannigan
Of the time he went down
To the fair at Duveen, an' right there in the d
Comin' home from the town,
He grew weary walkin', and laid down his lo
An' sat down to rest by the side of the road.

"Bad 'cess to ye now that ye ever got loose!
What *will* Norah say,

The king was that angry at bein' upset
(An' so was the queen),
That they headed the goose, who was tryin' to get
Back again to Duveen.
An' the lad that was trod on, he got him a vine
An' fashioned a snare, likes they make 'em of
twine.

An' this way an' that way they cruised the old
goose
The length of the glen.
Wance Pat grabbed his tail, but the feathers come
loose,
An' he got free again.
But at last they succeeded in makin' him stick
His neck through the noose, an' then got him
right quick.

Whin Pat had him safe in the sack, he bethought
Him of thankin' the king.
Says he, "Sure I 'm thankful—" but faith, there
was nought
To be seen! Not a thing
But himself an' the goose in the sack was there
there,
For the Little Folk all had gone back to their lair.

So don't ye be lettin' them tache ye no more
That there 's no Little Men;
For Flannigan met wid them, Kathleen, asthore,
That time in the glen!
An' I know he spoke thrue, for I 've heard Norah
say
How tough the goose was they had Michaelmas
Day!

THE CRIMSON PATCH

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

PATRICIA MEADE, staying with her father, Captain Meade, in a big city hotel while he is executing a secret mission for the Government, has been warned by him to beware of foreign spies who are anxious to discover his business. Meanwhile, she has become acquainted with a Belgian refugee, Virginie de Vos, a young girl of her own age, who, with her aunt, Madame Vanderpoel, has a room directly across the hall.

Patricia having shown her friend a number of her father's water-color sketches one afternoon, it is discovered later by the captain that one of them, a drawing of a butterfly called "The Crimson Patch," has disappeared. He is greatly disturbed by this, as the sketch is in some mysterious way connected with his mission. They are obliged to suspect the four persons who entered the room that afternoon, Virginie, Madame Vanderpoel, the bell-boy Chester Jackson, and a waiter, Peter Stoger. The captain goes away next day to begin a hunt for the sketch, leaving Patricia to put herself in care of an old friend, Mrs. Quale, who is staying at the hotel. Later, Patricia discovers that Virginie and her aunt have left the hotel, and the bell-boy, Chester, reveals to her that he is aware that her father is on some secret mission and that there are spies in the hotel watching him.

Toward evening, Patricia hears from her father that he cannot return till the next day, and, Mrs. Quale also having gone away, she induces that lady's maid, Delia, to come and stay with her for the night. Later, Chester hands her a strange scrap of paper he has found in the room left by her Belgian neighbors, which, on being deciphered, proves to be a communication directing some one to go to a place called "Hanford," because he has obtained "it," evidently referring to the Crimson Patch. Patricia also receives a telephone message from Virginie, warning her vaguely of some danger that threatens them both, but the message is strangely interrupted before it is finished.

Patricia looks forward to the night with alarm and dread, but Chester assures her that when he leaves the hotel he will be outside in the park at intervals, on his motor-cycle, will watch her window for any signal of trouble, and will also try to find out something about Virginie's affairs. He tells Patricia to go down early for her mail in the morning, as she may find something of interest in it. And so she is left to pass the night.

CHAPTER XI

AN ADVENTUROUS MISSION

THE endless night was over at last. Through her windows, which faced east, Patricia noticed that the sky was faintly streaked with pale light, each moment growing more distinct. She had endured almost seven hours of unbroken, nerve-racking suspense, yet nothing alarming had happened. All night she had huddled in a chair by the living-room table, the electric lights full on, even to the farthest wall-bracket, listening breathlessly to the faintest creak or rustle, starting terror-stricken at a sudden flapping of the window-shade, crouching rigid at the slightest footfall outside her door.

Yet the cheering whistle of the war's most popular tune, every hour or so, in the park below, assured her that Chet was true to his promise, even if the loud chugging of his motor-cycle had not likewise informed her of his intermittent presence. He was certainly proving himself a friend, and a staunch one, in this time of her dire need.

With the coming of daylight she turned off the lights and lay down a while, exhausted by the night's vigil, but she did not sleep. She heard Delia go quietly out soon after six. At seven she prepared to go down to breakfast, and, promptly at seven-thirty, stopped at the desk in the lounge for her mail, as Chet had directed. She found that she had two letters, one a short note from Mrs. Quale, explaining that she had been called away suddenly to New York by the illness of a niece, but expected to be back that evening, and hoping Patricia had not needed her in the meantime.

"She little knows how much I did need her!" sighed Patricia. "But thank goodness! she 's coming back to-night. I could n't—I simply could n't go through another night like last!"

The other letter was directed to her in a hand-writing she did not recognize, and she prepared to read it while she was waiting for her breakfast to be served. To her immense relief, Peter Stoger was still absent. She had had the horrible suspicion that he might be there once again to spy on her, perhaps even to be the instrument of the threatened "danger."

While waiting for her cantaloup, she opened the second missive and read it through in startled wonder. It was written in pencil and marked midnight of the night before. It was inscribed also with a fine disregard of spelling, punctuation, and grammar, was only a few sentences long, and signed at the end, "C. J." It ran as follows:

Deer Miss,

I done a heap of scooting around last night on my motor-cicle and I found out quite a bit you will be intrested to no. If you *are* intrested will you please try to be at the sea wall in the park where you usully like to sit about nine this a m an we can talk it over. will wate for you their. Yours respeckfully,

C. J.

"Bless that kind boy's heart!" thought Patricia. "He certainly is a trump! I don't know what on earth I 'd be doing now if it were n't for his help. I 'll be there without fail."

PROMPTLY at nine she was at the tryst by the sea-wall, a bench shaded by an overhanging tree where she frequently came with her book or sewing to enjoy the beautiful view out over the water and the invigorating salt air. Chet was there before her, sitting unostentatiously with his legs hanging over the sea-wall, apparently absorbed in the occupation of fishing with a rod and reel.

"Hullo! Good morning!" he greeted her, with his usual infectious grin. "Catch any Hun spies lurkin' around last night?"

"No indeed!" she answered him quite gaily. "I did n't see one—not a single one."

"Well, I had better luck than you, then!" he replied, looking about cautiously to see that no one was approaching along the foot-path.

"Oh, Chester. How? What do you mean?"

"Well, what do you think of this? Last night, after I left the hotel, I went right home an' got out my motor-cycle and made a bee-line for Hanford. I somehow figured that we 'd better find out that queer dope about Hanford first of all. I had n't a ghost of an idea where in the place that house might be, but I told you before that there were n't so many houses there, anyhow, an' I just figured I could mosey around an' take a squint at 'em all an' try to figure out which was the most likely.

"It 's a lonesome kind of a place, 'cause there ain't no railroad nor even a trolley-line runnin' near it. I did n't want to go chuggin' through it on my cycle waking the dead with the racket, so I hid it in a little clump of woods just outside the place an' went huntin' around on foot. First I went through the main street, an' every house an' store was shut up as tight an' dark as a graveyard. Nothin' doin' there. Then I gave all the rest of the houses the once-over. No better luck!

"The only place left was one way out on the road toward Crampton. It 's a lonesome kind of a hole, old farm-house with queer, dinky, green wooden shutters all in a piece an' a slantin' roof goin' almost down to the ground at the back. It used to be all sort of tumblin' to pieces an' deserted, but a man around here bought it an' fixed it all up modern inside an' painted it, an' rents it out in the summer to city folks for a few months. I did n't rightly know whether it was occupied this season or not, 'cause I ain't been that way lately, but I thinks to myself, I 'll go past it an' see, before I give up the hunt.

"Sure enough, the place was lit up on the ground floor, an' one room upstairs, too. But the shades were all drawn down tight. So I just sneaked around quiet an' hid in the bushes near the front door an' one of the windows, an' lay low to see if anything would happen. I did n't want to stay too long, either, 'cause I wanted to get back an' give you the signal I was on the job. Well, nothin' did happen for so long I was just goin' to give it up, when all of a sudden the front door opened an' a woman come out an stood on the little porch—"

"Oh, who *was* it?" cried Patricia, in a fever of impatience.

"You can search *me!*" he replied. "She ain't no one I ever see before. She was a queer-lookin' specimen, dressed like a maid in a black dress an' white cap an' apron. I could see her quite well, 'cause the light was shinin' out from the hall behind her. She was tall an' bony and sort of grouchy-lookin'. Well, she sat down on one of the little side-benches on the porch to get the air, I guess, 'cause it was pipin' hot. An' all of a sudden some one else slipped out of the door very quiet an' sat down on the bench opposite. An' I bet you can't guess who that was."

"Oh, *who?*" breathed Patricia.

"*The little mam'selle!*"

"Chester, you are a trump!" cried Patricia, springing up excitedly. "What did you do?"

"Why, I did n't do nothin' but lay low, of course. I sure would have spilled the beans if I 'd jumped out an' hollered who I was, then. I just stayed put an' listened to what went on. The grouchy maid said: 'You better go in. The madame will not like it.' An' the little un' said: 'Oh, Melanie, let me stay just a few moments! It is so hot in my room. I need the air.' Then the grouchy maid grunted something that sounded like French. I could n't get on to it at all. They did n't say no more, but sat a while; an' bimeby both got up an' went in. An' soon after all the lights went out in the place, an' I knew it was n't no use to stay longer, so I beat it back here."

"Chester," exclaimed Patricia, at the end of this recital, "what are we going to do?"

"Well, I got a plan," he acknowledged. "I don't know whether you 'll stand for it or not, but here it is, anyway. An' I can promise you that if you go in for it, you won't come to a bit of harm. It ain't possible, the way I got it fixed, an' we may do a whole lot of good, at least as far as the little mam'selle is concerned, an' maybe something about this here Crimson Patch beside. Here 's my scheme:

"I got an older brother who owns a second-hand auto an' runs it like a jitney. That 's his business. But sometimes he takes a day off when I do, an' we go fishin' together or somethin'. He 's

off to-day, same as me. An' you can trust him just the same as me. He ain't a born detective like I am, but he 's honest as honest an' he knows how to hold his tongue an' ask no questions. So I ain't explainin' everything to him.

"Now I figure that it ain't healthy for you to stay all day alone around that hotel if there 's anything in this 'danger' business. Not that you would n't be safe enough if you sit tight, but you can't tell what complicatin' thing might come up, an' you ain't got a soul around to advise you, not even me. Now suppose you come out to Hanford with me an' Ted in the auto, an' we 'll hang around an' lie low an' see if we can get hold of the little mam'selle somehow an' find out what this here mess is all about, anyhow. There can't any harm possibly come to us, 'cause Ted 's goin' to keep out of things an' just lie low in the auto in that patch of woods back of the house an' I got a police-whistle in my pocket, an' if anything goes wrong I 'll blow it like mad an' he 'll beat it back to the city an' have the police out in ten minutes. Are you game?"

For one uncertain moment Patricia wavered. Was it right for her to engage in this harebrained escapade? What would her father say? Or Mrs. Quale? Then the thought of Virginie in danger, the possibility of locating the Crimson Patch, and the sheer adventure of the thing overcame all her scruples.

"Yes, I 'll go, Chester. I trust you absolutely, and I 'm sure you will not let me come to harm. But suppose Father should call me up at the hotel? What will he think if they say I 'm away?"

"He 'll think you 're out somewhere with Mrs. Quale probably, won't he?" answered Chet. "And I 'm almost certain he won't call you up till evening, probably, because you might be out an' he 'd only be wasting time an' money."

But another thought had suddenly occurred to Patricia, who, truth to tell, did not feel at all easy about this expedition, nor about what her father would think of it. A solution of one side of its difficulties had all at once leaped into her mind.

"How would it do, Chester, if we take Mrs. Quale's Delia along with us?"

"*What?*" exclaimed Chet, in such obvious dismay that Patricia could not resist a laugh at his expense. "Gee whiz! you 'd block the whole game with that white elephant on our hands!"

"Now, be sensible, Chester!" she urged. "It 's perfectly plain to me that I 've either got to take her, or else not go myself. Otherwise Father would not allow it. We can have her with us, and yet not tell her all about our plans. You know, Mrs. Quale won't be back until evening, so Delia has n't a blessed thing to do to-day. I 'll ask her if she 'd like to go off on a little picnic with me this morning a ways out of town where we *may* pick up Virginie. She 'll be delighted to have the outing, *that* I know!"

The explanation cleared the air for Chet. "All right, I 'm game if you are!" he declared. "If you go back and get her and bring her over here, I 'll be round with Ted and the jit in next to no time."

Twenty minutes later he appeared in a battered jitney, sitting on the front seat with a sheepish-looking, red-haired young fellow, who bowed and grinned, inarticulate, as Chet introduced him as his brother Ted. Patricia, accompanied by an obviously delighted Delia and a well-filled lunch-basket, clambered into the rear seat, and in another instant they were off on their adventurous mission.

CHAPTER XII

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS

It was a short and breathless ride out to Hanford, through a part of the country quite unfamiliar to Patricia, as it was off the regular trolley and railroad lines. They passed through the little town at a breakneck speed, purposely, as Chet explained. It was such a tiny place and so out of the world that every passing vehicle was apt to be an object of interest to the inhabitants and he did n't want their car to be specially noticed and commented upon. Twice Delia protested strongly against the pace, but Patricia pretended not to hear her, and they sped on.

Outside the town limits they slowed down and proceeded at a more leisurely pace, and presently turned into a rough little apology for a road leading through the woods. Under a dense mass of overhanging boughs they stopped, securely screened from the road.

"Now here 's where we begin the great *Sherlock Holmes* act!" announced Chet, gaily. "The house is just beyond the edge of the woods. You sit here tight, Ted, an' don't you budge unless you hear this whistle or see us come runnin' back. Then you have the engine ready to beat it like blazes. You understand, don't you?"

Ted, still inarticulate, nodded vigorously.

"Now, come along, miss, if you 're ready," went on Chet, "an' we 'll scout around the edge of the woods nearest to the house for a spell an' see what 's doin'."

Leaving Delia in the car, somewhat mystified, but still unquestioningly happy, Patricia, with pounding heart, followed his lead and, Indian file, they plowed their way through the deep underbrush and tangled vines till they stood at the edge of the clearing, protected from sight only by some overhanging boughs. Beyond them stretched the expanse of a couple of hundred feet of grass. It

had once, doubtless, been only a rough meadow, but was now converted into a smooth, well-kept lawn running to the very steps of the porch where Chet had hidden the night before. The house was of the old-fashioned "salt-box" type, with long, sloping roof running to within a few feet of the ground at the back. It had been renovated and painted, with the addition of a wide, screened veranda on one side. But its distinctive feature was the shutters, doubtless the old original ones, of solid wood with little crescents cut in them near the top, and painted a bright green.

There was no one about, not a sign of a living creature, though all the windows were open, their pretty draperies swaying in the morning breeze.

"What had we better do?" questioned Patricia. "We must n't go any nearer the house."

"No, we must sit tight right here and watch what goes on for a while," agreed Chet. "What I 'm trying to do is to see, by who goes in or out of the place, who 's around, an' what chance we have of passin' the glad word to the little mam'selle."

They sat in almost absolute silence for nearly half an hour and nothing happened at all. No one went either in or out, no face appeared at a window, no door was opened or shut.

"I believe it 's deserted," whispered Patricia, impatiently. "I 'm sure they 've all gone away."

"Don't you believe it!" retorted Chet. "They ain't such geese as to all go off an' leave the house open like that. But if somethin' don't happen purty quick, I 'm goin' to beat it around to the back an' see the lay of the land there."

Something, however, did happen, and very shortly after. A man in a chauffeur's outfit appeared from somewhere at the back of the house and went over to a small garage, barely visible from where they stood hidden. Five minutes later there was the sound of a motor starting, and an automobile shot around the curve of the drive and came to a halt before the door. Almost at once the door opened, a beautifully gowned woman came out, stepped into the motor, and was driven rapidly away.

Patricia clutched Chet's arm spasmodically. "It was Madame Vanderpoel!" she whispered. "Oh, it made me shudder just to look at her again. And I used to like her, too. But now there 's something—awful—about her!"

But Chet was interested in something quite different. "Hooray!" he exclaimed softly. "If she 's flew the coop, we got a fightin' chance anyway. Now, I may be wrong, but from what I seen last night an' the lay of the land to-day, I figure there 's only that grouchy maid an' the little 'un left in the house. Let 's wait a while longer an' see if we see anybody else."

They waited in another long silence. Then Patricia's heart almost stopped beating. The front door opened and Virginie de Vos stepped out, looked about her half cautiously, half languidly, and started to cross the lawn in the very direction where they were hidden. She had a book in her hand, and Patricia suspected that her intention was to sit and read in the cool shade of the woods.

"Oh, it could n't have happened better, could it?" she whispered ecstatically to Chet. "I 've been fairly praying for something like this ever since we 've been here."

"Fine!" replied Chet, in ill-suppressed excitement. "Now, looka here. I ain't goin' to complicate things between you an' her by hanging around while you have your talk. I 'm just goin' to disappear in the woods back here a ways, but I 'll be right within call, an' when you want me, you can get me. An' p'raps I 'd better go an' entertain Delia a while, or she 'll be wantin' to quit this picnic. See?"

Patricia nodded, mutely grateful for his tact, but her gaze was fastened on the girl, approaching so slowly and lifelessly across the lawn. Chet melted away into the leafy growth behind her, and she herself drew back a little farther into the woods, so that the meeting might not take place too close to the house. In another moment she and Virginie stood suddenly face to face.

Patricia sprang forward with a little cry of joy. For a moment an answering gleam leaped into Virginie's eyes. Then, to Patricia's unbounded astonishment, the girl shrank back, her eyes wide and terror-stricken, her hands outspread before her as if to push her friend far from her sight.

"Why, Virginie!" cried Patricia. "What is the trouble? Have I frightened you so? Are n't you glad to see me?"

"Yes—oh, no, no! You must not come. I will not talk to you. I cannot! I cannot!"

Patricia was amazed at her incoherent distress, and could make nothing out of the contradictory statements she uttered.

"But I thought you would be glad to see me, Virginie. I was so delighted to find out where you were. And you are in trouble too, or danger, or are worried about something. Won't you tell me about it? I came all this way to find out how you were and what I can do to help you."

"You can do nothing," the girl answered dully. "Go back and never think of me or try to see me again. It is the only safe thing for you."

"But I do not understand!" cried Patricia, in despair. "What can you mean, Virginie? Did n't you call me up last night and warn me of danger and say too you were in danger, but you did n't have time to finish, or were cut off, or

something? I was so worried about you and—and I—found out where you were, and have come to find out all about it."

"I tried to warn you not to come," Virginie answered, "but I—but I—did not get a chance to finish. I—I could not make you understand. When I said I was in danger I—I only—meant in danger of being overheard."

"But, Virginie," cried Patricia, in utter bewilderment, "what do you mean by 'warning me not to come'? How could you think I was coming, when I did n't even know where you were? It was only by an—an accident that I found out where you were—later."

The girl stared at her fixedly, a sudden light dawning in her face.

"But, tell me, how *did* you come?" she whispered excitedly. "Was it not with—with Madame Vanderpoel?"

"*With Madame Vanderpoel?* Indeed not!" exclaimed Patricia, and to her utter discomfiture, Virginie murmured a faint, "I am so glad!" and dropped in a huddled heap on the ground, hiding her face in her hands.

"But why should you think I came with Madame Vanderpoel?" questioned Patricia, determined to get to the bottom of this mystery. "I have neither seen her nor heard from her since she left the hotel."

"She—she has gone to the city to—to call for you," murmured Virginie, her face still buried in her hands. "She was going to urge you to come out to see me, saying I was quite ill and wished it. She was going to put the matter very urgently. Oh, I prayed that you would not come! And when I saw you, I thought you had come with her, and—and—" She stopped with a shuddering sob.

"Virginie," said Patricia, in a very firm, quiet voice, "won't you please explain all this to me? What is it Madame Vanderpoel wished of me? Why was she trying to get me here? And what have you to do with it all?"

The girl crouching on the ground looked up at her suddenly.

"Do you remember," she murmured, "that once you promised to—to love and—and trust me, no matter what happened, in spite of all—all appearances that—that seemed against me? Can you—keep that promise—in spite of—of everything?" She looked so appealingly at her friend that Patricia went down on her knees beside the crouching girl and put both arms about her.

"I never yet failed to keep a promise, Virginie dear. Believe me, I love you and trust you just as much as ever, and always will. I think there is some terrible secret that is making you act very differently from what you would under ordinary circumstances. I won't ask you what it is, but if you ever want to tell me, you can be sure it will be safe with me."

The gentle words acted like magic on the crushed, unhappy girl. She sat up suddenly, as if inspired by some strong determination, put both hands in Patricia's, and looked her straight in the eyes.

"You are a darling! You are better to me, more kind, than I ever hoped or dreamed. I am going to tell you all—all I know, though I do not dare to think what would happen to me if they suspected it."

"Who are 'they'?" questioned Patricia.

"The *Boches*—the German spies!" answered Virginie, in a hushed tone. "That is a house full of them. Did you not know it?"

Patricia started back in real horror. This, then, was the confirmation of her very worst fears.

"But you—" she stammered. "Surely you are not one of them? You said you were a Belgian."

Virginie nodded lifelessly. "I am truly a Belgian—but I am their helpless tool."

"But your aunt?" cried Patricia, still unconvinced. "Surely Madame Vanderpoel is a Belgian too. Why does she not protect you? Is she, too, in their power?"

Virginie shuddered. "Madame Vanderpoel is no Belgian. She is a German by birth—and at heart. She married my mother's brother,—he is now dead,—and she lived for many years in our country and was to all outward appearance a Belgian. But she has been secretly, all these years, in the service of the German spy system. I never dreamed of such a thing myself, nor did my father, till she had brought me away to England and America and had me completely in her power."

A great light suddenly dawned on Patricia. Here was the explanation of many curious incidents that had happened at the hotel. But bewilderment on some points still possessed her.

"Madame Vanderpoel seemed very kind to you though, Virginie?" she ventured. "And you treated her rather abominably at times, if I must say so. Yet she never reproached you or said anything unpleasant."

"She was very kind to me in public—yes. But what she did and said to me in private, I would wish never to tell you."

"Well, but, Virginie, there is *one* thing I still cannot seem to understand!" cried Patricia. "You say that Madame Vanderpoel has you completely in her power. That seems unthinkable to me, especially here in free America. What is to prevent you from running away from her

from giving yourself up to the proper authorities, from informing them about her and having her and all the rest of them put in prison? You surely have had plenty of opportunity to do that. Has it never occurred to you?"

Virginie seemed fairly to shrink into herself at this suggestion. "Oh, you do not understand!" she moaned. "There is something else, something more terrible than you have any idea of. Gladly, only too gladly would I do as you suggest. Indeed, I would have done it long ago. I would have done it even had it meant my own death. But the safety of one I love depends wholly on my complete obedience to her—to them."

"What—oh, what do you mean?" breathed Patricia, a partial light breaking in on her bewilderment.

"*My father!*—they have him, too, in their power, 'over there'! He was captured by them after the siege of Antwerp, and is now in a German prison. Can you not see now where they have complete control over me? I must do their will without hesitation, or my father's life will be forfeited. The first act of disobedience or rebellion on my part, and his life is ended by a secret code message sent by them through Switzerland. And so you see, my friend, that my life is a daily torture."

She said no more. Patricia sat petrified by this hideous revelation. No tale of horror that she had heard from her father could exceed the exquisite cruelty of the torment and misery meted out to this lovely, helpless girl, forced against her will, her patriotism, and her affections to act as their tool in order to save the life of her father! Patricia understood it all now—all the strange conduct that had so puzzled her in their days together at the hotel. How torn between her love, her sense of right, and her fears this poor girl must have been—must be now! And a great thankfulness filled her that she had been moved to assure Virginie of her love and trust, in spite of all appearances, before she had known the whole truth.

But there seemed to be no words in which she could express her horror of what she had heard. So she only kept both arms about her friend, and in this close contact they sat together, Virginie clearly grateful for the unspoken sympathy. At length Patricia broke the silence.

"Have they—have they made you do many things you—hated?" she asked hesitatingly. "I do not quite understand how they *could* use you—"

"They have spent, as they say, a long time 'training me'" said Virginie. "I was to pose before people as just what I am, a Belgian refugee, and arouse sympathy, and get into their confidence, and then—" she shuddered again, "draw from them any secrets of interest to the German government, or—or perhaps take from them any secret papers of importance, if I could manage it, or—or that kind of thing. They thought at first that I should be very successful, very helpful to them, but I fear I have not been—that is, I do not *fear* it, I am glad of it, only I know that I risk my father's life with every act of resistance.

"Twice I have failed them. Once, in England in a hotel there, they arranged that I should become acquainted with the wife of a prominent British general at the front. She took a great fancy to me and had me with her very often. They knew that she had papers of her husband's of great importance in her possession, and I was to obtain them somehow. But I *could* not do it—if for no other reason than that she had been so kind to me; and soon she went away to do Red Cross work at the front, so I never had another chance. I was thankful from my heart, but oh, they were very, very angry! I thought they would surely fulfil their threat and take my father's life, but they gave me another chance.

"When your country declared war, we came over here and stayed for a time in a big hotel in Washington. There, a second time, I was made to form the acquaintance of an American diplomat and his wife who were staying at the same place. They were very sorry for me and interested in me because I was a Belgian refugee, and invited me often to their rooms. I did not care for them as I had for the English lady, but they, too, were kind and good to me. Madame Vanderpoel had ordered me, on a certain day when I had been visiting in the lady's room and she had left me alone for a time, to go through her writing-desk and hunt for one particular document. And again I failed them. I could not do this horrible thing when it came to the moment, and I pretended to be very ill and obliged to return at once to my room. That night the diplomat and his wife removed to the house of a friend, where they were to visit for an indefinite time.

"The wrath of these terrible people against me knew no bounds, and I thought for a time that nothing could save my father. But they decided to give me one more chance—and that chance was *you!*"

Patricia started in spite of herself. "But how—how do they know there is anything—about me of—of interest to them?"

"They know everything," declared Virginie, apathetically accepting what was to her a common, every-day fact. 'Yes, they know everything. Though how they find it out, I cannot imagine. They seem to have a million eyes and ears watching and listening for them in every

country. They know that your father has a very important secret mission. Whether they know just *what* it is, I have not been able to tell. But they know that it is vital to understand that mission, to stop his work if possible. They wish to obtain a secret paper he has, at any cost. They knew you were both to come to the hotel. We ourselves came there the day before. We changed our room once, so as to be nearer to you.

"Then I received my instructions. I was to form an acquaintance with you—somehow. It should be easy, since we were about of an age. I was to be with you frequently, constantly. I was to discover if you were in your father's confidence. I was to locate that secret paper, and I was to obtain possession of it when the time seemed ripe. It was to be my last chance. If I failed—well, you can imagine the rest.

"I liked you from the first—yes, I loved you. On that first night when you caught me spying on you from the door across the hall and were so sweet and charming to me, I loved you. And that love made all the harder what I had to do. I determined that I would *not* get acquainted with you; I would pretend that you did not wish or encourage it. But my delay only angered Madame Vanderpoel. She took matters in her own hands on that morning when she told you I was ill with a headache, and forced the friendship on me in spite of myself. You know that I was not ill, nor did she have to go to New York. She merely went out and stayed out all day to give us a chance to get acquainted.

"Well, you know the rest of that history—how strangely I acted at times, how—how abominable I was to you. I do not yet understand how you could have been so sweet and forgiving. But the more you were, the more I hated what I had to do and delayed about it. And the longer I delayed, the more angry Madame Vanderpoel grew with me. Of one thing I was glad. I could discover nothing about any secret paper, and they were beginning to doubt whether your father really had it with him or whether it was concealed elsewhere.

"At any rate, much to my surprise, after that last night I spent with you, Madame informed me

"THE GIRL SHRANK BACK, HER EYES WIDE AND TERROR-STRICKEN"

next morning very early that we were leaving the hotel to come here. She did not offer any explanation at the time, but I know now that it was because they had obtained the secret paper at last, I know not how, and there was no need to stay longer at the hotel. I tried so hard to get some word to you in spite of her. I had just whispered part of the message to the bell-boy when she interrupted and I got no other chance.

"But though I never expected to see you again, I rejoiced that the terrible necessity for constantly deceiving you was over at last. I could at least love you always and feel that I need no longer wrong you. But it was not to be. Last night I overheard them talking below, and it seems that though they had obtained what they believed to be the secret paper, they could make nothing of it at all, and so they were as much in the dark as ever. They talked and wrangled over it much, and at length Madame herself proposed a plan. She knew that your father had missed the paper and also that he was in New York searching for it on a false clue that they themselves had arranged. But she imagined that she had so well covered her tracks that neither you nor he connected us with any share in the matter. So she planned to go into the city, call at your hotel, and try to induce you to come out here with her in the car to visit me for a few hours, telling you a sad tale of how I had been taken ill again and wished to see you. But while you were here, she was going to threaten you suddenly with dreadful things, both to yourself and your father, if you did not tell her the secret of the paper. And after she had frightened you into telling (as she was sure she could), she was to have you driven away in the car and left in some distant and unknown locality, and by the time you had at last returned to the hotel, we would all have disappeared and could not be traced."

"But I do not *know* the secret of it!" cried Patricia. Virginie only shrugged her shoulders with a foreign gesture.

"So much the worse for Madame, then," she went on. "She knew she was taking that chance. But she felt almost certain you were in your father's confidence. If you did not know, then the same program would be carried out. But first, before she questioned you, she wished *me* to try and draw the secret from you. If I were successful, it would be so much simpler for her. She summoned me to her this morning and instructed me in the part I was to play. And that is why I shuddered so when I saw you. I thought she had been successful in her ruse to get you here. I had tried so hard to prevent it. Last night I called you on the upstairs telephone, softly, so they might not hear, for they were still wrangling down below. But I could not finish. Melanie was coming up the stairs. I had to ring off. Now you know it all."

She ceased speaking and sat staring into her lap, her hands clasped so tightly that the knuckles showed white. Patricia also sat in stunned silence. Now that the whole terrible plot had been revealed to her, it all seemed so infinitely worse than anything she had imagined that she could scarcely collect her senses. Two things stood out in her mind with distinctness: the Crimson Patch was concealed somewhere in that house—she must get hold of it at all cost—it was vital to her father's, yes, even to the whole country's, interests; and Virginie must be snatched somehow from the clutches of these terrible enemies who were using her against her will for their own ends. But how was it to be accomplished? At that moment, Chet Jackson's head appeared suddenly over the bushes.

"If you 'll excuse me, ladies, for mentionin' it," he whispered, "something's got to be done pretty quick. I figure the Madame 'll be gettin' back any minute now."

CHAPTER XIII

VIRGINIE DECIDES

VIRGINIE looked up in quick alarm. "Who is that?" she cried, in a low voice, and then, recognizing the bell-boy she had seen so often at the hotel, she gazed at Patricia in amazed surprise. "How did you get here?" she suddenly asked her friend. So absorbed had she been in other matters, that the question had not occurred to her before. Patricia sketched to her in hurried whispers the history of the previous night and the assistance rendered by Chet, while the boy himself stood by uneasily, watching the house and the road. When she had finished, he added:

"I gotta tell you that I heard a good deal of what the little mam'selle was sayin' just now, 'cause I had crept back to warn you folks you 'd have to be a bit quicker if we 're goin' to get anything done, so I pretty well know the lay of the land. Now I got a plan in the back of my head. It 's kind of risky, but I think we can swing it if we work quick. But first we must find out what this here little mam'selle is plannin' to do. Are you goin' to get her to break away from that shady gang an' beat it with us?"

"Oh, that 's just what I want her to do—just what I 've been thinking of myself!" cried Patricia. "Are you willing, Virginie dear?"

The girl looked at her in some bewilderment. American slang was something she had yet to become acquainted with, and Chet's last remarks were as incomprehensible to her as if they had been uttered in Choctaw.

"We want you to come with us," Patricia explained. "You must not stay any longer with these dreadful people, Virginie. We think we can get you away from them, and you will have a happy life and never, never be tormented by them again."

But the girl shrank back in terror. "No, no!" she cried. "It must not be. I cannot do it, much as I long to. You must not ask it. *My father!*" whispered Virginie brokenly, and she needed to say no more. Patricia understood. She had forgotten for a moment how deeply they held this hapless girl in their power. And after the many terrible tales she had heard of the enemy's cruelty, she had not the slightest doubt that they would carry out their threat. What could she say or do that would be of any avail in the face of this? She looked at Chet helplessly.

"Say," he declared at length, "this here 's sure a bad lookout, but there must be *some* way out of it. You can't make me believe that in this here free country any bunch of Huns is goin' to get away with a come-on game like that. Why say, what 's the matter with this? We 'll bundle the little mam'selle into the car an' hustle back to the city an' get the police out here in a jiff' an' raid the whole place before they have time to turn around. We 'd sure find that Crimson Patch somewhere in the ranch. An' they 'd have the bunch all in the jug before they had time to do any telephonin' or send any messages or anything. What say?"

"No, no!" cried Virginie, who had somehow taken in his meaning in spite of his slang. "It would not do. You do not understand. They are not all here—in this house. Only Madame—and Melanie, her maid, and the chauffeur, Herman Klausser (they call him Jacques Thierrot in public) are here. But there are many, many others in New York—everywhere. They are all in these plots. They would find out what had happened, and *they* would send the message. I am not safe though you were to shut up a dozen of them in jail at once. Do you not see?"

They did see. Chet scratched his head in perplexed thought and Patricia stared at them both helplessly. It seemed an almost impossible tangle. It was Chet who presently shrugged his shoulders and addressed them in words of firmness and determination, thus:

"Say, this here does certainly seem *some* little puzzle, but you want to think ahead of things a bit, an' reason out how things are likely to go on if they keep runnin' in the same groove. Have you thought of this, miss—er—mam'selle? If you keep on like this, just knucklin' down to 'em all the time, are things ever goin' to get any better? Ain't they goin' to force you to do worse an' worse all the time just as long as they can keep you under? That 's the Hun of it. They believe in terrorizing, they do! They think they got you cold as long as they can scare the livin' wits out of you. An' that 's where America put it all over 'em. *They* did n't scare for a cent. All the Yanks ever thought of was, 'Lead me to 'em! Just let me get my hands on one of them ere Huns. *I 'll* give 'em a little dose of "frightfulness."' An' they did, too; an' the Huns are turnin' tail an' beatin' it this very minute at Château-Thierry an' thereabouts.

"That 's the spirit to have. Don't let 'em put it over you. An' another thing maybe you have n't thought of, miss—mam'selle. Do you really *believe* everything they 're tellin' you? I bet they 'd as soon fool you as eat their dinner! How do you know this is all true about your father? He may be well an' safe this very minute—"

"Oh, no, no!" interrupted Virginie. "If that were so I should have heard from him in some way. I have heard nothing in all these three years. No, he is not safe. He is surely in their power."

"Well, that may be so," insisted Chet, "but still I say, you can 't trust 'em. An' there 's one thing you *can* trust an' it 's the most powerful thing in the world to-day, an' that 's this little old U. S. Government. If anything on earth can help you, that can, an' you 'd a great sight better put your trust in that than to knuckle down any longer to this bunch of Hun spies. Ain't I talkin' sensible, Miss Patricia?"

"Indeed you are!" Patricia echoed enthusiastically. "Why, Chet is right, Virginie, absolutely right. Can't you see it? I only wonder we did n't think of it before! Your choice lies between these horrible, unscrupulous creatures, and the finest, most powerful Government in all the world. How can you even hesitate? You can't go on forever this way with Madame Vanderpoel. Some day they might put an end to your father's life for some reason of their own, and you could n't do a thing to stop it, might n't even know it. You 'd be perfectly helpless. Whereas, if you get yourself out of their power, you stand *some* chance, at least, of rescuing your father too. *Take* the chance, Virginie! These people are not so powerful as they seem to you because you have been so shut up with them. They have let you know nothing. Take the chance. I believe it is your *only* chance to help both your father and yourself!"

And Virginie, very much impressed, visibly wavered. She had, indeed, taken no thought for the future, hopelessly supposing her bondage would go on indefinitely, as at present, only

serving to prolong her father's existence by her acquiescence. To her it was, indeed, a terrible chance, yet not quite so uncertain as it had once seemed. Perhaps the United States *was* more powerful than she realized. Perhaps—but suddenly she threw all hesitation to the winds.

"Yes, yes, you are right!" she exclaimed. "I will go with you. Perhaps I can serve him best—so."

"Hooray! Good for you!" cried Chet, overjoyed. "An' now about this here Crimson Patch. Do you think there 's any chance of our gettin' hold of it? Where d' you suppose the madame keeps it salted down?"

Patricia, too happy for expression at Virginie's decision, could only press her hand warmly. "Yes, Virginie, we *must*, if possible, get the Crimson Patch. Have you any idea where it is?"

"I saw it in her writing-desk this morning," replied Virginie, "while she was telling me that I must get you to tell me the secret of it if I could, without of course allowing you to think it was here. I do not think she put it back in the safe. She is so sure of herself that she has no fear of its being discovered."

"Then it ought to be possible to get it somehow or other," mused Patricia "Who is this maid, Melanie, that you speak of, Virginie, and where do you think she is now?"

"Melanie has been Madame Vanderpoel's servant for many years," answered the girl. "She is the only one among them all who cares in the slightest for me. I think she is quite fond of me, though she has never said so. She is a strange, silent woman."

"Is she a German?" questioned Patricia.

"Yes, by birth, but she lived so long in Belgium that I think she came to feel more Belgian than German. I think she secretly hates all this spy-work, but she is bound to Madame Vanderpoel by many obligations and she dare not make a protest. Melanie is very loyal to Madame. but she has always been fond of me ever since I was a baby, and I feel sure that she resents, at times, the way they treat me. I only *feel* this. for she never has said one word. She is probably in the kitchen now, for she has to get the meals as well as wait on Madame. There are no other servants around. Madame will not have them, lest they discover too much. Hermann Klausser is not a servant. He is one of the worst of them. —the spies,—but he drives the car and acts to the world as Madame's chauffeur."

"Well, if Melanie is in the kitchen and the rest of them out of the way," said Chet, "it ought to be a pretty good time to swipe that sketch. Do you think you 'd dare go in an' cabbage it, little miss, or shall I try? It would be safer an' quicker for you, if you think you don't mind, because you know where the desk is, an' this here Melanie would n't think it so very strange to see you goin' in an' out. But if you don't care for the job, I 'll try my hand at it. But we got to be quick, whatever we do, 'cause the madame may be back any minute. How about it?"

"Oh, I will try it," assented Virginie. "It would be far better for me, since I know its location and can go in and out freely."

Patricia gave her a hug and murmured, "You darling!" and she was just about to set forth on her quest, when Chet cried, "Hold on!" and laid a detaining hand on her arm. The sound of a motor was heard tearing madly up the road, and in another moment Madame's car had swung into the driveway.

"Can you beat that for luck!" snorted Chet. And Virginie huddled back against Patricia with a little moan of despair.

(To be concluded)

TOMMY'S ORDER FOR "DAYLIGHT SAVING"

By MARY DICKERSON DONAHEY

I WANT some clocks that, morning and night,
Will always be lots too slow—
So I need n't get up before it is light,
And can stay out till twelve or so.

But during the day those clocks must run
Two or three hours too fast—
So before my lessons are quite begun,
School-time will all be past!

And to any man who will make these clocks
I 'll be thankful for all my life—
And I 'll give him one of my banty cocks
Or my best new pocket-knife!

"IS THY SERVANT A DOG?"

By FULLERTON L. WALDO

THIS is a true tale of the simple heroism of a dog who saved the lives of ninety-two people when the mail-boat *Ethie* went to smash on the reefs off Martin Point, Newfoundland, December 10, 1919. A week later, the newspapers of this country had the bare fact of the deed, sent out by my friend A. L. Barrett, Associate Press correspondent and editor of "The Western Star" at Curling, on the west coast. "The Western Star" is the only newspaper on the entire coast, and it has a circulation of 750, weather permitting.

I came home from Labrador by the *Ethie* in September. She crawled up and down between Curling, on the Humber, and Battle Harbor, on the Labrador, where Dr. Grenfell's hospital is planted, nosing her way into every bight and cove and tickle and harbor and bay where there was any chance of dropping a barrel of oil or picking up a "kental" (112 pounds) of salt cod. Going north was bad enough, but coming back was worse. The boat was so heavily laden that the deck outside the musty cabins was about thirty inches from the sea when it was calm. I had one thirty-sixth of the tiny dining-saloon; and for two nights out of the four, spent buffeting alongshore, sleep was quite unthinkable. War travel in Europe was the acme of comfort compared with it. For at every place we stopped, though at midnight in a darkness thick as gravy, the whole of a tiny hamlet swarmed aboard and held its old-home week and Parliament in one. The babies were invariably brought, and the teething ones seemed chosen to stay with us, and "spell" each other in relays of lamentation, hardly to be told sometimes from the crying of the wind. There was no wireless; and when I met the boat, she crawled out of a fog where she was hidden for four days, and where an iceberg, towering so high that the top disappeared in the mist, had all but done for her. In trying to make the channel to the dock at Flower's Cove, she struck the rocks on four different voyages last summer. But not through the fault of the captain, and not because he was reading Dickens in his bunk. I never saw officers and crew more faithful. They never seemed to sleep, and the purser was to be found at all hours of the night down in the hold, while the steam winch clacked and clattered, checking off the badly labeled, ill-assorted cargo as it was hauled aloft and lowered aboard the flocking power-boats. An anxious business was it for the consignee if a package went astray. Dr. Grenfell waited two years for a searchlight to come from his friend Dr. Daly, the geologist of Harvard; and remedies vitally wanted for patients might fail to arrive.

The lower deck was crammed with oil and fish and machinery and hay and flour—the hay worth eighty dollars a ton at least, and the flour twenty-four dollars a barrel. Cattle came and went, protesting—small horses with wild eyes, and pitiable cows and calves: but none got to the farthest north, for the dogs would eat them there, and Uncle Phil Coates is the wonder of all Avalon Peninsula because he keeps four pigs.

Is the preamble too long? One must get the picture of the sloppy boat, swollen with its cargo and passengers, to know what the dog did of whom we are presently to hear.

The *Ethie* on December 10th was laboring back to Curling for perhaps the last trip of the season. She was off Martin Point, between Cow Head and Bonne Bay, when "a mighty wind arising," with icicles for its teeth, drove her on the rocks. This is the district of Saint Barbe, the patroness of thunder-storms, and though

thunder-storms themselves are rare, the gales and the ice and the rage of the sea are harder on a little ship. The *Ethie*, forty years from her cradle on the Clyde, a tub of iron sheathing, never meant for this ding-dong service in the ice-fields of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, rebelled against her two wheelmen clinging for dear life to the spokes in the raving storm, and plunged slam-bang on the reef, where the black dragon-spines of rock run out from the Point. Logy of herself, and superladen with all that the fishermen could stow aboard, there was no hope for her life from the moment that she struck upon the rocks, and a mighty shudder thrilled her frame and filled her passengers with fear.

For they remembered the *Florizel*, and how the sea washed off the people one by one from the upper works of that wrecked vessel; they remembered the fate of the 150 sealers lost with the *Southern Cross*—they remembered a hundred wrecks, the winter's tale of all the coast.

And this is where the dog comes in.

It was not possible to launch the boats. I know those boats well, for they were about the only sitting-room that I could find in my September journey. They were like museum specimens—archaic as the Indian relics at St. John's, their ropes and covers fairly falling to pieces, their biscuit mediæval, and their water foul. One of the boats was workable—I went ashore in it for mail at Cow Head, ten miles from the Point where the wreck took place.

None of the crew dared to attempt the swim through the freezing waters. The sailor who can swim is almost as rare in Newfoundland as the great auk or the Newfoundland wolf, which are extinct. So the effort was made to shoot a line ashore, but the line fell far short and caught in a snarl upon a tooth of rock.

Then they put over the dog. I do not know his name, but I have sent to Newfoundland to get it, for some Philadelphia people want to give him a collar, engraved. Evidently this animal was on the way from the Labrador to draw the winter mail-sledge over the trail from Bonne Bay to the railway at Deer Lake. He was not a Newfoundland dog, for the pure breed has all but vanished, and in 1906, when the Duke of York (now King George) paid his visit, Newfoundland was scoured to find a pair of puppies to present to him. He was a "husky"—the ordinary Eskimo dog, usually fawn-colored, about the size of a collie, with the wolf a high percentage of his blood-pressure and his tail curled tightly over his back—a handsome, lively, quarrelsome, affectionate, and faithful beast, not innocent of biting human flesh upon occasion, willing to haul in the traces till he falls over dead. He is not governed by the reins, but by outlandish words. When they want him to go to the right they shout "*Ouk! ouk!*" and for the left the cry is "*Urrah! urrah!*"

So they threw this noble beast into the sea. Then they shouted to him words of command; and with a sagacity that would be preternatural in any other sort of dog, he swam to the rock where the rope was caught, and wrestled with the tangle till he worked it loose; and then with the free end gripped in his teeth, he struggled for the shore.

If you have ever been in that black, frigid water (as I have), you will understand the monumental feat of that grand little swimmer! From the ship and from the shore they could see him; and they cheered him as he rose on the crest of a white, tearing wave, and sank again in the scooping hollow of it, holding to the rope, though the weight of it all but pulled him down and drowned him as the freezing salt water sluiced into his jaws. Can you not imagine that little, straining, eager head, and in his eyes the light of half-despair and half a hope, that no man saw, though God in Heaven must have known and taken pity? Have you thrilled to the run of Masefield's "Reynard the Fox"? This dog's short swim of several hundred feet was a finer thing—for the lives of ninety-two were hanging by that rope and by the thin-spun thread of a dog's life.

It had been a life of hardship and abuse—of all-too-common kicks and blows, and hiding under the bottom-boards of houses, living on scraps and cabbage-leaves and the cod-heads, till the snow came whirling and the sledges must be drawn. But on this reeking boat there were hands and voices that had been kind to him; and now he was saving them all, and he must have known it.

When—exhausted, trembling, all but frozen—he staggered, rope in mouth, out of the last billow to the pointed cobbles of the beach, there were willing hands of men to take the rope from him, and they rigged up a tackle with a boatswain's chair betwixt the ship and the shore, and so ninety-one adults were drawn from the doomed vessel to the safety of the land. The ninety-second was a baby, eighteen months old, and the baby traveled in a mail-bag "pleasantly sleeping and unaware."

And the dog? Let us hope he does not have to cut the pads of his feet on the icy mail-route over the trail from Bonne Bay to Deer Lake *this* winter! Let us hope that after the life of fighting with the other dogs for the crumbs that fell from the master's table, he now sleeps well beside a roaring fire of hackmatack logs, among those who love and fondle him, well-fed and snoring, dreaming—his nose twitching as he dreams—of his great adventure!

THE POLICE DOGS OF BELGIUM

By CLARA T. MacCHESNEY

It was my privilege to be in Ghent a year before the great war, and as I approached that picturesque old Gothic town my thoughts were centered entirely on its exposition and its far-famed flower-gardens, and not at all on its dogs. But I was destined to have a surprise, for the next morning I was awakened early not by the musical chimes from the old bell-tower near by, but by the loud barking of many dogs. I flew to the window, thinking something terrible was happening below, when, to my amazement, I saw forty sleek, well-fed dogs, each in leash, being led by as many policemen along the middle of the street, and it flashed into my mind that these were the famous police-dogs of Ghent.

Although, after eight hours continuous duty the dogs were going home to kennels and breakfast, they were not straining on their leashes, but were trotting happily and "barkfully" beside their masters, joyous that their night's work was over, and voicing this feeling with the greatest vigor.

I resolved that here was an opportunity not to be missed, so I applied to the chief of police, and that courteous gentleman not only gave me a permit to visit the kennels, but delegated a trainer and a member of the force to accompany me.

After ten minutes' walk, we crossed a small park, one end of which was enclosed by a high fence. Unlocking the gate, the trainer, by whose kind face and manner I was greatly attracted, invited me to inspect his home and that of his fifty-three dogs. Both are small one-story structures and are connected by a passageway. Such a hullabaloo arose when we passed in front of the kennels! A strange person, and a woman at that, raised a fearful commotion, and in a few cases I was glad a high iron fence was between me and the small policemen. The keeper told me he had had the care of these remarkable canines for three years, and he certainly had great control over them. One showed fierce dislike and jealousy for his next-door neighbor. "Perhaps he is only irritated on being awakened from his deserved rest after a long night's patrol," said his master. He spoke to the dog kindly, but firmly, and the animal instantly obeyed. The keeper then told me that the dogs are never struck or whipped, for they would then be spoiled

Each dog kept his own kennel as long as he lived, his name being placed over the door. He was never put out of the way when old and helpless, but remained in his own little house. The trainer showed me with pardonable pride the dogs' hospital, which was then empty, and indeed was very seldom called into use. Near it was the dispensary, where, besides its medicine-chest containing medicines, bandages, and a few instruments, were also kept the cases which held the brushes, combs, and hair cutters for each dog. The kennels formed a small, one-storied brick house, divided in half by a corridor, on each side of which was a row of kennels, each having its own runway leading from it into an outside enclosure surrounded by a high iron fence. Each kennel had a door opening into the corridor, which was painted white. In the lower part of each door was a contrivance through which the food was passed and which was so arranged that the dogs could not see one another and so be kept barking incessantly. The name of the dog and a number were printed over each door in the corridor, and beside it hung the leash, collar and muzzle, and two large chunks of rye bread which were to be given to that particular dog during the night. At the gate of each yard there was placed a pan of water.

CLIMBING A FENCE (SEE PAGE 433)

I asked what beds they had, and was told that they had none, not even straw in the coldest weather. The kennels, runways, and corridors were paved with brick, and all were immaculately clean, being scrubbed once a day and often disinfected.

The muzzle used by these dogs was made of wire and so closely woven that the dog could drink through it, but not eat. It was attached by a string which could be instantly unfastened, and was so arranged that when pulled off, it could be suspended from the leather collar. The collar was bound with sharp points to repel attacks, and from it hung a copper tag on which was cut the dog's name, address, and the word "Police." This served as an identification card. The blanket, used only in bad or very cold weather, was of waterproof canvas, bound with leather.

In the corridor hung many framed texts relating to the love and care of animals, a large frame containing photographs of the departed citizens of this little colony, and medals, framed diplomas, and other testimonials to their effective work.

In a small out-building was the dogs' kitchen, where was a huge caldron containing beef, rye bread, rice, and water, thoroughly mixed. The dogs were given exact portions of this mixture twice a day—at seven in the morning and at half past six in the evening, just before going on duty. I was told that never under any circumstances were the dogs fed anything else, and that they, in consequence, were never ill.

It was not until April, 1899, that the night-watchmen of Ghent were supplied with these canine assistants. So many thefts and burglaries occurred that the police, for economical reasons, were induced to train three Belgian sheep-dogs to assist them in running down and capturing the wrong-doers. So successful were they that at the end of the year the number was increased to ten, and it mounted until the police-dog force numbered fifty-three.

These fifty-three dogs were about the same size, the coats were generally smooth, and black, brown, or mixed in color. Their names, as far as possible, were of one syllable, "Tom," "Fox," "Max," "Tip," "Bear," being more incisive than "Lulu," or "Fido," although I *did* see the name "Sherlock Holmes" over one of the doors.

Each dog, the trainer told me, always accompanied the same policeman, had the same rounds, and was only on duty at night. Needless to say, the two were apt to become very much attached to each other, being associated nightly for years, as they were, and sharing the same dangers.

The chief of Ghent's police department, once said in a letter to the burgomaster of the city: "The dog is intrepid, agile, and courageous, which gives his master more audacity and assurance. He is always his faithful friend and protector and a sure defender. He can run down a fugitive quicker and inspires more terror than a man, and he has a keener sense. He can push himself into more places and more easily than a man, and he can track down a criminal quicker without being detected; being neutral in color, he cannot be seen in the dark."

In many European countries the dog rivals the donkey and the horse as a draught animal; he is called the "poor man's horse." He daily draws

INTERIOR OF KENNELS—FEEDING-TIME

bread, milk, fruit, vegetables, and even coal, from door to door. Those of us who have visited Holland and Belgium have seen him dragging petroleum from village to village, the owner often seated on the cart, while the poor creature in front strains to pull the double burden. In March, 1909, it was estimated that 5600 were used by the hucksters in the province of Liège alone. His life is hard, often tragic, in spite of laws regulating his harness, the amount of the load, his maintenance, shelter, and so forth.

I regretted exceedingly not being present at the training-hour, when each new dog was put through his exercises. The courtyard used for this purpose was surrounded by a high wall. A ladder, which he was taught to climb, an adjustable fence two to three meters high, over which he was trained to jump, were part of the equipment. The trainer told me that some time and much experimenting was spent in trying to find the best kind of a dog for this purpose. The Belgian sheep-dog was finally chosen. The character of the animal was first carefully studied to see if he would obey orders when kindly given. These were uttered quietly in monosyllables. Violence was never resorted to. Pieces of sugar or morsels of boiled liver were given as rewards, and much caressing when he performed his exercises to the teacher's satisfaction; for it is well known that the dog is the only animal susceptible to flattery.

TRAINING A DOG TO SEIZE AN ESCAPING MARAUDER

Their training began at the age of five months, before bad habits were acquired, and they were often ready for police duty when a year old. At the age of eight months, the dog was taken out on a leash in the daytime to the most populous districts to accustom him to noise and the traffic. If in the country, he was made to jump a hedge or wall three feet high, a ditch almost eight feet wide, and was taught to swim, to seize his prey in the water, and to rescue from drowning. At home, his first lesson was to lie down and to stand up. The second was to attack. A dummy figure was used and he was taught to seize it, but not seriously to hurt it. His task was to hunt for a vagabond and defend the uniform. Great care was taken not to allow him to accept anything whatever from strangers, nor to be petted by them. This was considered by the Ghent police commissioner as one of the most important points in the education and training of dogs. He had to scent an object placed on the ground; keep individuals at bay without biting until his master came; attack if flight was attempted; follow through a house if necessary. He was taught not to be frightened by firearms, to find the hiding-place of an individual. For this purpose he was trained to run into alleys, behind houses and out-buildings, and into many places where the human eye could not see unless provided with a light. His duty was to follow at the heels of his master, with or without a leash. If the latter, not more than one hundred and fifty feet away. Sometimes he was allowed to roam at large, and if he found a suspicious character, he barked loudly to announce his find. When his education was completed, he was kept in his kennel all day and saw only the trainer who cared for him. He thus had no means of becoming familiar with the public.

I was shown the suit of clothes which an attendant put on when the dog was trained to attack, and I found the wadded jacket so heavy I could scarcely hold it. Through two sets of thick garments the dog's teeth often penetrated, and the "burglar" was sometimes severely bitten. A heavy helmet and a wire mask covered the head.

As we passed back to the kennel house, my guide told me the dogs were so trained to respect the police uniform that if a man attacks the dog's especial police master, he becomes instantly savage and leaps at the throat of the aggressor with a fury terrible to witness. Added to this is his love for his friend and his anxiety to defend him from harm. He will leap again and again, and with such force as to knock a man down, or he will dart between the assailant's legs with an upward spring until he throws him.

I asked if the dogs were ever used in Ghent itself, and was told they were of little practical use in cities. They are taken to suburban or rural sections, where night watchmen have to patrol the sparsely settled territory. At this point we stopped in front of the homes of "Fram," "Fox," "Black" and "Bear," and the keeper told me many interesting tales of some of their exploits. One was of Bear, who had seen over twelve years of service and whose intelligent face looked as if he understood the conversation. On arriving one night at the regular post, the policeman was informed that five vagabonds were robbing an inn some distance away. He unmuzzled Bear, who tore ahead toward the scene of action, the policeman following as fast as he could. When he reached the inn, he found Bear holding one of the would-be thieves by the calf of the leg, the other four having fled. The thief was shrieking like one possessed. They had counted without Bear, who, after delivering the captive to his master, fled in pursuit of the other four. Fearing a similar encounter with Bear's teeth, they all stopped and waited until the policeman approached with his prisoner. They were invited to go to the police-station, and such was their fright that they followed the guard without the slightest hesitation. On the way, Bear did not cease to circulate around the five prisoners, as if they were a flock of sheep.

Black once saw a drunkard on the edge of the canal. He jumped into the water without a word of command from his master, swam across and woke the unconscious man by barking, and did not leave until he saw him well started on his way to safety. Black then swam back, joined his master, and continued his patrol as if he had done the most natural thing in the world.

PROTECTIVE COSTUME WORN BY ATTENDANT

MODERN DOGS OF WAR

By LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

THREE French scouts lay hidden in a thicket far in advance of the French trenches at Rheims. As they were studying the German lines before them, a shrapnel shell burst immediately overhead, killing two of the scouts and terribly wounding the third. Although he had medicines in his little kit, he was unable to move even to give himself an anæsthetic to deaden the pain. His feeble calls for help were drowned in the roar of hundreds of great guns. The poor fellow knew that no party of searchers would ever find him in his dense cover. He could see nothing but death before him. The day passed. Darkness came, extinguishing whatever hope the soldier may have had.

Suddenly two fiery eyes glowed in the darkness

of the thicket. The soldier managed to turn his head toward them. In another second a wolf-like form stood eager and panting above the wounded and helpless man.

But it was not a wolf. It was a Red Cross war-dog. Instead of attacking the soldier, the animal seized one of his gloves, tugged it free, and darted away into the darkness. Then the soldier knew no more, for he fainted.

When he regained consciousness, two stretcher-bearers were carrying him back to safety behind the French lines, while the dog that had guided them to the injured man trotted along behind them.

Over all the battle-fields of Europe, Red Cross dogs went searching for the wounded. Crouching, creeping, crawling, now leaping ditches or scaling barriers, now darting like lightning, these dogs of war ran from cover to cover, searching over the shell-torn fields where a man could not possibly have escaped destruction.

Sometimes dogs were used as sentries or scouts; sometimes, as ammunition carriers; but most frequently they were employed to search out the wounded.

For in this great war, unlike most wars that have preceded it, no armistices were granted after battle for the opposing armies to collect their wounded and bury their dead. Germans shot down stretcher-bearers and Red Cross nurses at sight. Yet the wounded had to be rescued, and since their fellows could seldom search for them, the task of finding the injured fell largely upon these dogs. Thousands and thousands of them served in European armies.

Yet Uncle Sam raised an army of millions of men and sent them to face death in foreign lands without providing a single dog to help rescue those that were wounded. In the shouting and the tumult of preparation, Uncle Sam overlooked the matter of dogs. Doubtless he would have provided them later.

But meantime, the Red Cross undertook, just as it undertook to supply sweaters and socks, to provide these dogs of war.

Like the soldiers themselves, these war-dogs had to undergo a long period of training before they were fit for duty on the firing-line. It is a slow and tedious task to train a dog for work of this sort. The first essential is to secure instant and absolute obedience; yet a whip must never be used.

The dog must be taught to crouch as he runs, never to make a sound unless ordered to do so, or in case it is necessary to save a soldier. Then the dog must bark loudly. He must learn to distinguish a living man from a dead one, to follow a scent even across water, to hurdle fences and climb walls. Red Cross dogs could scale fences eight feet high.

War-dogs must learn to stick strictly to their work, no matter what distractions occur. To accomplish this end, things that will divert the attention are placed in the dog's way, and he is taught to disregard them. A sausage in his path, or a dummy striking at him, or a piece of meat offered by a stranger, were in time passed unnoticed by a war-dog. He had learned so well the lesson of concentration that nothing took his attention from the task in hand.

When the dog had learned how to hunt out hidden human beings, he was taught to pull off his quarry's hat, or glove, or shoe, or to tear a piece from his uniform—to get some token and deliver it only to a Red Cross nurse. If he could not get such a token, he had to stay by his quarry and bark until help came.

All this was a great deal to ask of a dog. Yet not too much, as it proved, for these war-dogs learned to do all these things and more.

Naturally, only the most intelligent dogs were available for war service. German shepherd-dogs had been found best for the purpose, but they were scarce and costly. Some people had said that no other kind of dog would do. But the Red Cross found that any dog of sufficient weight and stamina and that showed aptness in learning could be used. Collies and large Airedales were especially desirable, and all dogs had to be between eight and twelve months old. Many a boy and girl gave his or her dog to the Red Cross. It was a fine way to "do one's bit" for one's country.

The French cited their dogs for bravery in battle just as they commended their soldiers; and they have printed a "Golden Book of Dogs," wherein are recorded some of the great deeds of their four-footed fellow-warriors.

And France has reason to commemorate these deeds. As a single instance, it is recorded that when the French army made its stand at Verdun, with the battle-cry, "They shall not pass!" their dogs played a very important part in checking the invaders.

Deep down in subterranean caverns the captains of the big guns sat and figured the ranges, which were then communicated to the gun-crews by deep-laid telephone-lines. But the German shells blew these lines to pieces and there seemed no way to keep the guns firing true, for a man could not live to carry a message through that hail of shells.

And then the war-dogs were brought. From captains to crews they carried the vital messages. The guns continued to fire true, and the Germans did not pass!

French Official Photograph

TRAINING WAR-DOGS TO CARRY BURDENS

DOGS OF WAR SHOWED DEVOTION TO DUTY

By GEORGE F. PAUL

CERTAINLY, during the great World War, the dog showed himself to be one of the most faithful friends that any soldier could ask for. The dog had no conception of the real nature of the cause in which he was asked to serve, yet his fidelity in hours of trial and his bravery in hours of bombardment mark him as a hero in the true sense of the word. No matter how perilous the mission might be on which he was to be dispatched, it was undertaken with a gratifying willingness that was the best indication of success.

It did n't take the Belgians long to see the possibilities in the use of dogs in warfare. For years they had been accustomed to using dogs to haul their carts along the roads of Belgium, and when war swept down on the little country, hundreds of the largest dogs were immediately pressed into active service, for machine-guns were mounted on light cars and thus could be readily drawn from place to place by the trained and powerful dogs.

It remained, however, for the French to develop the use of dogs in warfare to such a degree that they formed a distinct branch of the army service. In order to have plenty of dogs for the various duties, it was necessary to establish recruiting-stations. Then the recruits had to enter the training-camps, where the most alert dogs soon learned what was expected of them when they were placed on sentry duty or when they felt their packs upon their backs and received the word of command. Of course, they had to have their own camps, and elaborate affairs these camps, or parks, were in some instances, for often the soldiers devoted many hours to the work of making bomb-proof shelters for their four-footed comrades and in doing everything to make these quarters clean and comfortable.

At first, the French used but a few hundred dogs; but as the campaigns became more severe and the loss of men became greater, more and more dogs were called into service until, during the closing weeks of the war, more than 10,000 dogs were in active service.

They sensed the dangers of No Man's Land, but they did not hesitate to face them. The French soldier considered himself fortunate when he could have as his companion on sentinel duty one of these intelligent animals whose keen senses were quick to give warning of the approach of the enemy. The man relied on the dog's keen instincts to discover the presence of a prowling foe.

In carrying dispatches across territory that was swept by fire, dogs proved their value a thousand times. Men knew that it was worth their lives to attempt to go through areas that were under a withering machine-gun fire; yet through these death-swept spaces raced the trusty dogs, carrying precious messages. In territory that was soaked with gas, special masks were provided for the dogs. Naturally, it took some patience on the part of the trainers to induce the dogs to wear these masks, for they were clumsy and uncomfortable, and, of course, a dog's

first impulse would be to tear it off with his paws.

Commanders early found that there was little to be gained from having hundreds of men in the front-line trenches unless these men could be supplied readily and steadily with food and ammunition. In performing this highly valuable service, the dogs proved of genuine worth, and in many a hot engagement they were kept busy trotting to and fro with their precious burdens. Special harnesses were devised, and pouches that would contain various articles, from hot soup cans to hand-grenades. Whenever the enemy concentrated artillery fire on a certain stretch of trench, the men in that sector would have to depend almost entirely on dogs to bring up supplies and ammunition. What a royal greeting must have awaited the dog that brought cans of hot soup to hungry fighters in the front trench, and with what frantic eagerness must that dog have been welcomed that brought up twenty shells for the 37-millimeter cannon or 250 rounds of ammunition for the machine-gun! Repeatedly, at critical moments, the faithful dogs helped to turn the tide of battle.

Many are the stories that are told of these willing workers. For instance, there was Pyramus No. 1818, a patrol-scout in the Vosges Mountains. One day Pyramus was caught with a dozen men in a surprise attack behind the French lines. They sought refuge with a battalion that was in an advanced position not yet consolidated. In a few minutes they were surrounded, and complete destruction threatened them. Although they numbered more than five hundred men and could put up a desperate defense, they could have no hope of escape unless reinforcements should be rushed to them. How were they to send word of their danger?

Up spoke the dog's master, "Let me try with Pyramus." No sooner said than done. The important message was securely fastened in the dog's collar-pocket, and then the man and the dog started out toward their

FRENCH WAR-DOGS IN CAMP AND THEIR KEEPERS

French Official Photograph

ALASKAN DOGS IN WAR SERVICE IN THE VOSGES

own line. At noon the next day the man came limping back. There was a bullet in his leg and a gaping shell-wound in his shoulder.

"Where 's Pyramus?" his comrades shouted.

"He went on," was his answer, and then he fainted dead away.

That afternoon the *Boches* felt more secure than ever of their prey, but there was a genuine surprise in store for them, for from the French lines sallied a body of troops coming to the rescue on the double-quick. Pyramus had gone through!

Then there was Artemis, the great Dane, that saved a regiment and had a dinner given in his honor; and there was Frou-frou, the mongrel cur that made his way into Verdun one black night, bearing his message although half of his jaw had been shot away.

These examples might be multiplied a hundred times, and yet they would fail to give an adequate conception of the all-important work done by these eager helpers. The war has come and swept its course and passed away, and these dogs that were gathered to take their part in the great conflict have scattered to all parts of France. yet their days of service are not over. In dozens of hamlets these dogs have become the companions of the soldiers who have been blinded or crippled in the war, and are still showing that devotion which has won for them an unsullied reputation for loyalty on a thousand battle-fields.

IF that old robber takes one of my kids, and I can get to him, he 'll have me to whip."

Little Abel Yancey looked skyward over the great mountains, in whose mighty shadow he stood, gazing at the powerful golden eagle wheeling in indolent superiority over a solitary peak.

"He thinks he can do as he pleases; and last week, when brother Ben was minding these here goats, he came swooping down and carried off a kid. If he tries that kind of thing with me, there 's going to be a fight right here in this pasture. He need n't think he can feed his young ones on our little kids."

Abel's threat to whip the great eagle, judged in the light of the small lad's very frail appearance, did not seem impressive. Indeed, had the great marauding bird of the lonely mountain decided to make one of his fierce falls upon Abel, and had borne him away, the thing would not have seemed incredible. Abel was not ten; and his singularly slight build made him appear even younger. But in his clear blue eyes was a light

that told the story of spirit and courage and determination. Therefore his remarks concerning the soaring eagle formed no idle threat. Those who knew little Abel knew well that the boy would carry through his purpose with a skill and an independence that did credit to the race of hardy mountaineers from whom he sprang.

Far away in the wild heart of those mighty mountains that roll their blue breakers westward from North Carolina into Tennessee, nestled among the purple peaks and looking down into the fair valleys,—now misty, now violet with the lights of evening or of morning, now veiled in thunder-storms,—there you might see the tiny cabin of Brant Yancey, the home of little Abel. You should not think of these people as only mountaineers, for they belong to that great race of stalwart pioneers who came from highland Scotland, and who, in spite of the rigors of poverty, have retained admirably the pride, the haughty honesty, the high spirit of their ancestors.

Singular, indeed, was the calling of this particular mountain-man. He was a herder of goats. He had many flocks; and these he rented to neighbors who, having lumbered their land, wanted to get rid of the undergrowth. Goats can accomplish this arduous task, and the Yancey goats were known for a radius of many a long mountain mile. Usually the goats needed no attention; but in the late winter and the early spring, when the young were born, they had to be guarded. In those wild mountains were wildcats, panthers, and eagles. It was against these enemies that little Abel, eight miles from home, was watching one of the largest of the Yancey herds. He had with him no weapon save a stout hickory stick. Toward sundown he would drive this herd into the central pasture down the mountain; where his father and his brothers would bring theirs, and there the goats would spend the night, their number, their manner of herding for the dark hours, and a rude stockade making for safety. But in these high and separate pastures the watchers were responsible for the safety of the creatures under their care.

Abel, sturdy in spirit, though slight of frame, felt the full weight of this responsibility; and when he saw the great eagle wheeling as if for a fall, he was instantly aware of the menace. He knew enough of eagles to realize what his present duty was and what was the meaning of the lordly bird's peculiar manœuvers in the air.

"I believe," he said, "I 'd better take these here goats and kids down the mountain. It 's early, but I don't like that thing flying up yonder. He 's powerful quick."

Through the still mountain pasture, now shimmering in the sunlight of mid-afternoon and in the delicate greens of the first month of the springtime, the voice of Abel now sounded out. He called the goats together; his voice was high and pleading. From almost every direction they came running; the playful little kids scampered, gamboled, and jumped in frolic over the huckleberry bushes. They knew well what the call meant; and they were obeying it willingly. Up the bushy slope an old ewe walked slowly with her two kids. One was a jetty black, and the other a soft brown. They were wee things, and very appealing in their innocent beauty.

"That old Betty yonder surely is slow," said Abel, his eyes resting with affection and amusement on his favorite of the whole flock. "She thinks most as much of them two kids as Brother Ben and I do," he added with a smile.

But the smile on his boyish face changed into an expression of sudden rage. As if he had been shot out of a gun, he rushed down the mountain.

"You, there!" he cried in his shrill voice. "You black robber! You, there!"

Gasping and swinging his hickory stick in a fury, he rushed down upon the mighty golden eagle that had fallen upon the brown kid. Abel thought to reach the huge bird before it rose. It had seemed to stay on the ground a long time. He knew it was fixing its long talons in its helpless prey. But the boy was too late. The eagle's powerful wings beat the air with ponderous strength. By the time Abel reached the spot where he had been, the dark marauder was as high as the chestnut-sprouts. Gripped in his cruel talons was the pitiful victim. Near the boy, the old mother goat cowered, her other baby quaking in the shelter of her flank. She bleated mournfully. After one glance at her, Abel's eyes followed the eagle's flight. Instead of crossing the deep valley, the great bird beat steadily up the mountain-side. Far up amid the plume-like, solitary pines, there was a gray cairn of rocks, almost a mile from where the boy stood. It was upon these rocks that the eagle alighted. And from something in the eagle's behavior, visible even at that distance through the crystal mountain atmosphere, Abel could not doubt but that he was looking at the eagle's eyrie.

"That 's where he has his nest," the boy said; "and I 'm going up there. I don't know but maybe the brown kid will still be alive. Leastways, I can tell Ben and the others that I did something and was n't asleep. I may get the chance to fight him yet," he added, with a brightening face, as he turned his steps with quick decision toward the dim pathway leading up the wild mountain.

It was a strange sight to see the slight, bare-

footed lad running with agile steps up that rain-gulleyed pathway. There was no other human being within miles. Down in the pasture, all would have been safe and quiet. But he was going, on his own initiative, into certain danger. Abel Yancey, however, thought not of the danger, but of a duty he owed his father, who had trusted him to guard one great herd of the goats. Blood tells; and it tells best where there are no witnesses, no substitutes, and where the stakes may be life and death.

It took Abel scarcely ten minutes to reach the shelf of rocks that joined the beetling gray cairn to the mountain-side. There, sheltered by the gloomy pines, he looked out over the gray cliff upon which he had seen the golden eagle alight. From his position he could see no eagle, no brown kid, no eagle's eyrie. Abel wondered if he had, by mistake, come to the wrong cliff. But suddenly, even as he doubted, he saw a movement far out on the verge of the lofty cliff.

"It 's the brown kid!" the boy exclaimed. "He ain't dead. I done seen him bat his ear. Where's the eagle?" he asked himself, as he climbed out from under the shadows of the mighty pines and emerged upon the dizzy cliff that sprang outward from the mountain. He had in his hand the hickory stick.

As Abel stepped out on the high rocks that seemed suspended above the valley, he had a sense of his danger. Far below him lay the pasture he had left. The cliff fell away sheerly into space, though hundreds of feet below them there were the grizzled tops of certain storm-blasted trees. The rocks on the promontory were heaped in rude confusion; and some of these gave a kind of shelter, in which the great eagles had made their nest. The male bird, bringing his prey to the cliff, had left it near the lofty brink and had crossed the space between the edge and the eyrie. He was with the young birds when Abel came upon him.

With a harsh hissing of anger and of hate, the eagle beat his way upward. Then he swooped to the point of a rock on the verge of his eyrie. The boy facing him was intent upon one thing: he meant to rescue the brown kid from its desperate position. He could see that it was still alive; once, indeed, it bleated feebly, appealingly.

"I 'm going to get it," said Abel Yancey; "and that there robber, he 's going to try to keep it for himself."

He had stated the problem simply and truly.

As there was no sign of the other eagle, Abel counted on the single enemy alone. Glancing about him carefully, to get his bearings, he saw the robber's nest under a shelving rock. There were young in it; and they were almost feathered. But with them the lad had nothing to do. His eye measured the distance between himself and the kid lying out on the very brink of the precipice. He wondered that the eagle should leave it there. The distance between the little goat and its rescuer was about twenty feet. The gray rocks on the cliff had been worn until they were slippery. There were great seams and cracks in them; and Abel saw at least one gap in the cliff that appeared to have been made by a recent fall of a section of the stone face. Would the beetling brink hold his weight? As he drew nearer to the eagle's prey, would the monstrous bird attack him? Could he keep his balance with the eagle battling with him for the possession of the brown kid? These questions might have arisen in the boy's mind; but his answers to all of them might be found in what he did. Swinging his hickory stick menacingly, he shouted at the eagle, at the same time stepping forward resolutely on those perilous rocks that no human foot, except possibly that of an Indian of the ancient days, had ever trod.

The golden eagle rose on skilful wings, and swung in a great circle behind the boy. It seemed that the big bird was trying to get at Abel's back. The lad turned to face the danger. He whirled his stick and cried out defiantly at his attacker. At the same time he backed slowly toward the terrible brink of the cliff. He watched each step. He frequently paused, for the walking backward made him dizzy. Once, after a backward glance, during which his eye had caught a sight of the empty chasm over the edge of the cliff, he put out his stick to steady himself. The stick seemed not to touch anything, and Abel, to keep his balance, was forced suddenly to let it go. It dropped into the sloping crevice whose bottom it had failed to touch while the boy held it. Abel saw it slide down, then it shot away into space. Its fall showed the mountain lad how a thing looked as it left the hanging crag, and imaged to his mind the dizzy momentum of its drop. At such a moment, almost any boy, having adventured thus far, would have abandoned the attempt of rescue. But, though he now had no kind of weapon, Abel Yancey felt rising in him a determination that he would never yield a foot of space on that cliff to the eagle. Blood of an ancient, heroic race was in his veins, making and keeping him strong.

But as Abel approached the brink of the cliff, he changed his tactics. Watching the eagle carefully, he picked his chance and stooped low; then he lay down on the rocks. The eagle, becoming bolder, swept just over his head. Though the lad did not see the motion, the mighty bird had struck at him with his curved beak. Slowly,

"'IF HE TRIES THAT KIND OF THING WITH ME, THERE 'S GOING TO BE A FIGHT'"

painfully, cunningly, Abel made his way backward over the sloping cliff drawing nearer to the kid.

Evidently the little thing had sensed the attempt to rescue it. At least it knew that Abel, whose hands had petted it, was near. Once, in looking back, the lad saw the kid try to rise. It could not; and for this Abel was glad; for there was danger lest it fall over the cliff the moment it staggered to its feet. The boy had now come to a point just out of reach of the object of his rescue.

Suddenly he felt his bare feet leave the rock. He knew they were over the edge of the cliff. He must go no farther.

All this while he had been keeping the eagle off by sharp shouts and by fiercely striking at the attacking bird with his bare fists. But the wary eagle appeared to know at what a disadvantage he had his enemy—a disadvantage that increased as Abel neared the eagle's prey.

Just as the boy ceased his critical descent, the eagle, now wholly bold, alighted fairly on Abel's back, and the talons that had brought the brown kid so high and so far now raked the lad's flesh. Abel turned swiftly on his back, and the savage bird cleared himself. The boy was now almost within reach of the kid. Shouting at the eagle, he leaned forward toward the pitiful, crumpled little object. The eagle at the same moment, seeing himself about to be robbed of his prey, made a desperate swoop from behind, striking Abel at the base of the neck with his full weight and all the force of his flight. The boy was lifted from the rock—he was hurled forward, almost stunned. He clutched manfully at the brink of the gray cliff. But when he fully came to his senses, all his blood was in his head, and he was hanging partly over the awful chasm.

Dimly, in that fearful moment, he seemed to hear the voice of his father, though it was but through his memory that it sounded.

"Abel," he heard, "be a man; you got to be a man, son!"

It was what his mountaineer father had said to him a hundred times.

"I got to be a man," muttered little Abel, clutching the sharp edges of the perilous cliff. The eagle, in rising from him, had torn his back cruelly, and the sight of the blood from these wounds and of the fearful chasm into which he seemed to be dropping were enough to shake his strength. If he could turn around, he might pull himself to safety. He had tried to push back, but could make no progress that way. He *had* to turn.

The eagle, meanwhile, satisfied now that he had little to fear from the boy, was swinging back toward him. Abel set his teeth, made his muscles hard, and summoned all his strength to turn on the cairn's brink without slipping. He manœuvered with cautious skill, and at last succeeded, although a sudden blow from the eagle's powerful wings unbalanced him. For a moment his feet and legs swung violently over the cliff; but he clutched and gripped a sharp rock with one hand and wriggled his body back upon the ledge until his head was turned away from the chasm and he could no longer see the terrible spear-heads of the blasted trees hundreds of feet below.

He was near fainting, however, when the eagle whirled upon him with a savage blow. The boy struck upward with his free hand, and it came in contact with the bird's great heavy feet. A sudden thought shot like fire through the mountain lad's mind. The eagle was coming for another stroke. He would swoop down again in a moment. His circling took him out over the chasm, then back, then up over his eyrie. Abel watched this route. Holding on now with the strength of a new hope, the boy waited the eagle's return.

And soon the ponderous form swept lower, hovering above its victim. With a deft upward reach of his left arm, Abel caught the eagle fairly about its ankles. Taken by surprise, the great black robber beat its wings powerfully. Abel began to shout. The eagle strained upward, heading in the direction of his eyrie. The boy let the bird struggle. He, too, pulled with all his might, and soon his body was drawn clear away from the edge of the cliff. Then in a moment, realizing that the solid rock was once more beneath his feet, and sure of his safety, he released his hold on the eagle, and the great bird soared off in a disheveled splendor of flight. Abel for a moment sat on a boulder, breathing heavily. His eye was still upon the eagle, now high above the mountain pines.

Suddenly he heard a faint sound beside him. It was the little brown kid. Abel, with great tenderness, took the trembling animal in his arms, and started across the shelf of rocks. In another moment he was in the dim pathway leading down the mountain. He was so busily examining the hurts of the creature he was carrying that he had no thought for his own.

"Old Betty will be glad to get her baby back," he said. Then, thinking of his father, he added in his simple way: "Reckon I 'll tell Pop about this, and tell him not to shoot the eagle, 'cause he helped me to keep from dropping off that there place. I did n't 'xactly whip him," he went on, "but I give him as big a scare, I reckon, as he give me. Ain't it so, you little brown kid?"

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile-run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast in Mr. Donegan's private car and hear the story of how a lynx paid Joe's passage to Cornwall, of Bill Peebles and the black fox, and the Englishman and the hold-up man, and have an adventure with a puff-adder. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug *Bear*. At Half-way Island they find the chicken-soup spring, and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman.

CHAPTER V

THE LIFE ADVENTUROUS

IN the half-light, with a quick motion the Indian boy pulled open his flannel shirt, exposing his bare breast. Just over the heart a curling, twisted, red mark showed. Will remembered that he had seen it often while scouting with Joe in the days when, stripped to the skin, they had started out to win the cabin for the Troop. He had always supposed it to be some kind of a birth-mark, and, knowing an Indian's sensitiveness in regard to such matters, had never even spoken of it to his companion. To-night, as Joe leaned forward so that the flickering firelight shone full upon him, the tattooed totem of the intertwined serpents stood out in bold relief against his brown skin. The great chief looked at it with eyes that seemed to gleam and glow like the flames that leaped up in the dark. Suddenly rising to his feet with a quick, lithe motion, he towered over the boy for a moment and, resting his hands on both of the lad's shoulders, looked long and deep into his eyes and spoke to him in the sonorous Chippewa tongue, which only Jud and Joe understood.

"Ilyamna!" he said at last, while a note of tenderness trembled through his deep voice. "They told me that thou hadst come back, but I would not believe it until I had seen thee and the sign with my own eyes. Be thou welcome, and thy friends, to thy home and thy tribe."

"It is indeed my tribe, O my father," returned the boy, in the same language, "but my home is now near the rising sun. I have journeyed from there with these my friends to be glad that thou art still living and to ask thy help to find what thou and I once did seek." And the boy's voice lowered until the last words were almost in a whisper.

There was a long silence.

"What thou askest is now not mine to give," finally returned the chief. "To-day only those may go to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear, who prove themselves worthy. Once there, he who will may seek. Whether he find or not is for the gods to say. I know," he went on, laying a great arm, knotted and gnarled like the trunk of some old tree, caressingly across the boy's shoulders, "that thou wilt prove thyself worthy, and I hope that thy friends journey with thee. One moon from now, those who be chosen will go. Until then, thou and thine shall dwell in the guest-lodge and Haidahn and Negouac shall teach and test thee and them." Sinking down on his couch again before the fire, the old chief closed his eyes wearily in token that the audience was over.

The five walked in silence for some time after they had left the lodge of the shuman. Something of the mystery and the gloom and the power of the great chief still remained with them. Furthermore, the rest of the Argonauts found themselves regarding Joe with an entirely different feeling from what they had ever had before. It was disconcerting suddenly to find that the boy with whom they had played and joked at home was a prince of the blood royal. Even Will, who knew Joe better than any of the others, and Jud, who had the profoundest disrespect for any and all Indians, found themselves uncon-

sciously treating him with a certain amount of deference, while Haidahn, proud chief as he was, ever since the shuman had publicly recognized the boy Ilyamna as of his blood, was almost humble when he spoke to him.

Although it was only an hour or so after midnight, yet in those high latitudes the sky was already light. Far away, near the entrance to Oonimak Pass, through which they had come, they could see the snow-covered head of Mount Lituya towering dead and dumb, while just across the bay, all black and blood-red, the vast volcano of Shishaldin muttered to itself. At a great flat rock, which faced the bay at a long distance from the great chief's dwelling, they sat down, while Joe told them what he had said.

"It means," said Will, at last, in a low voice, "that no one goes to the island who has n't proved his courage."

Joe nodded silently.

It was Fred who relieved the situation. "That lets me out," he said disconsolately. "I 'm one of the best cowards in the world. Anyway, you took me along on account of my running."

From that night they lived in the guest-lodge. Every day Haidahn called soon after the morning meal and guided them on hunting trips farther and farther into the wild interior of the island or on fishing voyages through the troubled seas that beat against the rocky shores of Akotan. By degrees, Jud and the boys became acquainted with many of the prominent warriors and chiefs. They all differed from each other, not only in appearance and disposition, but in some cases even in race. A century before, this Athabascan tribe had taken refuge on the island from the Russian freebooters and fur-collectors who had oppressed them. After they had won for themselves the title of the Free People, many adventurous spirits flocked to them from different tribes. Those who showed themselves worthy were taken into the tribe, and many of them became chiefs and rose to high rank in the council of the Free People. Among these was Negouac, with whom the boys became much more intimate than they ever did with Haidahn. He was short and swarthy, with a wide, smiling face, and was nearly as broad as he was high. He called himself an Innuit, which Jud explained was the same as an Eskimo. Negouac proved to be a man of enormous strength and of a wandering, adventurous disposition. As Haidahn's time was more taken up with the affairs of the tribe, it was Negouac who at last accompanied them on all of their trips. Unknown to themselves, the Argonauts were being tried and trained for the tests which later would decide whether any or all of them would go to Goreloi.

The first of the every-day adventures of the Argonauts came one stormy morning. All night long a gale had howled in from the southeast and the surf boomed and bellowed against the cliffs. As the boys sat down to breakfast, a new sound came from the sea, which drowned even the boom of the surf. It was a deep bass roar, with that curious subterranean quality which can be heard in the roar of a full-grown lion. First one, and then another, and then a whole chorus of these roars would sound from the sea. Each one started as a muttering note, lower and deeper than was ever sounded on any organ made by man. Gradually it seemed to come up to the surface and swell in volume until it ended in a full-throated roaring note like the blast of some tremendous bass steam-whistle. When the full chorus was in cry the air fairly vibrated with the tremendous notes. Just then Negouac came panting and running up to the lodge.

"Hurry," he said. "Sea-lions have come."

Ten minutes later the Argonauts had joined the hunters of the tribe. To the Free People, the arrival of the sea-lion was an important event. Largest of all the seals except the sea-elephant, which is found only in antarctic waters, the sea-lion furnished the tribe with material for their boats, their tents, and their clothes, as well as large stores of meat and oil. As the party reached the shore of one of the bays, they saw a great sight. Beyond the rocks, such a surf boomed and dashed as the boys had never seen before. Tremendous breakers ten feet high would come roaring up, to break on the rocks and sand with a crash. It would seem as if nothing living would dare to venture among their mighty, tossing heads. Yet there, swimming, playing, bobbing, enjoying the danger, and roaring down even the crash of the falling waters, was a great herd of sea-lions. The enormous males, ten and eleven feet long, would thrust their tawny chests and short, grizzled manes far out of the water and roar, while around them sported the females, about half their size. As the hunters watched them, they came closer and closer to shore. Suddenly the whole herd seemed to dash toward them through mid-air as they rode the crests of the mighty breakers. At times they would disappear like ghosts, only to reappear again on the tiptop of the surging billows. Riding the surf with marvelous balance and speed, just as it seemed to the watchers on the shore as if every one of them must be crushed on the rocks and ground to pieces under the weight and smash of the falling waters, each lion shot out of the smother of foam and landed far up the beach, as lightly and buoyantly as if they had been made of cork. Hauling themselves up beyond the reach of the waters,

one by one the herd took their places, until half a hundred or so were scattered here and there far along the beach. The old males, as they reared up their heads, necks, and mighty chests, towered fully six feet in height. Each seemed to be made up of two animals. The one in front was a beast of tremendous size, strength, and girth, measuring perhaps nine feet around the chest. The hind quarter was a small, narrow trunk, tapering off into puny, feeble, hind flippers. As they first came out of the surf the sea-lions were of a dark chocolate-brown and black color and their skins, covered with short hair, glistened as if they had been oiled. After the herd had found their places, the younger ones frolicked and played in and out of the water and through the surf like puppies. Their supple spines, with ball-and-socket joint attachments, allowed them to bend and curve as if they had been made of India rubber. Well beyond the wash of the waves, the battered, scarred old males lay by themselves. With their long heavy necks, their sinister muzzles, their lips snarling back over fierce, glittering teeth, and red-and-white bull-dog eyes, they looked like sullen, savage, dangerous beasts. Yet old Negouac told the boys that these creatures were dangerous only to one another and would always fly from man.

When at last the herd was fairly set, the hunters stole down from behind the rocks and, crouching in the dim light, crept on all fours across the surf-beaten sand, taking advantage of the shelter of every boulder, until they had formed a line between the surf and the greater part of the herd. Then, springing to their feet, the whole band, waving their arms over their heads, shouted and yelled like demons, rushing toward the unsuspecting herd. In a second, in spite of their fierce aspect, every sea-lion there, old and young, started off with a mad rush. Now a sea-lion, when startled, can sprint for a few yards at quite remarkable speed, considering that it has to depend upon flippers instead of paws. Moreover, it always moves in the direction in which it is faced. Those that are faced toward the surf dash toward the surf and nothing can stop them. Old Jud had no knowledge of this peculiarity, and as he was prancing around, shouting and waving his arms with the rest of the band and watching the herd scatter, he suddenly saw bearing down upon him like a battle-ship a huge male. Its tremendous chest and head towered fully six feet high, and it roared as it rushed down upon him, gnashing with its glittering teeth in a most terrifying way. In spite of its appearance, the animal was only intent on escaping; and if Jud had stepped two feet to one side, he would have been perfectly safe. He did step the necessary two feet, and kept on stepping at an extraordinary rate of speed for one of his age. Without even glancing back, he sprinted down the beach like a race-horse, convinced that the towering beast was close upon his heels. Even the stolid hunters grinned as they watched him skim along the sand long after the escaping sea-lion had been lost to view in the surf, while the Argonauts doubled themselves up with laughter.

"Keep it up, old man!" shouted Fred; "you 've broken the fifty-yard record and I 'll bet you break the hundred."

At the shout, Jud glanced over his shoulder, and, seeing that he was no longer pursued, slowed down and came back slowly to the grinning group. "I just stepped out of the way of that roaring, ramping old lion," he explained. "Then I felt sort of cold so I thought I 'd jog up and down the beach to get warmed up."

"Some jog!" remarked Fred.

His turn, however, came next. After the hunters had rounded up those of the herd which had not escaped into the surf, they started to drive them over to the killing-grounds just outside of the village, where they were slaughtered like cattle and skinned and dressed for the tribe's yearly supply of leather and oil. In spite of their menacing appearance, the whole herd was easily driven. If they stopped to rest too long, they were prodded into motion again from behind. If they attempted to straggle off to one side, they were frightened back by hand-clapping. One of the hunters carried a blue-gingham umbrella, which must have come to the tribe from the trading-station on the mainland. In any case, where some determined animal insisted upon breaking out of the line, this umbrella was at once brought up. Suddenly opened, it was sufficient to frighten back even the fiercest of the herd. Fred, unfortunately for himself, made the mistake of believing that, because a sea-lion will not attack a man, it is incapable of defending itself. Accordingly, when one big male balked and refused to go on, Fred walked up close to its menacing front and prodded it with a stick. Just as he did so, his foot slipped and he fell flat on the slippery stones right in front of the vast brute. Like lightning, the great head shot down and the fierce jaws gripped Fred's back. He struggled to release himself in vain. A sea-lion has been known to crush quartz pebbles in its teeth as if they were brittle lumps of sugar. Fortunately for Fred, the grip of the teeth was in his clothes and not in his flesh. With a flirt of its mighty neck, the great lion whirled the boy up six feet from the ground and flipped him off into the air without an effort, ripping his coat, sweater, and shirt completely off his back. As

"SWIMMING, PLAYING, BOBBING, ENJOYING THE DANGER, WAS A GREAT HERD OF SEA-LIONS"

he fell sprawling and kicking, Negouac, Joe, and Will, who were nearest, leaped forward and caught him before he struck the rocks.

"Striker's out!" bellowed Jud, like an umpire. "Batter up!"

When Fred was once more on his feet and looking around in a dazed way, the old man pulled off his coat and put it on him.

"The next time, son," he remarked, "instead of makin' funny cracks at older an' better men than yourself, you keep out of lions' mouths."

After the sea-lion round-up was over, Negouac took them fishing. For the first time, Will and Fred were initiated into the use of bidarkas, as the natives named the little craft in which they were accustomed to fish and voyage far and fast. These arctic canoes were made of a light framework of cedar and willow withes, lashed together with sinews, and were covered with untanned sea-lions' skins, which were sewed on while they were wet and soft. When these skins dried out, they contracted and bound the whole frame as taut as the parchment of a drum. Each bidarka was smeared over with thick seal-oil, and was always hauled out and dried carefully in the wind after being used. One of the bidarkas had two man-holes, while the other had three. Joe took charge of the smaller one with Will, while Negouac, Jud, and Fred were the crew in the three-holed vessel. Will took one look at the skin-covered boats and then suggested to Negouac that they go out in their own canoes. The suggestion was repelled with scorn by the chief.

"White man's boat only good for children," he remarked. "Bidarka the boat for men."

"Drowned men, I should say," remarked Fred, as he also looked doubtfully at the double-prowed, square-sterned, narrow craft in which they were to venture out on the icy, treacherous waters of the most dangerous sea in the world. Negouac only grunted. Each one of the crew was fitted out with a waterproof garment known as the *kamlayka*, a kind of sweater made of the skin of the hair-seal, waterproofed with seal-oil, and smelling, as Fred said, like a fish-market. Each Argonaut was furnished with *tarbosars*, long, comfortable boots made of sea-lion skin with the thick leather of the flippers for the feet. Besides all these, old Negouac wore a kind of outer vest made of membrane, lined with feathers, and ornamented with tufts of dyed hair and goose-quill work. Moreover, in order to show that he was quite accustomed to the ways of white men, Negouac wore a high silk hat, which some joker at the trading-station on the mainland had once sold to him. Joe warned them that a chief must never be laughed at, but it was all that the boys could do to keep their faces straight every time they looked at his head-piece. Once, indeed, he caught Fred doubled up behind him in noiseless convulsions.

"What the matter with you?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Something hit me on the funny-bone," gasped the boy.

"Never mind him, chief"; broke in Jud; "he has these fits at times."

It took Will and Fred some time to learn to balance these curious little boats and to use the narrow-bladed paddles which went with them. Far out among the rocky islands they anchored with a long line made of kelp with a round stone for an anchor, and fished for cod with lines made of braided sinews fastened to clumsy wooden hooks. In spite of this tackle, they were soon hauling in great silvery cod, haddock, and pollock. The fish bit well, but, like all cod, were not gamy.

"It 's like catching an iron safe," objected Will, as he hauled up a ten-pound, unresisting cod. Then he pulled up a sea-spider, a hairy, horrible crab a foot in diameter, and nearly upset the bidarka in trying to keep out of its way as it came into the boat sprawling and biting and clawing. A moment later an exquisite jelly-fish drifted past, a mass of translucent, opalescent pink and blue and gold, with streaming tendrils ten feet long. In spite of a warning shout from Joe, Fred tried to pick it up; but as he thrust his bare arm among the many-colored streamers, they stung like a hundred nettles. His flesh was covered with rows of white welts like enormous mosquito-bites. Jud was greatly amused.

"Pickin' jellyfish is a good deal like pickin' bumble-bees," he observed from his boat. "It can be done, but it 's apt to be a little wearin'."

Just then Jud had a bite, and pulled up a puffer, a curious-looking green fish, with protruding front teeth, green eyes, and sharp spines. As it came out of the water, it grunted violently and commenced to fill itself with air and swell until it was as large as a foot-ball, and bounced on the water like one as Jud indignantly threw it back.

After they got back to shore, the Argonauts took a little walk, while Negouac superintended the preparation of a wonderful fish-chowder.

Some distance up the slope on which the guest-lodge stood, Fred came across a flat stone of such a size that only a strong man could lift it. Under one end, partially concealed in the grass, he noticed a cloud of able-bodied yellow-jackets flying in and out of a round hole. It did not take much knowledge of natural history for him to decide that their nest was concealed under that stone, and he made up his mind to get back at Jud, if possible, for his jeers about the jellyfish. Poking a long stick in the hole he quickly aroused

"IN SPITE OF THEIR FIERCE ASPECT, EVERY SEA-LION STARTED OFF WITH A MAD RUSH"

the whole stinging, fighting swarm. Then, retiring to a safe distance, he waited until the little fighters had gone back into their nest, knowing that now the merest touch would send them out ready to sting their worst. The stage thus set, he prepared to have Jud play the principal part.

"There is n't a man here can do it," he declaimed loudly, winking at Will and Joe as they came toward him.

"I 'll bet I can," played up Will, not knowing at all what he was talking about.

"I do anything you do," was Joe's contribution. It was enough.

"What 's all this talk about, anyway," demanded Jud, hurrying up. "Whatever it is, you can bet the old man can do it better."

"No, Jud," said Fred, kindly, "this is n't for you. Something went under that stone, but it's too big for anybody here to lift."

"You fellows make me tired!" said Jud. "Any grown man can twitch that stone up in a minute."

"No, no, Jud," broke in Will, who still had no idea what the joke was about, but saw what Fred wanted Jud to do. "You might have been able to do it once, but you 'd probably break a tendon now. You want to remember, Jud, you 're not as young as you used to be."

That was the last straw.

"I 'll show you!" hissed Jud, and springing ahead of the boys, he wound his wiry, knotted hands in under the beveled edge of the rock, and, with a tremendous tug, pulled it up and tipped it over so rapidly that he fell over backward with it. As the stone turned over, there came into view a round gray globe about the size of a muskmelon built against the stone and fitted into a little hollow in the ground under it. Out from the hole at the end of this nest poured a perfect cloud of striped, stinging, buzzing, swarming yellow-jackets. In a second they swarmed over Jud, stinging early and often, while the rest of the Argonauts basely fled. Jud squealed and rolled and ran and rolled again, stung through even his tanned and toughened skin.

As they sat down to the chowder that evening, Jud observed an icy silence and a dignity so profound that no one even dared refer to the incident of the afternoon. "Try some more chowder, Jud," finally ventured Fred. "It 's very soothing."

"Yes," chimed in Joe. "Give Chief Jud some more fish. Fish don't sting."

"Some do," murmured Fred, looking at his puffed-up hand; "and if I remember right, one of my friends nearly killed himself laughing.

They do say, though," he went on, "that he who laughs last, laughs best."

Over Jud's swollen and weather-beaten face a slow grin spread painfully. "I 'm stung all right," he said, "an' you 've got the last laugh—so far."

That night Death, the great adventurer, visited the Argonauts in disguise. It had been a long and eventful day, and the tired boys slept deep in the starless twilight which in those high latitudes takes the place of night in summer. The skin flap which served as a door to the guest-lodge had been left open for air, and the Argonauts slept in a half-circle wrapped up in soft furs. Only old Jud, although he slept, still kept the alertness which a long life of danger and adventure had taught him. It was the hour after midnight, when men sleep soundest, that there filtered through Jud's sleep a strange sound of crying. At the same instant some saving instinct aroused the wilderness-trained Indian, and Joe and Jud raised their heads almost together. Through the opening the pale light of the half-hidden sun shone dimly. At first they could see nothing, but around and about the lodge something was hurrying, making a fretting little wailing noise, like the cry of a feeble sick child. It was enough for both of them. With one movement Jud sat up in bed and drew from out a cunningly hidden holster, which night and day went under his left armpit, an automatic.

"Don't move," hissed Jud, as the Indian boy scrabbled among the bed-clothes, trying in vain to get his hand upon his revolver. "Quiet! quiet!" he whispered; "it 's close to Will."

As he spoke, a small black-and-white animal trotted with short stiff steps right along Will's sleeping body. Its ground-color was black, and there were three long stripes running longitudinally from the back of his head, with a white stripe on the pointed muzzle. Around the lower part of his back were two circling white stripes, and half of his small bushy tail was snowy white. It was the little spotted skunk of the Northwest.

Joe had stopped moving as the old man spoke, but his face was wrinkled with agonized lines as the little animal burrowed and sniffed its way along the sleeping body. As Will lay, it was impossible for Jud to shoot; only when the beast reached his shoulder would he be able to have a clear shot against the light of the opening. Even then, only an expert with a revolver would dare try it. The least deflection would strike the sleeping boy in the face or cut through his shoulder. The old man never moved, and only with his eyes did he warn Joe from stirring. As the crying, nuzzling animal came nearer and nearer to the boy's exposed face, the muscles in Joe's right hand became tenser. Finally it stood on the boy's shoulder and wailed fretfully almost in his ear as it stretched forth like a flash its long pointed muzzle, whose tiny, gleaming teeth were covered with a white froth. Quick as the thrust of the animal was, the shot from Jud's automatic was quicker. Shooting from his hip, he sent a soft-nosed bullet directly back of the fore shoulder of the little beast, and the impact whirled it through the air and dashed it to the ground, mangled and lifeless. Will had already been awakened by the sound of its crying, and, at the crack of the revolver, started up along with Fred. They saw Jud sitting tense and motionless, and Joe, with a face of horror, struggling out of his tangled bed-clothes. In the light of the doorway they caught a glimpse of the mangled black-and-white body. Joe threw himself upon Will with more emotion than his chum had ever seen him display.

"He not bite you? No scratch, no mark?" he demanded, turning Will's face toward the light.

"No, why should he?" said Will.

"Thank God for that!" spoke up Jud, for the first time. "I could n't shoot before, an' I was afraid that I might have been too late."

"What 's all this fuss about a dead skunk?" broke in Fred. "Are they so dangerous?"

"Son," said Jud, solemnly, "if you knew what hydrophobia means, you 'd say they were! Every once in awhile, in the Northwest, these little spotted skunks go mad. When they do they always bite a sleeping man in the face if they can. When that happens, the man dies. It may be in two weeks, or it may not be for a year, but he is doomed."

"How do you tell that one is mad?" broke in Will, beginning to realize what he had escaped.

"Mad skunk," explained Joe, "always cry and cry until he kill some one."

At this moment old Negouac came in, aroused by the sound of the shot. As he saw the mangled skunk and noticed the white froth around the pointed muzzle, his round face set in stern lines.

"Who kill that?" he asked.

Joe pointed to Jud. The old Indian stepped up to the trapper and made the same sweeping gesture, with arms spread out in front, that Haidahn had made when he approached the shuman.

"You kill evil spirit who come back to earth and take many of our tribe," he said. "You go to Goreloi for that."

Jud laughed a little sheepishly.

"That 's nothin'," he said. "I 'm glad I did it an' I want to go to Goreloi, but I 'm not goin' because I killed a skunk. You 'll have to let me pass some better test than that."

(To be continued)

THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic"

CHAPTER I

TALES IN THE RAIN

"'How should I your true love know,
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. . . .'" . .

It was the fourth time that Felicia, at the piano, had begun the old song. Kenelm uncurled his long legs, and sat up straight on the window-seat.

"Why on earth so everlasting gloomy, Phil?" he said. "Is n't the rain bad enough, without that dirge?"

"The sky 's 'be-weeping' him, just the way it says," said Felicia. She made one complete revolution on the piano-stool, and brought her strong fingers down on the opening notes of another verse.

"'He is dead and gone, ladie,
He is dead and—'"

Kenelm rose and removed his sister bodily from the stool, for all that she was fifteen and nearly as tall as he.

"The piano 's just been tuned," she protested, struggling back, "and the thing has *such* lovely, cruddly, doleful chords, lambkin."

" 'Cruddly' 's not a word. And for pity's sake, don't call *me* 'lamb'!"

"Mr. Sturgis, then. Kirk likes it—don't you, honey?"

The child who leaned beside the piano raised his dark head, and turned to her a vividly responsive face and shadowed, unseeing eyes.

"I like *all* the songs you sing," he said, putting out his hand to her with the slight hesitancy of the blind. "Let her do it, Ken—please!"

Kenelm swung him suddenly up and perched him on top of the piano, where he recovered himself with a small gasp, half startled and half amused. He was never quite prepared for this brother who swooped on him unexpectedly out of the darkness.

"Oh, take him off!" Felicia objected. "I don't want his boots dangling at my ear while I 'm playing."

"You 're not playing," Kenelm said; "and they 're sandal shoon."

Felicia wrinkled her nose slightly at him, patted the warm brownness of Kirk's nearest leg, and dashed into the air of "Rolling down to Rio." Kenelm joined in vigorously—it was a song he liked to sing—and Kirk chuckled appreciatively at the armadillo "dilloing in his armor." Halfway through the second "Ro-o-o-o-oll," when Kenelm was achieving startling coloratura effects at the top of his voice, Felicia stopped like a shot.

"Good gracious! Mother 's lying down with a headache," she said. "I 'd quite forgotten."

"Why didn't you tell a fellow?" Kenelm exclaimed, a little breathless after his flight of notes; "that 's a mean shame. Cut along, Kirk, and tell her we 're sorry. Here—here I am; slide down me."

Kirk descended from the piano by way of his brother's arms, got his bearings at the doorway, and was gone like a shadow up the stairs, his hand safely on the balustrade.

"I hate her to have headaches," Felicia said, swinging about a little on the piano-stool. "Poor dear! so often. She never used to."

Kenelm sat down again in the window-seat. He knew that Felicia was anxious about their mother, and he himself shared her anxiety. The queer code of fraternal secrecy made him refrain from showing any sign of this to his sister, however. He yawned a little, and said, rather brusquely:

"This rain 's messing up the frost pretty well. There should n't be much left of it by now."

"Crocuses soon . . . " Felicia murmured. She began humming to an almost inaudible accompaniment on the piano:

" 'Ring, ting, it is the merrie springtime. . . .' "

The rain rolled dully down the clouded window-panes and spattered off the English-ivy leaves below the sill. They quivered up and down on pale stems—bright, waxed leaves, as shining as though they had been varnished.

Kirk drifted in and made his way to Felicia.

"She 's better," he observed. "She said she was glad we were having fun." He frowned a little as he ran his finger reflectively down Felicia's sleeve. "But she 's bothered. She has think-lines in her forehead. I felt 'em."

"You have a think-line in your own forehead," said Felicia, promptly kissing it away. "Don't *you* bother."

"Where 's Ken?" Kirk demanded.

"In the window-seat."

Thither Kirk went, a tumble of expectancy, one hand before him and his head back. He leaped squarely upon Ken, and made known his wishes at once.

"See me a story—a long one!"

"Oh, law!" Kenelm sighed; "you must think I 'm made of 'em. Don't crawl all over me; let me ponder for two halves of a shake."

Kirk subsided against his brother's arm, and a "think-line" now became manifest on Kenelm's brow.

"See me a story"—Kirk's own queer phrase—had been the demand during most of his eight years. It seemed as though he could never have enough of this detail of a world visible to every one but himself. He must know how everything looked—even the wind, which could certainly be *felt*, and the rain, and the heat of the fire. From the descriptions he had amassed through his unwearied questioning, he had pieced out for himself a quaint little world of color and light,—how like or unlike the actuality no one could possibly tell.

"Blue is a cool thing, like water, or ice clinking in your glass," he would say, "and red 's hot and sizzly, like the fire."

"Very true," his informants would agree; but for all that, they could not be sure what his conception might be of the colors.

Things were so confusing! There, for instance, were tomatoes. They were certainly very cool things, if you ate them sliced (when you were allowed), yet you were told that they were as red as red could be! And nothing could have been hotter than the blue tea-pot, when he picked it up by its spout; but that, to be sure, was caused by the tea. Yet the *hot* was n't any color; oh, dear!

Ken had not practised the art of seeing stories for nothing. He plunged in with little hesitation, and with a grand flourish.

"My tale is of kings, it is," he said; "ancient kings—Babylonian kings, if you must know. It was thousands and thousands of years ago they lived, and you 'd never be able to imagine the wonderful cities they built. They had hanging gardens that were—"

Felicia interrupted.

"It 's easy to tell where you got *this* story. I happen to know where your marker is in the Ancient History."

"Never you mind where I got it," Ken said. "I 'm trying to describe a hanging garden, which is more than you could do. As I was about to say, the hanging gardens were built one above the other; they did n't really hang at all. They sat on big stone arches, and the topmost one was so high that it stuck up over the city walls, which were quite high enough to begin with. The tallest kinds of trees grew in the gardens; not just flowers, but big palm-trees and oleanders and citron-trees, and pomegranates hung off the branches all ready to be picked,—dark greeny, purpley pomegranates all bursting open so that their bright red seeds showed like live coals (do you think I 'm getting this out of the history book, Phil?), and they were *this*-shaped—" he drew a pomegranate on the back of Kirk's hand—"with a sprout of leaves at the top. And there were citrons—like those you chop up in fruit-cake—and grapes and roses. The queen could sit in the bottomest garden, or walk up to the toppest one by a lot of stone steps. She had a slave-person who went around behind her with a peacock-feathery fan, all green and gold and beautiful; and he waved the fan over her to keep her cool. Meanwhile, the king would be coming in at one of the gates of the city. They were huge, enormous brass gates, and they shone like the sun, bright, and the sun winked on the king's golden chariot, too, and on the soldiers' spears.

"He was just coming home from a lion-hunt, and was very much pleased because he 'd killed a lot of lions. He was really a rather horrid man,—quite ferocious, and all,—but he wore most wonderful purple and red embroidered clothes, the sort you like to hear about. He had a tiara on, and golden crescents and rosettes blazed all over him, and he wore a mystic, sacred ornament on his chest, round and covered all over with queer emblems. He rode past the temple, where the walls were painted in different colors, one for each of the planets and such, because the Babylonish people worshipped those—orange for Jupiter, and blue for Mercury, and silver for the moon. And the king got out of his chariot and climbed up to where the queen was waiting for him in the toppest gar—"

"Don't you tell me they were so domestic and all," Felicia objected. "They probably—"

"Who 's seeing this story?" Ken retorted. "You let me be. I say, the queen was waiting for him, and she gave him a lotus and a ripe pomegranate, and the slaves ran and got wine, and the people with harps played them, and she said—Here 's Mother!"

Kirk looked quite taken aback for a moment at this apparently irrelevant remark of the Babylonian queen, till a faint rustle at the doorway told him that it was his own mother who had come in.

She stood at the door, a slight, tired little person, dressed in one of the black gowns she had worn ever since the children's father had died.

"Don't stop, Ken," she smiled. "What did she say?"

But either invention flagged, or self-consciousness intervened, for Kenelm said:

"Blessed if I know what she *did* say! But at any rate, you 'll agree that it was quite a garden, Kirky. I 'll also bet a hat that you have n't done

your lesson for to-morrow. It 's not *your* Easter vacation, if it is ours. Miss Bolton will hop you."

"Think of doing silly reading-book things, after hearing all that," Kirk sighed.

"Suppose you had to do cuneiform writing on a dab of clay, like the Babylonish king," Ken said; "all spikey and cut in, instead of sticking out; much worse than Braille. Go to it, and let Mother sit here, laziness."

Kirk sighed again, a tremendous, pathetic sigh, designed to rouse sympathy in the breasts of his hearers. It roused none, and he wandered across the room and dragged an enormous book out upon the floor. He sprawled over it in a dim corner, his eyes apparently studying the fireplace, and his fingers following across the page the raised dots which spelled his morrow's lesson. What nice hands he had, Felicia thought, watching from her seat, and how delicately yet strongly he used them! She wondered what he could do with them in later years. "They must n't be wasted," she thought. She glanced across at Ken. He too was looking at Kirk, with an oddly sober expression, and when she caught his eye he grew somewhat red and stared out at the rain.

"Better, Mother dear?" Felicia asked, curling down on a footstool at Mrs. Sturgis's feet.

"Rather, thank you," said her mother, and fell silent, patting the arm of the chair as though she were considering whether or not to say something more. She said nothing, however, and they sat quietly in the falling dusk, Felicia stroking her mother's white hand, and Ken humming softly to himself at the window. Kirk and his book were almost lost in the corner—just a pale hint of the page, shadowed by the hand which moved hesitantly across it. The hand paused, finally, and Kirk demanded, "What 's 'u-g-h' spell?"

"It spells 'Ugh'!" Ken grunted. "What on earth are you reading? Is *that* what Miss Bolton gives you?"

"It 's not my lesson," Kirk said; "it 's much further along. But I can read it."

"You 'll get a wigging. You 'd better stick to 'The cat can catch the mouse,' *et cetera*."

"'MOTHER'S LYING DOWN WITH A HEADACHE,' SHE SAID. 'I 'D QUITE FORGOTTEN'"

"I finished that *years* ago," said Kirk, loftily. "This is a different book, even. Listen to this: 'Ugh! There—sat—the dog with eyes—as—big as—as—'"

"Tea-cups," said Felicia.

"'T-e-a-c-' yes, it *is* tea-cups," Kirk conceded; "how did you know, Phil?—'as big as tea-cups, —staring—at—him. "You 're a nice—fellow," said the soldier, and he—sat him—on—the witch's ap-ron, and took as many cop—copper shillings—as his—pockets would hold.'"

"So that 's it, is it?" Ken said. "Begin at the beginning, and let 's hear it all."

"Ken," said his mother, "that 's in the back of the book. You should n't encourage him to read things Miss Bolton has n't given him."

"It 'll do him just as much good to read that, as that silly stuff at the beginning. Phil and I always read things we were n't supposed to have reached yet."

"But for him—" Mrs. Sturgis murmured; "you and Phil were different, Ken. Oh, well,—"

For Kirk had turned back several broad pages, and began:

"There came a soldier marching along the highroad —one, two! one, two! . . . "

Little by little the March twilight settled deeper over the room. There was only a flicker on the brass andirons, a blur of pale blossoms where the potted azalea stood. The rain drummed steadily, and as steadily came the gentle modulations of Kirk's voice, as the tale of "The Tinder-Box" progressed.

It was the first time that he had ever read aloud anything so ambitious, and his hearers sat listening with some emotion—his mother filled with thankfulness that he had at last the key to a vast world which he now might open at a touch; Ken, with a sort of half-amazed pride in the achievements of a little brother who was surmounting so great an obstacle. Felicia sat gazing across the dim room.

"He 's reading us a story!" she thought, over and over; "Kirk 's reading to us, without very many mistakes!" She reflected that the book might as well, for her, be written in Sanskrit. "I ought to know something about it," she mused; "enough to help him! It 's selfish and stupid not to! I 'll ask Miss Bolton."

The soldier had gone only as far as the second dog's treasure-room, when Maggie came to the door to say that supper was ready. From between the dining-room curtains came the soft glow of the candles and the inviting clink of dishes.

" 'He threw—away all the copper—money he had, and filled his—knapsack with silver,' " Kirk finished in a hurry, and shut the book with a bang.

"I would n't have done that," he said, as Felicia took the hand he held out for some one to take; "I should think all the money he could possibly get would have been useful."

"You 've said it!" Ken laughed.

"Yes," Mrs. Sturgis murmured with a sigh, "all the money one can get *is* useful. You read it very beautifully, darling—thank you."

She kissed his forehead, and took her place at the head of the table, where the candles lit her gentle face and her brown eyes—filled, now, with a sudden brimming tenderness.

CHAPTER II

HAVOC

THE town ran, in its lower part, to the grimy water-front, where there was ever a noise of the unloading of ships, the shouts of teamsters, and the clatter of dray-horses' big hoofs on bare cobblestones. Ken liked to walk there, even on such a dreary March day as this, when the horses splashed through puddles, and the funnels of the steamers dripped sootily black. He had left Felicia in the garden, investigating the first promise of green under the leaf-coverlet of the perennial bed. Kirk was with her, questing joyously down the brick path, and breathing the warm, wet smell of the waking earth.

Ken struck down to the docks; even before he reached the last dingy street he could see the tall masts of a sailing-ship rising above the warehouse roofs. It was with a quickened beat of the heart that he ran the last few steps, and saw her in all her quiet dignity—the *Celestine*, four-masted schooner. It was not often that sailing vessels came into this port. Most of the shipping consisted of tugs with their barges, high black freighters, rust-streaked, and casual tramp steamers battered by every wind from St. John's to Torres Straits. The *Celestine* was, herself, far from being a pleasure yacht. Her bluff bows were salt-rimed and her decks bleached and weather-bitten. But she towered above her steam-driven companions with such stalwart grace, such simple perfection, that Ken caught his breath, looking at her.

The gang-plank was out, for she lay warped in to one of the wharves, and Ken went aboard and leaned at the rail beside a square man in a black jersey, who chewed tobacco and squinted observantly at the dock. From this person, at first inclined to be taciturn, Ken learned that the *Celestine* was sailing the next night, bound for Rio de Janeiro, "and mebbe further." Rio de Janeiro! And here she lay quietly at the slimy wharf, beyond which the gray northern town rose in a smoky huddle of chimney-pots.

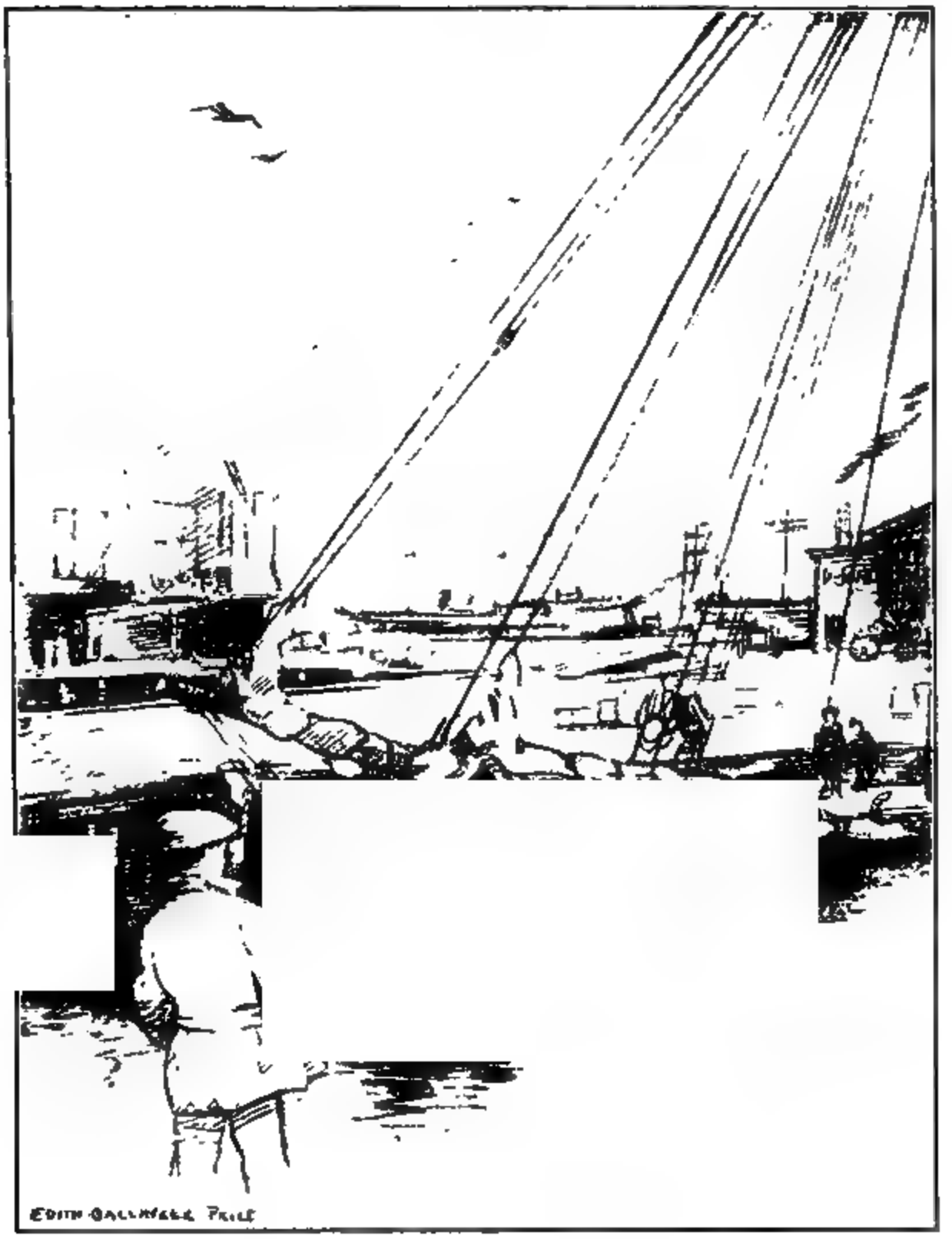
Behind Ken, some of the crew began hoisting the foresail to dry. He heard the rhythmic squeak of the halliards through the sheaves, and the scrape of the gaff going up.

"Go 'n' lend 'em a hand, boy, since yer so gone on it," the jerseyed one recommended quite understandingly. So Ken went and hauled at a rope, and watched the great expanse of sodden

gray canvas rise and shiver and straighten into a dark square against the sky. He imagined himself one of the crew of the *Celestine*, hoisting the foresail in a South American port.

"I 'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I 'm old . . . "

The sail rose steadily to the unsung chorus. Ken was quite happy.



"HE SAW HER IN ALL HER QUIET DIGNITY—THE *Celestine*, FOUR-MASTED SCHOONER"

He walked all the way home—it was a long walk—with his head full of plans for a seafaring life, and his nostrils still filled with the strange, fascinating, composite smell of the docks.

FELICIA met him at the gate. She looked quite done for, he thought, and she caught his sleeve.

"Where *have* you been?" she said, with a queer little excited hitch in her voice. "I 've been almost wild, waiting for you. Mother 's headache is horribly worse; she 's gone to bed. A letter came this morning, I don't know what, but I think it has something to do with her being so ill. She simply cries and cries—a frightening sort of crying—and says, 'I can't—I can't!' and wants Father to tell her what to do."

They were in the hall by this time.

"Wants *Father!*" Ken said gravely. "Have you got the doctor, Phil?"

"Not yet; I wanted to ask you."

"Get him—quick."

Ken ran upstairs. Halfway, he tumbled over something crouched beside the banisters. It was Kirk, quite wretched. He caught Ken's ankle.

"Mother 's crying," he said; "I can hear her. Oh, *do* something, Ken!"

"I 'm going to," said his brother. "Don't sit here in the dark and make yourself miserable."

He recollected that the landing was no darker for Kirk than any other place, and added: "You 're apt to be stepped on, here—I nearly smashed you. Hop along and tell Maggie that I 'm as hungry as an ostrich."

But however hungry Ken may have been as he trudged home from the docks, he was not so now. A cold terror seized him as he leaned above his mother, who could not, indeed, stop her tears, nor tell him more than that she could not bear it, she could not. Ken had never before felt quite so helpless. He wished, as much as she, that his father were there to tell them what to do—his tall, quiet father, who had always counseled so well. He breathed a great thankful sigh when the doctor came in, with Felicia, white faced, peeping beside his shoulder. Ken said, "I 'm glad you 'll take charge, sir," and slipped out.

He and Felicia stood in Kirk's room, silently, and after what seemed an eternity, the doctor came out, tapping the back of his hand with his glasses. He informed them, with professional lack of emotion, that their mother was suffering from a complete nervous breakdown, from which it might take her months to recover.

"Evidently," said he, "she has been anxious over something, previous to this, but some definite shock must have caused the final collapse."

He was a little man, and he spoke dryly, with a maddening deliberation.

"There was a letter—this morning," Felicia said, faintly.

"It might be well to find the letter, in order to ascertain the exact nature of the shock," drawled the doctor.

Ken went to his mother's room and searched her desk. He came back presently with a legal envelop, and his face was blank and half uncomprehending. The doctor took the paper from his hand and skimmed its contents.

"Ah—*hm.* 'United Stock . . . the mine having practically run out . . . war causing further depreciation . . . regret to inform you . . . ' *hm*, yes. My dear young people, it appears from this that your mother has lost a good deal of money—possibly all her money. I should advise your seeing her attorney at once. Undoubtedly he will be able to make a satisfactory adjustment."

He handed the paper back to Ken, who took it mechanically. Then, with the information that it would be necessary for their mother to go to a sanitorium to recuperate, and that he would send them a most capable nurse immediately, the doctor slipped out—a neat little figure, stepping along lightly on his toes.

"CAN you think straight, Ken?" Felicia said, later, in the first breathing pause after the doctor's departure and the arrival of the brisk young woman who took possession of the entire house as soon as she stepped over the threshold.

"I 'm trying to," Ken replied, slowly. He began counting vaguely on his fingers. "It means Mother 's got to go away to a nervous sanatorium place. It means we 're poor. Phil, we may have to—I don't know what."

"What do they do with people who have no money?" Felicia asked dismally. "They send them to the poor-farm or something, don't they?"

"Don't talk utter bosh, Phil! As if I 'd ever let you or Kirk go to the poor-farm!"

"Kirk!" Felicia murmured. "Suppose they took him away! They might, you know—the State, and send him to one of those institutions!"

"Oh, drop it!" snapped Ken. "We don't even know yet how much money it is Mother 's lost. I don't suppose she had it all in this bally mine. Who *is* her attorney, anyway?"

"Mr. Dodge,—don't you remember? Nice, with a pink face and bristly hair. He came here about Daddy's business."

There was a swift rush of feet on the stairs, a pause in the hallway, and Kirk appeared at the door.

"I told Maggie," said he, "and supper 's ready. And what 's *specially* nice is the toast, because I made it myself—only Norah told me when it was done."

Ken and Felicia looked at one another, and wondered how much supper they could eat. Then Ken swung Kirk to his shoulder, and said:

"All right, old boy, we 'll come and eat your toast."

"Is the crackly lady taking care of Mother?" Kirk asked as they sat at supper, over a piece of his famous toast.

"Yes," said Felicia. "Her name 's Miss McClough. Why, did you meet her?"

"She said, 'Don't sit in people's way when you see they 're in a hurry,' " said Kirk, somewhat grieved. "*I* did n't know she was coming. I think I don't like her much. Her dress creaks, and she smells like the drug-store."

"She can't help that," said Ken: "she 's taking good care of Mother. And I told you the stairway was no place to sit, did n't I?"

"I 'VE managed to find out *something*," Ken told Felicia, next day, as he came downstairs. "Mother would talk about it, in spite of Miss McThing's protests, and I came away as soon as I could. She says there 's a little Fidelity stock that brings enough to keep her in the rest-place, so she feels a little better about that. (By the way, she tried to say she would n't go, and I said she had to.) Then there 's something else—Rocky Head Granite, I think—that will give us something to live on. We 'll have to see Mr. Dodge as soon as we can; I 'm all mixed up."

They did see Mr. Dodge, that afternoon. He was nice, as Felicia had said. He made her sit in his big revolving-chair, while he brought out a lot of papers and put on a pair of drooping gold eye-glasses to look at them. And the end of the afternoon found Ken and Felicia very much confused and a good deal more discouraged than before. It seemed that even the Rocky Head Granite was not a very sound investment, and that the staunch Fidelity was the only dependable source of income.

"And Mother must have that money, of course for the rest-place," Felicia said.

"For Heaven's sake. don't tell her," Ken muttered.

His sister shot him one swift look of reproach and then turned to Mr. Dodge. She tried desperately to be very businesslike.

"What do you advise us to do, Mr. Dodge?" she said. "Send away the servants, of course."

"And Miss Bolton," Ken said; "she 's an expensive lady."

"Yes, Miss Bolton. I 'll teach Kirk—I can."

"How much is the rent of the house, Mr. Dodge, do you know?" Ken asked. Mr. Dodge knew, and told him. Ken whistled. "It sounds as though we 'd have to move," he said.

"The lease ends April first," said the attorney.

"We could get a little tiny house somewhere," Felicia suggested. "Could n't you get quite a nice one for six hundred dollars a year?"

This sum represented, more or less, their entire income—minus the expenses of Hilltop Sanatorium.

"But what would you eat?" Mr. Dodge inquired gently.

"Oh, dear, that 's true!" said Felicia. "And clothes! What *do* you think we 'd better do?"

"You have no immediate relatives, as I remember?" Mr. Dodge mused.

"None but our great-aunt, Miss Pelham," Ken said, "and *she* lives in Los Angeles."

"She 's very old, too," Phil said, "and lives in a tiny house. She 's not at all well off; we should n't want to bother her. And there is Uncle Lewis."

"Oh, *him!*" said Ken, gloomily.

"It takes three months even to get an answer from a letter to him," Felicia explained. "He 's in the Philippines, doing something to Ignorants."

"Igorrotes, Phil," Ken muttered.

"He sounds unpromising," Mr. Dodge sighed. "And there are no friends who would be sufficiently interested in your problem to open either their doors or their pocket-books?"

"We don't know many people here," Felicia said. "Mother has n't gone out very much for several years."

Ken flushed. "And we 'd rather people did n't open anything to us, anyhow," he said.

"Except, perhaps, their hearts," Mr. Dodge supplemented, "or their eyes, when they see your independent procedure!" He tapped his knee with his eye-glasses. "My dear children, I suggest that you move to some other house—perhaps to some quaint little place in the country, which would be much less expensive than anything you could find in town. Your mother had best go away, as the doctor advises—she will be much better looked after, and of course she must n't know what you do. I 'll watch over this Rocky Head concern, and you may feel perfectly secure in the Fidelity. And don't hesitate to ask me anything you want to know, at any time."

He rose, pushing back his papers.

"Don't we owe you something for all this, sir?" Ken asked, rather red.

Mr. Dodge smiled. "One dollar, and other valuable considerations," he said.

Kenelm brought out his pocketbook, and carefully pulled a dollar bill from the four which it contained. He presented it to Mr. Dodge, and Felicia said:

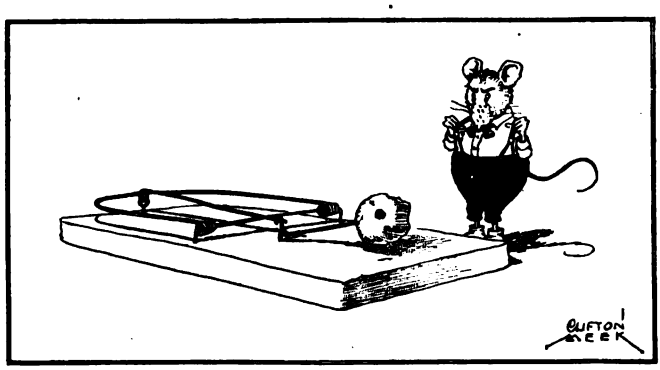
"Thank you so very, very much!"

"You 're very welcome," said the attorney, "and the best of luck to you all!"

When the glass door had closed behind the pair, Mr. Dodge sat down before his desk and wiped his glasses. He looked at the dollar bill, and then he said—quite out loud—

"Poor, poor dears!"

(To be continued)



JOHNNY MOUSE: "WELL! SO THEY 'VE DECIDED TO TRY KINDNESS!"

THE WIND OF MARCH

By LIVINGSTON B. MORSE

I LOVE the days when, wild and shrill,
The wind comes marching up the hill
With tattered banners flying high
Against the far blue of the sky.

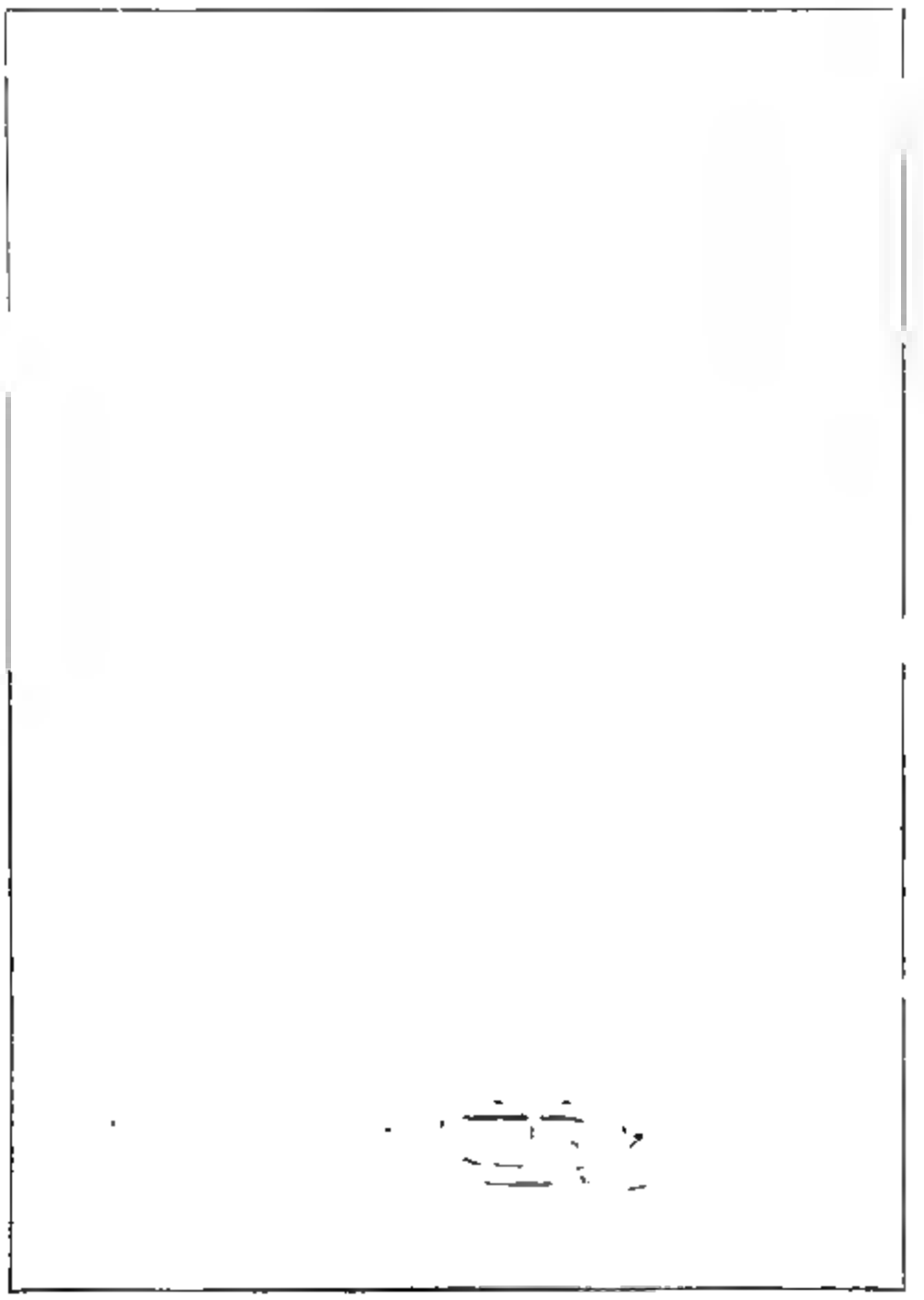
When through the hanging wood he comes,
I hear the muttered roll of drums;
And, as the branches clashing meet,
The measured tread of marching feet.

Cupped in the meadow, down below,
Lie patches, here and there, of snow;
And little pools he ruffles through—
Each with its twinkling eye of blue.

He sways the elm-tree, fair and tall,
Beside the mossy garden wall,
And swings the poplars to and fro,
That stand, like soldiers, in a row.

I love his merry, boisterous fun;
I lean against him as I run;
And when I turn about and laugh,
He buffets me with blustering chaff.

Sometimes I wish I were the wind,
That I might fly so far and free,
To tell the tales he has to tell,
And sing the songs he sings to me.



THE FAIRIES' FISHING-POOL

FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—VI

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

THE FIRE-DEPARTMENT

In our last chapter we observed that it would hardly be safe to have a stove in the village store because of the danger of fire. We shall have to be very careful about fires anywhere in the village, because the houses would burn up in a jiffy if ever they caught fire. All our labor would go for naught, because we could hardly expect to have the houses insured. It is high time we organized a fire-department to take care of any

Fig. 3.

"A FIRE-ENGINE THAT WILL REALLY PUMP WATER"

emergency, and it must be a real fire-department with a fire-engine that will really pump water.

THE ENGINE-HOUSE

It will not be necessary to go into minute details about the construction of the fire-engine house. We have done enough building by this time to know how to put up a building like that shown in Fig. 1 (see next page), without having to have a complete set of plans and specifications.

The engine we are going to build, with the ladders on it, will take up about four feet of space. If we use one of our standard boxes, we must turn it so that one of the 3-foot sides forms the front of the house; that will make the house 4′-0″ deep.

The house should have a hose-tower at one side, in which the fire-hose can be hung up to drain out. This can be made of two or three boxes set one on top of the other. The size of the boxes does not matter very much. The ones shown in the drawing are 2′-0″ square and 4′-0″ long. The hose can be hung over a rod at the top of the tower. We must have double doors on the main part of the fire-house, and a sign reading, "Engine No. 1" over the doorway.

THE FIRE-ALARM

We cannot afford to have a fire-bell to call the volunteer firemen when they are needed, but village fire-departments usually use a big iron tire or hoop instead, and maybe we can find one or buy one from a junk-dealer. The bigger it is, the louder will be its tone. The tire should be sawed through at one side and sprung apart, so that it will act like a big tuning-fork. It is not a very difficult matter to saw the tire with a good hack-saw, using plenty of oil under the saw-blade and some patience behind it.

Having prepared our tire, the next step is to build a bracket, *A* (see Fig. 2), at one side of the tower near the top, from which the tire, *B*, is suspended by a link of wire, *C*. Then we must rig up a hammer, *D*, to strike the tire. A real hammer would be ideal if we could spare one; otherwise we can use a stone for our hammer-head and fasten it with wire or a stout cord to a stick or handle.

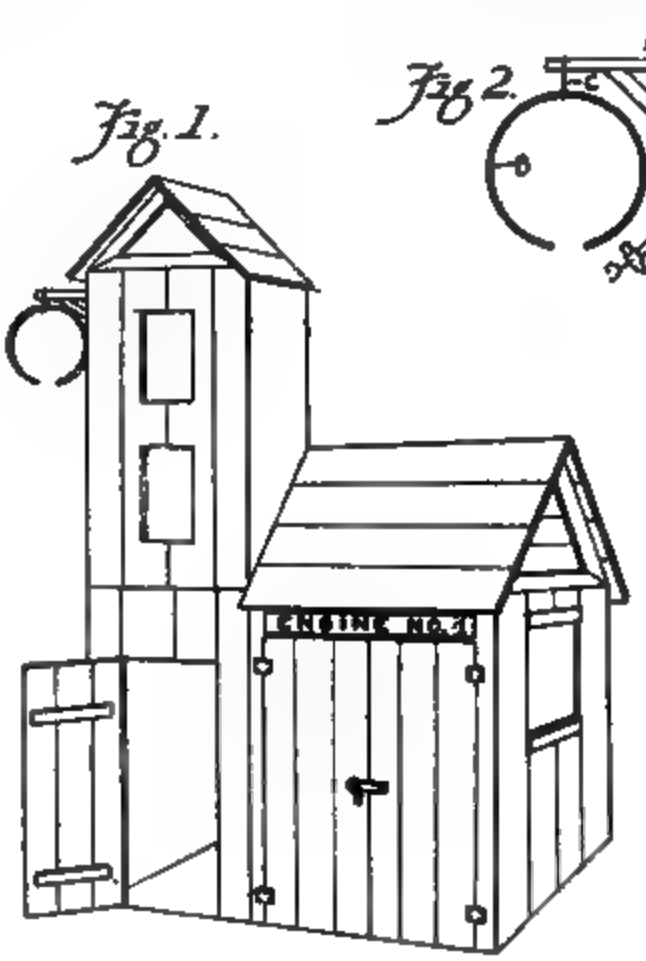
A hole is bored through the handle, as shown at *E*, and then a nail is driven through the hole into a bracket, *F*. A cord, *G*, is fastened to the end of the handle and passes through a screw-eye in the side of the tower. The bracket, *F*, must be so adjusted that, when the cord is pulled, the hammer will strike the tire, but there must be a knot in the cord just above the screw-eye to prevent the bell-ringer from pulling the cord so far that the hammer will rest against the tire and dampen its sound.

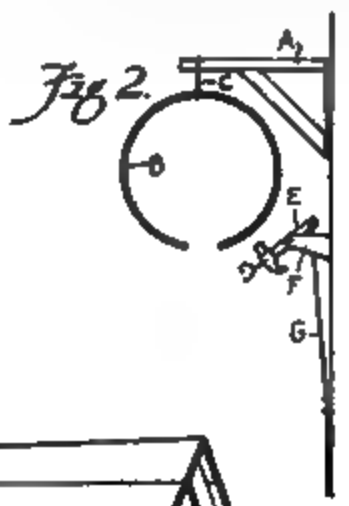
THE FIRE-ENGINE

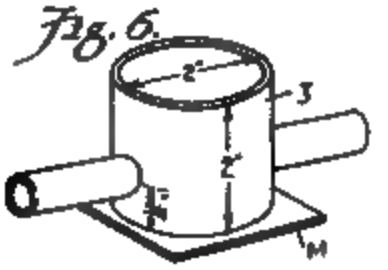
AFTER completing our fire-engine house, the real task will be to build the engine. Fig. 3 shows how the engine will look.

First of all we must get a couple of good-sized tin cans for our pump cylinders. Large tomato-cans will do, but, better still, use a couple of biscuit-cans. There is a size that comes about 6″ in diameter and 10″ high. A 4″ can, 6″ high will do if larger ones are not to be had, but the plans given below call for 6″ x 10″ cans. Next we must get four pieces of ½″ pipe, two of them 16½″ long, and two of them 6″ long. By the way, what is known as a ½″ pipe is really much larger than that; it actually measures ⅝″ inside and nearly ⅞″ outside. If we cannot get iron pipe, we may use mailing-tubes of as near ¾″ inside diameter as we can find for the 16½″ pieces. We are going to bed these pipes in Portland cement, and so, if mailing tubes are used, they must be waterproofed by soaking them in melted paraffine. For the shorter pieces, or at least the outer ends of them, we shall have to use iron pipe, because to them the hose will be attached. In addition to the pipes and tubes so far mentioned, we shall need four pieces of mailing-tube, each of 2″ outside diameter and 2″ long.

Now we are ready to make our mold-box, which must be 2′-2″ long, 8″ wide, and 4″ deep, all inside measurements. This box is shown in plan in Fig. 4 and in section in Fig. 5. On the bottom of the box, inside, draw a center line, *A*, *B*, lengthwise of the box, and two lines at right angles to this, *C*, *C*, and *D*, *D*, 18″ apart, or 4″ from the ends of the box. Where these lines intersect, our two cylinders, *E* and *F*, are to be set up. Two holes must be bored in the ends of the box, one for the inlet-pipe, *G*, and the other for the outlet-pipe, *H*. The drawings show the position of the holes. They must be 1½″ above the bottom of the box. Next we must take our four pieces of 2″ mailing-tube and cut holes in them just large enough to admit the pipes. The tube sections are to serve as wells, and they are indicated by the letters *I* and *J* in Figs. 4 and 5. It will be seen that the wells *I* have but one pipe leading into them, while the other pair, *J*, have two pipes leading into them from opposite sides. The holes for the pipes must be cut ¾″ from the lower end of the wells, as shown in Fig. 6. The bottom of







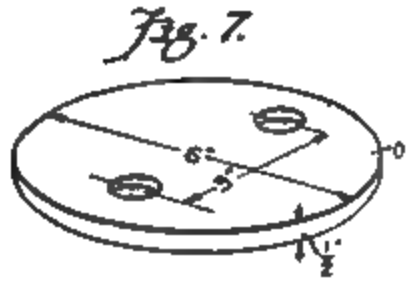
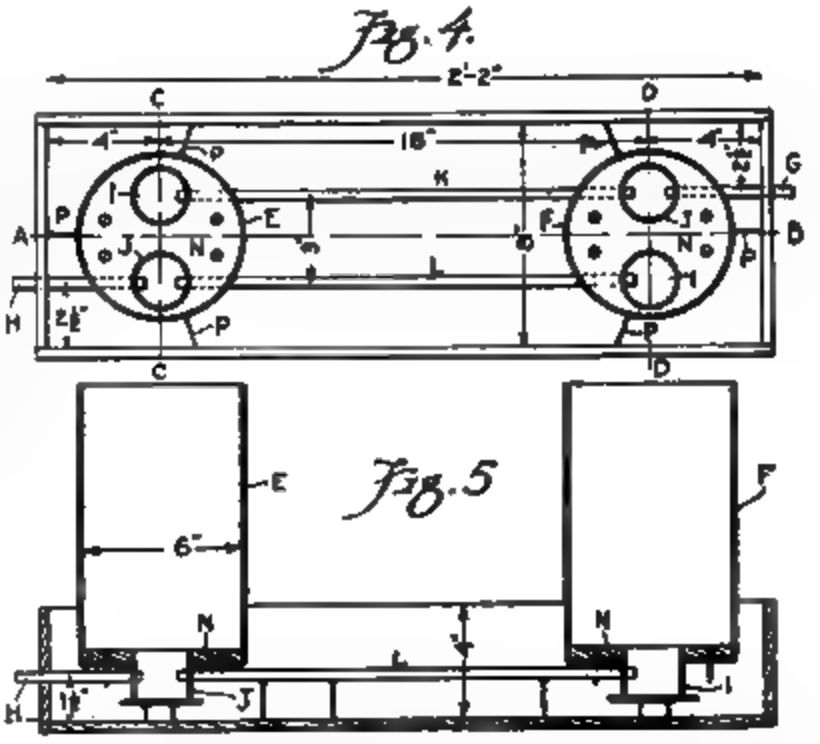
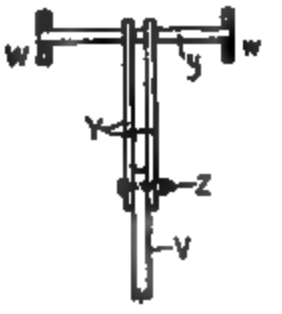


Fig.





ENGINE-HOUSE, FIRE-ALARM, AND DETAILS OF FIRE-ENGINE CONSTRUCTION

each well must be closed by a piece of heavy cardboard, *M*, fastened on by driving pins through it into the edge of the well. Then the well must be soaked in melted paraffine to make it waterproof. The proper way to melt paraffine is in a double boiler, or in a pan set in a larger pan filled with boiling water. This done, the pipes are assembled in the mold-box, with the wells resting on tacks driven into the bottom of the box, and the pipes *K* and *L* resting on long nails. The joints between the pipes and the wells are sealed with paraffine to prevent the cement from leaking in. Leaks must also be stopped around the inlet- and outlet-pipes where they pass through the mold-box.

Now we may turn to the cylinders of our pump. Two holes are cut in the bottom of each can to admit the wells *I* and *J*. These holes do not have to be carefully cut, as they need not be a close fit. The best plan is to cut them with a chisel, bending the jagged edges outward. Then comes the most difficult task of all. We must cut four wooden disks of the size shown in Fig. 7. Two of them, *N*, must have 2″ holes in them carefully cut to fit over the wells *I* and *J*, while the other pair, *O*, should have $\frac{3}{4}$″ holes in them for the pump-valves. These disks do not have to fit the pump cylinders perfectly. Great care must be taken to cut the holes in them without splitting the wood. A scroll-saw can be used to saw out the holes. The disks must be soaked in paraffine, and it will be well to do this before cutting them, so that they will not swell out of shape when they soak up the paraffine. At first we shall need only the disks *N*, which are set in the bottom of the cylinders and fitted over the wells, as shown in Figs. 4 and 5. Long screws are driven through the disks *N* and through the bottoms of the cylinders, and are then allowed to project into the mold-box. To hold the cylinders level, long nails are driven into the sides of the mold-box, as shown at *P*, *P*, *P*, *P*, and these are bent up or down until the cylinders line up perfectly parallel to each other and at right angles to the mold-box. This done, we are ready to pour the mold.

Take some Portland cement and some coarse, sharp sand; make sure the sand is clean by washing it free of all mud and clay. Then let it dry. Now take one part dry cement to two of dry sand and mix them thoroughly with a trowel; after which, pour in enough water to make a thin, creamy batch. Fill the mold-box with the mixture until the cylinders are embedded to a depth of half an inch, or up to the top of the disks *N*.

While the cement is hardening we can make our valves. These are disks of leather, *Q* (Fig. 9), about $1\frac{1}{4}$″ in diameter, reinforced with blocks, *R*, of $\frac{1}{8}$″ wood, to which the leather is tacked. These blocks also should be paraffined. Each leather disk has an extension at one side which is tacked to the disk *O* and serves as a hinge. The valves on the inlet side are hinged to the upper face of the disks *O*, and those on the outlet side to the lower face of the disks. Brass hooks, *S*, are screwed into the disks *O* to catch the valves and keep them from opening too far. A block of wood, *T*, Fig. 8, must be nailed to the center of each of the disks *O* to keep the pump piston from striking the inlet valves or the hooks *S*.

The pistons are now made out of disks of wood to which leather straps, *U*, are tacked. The ends of the leather straps should be cut on a slant, as shown in Fig. 8, and the rough side of the leather should be on the outside. The piston disk should be about one inch in thickness, but the strap should be wider, say 2″. The piston should be paraffined before being cut, and so should the piston-rod, *V*. The piston-rod is about an inch in diameter and tightly driven into a hole in the piston to which it is made fast by means of a couple of thin nails driven in on a slant. The piston-rods will have to be 6″ long. Cans are usually formed with a seam on the inside, which will bother us some in fitting the pistons to the cylinders, but the leather can be jammed tightly enough to fit around the seam without letting any great amount of water leak past.

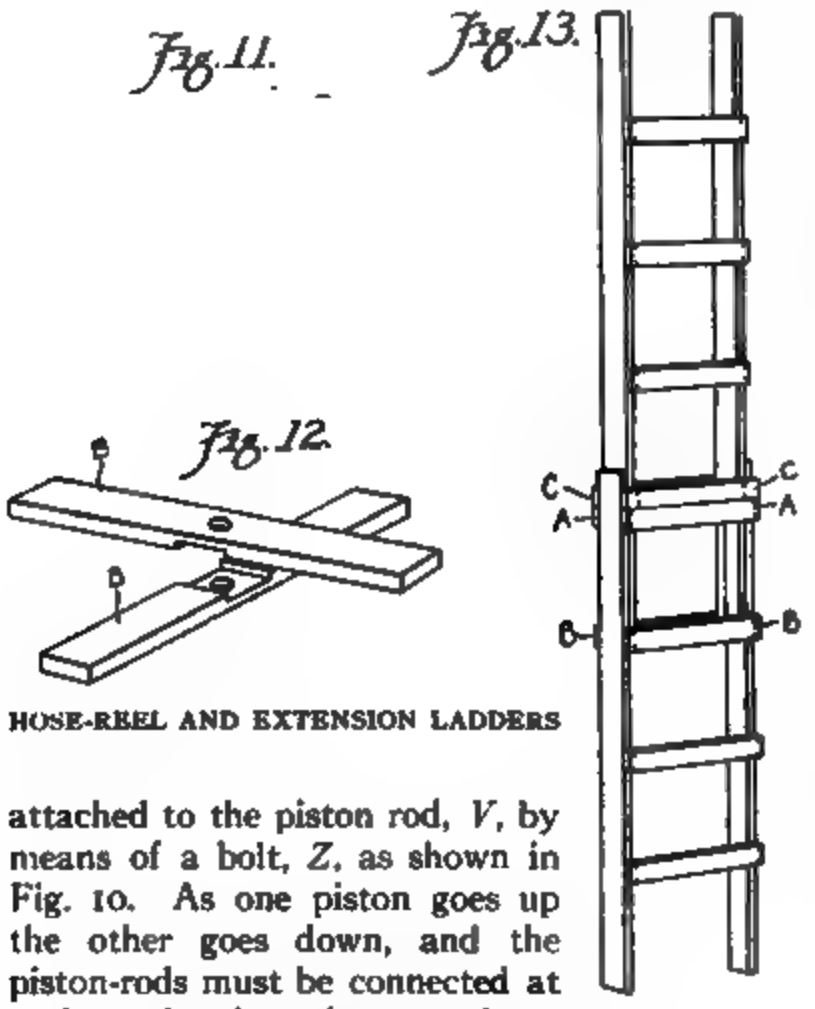
If the cement is now hardened, we can proceed to do some more work on the cylinders. Our pump is to have a stroke of only about 3″, but we are likely to put so much of a strain on the cylinders that they may burst open, and so we had better reinforce them with cement. Wet a piece of blotting paper and wrap it around each cylinder to a height of 3″, binding it in place with soft iron wire. Then bend a piece of heavy cardboard around each cylinder, leaving a space between it and the cylinder of about one inch. The cardboard may be held in place at the bottom by nails driven through the sides of the box. The cardboard should be paraffined and bent into shape while still hot. Where it rests on the cement already cast, it should be sealed with paraffine to prevent leakage, but do not smear paraffine on the cement surface inside the cylinder.

A mixture of cement is now poured into the cardboard molds to a depth of three inches. The blotting-paper around the cylinders will absorb the pressure of the cement when it hardens and keep it from distorting the cylinders. After the cement has hardened, the cardboard mold is removed.

The valve disks, *O*, are now fitted into the cylinders and fastened by means of screws driven into the disks *N*. Then each piston is fitted into its cylinder and a strip of wood, *v* (Fig. 8), with a

hole in the center for the piston-rod to pass through, is fastened by a couple of nails to the top of the cylinders. The strips, *v*, serve as guides for the piston-rods. Care must be taken not to distort the cylinders when nailing on the guides.

The pump is operated by a handle, *W*, which is shown in Fig. 3. This swings on a rod, *x*, one inch in diameter supported on a pair of frames, *X*, nailed to the sides of the mold-box. The handle is made of a couple of wooden strips about 3′-0″ long, spaced apart by means of rungs, *w*, at each end. Directly over the cylinders there is another pair of rungs, *y*, of ¾″ to 1″ diameter. Each of these rungs passes through a pair of connecting rods, *Y*, which in turn are



HOSE-REEL AND EXTENSION LADDERS

attached to the piston rod, *V*, by means of a bolt, *Z*, as shown in Fig. 10. As one piston goes up the other goes down, and the piston-rods must be connected at such a point that when one piston is at the bottom of its stroke, the other will be lifted about three inches. The handles, *W*, will move up and down six inches.

The connecting-rods, *Y*, must turn freely on the rungs, *y*, and the joint between the connecting-rods, *Y*, and piston-rods, *V*, must be a free-turning fit. To keep the bolt, *Z*, from working loose, it must be fitted with two nuts, one jammed tightly against the other.

This finishes our pump, and we can test it out by connecting the inlet *G*, by means of a piece of rubber hose, to a pail of water. Then, after wetting the pistons, on working the handle a stream of water will issue from the outlet pipe *H*. The pump is now set in an express-wagon, as shown in Fig. 3.

HOSE-REEL

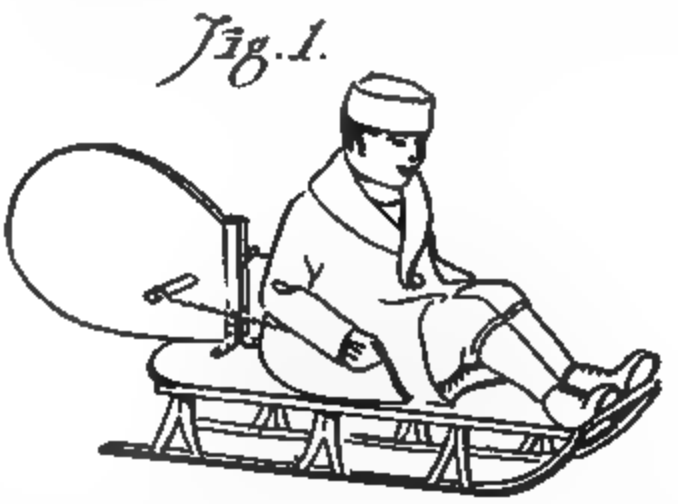
OUR machine will not be complete without a hose-reel. Two peach-basket tops, *A A*, Fig. 11, are each provided with a pair of arms, *B*, which are fitted together as shown in Fig. 12. These are nailed fast to the disks *A*. Then holes are bored through them to receive a wooden shaft, *C*. The two disks, *A*, are connected by means of slats, *D*. The projecting ends of the shaft *C* rest in slots in a pair of uprights, *E*, which are nailed to the front of the express-wagon. When the pump is used, the reel is lifted off the uprights *E* so as not to be in the way of the pump-handle.

EXTENSION LADDERS

OUR engine must also be fitted with ladders which may be carried on hooks set in the frames *X*, as shown in Fig. 3. The ladders should be just under four feet in length, or they will be too long to go into our engine-house, but they can be connected to form a single ladder seven feet long. One ladder is made slightly narrower than the other, so that it will fit between the legs of the other, as shown in Fig. 13. The two upper rungs, *A A*, *B B*, of the wider ladder are double, so as to form a pocket for the legs of the narrower pair. The bottom rung, *C C*, of the narrower ladder is also made double, and the two legs are extended enough to engage the rungs of the wider ladder. Thus a very firm joint is formed when the two ladders are fitted together.

AN AIRPLANE RUDDER FOR THE SLED

HERE is an idea that was sent to the Do-Things Editor. It looks interesting, but the Editor must confess he has not tried it. Nowadays, sleds are steered by flexing, or bending, the runners this way and that. But on a smooth, icy hill, flexing the runners will not always steer the sled. It will



skid, instead of turning, and so one genius has built himself an air-rudder to guide the sled. The drawings show how the rudder is made.

First a wooden barrel-hoop must be obtained. This should be soaked in water for a day or so to make it pliable. Then a 1″ board 4 inches wide is cut to the form shown at *A* in Fig. 2, and the barrel-hoop, *B*, is nailed to it as shown. To brace the hoop, a piece, *C*, is fitted between the hoop and the board *A*. This is held in place by a couple of pieces, *D*, nailed fast. A hole is bored through the pieces *D* and board *A* and a rod, *E*, is driven through it. The forward edge of board *A* is rounded. The rudder is now covered with canvas, drawn taut and tacked fast. A screw, *F*, is driven into the bottom of the rudder, and then its head is filed off. This screw fits into a hole in the floor of the sled and serves to hinge the rudder to the sled. A rudder-post, *G*, is fastened to the sled by means of angle braces, and at its upper end there is a heavy screw-eye, *H*, through which a screw is passed and screwed into the upper end of the board *A*. Tiller-ropes are fastened to the rod *E*, so that the coaster may turn the rudder, as shown in Fig. 1. When the sled travels at high speed, the rudder should prove very effective.

Fig. 2.

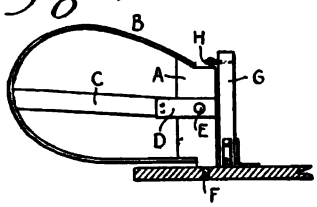


Fig. 1.

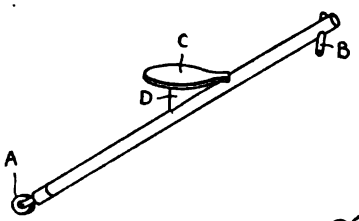
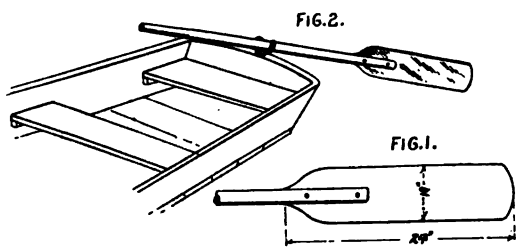


FIG. 2.

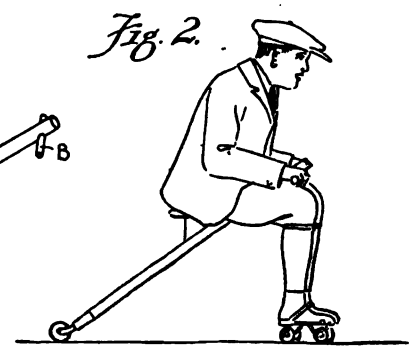


A FISH-TAIL SCULLING-OAR

ANY one who has watched a fish swim knows that he makes himself go by a sweeping movement of his flexible tail. When sculling a boat, this movement is imitated to a certain extent, but it can be imitated more perfectly if we use a sheet of flexible metal for the blade of our oar. Galvanized iron may be used, but the best material for the purpose is a sheet of copper. Take a piece about 10″ wide and 24″ long. Cut off the blade of an oar and make a saw slot in the stump. Fit the copper blade into this, leaving about 18″ projecting. Fasten the blade by means of screws.

This flexible sculling-oar may then be placed in an oar-lock at the stern of a boat, and, by a simple side-to-side swing, the boat may be propelled. In the regular sculling motion the oar-blade is tilted first one way and then the other as it is swung from side to side. The same thing may be done to advantage with the flexible oar to give greater speed to the boat.

Fig. 2.



A HOBBY-HORSE FOR THE ROLLER-COASTER

WHEN coasting down a long hill on roller-skates, the legs have to be held so rigidly that the muscles soon begin to feel the strain as they never would when skating along on the level. But an ingenious boy has hit upon a simple scheme to relieve this condition. He uses a sort of hobby-horse, which lets him coast sitting down. This makes coasting safer because he is not so liable to have a spill if he should hit a raised stone or a brick in the pavement. The coasting hobby-horse is a stick with a caster, *A*, fitted to the lower end of it, and a cross-bar or handle, *B*, to the upper end, as shown in Fig. 1; and a saddle, *C*, is fastened at the proper angle by means of a tapered block *D*. The coaster sits on the saddle with the cross-bar resting across his knees, as shown in Fig. 2, and coasts merrily down hill.

AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF RUSSIA

By EDWARD N. TEALL

SOME of our friends say that Russia is n't even interesting any more. Of course, they are wrong; everything human is interesting! Anything that was n't interesting would be amazing. It depends on the point of view, on your mental attitude, just how much you can get out of what you see, or hear, or read about. The history of ancient Rome is interesting; the history of modern Russia is more interesting—but harder to understand, because we are so close to it. "Can't see the forest for the trees."

One reason why things may seem uninteresting is that we fail to understand just what they mean. A man carrying a football is n't very interesting, all by himself; but when there are eleven men in front of him, fighting to stop him from carrying that ball over their goal-line, it 's exciting. Flour, butter, eggs, milk, salt, and sugar on the pantry shelf are interesting, if you have imagination enough to see them mixed and baked into a cake. And if there are raisins, and citron, and spices on another shelf—why, the possibilities are more than interesting, they 're disturbing!

It 's a mistake for us to say that Russia is wrong because she has n't a government like ours, or England's, or France's, or China's. A nation's government has to fit it, and Russia has n't found the right style or size. We may say try this, or try that; or this is "becoming," the other makes you look a fright. It is for Russia to decide.

Russia in disorder is a menace to the other nations. Russia, sick with Bolshevism, threatens the health of the world. Bolshevism is a contagious disease. If Russia is calm and contented, busy and prosperous, she is a desirable member of the "family of nations." It is none of our business how she manages her own affairs, so long as she does not endanger the peace and comfort of others, and is honorable in her dealings with others.

Imagine yourself in a great airplane, and equipped with eyesight powerful enough to give you a view of Russia and her neighbors. You will need a special kind of vision, enabling you to see, as if in physical form, the motives and purposes of the great masses of population within eye-range. You must be able to see clearly the field and the players.

Here is Russia, at the north of Europe, with Germany west of her, France and England beyond. Sweeping off to the east is Asia, with Japan in the distance; and to the south you will see, with your new powers of vision, lines of connection with other countries that have populations related racially to the Russians. Possibly you will see these different lands in different colors and shades, as they are marked off on the school-book maps. But these colorings indicate something more than political divisions, the territories of different governments. They represent the position of groups of people bound together by natural influences—descent from the same remote ancestors, languages sprung from a common root, similar customs and ways of thinking. This is a mighty interesting sort of geography!

You can see Germany, defeated, disappointed, trying to work out her fate. You can see that she, having planted the seeds of civil war in Russia, is now dreading the fall of the tree's evil fruit on her own soil. You can see some of the Russians defending the tree against those who are striving to hack it down; a bitter struggle, costly, painful—and, as it seems to you, with your sound American ideas, needlessly so. You can see the shadows of the Czars, of Kerensky, and others who have passed out of the fight. You see the raging Reds, and the leaders who have tried to establish a better government. You see the masses of the people, strong, patient, sorely puzzled folk, wanting only peace and the oppor-

tunity to make a living. If this wonderful new power of vision is all that we imagine it, you will get a view of this strange complication such as no man has yet had. We can't even imagine what it would be!

For our part, we suppose Poland would be a supremely interesting part of this picture. Freed of the ancient tyrannies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, she still stands surrounded by those countries, exposed to the spreading influence of their disorders. She has gained an outlet for her trade, and is determined to revive her old-time power and independence. But she stands within a ring of spiteful rivals, and her future is full of disturbing possibilities. Poland is "game"—but we cannot be sure of her continuing wisdom in management. Her people do not all take the same view of her problems, any more than all the people of any nation do. The question is whether they will show sound common sense in getting together on a workable program. It is just the ability to do that thing that keeps England and America going. Our own greatest danger is the weakening of that spirit by the growth of "class" feeling among us and the demand of minorities for power.

Well—we have n't thrown very much light upon the Russian "situation"! But perhaps this idea of an airplane view will help you to know *how* to think about Russia, even if it does n't settle the question *what* to think.

THE ATTACK UPON AMERICANISM

NEXT November the United States will elect a new President. ST. NICHOLAS will come to you only three times more before the national conventions of the great parties name the candidates from whom the next Chief Executive will be chosen. Not a few of our present readers will vote in the coming election; a very great many of them will cast ballots in the next one. Let 's take a preliminary look at the situation.

It 's too early to do much thinking about the chances of one man or another. Whether the President will run again; whether General Pershing may be a candidate; whether Mr. Bryan will take another crack at it; and whether a "favorite son" or a "dark horse" will get the nomination—those things will come up later. Still, it 's good fun to watch for bits in the newspaper about McAdoo and Coolidge, Wood and Underwood, Allen of

THE WATCH TOWER DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN THIS PICTURE. IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

Kansas, and the other men mentioned from time to time as possible "Presidential timber."

The great thing right now is not the men, but the issues. Party lines are not so sharply drawn as they used to be. There is more so-called "independent voting," splitting of tickets, picking out the best men on the ballot, regardless of party. This may or may not be a good thing, it surely is a fact. And if you will read political history, a thrilling story of great battles, you will find that in most elections there is some one vital issue on which the parties take sides, and on which the nation divides in belief. It may be the tariff, or "imperialism," or the trusts, or free coinage of silver, or something else.

In 1860 Americans were debating the question of state rights against federal powers. It could not be settled at the polls, and had to be fought out on the battle-field. In 1920 it will be the question whether this is to be a government of the people, by all the people, and for all the people, or a government by and for conflicting parts of the people. And these very words that come first to mind in stating it show how serious a matter it is: on one side, the Americanism that has made this nation great; and on the other, destruction of the ideals of democratic government for which many, many thousands of brave men have given their lives.

That is the great issue of 1920. The party that gives the best promise of good American government, which means a fair show for all, will win. And every word, thought, and act of good, sound, honest, hearty "old-fashioned" Americanism will help crush the spirit of revolution. As the old Sunday-school song had it, "There 's a work for me and a work for you—something for each of us now to do!"

TWO GERMANIES

THE WATCH TOWER is a department not of news, but of comment. As it has to be prepared well in advance of publication, there is always an unpleasant possibillty of events between the writing and the reading setting the comment out of joint. By a combination of carefulness and good luck, that has n't yet happened. The possibility is mentioned only by way of letting you know what we 're trying to do—and also, perhaps, to show why you must be patient with us if it ever does happen. If you should ever have occasion to write in and point out such a "break," the reply would be: "We 're pleased to see that you 're all so wide-awake." We 'd have the best of it, would n't we?

In January, when this was written, there were riots in Berlin; bombs were being dropped on the mob, there were barbed-wire barriers in the streets, and tanks were being used to defend government property. And at the same time, President Ebert was issuing a proclamation welcoming the return of peace (with all the nations except the United States, Russia, and—is n't it?—China); lamenting the placing of his unhappy country under such a burden of debt and taxes; assuring the world that the present Government, supported by the majority of the German people, has no wish but to live at peace with the rest of the world, and asserting that reports of German plans for world-trade conquest are false.

Perhaps by the time you read this article the riots will have been suppressed—or perhaps the Ebert Government will have been overthrown. In either case, the idea we mean to put before you will still be correct: that there are two Germanies, one ready to make good, as far as it can, for the ruin it has caused; the other ugly, defiant, ready to complete the wreck rather than live at peace with those who stand for honor and right dealing.

For many years it will not be safe for the other nations to fail to guard against this violent Germany. Not until the Germany that Mr. Ebert says he represents is surely in control can the German people expect to be free of suspicion. It is not merely by the will of the Allies, but by the Law of Humanity, that Germany, having followed the Hohenzollerns, must pay the bill they ran up.

ANOTHER GOVERNOR SPEAKS UP

GOVERNOR COOLIDGE, of Massachusetts, Governor Allen, of Kansas, and Governor Gardner, of Missouri, have all been quoted in the WATCH TOWER, with a word of praise for the good sense and courage with which they have spoken and acted in behalf of good government. Now it is the turn of Governor John J. Cornwell, of West Virginia.

Governor Cornwell has never, so far as we know, been a college president. He is a "practical" man, a man of experience in business as well as politics. In handling steel and coal strikes in his State, he acted wisely and firmly.

The Governor of West Virginia said the promise he had made to the people of his State was not that he would try to make it possible for them to live without working or that he would do away with taxes, but that he would try to manage the State's business, the people's business, in a businesslike way. He said also that we have been suffering with political indigestion. The Governor did not use exactly those words, but that 's the idea. We can't live by laws; we live by work. Laws establish the rules of fair play. Prosperity depends upon production.

Governor Cornwel declared that back of our

labor troubles there is a deliberate desire to destroy our present truly democratic form of government. And he said that there were leaders of labor who meant to lessen production in the mines so that the public might be forced to yield to the workers' demands for less work and more pay. Their purpose, he said, was to do away with the wage system and the American custom of private ownership.

Our republic, he said, was established by men who believed in the right of each person to use his own strength and intelligence in his own way, and to possess the fruits of his own skill and industry. Labor has its rights; so has capital. Labor unions, organizations for the protection and benefit of men who work with their hands, are good not only for the workers, but for the public—if managed with proper regard for the rights of others. It is their place to strive to get fair pay for their members and to improve the living conditions of their families.

Individuals, or the men in a body, can quit work if they think they are not being treated fairly. Speaking in a general way, the fact is that if other men can be got to do the same work for less money, that is all that work is fairly worth. If not, then the stoppage of production will make it necessary for employers to pay more —and so the matter adjusts itself.

But, says Governor Cornwell, when any combination of men—"whether investors, or workers" —threatens the public welfare or opposes the Government, then the Government has got to protect the public, the whole body of citizens.

The Government—that is, the men in public office. And this being a democratic nation, that means just these two things: The American people must elect to office clear-headed men of courage; and, having elected such men, the American people must back them against the radicals, the Reds.

WHAT TEACHERS THINK

THE American Federation of Teachers believes that no teacher should be placed in peril of discharge because of anything said outside the school-

room about social, political, or economic problems. "so long as he does not advocate violence or the use of unconstitutional methods." There 's a question for you!

The "right of free speech" is certainly still an American ideal. It never would have been brought into question at all except for the acts of some people who set out deliberately to make trouble. How far can they be permitted to go, without endangering the freedom of others? And where does it cease to be profitable to let them alone, so as not to give them the comfort of pretending to be oppressed? They do like to pose as martyrs! If what they say is not unconstitutional nor a menace to the public peace, why need anything be done at all?

A teacher cannot be one thing in the schoolroom and another outside. Many teachers are discontented, but most of them are good, sensible Americans—and the agitators do not represent the majority. Ask your teacher if it is n't so!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

Underwood & Underwood
PRESIDENT PAUL DESCHANEL

ON January 17, M. Paul Deschanel was elected President of the French Republic. He had 734 votes out of 889 cast by members of the National Assembly. Premier Clemenceau, President Poincaré, and General Foch had a very small number of votes.

ON January 16, representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, Greece, Belgium, Spain, Japan, and Brazil assembled for the first meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. Germany and the United States, Russia and China were among the Powers not present. Many Americans are happy because the United States of America has escaped an "entangling alliance." Are you?

THE other day a friend of mine, with whom I had been discussing political and social conditions, said: "It 's a bad situation. It 's very, very dark—and I can't honestly say I can see any hope of its clearing up soon!" "Clearing up! Clearing up?" said I. "Let me tell you what that expression reminds me of. Once I was stopping at a hotel down on the Jersey shore. It was a bad season, dull and rainy. Some of the guests, impatient, asked the proprietor: 'Will it *ever* clear up?' He took his time about answering. He looked at them solemnly a moment; then, with a wink at me, he said, '*It always did!*'" Remember that, when things look dark: "It always did" clear up! And it will again.

FOR the record's sake, here are some sentences from Ireland's "Declaration of Independence," proclaimed (in Gælic) January 21, 1919:

"Whereas the Irish people is resolved to secure and maintain its complete independence. . . . Now, therefore, we, the elected representatives of the ancient Irish people, in national parliament assembled, do, in the name of the Irish nation, ratify the establishment of the Irish Republic and pledge ourselves and our people to make this declaration effective by every means at our command." The vote was 1,207,151 for independence, and 308,713 against separation from England.

Mr. Lloyd George's plan included two Irish parliaments, one in the north and one in the south.

A FRIENDLY critic—or critical friend—of the WATCH TOWER wrote in the other day to correct an error; never you mind what it was! And he said (says he), "THE WATCH TOWER has large ideas." What a jolly criticism! He did n't say THE WATCH TOWER was mean, or spiteful, or weak, or foolish. No, sir—and ma'am! He said its ideas were LARGE! Now, that 's too good to be kept secret. There are lots and lots of readers of THE WATCH TOWER who know more about its subjects than its writer does; he 's only one man, and there are—well, a quarter of a million readers: heavy odds. And of course the readers are glad to help the writer, and the writer is glad to be helped—and so we all keep going ahead, and going ahead, and getting out of life all the good there is in it.

LOOKOUT HOUSE IN THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL FOREST, WASHINGTON

FOREST-FIRE LOOKOUTS NOW HAVE STANDARD HOUSES

THE growing importance of the Forest Fire Service has led the Government to adopt a standard type of house for erection on lofty lookout points commanding a view of the surrounding region. As many of these houses have to be erected at places that can be reached only over narrow mountain trails, it has been found best to have the timbers and boards cut into short lengths and tied into bundles that can be readily carried on pack-animals. Even at that, it is a difficult job to transport one of these knock-down houses to some distant mountain peak, for the total weight of the lumber, nails, bolts, and other materials that are needed for building one of these houses is in the neighborhood of 6400 pounds. A letter or number is placed on each piece, and thus the constructing officer is readily enabled to put the house together when once the materials have arrived.

The main room of the house is twelve feet square, and has windows on all sides for observation purposes. The cupola that surmounts this room is six feet square and has a continuous band of windows, besides being equipped with all the instruments required for observation and report. Naturally, as these lookout houses stand in spots where the elements have full play, they are exposed to some terrific storms. For this reason the walls and floors are of double construction, as the high winds would soon drive the rain through a building of ordinary construction. To prevent the houses from being blown away bodily, they are securely anchored by cables attached at each corner.

In the Columbia National Forest, standard look-out houses have been erected on Mount Adams, elevation 12,307 feet, and on Mount Saint Helena, elevation 9675 feet; in Rainier National Forest on Kiona Peak, elevation 6100 feet; in the Cascade National Forest on Huckleberry Mountain, elevation 5500 feet; and in Crater National Forest on Windy Peak, elevation 4920 feet, on Mount McLaughlin, elevation 9760 feet, and on Rustler Peak, elevation 6200 feet. On Rustler Peak it was necessary to perch the house on top of a twelve-foot tower to give it the necessary elevation.

The great value of the work done by these lookout men is unquestioned. Time after time they have discovered fires which soon might have gained headway enough to have done tremendous damage. The lookout man on the summit of Mount Hood, at an elevation of 11,225 feet, reported fifty-six fires in 1917 and sixty-four in

1918. On two occasions he discovered and correctly located two fires at the foot of Mount Adams, more than fifty miles away. All but five of the fires that occurred in 1917 between Mount Jefferson and the Columbia River, a distance of eighty miles, were first discovered from the Mount Hood lookout. These five small fires were camp-fires that were not put out, but they were discovered and extinguished before they had a chance to do much damage.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

A CAMERA TRAP-LINE

THE FIRST SUBJECT

To every reader of ST. NICHOLAS who owns a kodak, I desire to say: You do not realize how much genuine sport there is to be had from photography until you start to take pictures of the little folk of the woods and fields.

To the country boy who is looking forward to the time when he will be old enough to use a shotgun or rifle, this story is especially dedicated, for it is my earnest wish to turn his thoughts from a firearm to the hunting camera.

If I promise to show you that all the excitement and pleasure that accompany a trip afield with a gun can be experienced in bagging wild things with a camera, will you give the fascinating pastime at least a fair trial? Please do, and I wager that you 'll never be sorry.

JIM CROW COMES TO THE CAMERA TRAP

Are not pictures from life, of birds and animals much more to be desired, as trophies of the chase, than a mangled heap of fur or feathers? Allow me to explain about the camera trap, and then I trust you will agree with me.

It will be best for us to begin at home, where we can experiment a bit before crossing the borders of wild-life land. Of course, you have a cat. Why not use her as your first subject? Select a

MADAME ROBIN REDBREAST AT HOME (SEE PAGE 472)

tree upon the lawn as your studio, set up your camera on the tripod, and focus it upon the tree-trunk. Then ask Mother for a few yards of fine thread from her work-basket. It should be fine, because it is supposed to be of just sufficient strength to snap the camera before breaking—otherwise, the animal would pull the camera over. The next step is to fasten a small staple, or screw-eye, in the tree. This done, the thread is attached to the shutter trip, and run through the screw-eye to a piece of meat—and the camera trap is set.

It will not be long before Puss, discovering the delicious morsel dangling in such tempting fashion from the thread, will leap for it. As her jaws

"THE DAINTY KILLDEER PLOVER, BROODING ON THE GROUND" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

trating this story has a history. Mr. Crow, after scrutinizing the bait for some time, alighted on the stump and began pecking at the corn. I expected that this would spring the trigger on the shutter, but it was not until one of the crow's legs became entangled in the thread that the trip was released.

REDDY CHICKAREE PRESENTS YOU WITH HIS PICTURE

fasten upon the bait, the thread is drawn taut, the shutter clicks, and you have your first wild-life self portrait.

There are squirrels near you, no doubt. Either Mr. Gray or Reddy Chickaree is seen upon your premises occasionally, I am sure. Let us see if we cannot induce one of these two furry fellows to pose for us. Select a tree where you have seen squirrels scampering about, and nail a small branch across the trunk, at the height of the camera tripod, as a lunch-counter. Then place a nut—a black walnut will do very nicely—upon the branch and connect it with your kodak by means of a thread. When the gentleman with the plumed tail comes to dine, he will present you with his picture.

If you would attract Jim Crow to your camera trap, string a thread with grains of corn and place the bait upon a stump in an open field. You will get him eventually. The crow photograph illus-

"THE GREAT HORNED OWL WILL SIT FOR YOU" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

The result is even a more striking picture than probably would have been secured if everything had worked according to schedule.

Madam Robin Redbreast, sitting upon her four beautiful blue eggs over in the slender pine in the wood-lot, will be delighted if you present her with a luncheon of fat angle-worms, and will give you her portrait in return.

The dainty killdeer plover, brooding on the ground in the south pasture, can be photographed without bait. This may be accomplished in two ways: either by stretching a thread across the nest in such a manner that the bird will push against it as she settles down upon her eggs, or a thread may be run back to a safe hiding-place behind a distant bush where the photographer awaits the opportunity for a picture.

Last of all, the great horned owl, whose booming cry is heard every night over by Cooper's Spring, will sit for you if you place a dead English sparrow on a stump near his home hole. It is also possible, so very fond of sparrow is this forest monarch, that he will brave the light of day to attend the banquet, as did the big chap in the picture.

Now that I have given you a few illustrations of how a camera trap may be successfully operated, and proved to you, I hope, what good fun it all is, will you not surrender, for all time, the thought of killing these small fellow-creatures, and endeavor to procure their portraits for your nature album instead?

Nature photography is the ideal sport for young people. It not only takes them out-of-doors, where rosy cheeks and hearty appetites are found, but it is delightful as well as instructive.

HOWARD TAYLOR MIDDLETON.

OUTWITTING THE DESERT SANDS

IT takes a level-headed, far-sighted engineer to outwit the shifting sands of the desert in southeastern California. They are always on the alert, ever ready to pounce down upon a roadway and obliterate it in a jiffy. What is to-day a hummock of sand may to-morrow be a scooped-out pocket, tricky and treacherous. The engineer who builds a substantial and worth-while highway through such a stretch of shifting scenery must reckon with a foe that will be wide-awake and working every minute of the day and night and will try every scheme to make his work the laughing-stock of the State.

To meet these conditions, the engineers of the California State Highway Commission decided that the best way to outwit the sand king would be to build a portable road, in sections, so that whenever the attacks of the sand got too strong in one locality, the whole road could be picked up, bag and baggage, and moved over to some better route, where it could begin life over again.

It is easy to imagine what would happen to a nice, slick concrete road if laid through this part of California, on the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway. The builders would wake up some morning to find their beautiful highway swallowed up completely, and they 'd have to get out a search-warrant for it immediately. Of course, it would always be a comfort to them to think that somewhere in the desert they had a perfectly good road-bed in cold, or warm, storage, and that it would be unearthed in the course of a year or so if the wind would shift to the right direction.

The portable road has been built on the instalment plan. Each section, or unit, is eight feet wide and twelve feet long. A permanent construction-camp was established at Ogilby, where the work of bolting the sections together firmly was done, and then the sections were

PLACING A SECTION OF THE PORTABLE ROAD

started, like stacks of stage scenery, for the front. Before the sections were laid in position, the road-bed was dragged and leveled. Of course, the men working on this job found it no easy task to handle these heavy sections, and after they had wrestled with them a while, they rigged up a traveling crane, of a rude sort, but it did the work. Whenever they were ready for a new section, they would use the block and tackle to swing it free of the load, then drive the mules ahead a few feet, and drop the section into its proper place as slick as you please. In this way, section after section was put exactly where it was wanted.

To make the work doubly strong, the workmen placed strips of iron along both edges and bolted them home through the planks and stringers. In this way the sections are held securely, and the jar and rattle are lessened, which is a lucky thing for the bolts and spikes. This plank road is of such substantial construction that it is going to stand up under service. Crude oil was applied

THE ROAD BUILT ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN ACROSS THE CALIFORNIA DESERT

to the roadway when it was in position. The combination of the oil and the sand gradually fills up the cracks and solidifies the roadway, making it smooth and substantial.

One thing that the builders have done is appreciated by every motorist—they have provided turn-out places every quarter of a mile or so. Of course, it was absolutely necessary for some such plan as this to be followed with a single-track "main line" and an ocean of sand round about as a constant menace to careless driving. What 's more, every now and then the motorist in distress will find extra planks, that may prove the friend in need if through any chance he should happen to wander from the straight and narrow path that leads to Happy Land beyond the desert zone.

This portable roadway has cost more than twenty-five dollars a rod, or something like eight thousand dollars a mile, but it is proving a splendid investment and is really the missing link that spells success for a whole transcontinental highway. It speaks of American ingenuity and enterprise in outwitting the ancient foes of the frontiersman, those shifting, treacherous desert sands.

G. F. P.

SECTIONS OF THE ROAD ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

MY GOLDFISH

By MARY LORD

In and out
And round about
Glide my goldfish—my shining goldfish.

See! There 's a plant, *they* think a tree!
Look how they hide, then peek at me!
My goldfish—my shining goldfish!

NURSERY VERSES AND PICTURES

Words by Mattie Lee Hausgen. Drawings by Decie Merwin

THE NEW BIRD

Dear bird, your shining cage of gold
Your perch and food and drink will hold—
But it can never hold your song;
Through all the house it echoes long

And through the window, down the street,
Its trilling notes sound clear and sweet!
But—I can never see the point—
Folks say Pup's nose is out of joint.

CHUMS

The baby tied me with this string—
I 'd break it quick as anything,
And, bounding far away,
Out in the street I 'd play;
But, when that precious dear woke up,
He 'd ask, first thing, "Where is my pup?"
And then I 'd hang my head in shame
And not enjoy a single game
So I will stay his crib beside
And just pretend I 'm really tied!

SKATING

Skating is the best fun ever
If you have a partner clever.
And on the icy pond dear Gyp
Does not miss a single trip!

HER DOLLY

By Janet Dexter

"Your dolly's cap
has a frill
of lace,
And her dress is
flowered and
fine."

"Her hair is n't real,
and her eyes
won't shut;
But I love her,
'cause she 's
mine."

THE
[OTOGRAPH

Edith Ballinger Price

Picture Man
ıme here one day
take my photo-
aph;
made me look a
'rtain way,
told me not to
ugh.
ıad a queer three-
gged thing
t pointed like a
ın;
ooked as if it
ight go BING!
thought I 'd bet-
r run!
when he squeezed
, very quick,
tle rubber ball,
ard a funny little
ck,
then he said,
That 's all!"

WHEN MOTHER DEAR WAS ILL

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

One time when Muvver Dear was ill
We felt so badly, me and Phil!
We did n't know the house at all,
It seemed so quiet in the hall,—
And bringing dinners on a tray,—
Oh dear, we did n't want to play!
We went out in the field and tried,
But 'stead of that we almost cried.
We did make half a daisy chain,
But when it started in to rain
We had to go indoors again,
And oh, but it was dreffful then!
We sat and played with quiet toys
And tried our best to make no noise.

Then Daddy took us up to Muvver,
And—*well*, you don't know how we love her!
It made us feel afraid, and queer,
The way she looked—our Muvver dear.
She lay so still; she hardly stirred,
And smiled and did n't say a word. . . .

We thought that it would be that way
Just on and on, day after day,—
And *doing nothing* all da
As if you 'd done a "So

But she was better, lots, next day;
We brought her breakfast, on the t
(A cup of tea, some buttered toast,
She ate it every bit, almost.)

We stayed there in her room all da
And had a lovely, splendid play.
We had a striped blanket tent,
And then we took our guns and wer
For lions in the jungle near—
Their awful roaring we could hear!

We dug for jewels in the pillows,
And sailed across the carpet billow
And when at last we went to bed
We 'd had a *scrumptious* day, we sai

———

When Muvver Dear was well agai
Oh, were n't we very happy then!
But still, we liked that day the bes
That day she "con-" she "con-v
leeced!"

FOR MEMBERS OF THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

As explained in the February ST. NICHOLAS, our readers will look in vain this month for the usual report of their beloved LEAGUE. The great strike in the printing-houses delayed the publication of the November and December numbers for so many weeks that most LEAGUE members did not even receive their magazines until after the dates set for the expiration of the time allowed for sending in contributions. We did our best to remove this handicap by repeating in December the subjects assigned for November; and the results of this extended or double competition will appear next month. But, of course, this March number (in which the report of the November competition usually appears) is left without any LEAGUE report whatever. And all that we can do this month, therefore, besides expressing our renewed regrets for the situation, is to assign here the subjects for the July competition, for otherwise there would be no LEAGUE competition for March, and no LEAGUE report in July! So please note the following announcement as to

PRIZE COMPETITION, No. 244

This competition will close **March 28.** All contributions intended for it should be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June.** Badges sent a month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Salute."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Best Holiday."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "Just to Pass the Time."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Welcome Gift," or "A Heading for July."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

THE LETTER-BOX

HOLLIS CENTER, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best magazine in the world, and I intend to take you all my life. I always read you from cover to cover, advertisements and all. I liked "The Camerons of Highboro" and "The Slipper Point Mystery"; and now I like "The Treasure-chest of the Medranos" and also "The Crimson Patch." If I went on telling the other things I like, you would say, "Well, you like all of it!"

In the December, 1919, number there is an article by Leonard Bastin telling about frost music in Canada. There is frost music in Maine, as well as in Canada. I live on the banks of the Saco River (Salmon Falls, and the home of Kate Douglas Wiggin is about two miles from here), and in the winter we always hear low rumbles, moans, and other weird noises. Mama and her mother were alone one winter night, and about midnight both were awakened by something that sounded like two men muttering to each other. What do you suppose it was? Only the river making frost music.

Another devoted reader,

PAULINE CROCKETT (AGE 12).

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You certainly give me a great deal of pleasure, and I look forward eagerly to your monthly arrival.

A few weeks ago I motored to Kanuga Lake, a very popular resort about twenty-six miles from Asheville, and whom do you suppose I saw at the hotel there?

Sandy McGregor, the founder of the Sandy McGregor Club for dogs and the supporter of fifteen war orphans, as told in "For Country and for Liberty" in the June, 1918, number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Sandy is a pure-blooded Airedale, but entirely tan, with extraordinarily beautiful amber-colored eyes and a great deal of intelligence. When asked by his mistress if he was a German, he barked protestingly. When asked what he would do for his country, he gave a cheerful bark, and "lay down and died."

When his mistress tried to tell him the story of *Jack Horner* and *Old Mother Hubbard*, he was most bored; but when she said, "Do you want to hear about the time you went to the beach with Lucy and hunted crabs?" he barked and wagged his tail in glee.

While we were at tea on the porch, Sandy went into the hotel, got a newspaper from the waste-basket, and dropped it on the floor at our feet for something to eat. Was n't that cute?

Sandy is, I believe, the only dog in the country with a bank account in *his own name*.

I think all who read about the Sandy McGregor Club would like to know some more of its founder.

Wishing ST. NICHOLAS the best of luck always,

Your interested reader,

JANE OAKLEY (AGE 12).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you now for four years and I don't know what I should do without you. You seem part of the family.

When I received my ST. NICHOLAS for November, the first thing I looked for was a new serial by Mrs. Seaman, and I was very glad to find it. Her story, "The Slipper Point Mystery," was fine, and I think that the "Crimson Patch" will be also. My friends love her stories as much as I do.

I am in the first year of high school, and when our English teacher was having us tell some short story a while ago, a funny thing happened. When she called on me I started to tell the story of "The Silver Nest," which was in the ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1918. As she only wished to see what our voices would be like for speaking, we did not finish our stories. A few minutes later she called on another girl, who started to tell the same story. After class I asked her if she took ST. NICHOLAS. She did not, but she had found the story in an old volume at the library.

Your admiring reader,

KATHARINE K. SHEEHAN (AGE 13).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

ENDLESS GEOGRAPHICAL CHAIN. 1. Nepal. 2. Alberta. 3 Tacoma. 4. Madrid. 5. Idaho. 6. Hood. 7 Odessa. 8 Salvador. 9. Orinoco. 10. Cologne.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Abe Lincoln; third row, Washington. Cross-words: 1. Always. 2. Blanch. 3. Easter. 4. Lehigh. 5 Idiots. 6. Ninety. 7. Cogent. 8 Outler. 9. Loosen. 10. Nuncio.

OBLIQUE PUZZLE. 1. H. 2. Our. 3. Humid. 4. Rivet. 5 Decoy. 6. Tonic. 7. Yield. 8. Clerk. 9. Drain. 10. Kites. 11. Never. 12. Sepia. 13. Ridge. 14. Agile. 15. Eland. 16. Enter. 17 Depot. 18. Rogue. 19. Tunic. 20. Eight. 21. Charm. 22. Train. 23. Minor. 24. Nod 25. R

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Reset. 2 Evade. 3 Satin. 4 Edict. 5. Tents. II 1. Audit. 2. Unite. 3. Diver. 4. Items. 5. Terse. III. 1. Scale. 2 Cores. 3. Arils. 4. Lelia. 5 Essay. IV. 1. Elate. 2. Laver 3. Avena. 4. Tents. 5. Erase.

PICTURED ANSWERS. 1. Umbrella. 2. Razor. 3. Forks. 4. Needle and thread.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Lincoln.

BEHEADINGS. Thomas Edison. 1. S-talk. 2. S-hoot. 3. T-otter. 4. S-mite. 5 P-alms. 6. I-slam. 7. F-east. 8. I-deal. 9. S-illy. 10. U-sage. 11. C-over. 12. S-now.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Louisa M. Alcott, finals (reading upward), Ralph W. Emerson.

CROSS-WORDS 1. Lean. 2 Ohio. 3. Urns. 4. Imar. 5. Sole. 6. Atom 7 Mile. 8. Anew. 9. Lash. 10. Carp. 11. Oral. 12. Tuna. 13. Tear, An Allied Diamond: 1. C. 2. Top. 3. Tenet. 4. Concord. 5. Peony. 6. Try. 7. D

DIAGONAL. Roosevelt. Cross-words. 1. Robberies. 2. Louisiana. 3. Geography. 4. Wiesbaden. 5 Condemned. 6. Receiving. 7. Seventeen. 8. Footballs. 9. President.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC. Cross-words: 1 Betray 2. Adroit. 3. Aghast. 4. Handle. 5. Trench. 6. Launch. 7. Eldine 8. Eleven. 9. Naught. 10. Enable 11. Epopee. 12 Goatee. 13. Lethal. Edgar Allan Poe. From 1 to 10, Anna-Bel Lee; 11 to 16, Lenore; 17 to 32, The Haunted Palace; 33 to 40, The Raven; 41 to 50, The Gold Bug; 51 to 65, The City in the Sea.

NO ANSWERS WERE RECEIVED TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER, OWING TO THE DELAY IN PUBLICATION.

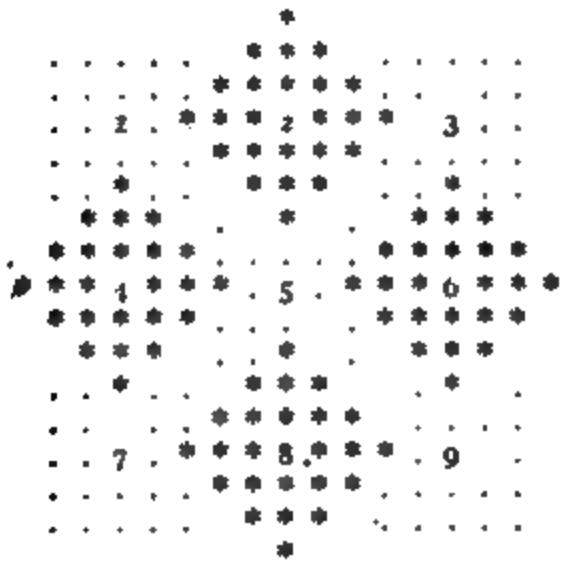
WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. A metal. 2. To revolt. 3. To dwell. 4. A coarse plant. 5. Rain and hail.

II. 1. To outline. 2. A popular report. 3. The gait of a horse. 4. A hard pain. 5. Perpendicular.

RHODA HELLMAN (age 10). *League Member.*

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



I. SQUARE: 1. Boasts. 2. Lighted again. 3. In another place. 4. One who gibes. 5. Moves.

II. DIAMOND: 1. In saintly. 2. An emmet. 3. An insect. 4. To take from an ancestor. 5. Wearies. 6 A common prefix. 7. In saintly.

III. SQUARE: 1. One who eats. 2. Existent. 3. Movements of the waters. 4. Incident. 5. Reposes.

IV. DIAMOND: 1. In saintly. 2. Performance. 3. To turn aside. 4. Sometimes seen on a frozen river, moving swiftly. 5. A body of cavalry. 6. To strike lightly. 7. In saintly.

V. SQUARE: 1. The Parcæ. 2. In another place. 3. Prepares the land for seed. 4. An evil spirit in Arabian mythology. 5. A name given to an effeminate youth.

VI. DIAMOND: In saintly. 2. A girl's name. 3. Showers. 4. Like a saint. 5. A passage. 6. Cunning. 7. In saintly.

VII. SQUARE: 1. Subsequently. 2. Nimble. 3. Exhausts. 4. To choose. 5. Reposes.

VIII. DIAMOND: 1. In saintly. 2. A name given to a fine airman. 3. To improve. 4. General aspect of a landscape. 5. One hostile to another. 6. Free from moisture. 7. In saintly.

IX. SQUARE: 1. Purchaser. 2. Part of the throat. 3. A Chinese magnolia. 4. Exalted in spirits. 5. In India, the wife of a rajah.

FRANCES M. SEGNER (age 15). *Honor Member.*

METAMORPHOSES

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same and the letters always in the same order. Example: Change *wood* to *coal* in three moves. Answer: wood, wool, cool, coal.

1. Change *gain* to *loss* in four moves.
2. Change *dime* to *cent* in four moves.
3. Change *park* to *land* in three moves.
4. Change *may* to *not* in four moves.
5. Change *sick* to *well* in four moves.
6. Change *huge* to *tiny* in six moves.
7. Change *pot* to *tin* in three moves.
8. Change *boat* to *seat* in three moves.
9. Change *milk* to *wine* in three moves.
10. Change *gold* to *mine* in four moves.

HILDA JANE MILLER (age 11). *League Member.*

DOUBLE DIAGONAL

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals (from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter and from the upper, right-hand letter to the lower, left-hand letter) will spell the surname of an American author and part of a name he sometimes signed to his writings.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The abbreviation for ipecacuanha. 2. Shelters of vines made for shade. 3. Destitute of training or cultivation. 4. Testing by use. 5. Moving as if upon wings. 6. A spice.

JOHN VOORHIS (age 10). *League Member.*

Try Libby's Beans fixed Mother's old time way

HERE is a dish of beans as they had them when mother was a little girl. Beans, sweet and mellow with the baking, topped off with tender young salt pork, fried crisp and sizzling hot.

What a supper dish to put before a hungry family!

Libby's Beans are just as savory and appetizing as beans ever were, even in mother's memory.

In the first place Libby's Beans are "hand-picked"—which means that all the beans not up to exacting Libby standard of plump perfection are discarded. The pork is fat and tender and the tomatoes for the sauce are picked ripe when they are full of sweet, fresh juices.

Then how carefully Libby chefs cook the beans—not too long but with a slow, steady fire until they are just ready to burst with meaty tenderness.

Order from your grocer today a package of Libby's Pork and Beans—with or without the tomato sauce, as you like them. You will never be satisfied with ordinary beans again.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 904 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Can., Ltd.
45 E. Front Street, Chatham, Ont., Can.

ST. NICHOLAS

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MANY a bard has sung the praise
Of men and manners of pioneer days;
And who, as a lad, has had no dreams
Of emigrant wagons and slow ox-teams
Trailing the plains of the untried West,
Seeking out homes, or of gold in quest,
  Meeting adventures manifold
And forging ahead with dauntless zest?

Not of the brigand, fierce and bold,
  Or the painted war-chief galloping by—
  The wild hills echoing with his cry—
Are the finest tales of history told:
Better by far to turn again
To the stirring days of the pony men,
And find what American pluck could do,
Back in the time when trails were few,
And the Pony Express was being sent
Over a trackless continent.

Come with me, and we 'll wish away
  The wonderful years that lie between,
  And join the crowd on the village green
On that long remembered opening day.

'T is the third of April, and all is well—
  A fine spring day to be set apart
  For the Pony Express to make its start.
Will it win? will it fail? No man can tell.
Missouri throbs as the time comes round;
St. Joseph's streets are common ground
  For crowds in various garbs arrayed;
Buckskin and broadcloth, side by side,
Touching elbows with equal pride,
  And a brass band leading the odd parade
Of women and children, men and boys,
Filling the place with eager noise,
As when a multitude answers the call
Of a common cause that levels all.

Of a sudden the tumult has increased—
The train is in with mail from the East!
  Mail from the far Atlantic shore,
  That nineteen hundred miles and more
Is to travel fast in a leathern sack
Buckled and strapped to a pony's back.

And wild cheers deaden the bugle's note
At the thunder of hoofs on the ferry-boat.
Above the clamor a bell rings loud,
  A whistle blares, and the boat sets sail,
  And Johnny Frey with the west-bound mail
Waves to the cheering, half-mad crowd

WAITING ON THE TRAIL WITH A RELAY PONY

  See! the crowd at the stable door,
Hushed and expectant, stand about
As a coal-black steed comes gaily out,
With arching neck and nostrils wide,
A slender courier by his side.
Hark! from the distance a cannon's boom!
Back! stand back, and give him room!
Into the saddle the rider leaps,
And the black horse up the thoroughfare sweeps;
A halt for the mail, then, galloping by,
Down to the river we see them fly,

That line the wharf as he disappears,
Shouting, laughing—and moved to tears!

Nearly two thousand miles away
  Sacramento, the golden, lies
  Bathed in the glory of western skies;
Throngs have gathered; the town is gay
With flags and flowers; excitement reigns;
Bands make merry with popular strains,
And national airs that grandly ring
When the people fall into step and sing.

"WHERE HALTS WERE MADE FOR FRESH RELAYS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

In from 'Frisco the mail-train comes,
Welcomed with cannon and beating drums,
And the letter pouch changes hands again,
Borne by an escort of business men
Who have laid the cares of the week aside,
  Every mind on the issue bent;
  For flesh and blood are being spent
That the mail may safely and quickly ride
  Over a mighty continent,
And courage and zeal win a daring test,
And the East clasp hands with the golden West.
At the hour when Frey, with reckless speed,
Reins to the west his fiery steed,
With the east-bound mail goes Harry Roff
On a milk-white broncho galloping off,
And the hills and valleys roundabout
Echo with waves of a mighty shout
From the hearts of a people stirred with pride
In the horses that run and the men who ride;
  For Progress waits in the outer room;
  They blaze a path that the rose may bloom
O'er barren desert and wilderness.
  Let the people shout and the cannons boom:
Now three times three for the Pony Express!

The vision has passed, but well we know
That all this happened long ago,
When men of the Union devised a plan
For a pony service that should span
The desolate miles of arid plain,
River and cañon and mountain chain,
And deserts smoky with drifting sand;
  A marvelous plan it was, and bold,
  That trail of the western plains to hold,
Danger-circled on every hand;
Where a rider, galloping on and on
From morn till eve, from dusk to dawn,
Over the plains like a silent bird,
Seldom a voice in greeting heard
Save from stations along the ways
Where halts were made for fresh relays.
Though sometimes, pounding past with the mail,
Came to his ears a friendly hail
From a prairie-schooner westward bent;
  Oftener far from rock or brush,
  The crack of a gun broke the evening hush,
Or the ping of an arrow, deftly sent;
And the gray coyote's hunger wail
Followed close to the pony trail.

But the plan was made, and the schedule kept;
Across the country the riders swept,
Bearing tidings of grave intent—
Letter and paper and document.
Under government lock and key,
Pressed to the saddle-horn and tree,
Lincoln's inaugural address rode;
  News was over the prairie hurled
  Of the shot at Sumter that roused the world;
Doubly important the pony's load
Grew in that hour of war and stress,
And all eyes turned to the flying express.

Valiantly over the desert trail
The riders carried their country's mail,
Leaving the old coach far in the rear;
  Filling the gap while nearer came
  Iron monsters with eyes aflame
That tempered the red man's heart with fear,
And woke the plains with a mighty roll
Till the lean wolf slunk from his nightly toll.

Gone is the trail and the wagon-train,
  And city and quiet hamlet lie
  Peaceful under the western sky,
And harvesters reap their ripenéd grain.
Honor and tribute we would pay
To the noble heroes who paved the way,
Braving danger and bitter stress
To open the doors of the wilderness,
That wires might carry the thoughts of men
Over the brown bear's mountain den,
And turret and temple and peopled street
Lie in the wake of moccasined feet,
And a nation travel on gleaming rails
Where pony riders once carried the mails.
Born of American pluck and zest,
They won the way to the golden West;
And we thrill with pride as we turn again
Back to the days of the pony men.

ENVELOP OF A PONY-EXPRESS LETTER

CHAPTER I

THE ABANDONED SLOOP

"A LUCKY thing so few of the boats were out when the storm came up," said Jack Holden. "I guess they 'd have had a pretty hard time of it yesterday."

"Cap'n" Crumbie nodded. "There was nigh a dozen o' em wanting to get away to the grounds, when I told 'em the gale was coming. And most o' em took my advice and stayed safe an' snug at home."

Jack, suppressing a grin, glanced seaward. The storm of the last two days was over. Since early morning the leaden skies had turned to blue, and the fresh, salty breeze that swept in from the broad Atlantic was but the tag-end of the terrific gale that had lashed the waters of the harbor and raced, shrieking, up the quaint, narrow streets of the town. Now, instead of the storm-wrack, a few white clouds sailed eastward, and, in place of the fury of tormented waters, the harbor and the open sea beyond the breakwater reflected the blue of the heavens in their dancing, white-capped waves.

A mile away, Gull Island was fringed with creamy foam, and, farther still, at the tip-end of the Point, the squat stone light-house gleamed snowy white against the clear horizon. Washed and swept by rain and wind, the little Massachusetts fishing-town of Greenport looked bright and clean this May afternoon. The fishing-schooners, some at anchor, some lying snug at the wharves, were drying their sails in the warm sunlight.

Cap'n Crumbie viewed them approvingly as, with Jack at his side, he paced to and fro on Garnett and Sayer's wharf. He was, let it be confessed, no ancient deep-sea mariner, although he had all the marks—leathery, crinkled face, with crow's-feet at the corners of his twinkling eyes, skin tanned deeply from long exposure to the salt sea air, a fringe of yellowish-white whiskers, and a deep growl of a voice. True it is that he had been a captain, but captain only of a center-board sail-boat in which, before he had given up the precarious life to become watchman for Garnett and Sayer, he had taken out pleasure-parties for a day's fishing—including chowder—or for a run around the Head. But everybody did n't know that, and among the "summer folks" he held the reputation for being a most dependable weather-prophet and a perfect example of the old-time ship's captain, with experiences gathered from Iceland to Fiji, from Seattle to Siam. And many a good yarn Cap'n Crumbie could spin, too, of his adventures in far-off climes. Indeed, he had related some of them so frequently that he had long since grown to believe them! Jack, however, had spent all of his sixteen years in Greenport and so knew the Cap'n for what he was, a kind-hearted, eccentric, and amusing old character.

"Terrible bad weather it was yesterday," the Cap'n went on. "Don't know when I 've seen such a snorter. Guess the last one was three years ago, the time your father was robbed."

"I remember," replied Jack. "It was a fierce gale, was n't it? He 's never talked much about the robbery, Cap'n, and I never really understood just what happened that night. But I do know that poor Dad 's never been quite the same since."

"And no wonder," answered the Cap'n. "He was hard hit, Jack. More 'n a thousand dollars went, as near as I recall."

"Twelve hundred and forty. Was n't it queer that they never caught any one?"

"That 's what Simon Barker always said," replied the Cap'n, dryly.

Jack flushed and threw his shoulders back.

"I had forgotten that," he said quietly. "I remember, though, that it was you who found Dad. What 's your theory of it, Cap'n?"

"Well, if I don't know what happened that night, there ain't no one as does. Your father and Simon Barker were partners, as you know, as fish merchants. They started in a small way,

with one schooner, the *Grace and Ella*. There she is, now, lying up against Barker's wharf. At the time I 'm speaking of, she 'd come in with a big haul that fetched high prices. A day or two after that, the gale sprang up. It 'most knocked Greenport galley-endwise. We lost two of our best fishing-vessels that day; windows were blown in and roofs ripped off; and a bunch o' little boats lying at moorings were blown clean out to sea. Some of 'em never were found again. One of 'em went 'way up round Indian Head, drifted up the tideway o' the Sangus River, and lodged on the sand-dunes there. Then the sea piled the sand up, changed the course of the river, and she 's been left high and dry ever since."

"You mean the old *Sea-Lark?*" put in Jack.

The watchman nodded.

"I know. She 's lying a couple of hundred yards from the river now."

"Well," Cap'n Crumbie went on, "that night, just when the gale was starting, your father left the office with the money he 'd drawn from the bank to pay off the crew of the *Grace and Ella*. It was in a canvas bag, notes and silver together, and he did n't like leaving it at the office all night. I was coming down High Street, when I met the Baptist parson, and we walked along together. It was hard going and all-fired dark, and when we turned down Wharf Street, we fell right over your father, lying all in a heap. We carried him into Simmons's house, and when he recovered a bit he told us he 'd been robbed. He had no idea who 'd done it. All he knew was that he was hurrying along, head down, when some one laid hold of him. Then he got a smashing blow on the head, and did n't know anything more until he came to."

"And the police never found any clue?" Jack asked.

"Not as I ever heard of. But Simon Barker went nearly crazy. You 'd have thought, by the way he fussed, that Sam Holden was the biggest criminal unhung. He swore 't was a put-up job, and that your father had done it himself, somehow, to get away with the money. And mighty unpopular he made himself by saying such things. It cost your father his partnership in the business, 'cause he had too much pride to go on working with a man who had as good as called him a thief, and he sold his home to replace the money. I did hear that Simon Barker came near dropping dead when your dad handed it to him. You see, if things had been t' other way round, Barker could n't have brought himself to do such a thing in a month o' Sundays! Your father was n't obliged to pay the money to Barker, o' course, but he wanted to clear his name. And he did, don't you ever doubt it, Jack. Maybe Barker still has a sneaking notion that it was a put-up job, but if he does—"

The Cap'n was interrupted by the approach of a stranger who, after looking across the harbor, asked:

"Will you tell me where I can find the ferry to East Greenport?"

"There ain't no ferry, and there ain't never been one," replied the watchman, "though 't ain't for the want o' customers. Sometimes in the summer I 've been asked that same question a dozen times a day."

"How can I get over there?" the stranger asked, looking dubiously at the intervening mile of water.

"A little ways round that corner," replied the watchman, pointing off the wharf, "you 'll find Hinkley's stable, and you 'll get a carriage there."

Cap'n Crumbie watched the man speculatively until he had disappeared, but Jack was looking out at the stretch of water between the wharf and the distant hotel with a thoughtful expression.

"I say, Cap'n," he asked, "why has n't some one started a ferry, if there 's need of one?"

"I don't know. Either they did n't think of it, or it 's too much trouble."

"When the summer cottagers come back and the hotel opens, I guess there would be plenty of business," Jack ruminated. "You 'd think the hotel alone would make it pay."

"Probably 't would," the Cap'n agreed.

"I 'm sure of it," said Jack.

A few minutes later he left the watchman and made his way through town toward his home.

Jack Holden was as care-free as any boy of his age in Greenport. Life, so far, had contained little but healthy sport and amusement, and the question of earning money had never concerned him. It had been decided that, if it could be arranged, he was to spend another two years at high school, after which he was to seek a position. But two years is a long time, and Jack was by no means certain that he would not have to become a wage-earner long before his education was completed. For his father was now a very different man from the Samuel Holden of old. Since the robbery, serious troubles had piled themselves on his shoulders. First had come the loss of Jack's mother, from which Mr. Holden never really recovered. Then the blow on the head, inflicted by the thief, had necessitated numerous visits to a costly eye specialist, in order to preserve his sight. Finally, with his business taken away, he had been in financial straits ever since. After selling his home to make good the missing money, he had taken a small cottage on the outskirts of Greenport and gone to work as a bookkeeper for Garnett and Sayer, the fish packers.

If, Jack reflected, as he walked home, he could only start that ferry and so bring a little grist to the mill! But he was face to face with the fact that he had no boat, nor any chance of acquiring one. At home, he looked over his sum total of worldly possessions. There was four dollars and twenty cents in the savings-bank. He had a nickel and two dimes in his pocket. Also he owned a silver watch of little value. There was a penknife, which he had bought after much careful deliberation, and there was—well, little save rubbish when it came to a question of raising enough money to buy a boat for Holden's Ferry.

"Holden's Ferry!" Jack repeated aloud, smiling. It had an agreeable sound.

In the evening, when his father returned, Jack immediately introduced the subject uppermost in his thoughts.

"Dad, I want to run a ferry between Garnett and Sayer's wharf and the hotel landing on the Point," he announced. "There is no way of getting across except by hiring a boat, walking, or taking a carriage, and plenty of people would pay a dime to be run across there in a ferry."

"Yes, but—"

"Wait a minute, Dad. I 've had this in my mind all afternoon. Cap'n Crumbie tells me there are lots of people who inquire for the ferry in the summer. Perhaps I would n 't make *lots* of money at it, but I 'm old enough to help you a bit, and I don't want to loaf all through vacation. I know you 're going to have a tough time keeping me in school until I finish."

"Well?" observed Samuel Holden, rather vaguely.

"I was wondering," continued the boy, "whether you could manage somehow to buy me the sort of boat I 'd need. Almost anything would do that was half-way decent."

Mr. Holden shook his head slowly. "I dare say it might work out all right, Jack," he said, "and a little more money would come in very handy, but you 'd better get the notion out of your head, son. I could n't afford to buy you even a dory, and it 's about six times too far across the water at that point to row, anyway."

"'WAS N'T IT QUEER THAT THEY NEVER CAUGHT ANY ONE?'"

"All right, Dad," said Jack, quietly.

The next day was Saturday, and shortly after breakfast Jack and his chum, George Santo, started off for the sand-dunes and salt flats which lay for miles to the north of Greenport. When they had trudged some four miles, Jack, standing on the rippled summit of a wind-swept dune, drew attention to the fact that the Sangus had changed its sandy course.

"I guess the gale did it," he said. "See, the water has come right across this low bit and—and—say, George, the old sloop, the *Sea-Lark*, was lying nearly buried just along here! I should n't wonder if the river has swept her away now. Come on, let 's go see!"

Ten minutes brought them to the place, and each gave a cry of joy when they saw that the sloop lay exactly as she had lain for three years. But she had escaped the effects of the recent gale by a narrow margin only, for the Sangus had

swirled over its banks, eating its way through the sand to a new course, until it now flowed close to the *Sea-Lark*.

The boys climbed aboard the derelict, and, with their legs dangling over the side, attacked a parcel of sandwiches with healthy appetites.

"I 'm glad she 's still here," said Jack. "We 've had lots of fun on this sloop. If she 'd been lying a mile or so nearer Greenport, crowds of kids would have been swarming all over her and she 'd been broken up."

George nodded, and poked the last of the sandwiches into his mouth.

"Talking of boats," Jack went on, "where do you suppose I could get one, George?"

"What do you want her for? There 's my dory. You can have that any time you want."

"Thanks, George," Jack replied. "But a dory is n't just what I *do* want."

Then he explained.

"I don't know. I guess a boat like that would cost money," declared the other.

"I thought maybe, your father being a boat-builder, you might know of some way I could manage it," said Jack. "There 's plenty of time, because it 's early in the season yet, and maybe I 'll find what I want somewhere."

"If you do start the ferry, I want to help. May I?" asked George.

"Why not?"

"You 'll be skipper and I 'll be mate," said George, laughing.

"You must n't laugh at the captain—that is, not after you 're properly appointed mate," said Jack, "or I 'll order you put in irons. That 's what they always do. Yes, laugh now, if you like, but just wait till I 'm your captain! But why wait? See here, George Santo, were n't you making an application to me for a job just now?"

"Yes, sir," replied George, meekly touching his cap.

"How old are you?" This, brusquely, as befitting a fearsome master mariner.

"Fifteen, sir."

"Umph! Pretty young for my class of trade. What 's your rating?"

"Chief mate, sir."

"Got your certificate?"

"I left it at home, sir."

"*Umph!* Very careless of you. Well, you want to sail with me, eh? What about the compass? Can you box it?"

"I 'm a pretty fair boxer, sir."

"Not that sort of boxing, chump! All right, you 're engaged. *Now*, Mr. Mate, laugh at me if you dare!"

Whereupon the mate promptly laughed, and Jack as promptly hurled him overboard into the raging billows of sand. Jack then strolled aft and stood for a few moments, measuring the distance between the embedded sloop and the river.

The mate, clambering aboard again, shouted something which fell on deaf ears. Again George spoke, and again Jack made no answer. At last, however, he emerged from his abstraction, and, "Come here!" he called.

George obeyed, and Jack passed his arm through that of his friend.

"Now, use your brain," he said. "How far is it from here to the stream?"

"Thirty feet," the other guessed. "Why?"

"Wrong. It 's nearer twenty. And don't ever ask the captain 'why' anything. He 's in supreme command. Tell me what is to prevent us digging the *Sea-Lark* out of this and getting her afloat!"

CHAPTER II

JACK TAKES THE WHEEL

"Afloat!" gasped the mate. "Why, you can't do it. She 's stuck here."

"Why can't I do it?"

"Well—" began the mate, dubiously.

"You 'll be disrated if you don't use more intelligence," snapped the skipper. "What are shovels for but to dig with?"

"Yes, but—" began George.

"But what?"

"Well, if you got her afloat, she 'd only sink. Her timbers will all be rotten."

"Show me a rotten timber!" said Jack. "I don't mean these planks that have got broken on deck. I mean in the hull. She 's as sound as a bell. A boat like this would take years and years to rot. She 'd need some calking, I guess, but that 's what I engaged you for, is n't it, while I sit in my deck-chair and give orders. George, honestly, I believe it could be done."

"But she is n't yours to float," parried the mate, "nor to use after you get her afloat."

"That 's true," agreed the skipper, frowning. "But you have got a way of raising difficulties since I signed you on. Who does she belong to?"

"She used to belong to Mr. Farnham," replied George. "He 's a wealthy New York man who lives over on the Point in the summer. The sloop was in father's yard the summer before she broke away and got stranded here."

"Well, do you suppose he wants her?"

"Don't know," observed George, doubtfully.

"Well, if he does want her, why does n't he come and get her? And what could he use her for—a coal-cellar, or what? She 's abandoned, I tell you."

"If you took her away from here, which you

could n't do, anyway," observed the younger boy, "you 'd be committing ship theft."

"What 's that?"

"It 's a dreadful offence, worse than piracy. I believe they hang you for it, or something."

"I certainly don't want you to get hanged," said the captain. "Good mates are scarce, and they always hang the mate, because he 's engaged to make himself useful in little ways like that. But it would n't be ship theft if I wrote a letter to this Mr. Farnham and got his permission, would it?"

"I suppose not."

"Where does he live?"

"Dad has his address."

"Well, we 'll ask him for it, and I 'll write. Mr. Farnham can only refuse."

George, awakening to the possibilities of the plan, cast a more critical eye over the stranded sloop.

"I would n't be surprised if you were right," he said at length. "We *might* get her into the water."

"It would n't be exactly easy, because she 's pretty big," Jack admitted, "but it would be worth trying. What a prize if we got her, though! She 's thirty foot long over all, if she 's an inch. And ten—no, twelve foot beam. The only thing is, if she did float, we could n't row her very well."

"There 's lots of junk gear up at our yard," put in George. "There 's an old spar that came out of her when she was refitted. I don't know why it was taken out, but it looks all right. We can find an old mainsail and jib somewhere. Even if they need a bit of patching, they 'll do."

"The first thing is to get the boat," Jack mused. "I 'm going to send that letter off to-day. Let 's go home now and do it."

After a first attempt, which he regarded as a failure, Jack produced a missive which satisfied him, and then, feeling that he did not stand a ghost of a chance of having his request granted, posted it. George's father, Tony Santo, promised to go down the river and look the sloop over the following day, and was as good as his word. To the delight of the boys, the boat-builder declared that there ought not to be much difficulty in getting the sloop off. He pointed out, however, that the sand in the sloop's cabin would have to be removed before any attempt could be made at shifting her. Her companionway door

"THE SLOOP LAY EXACTLY AS SHE HAD LAIN FOR THREE YEARS"

had evidently been open when she grounded, with the result that, in the three years which had since elapsed, the space below deck, a roomy cabin, twelve feet by nine, had been half filled with the fine white sand.

During the next three days the boys employed themselves busily with shovels until the last of the unwelcome ballast was removed. Jack now began to keep an anxious lookout for the postman. Four days elapsed, and then, on Thursday it came. His fingers were a bit unsteady as he tore it open and read:

Dear Sir:

I thought my old sloop must have been broken up by now. Yes, she is still my property, and if you want her, you are welcome to her—on one condition: if you get her afloat, you must take me for a sail in her some day.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES FARNHAM.

A busy week followed. George's father had agreed to pull the *Sea-Lark* into the water as soon as the boys had removed the sand drifts in which she was embedded, and they were two very tired and lame youths who dropped down the river with the boat-builder one Saturday morning. It was only a little after nine o'clock when they reached the spot where the *Sea-Lark* lay, and some hours were left before high water was due. First Tony went ashore and inspected the work the boys had already done.

"That 's good," he declared unhesitatingly. "She ought to come off like a wet fish slides off a plate. Lend a hand with those rollers and boards in the dory, and we 'll fix her."

He soon had everything ready on that bank of the Sangus, and then crossed the river to moor the winch in the sand there, so that it could haul without moving. Then the cable was run across the water and made fast to the sloop. Tony sent the boys back to start hauling, while he stood by the *Sea-Lark* to "navigate" her. Jack and his chum each seized a crank and began to tighten the cable. It came easily enough until the drag of the sloop started. Then they managed a bare half turn only. Tony, heaving at the boat to loosen her keel in the sand, saw that their efforts were unequal to the task, and joined them. Putting both boys together at one crank, he applied his strength to the other.

"Now, lads," he said, "give her all you 've got. Heave!" There was a back-breaking moment of straining, cracking muscles.

And then something happened. The *Sea-Lark* reluctantly began to move.

"*Click-click-clickety-click*," went the winch.

"Easy, now," ordered Tony. "Rest a few minutes. She 'll come all right, and we have plenty of time."

From that moment the launching of the sloop, though slow, was a certainty. A dozen times Tony had to make the trip across the river to adjust the planks and rollers beneath the boat's keel, but she came up the slope without mishap. When their prize was within a foot of the water, Tony went over her with a calking-iron and mallet, plugging up the worst of the leaky places with oakum so that she could safely be taken up the river as far as the boat-yard without sinking on the way. Jack watched anxiously.

"Is she very bad?" he asked with some anxiety.

"Why, no," replied Tony. "She 's not what you might call seaworthy, with these seams wide open, but we can fix those. Considering everything, she 's in pretty fair condition. But I guess there 's enough work on her to keep you busy for a week or so!"

"I don't care if it takes us all summer! Yes, I do, too," said Jack. "I want to get her ready in a month if possible."

"Well, I 'm not saying you can't do that," replied Tony, surveying the hull with a professional gaze. "But you 've got your work cut out, that is, if you mean to put her into first-class shape."

A few more turns on the winch fetched the *Sea-Lark* down into the river, and Jack could not suppress a shout when he saw her actually afloat. A tow-rope was fastened from her to the dory, and then the smaller boat's sail was hoisted, Tony going alone in his dory, the boys traveling on the sloop. The mate stood in the bow, armed with a long pole, to ease her prow away from the occasional shallows, and Jack steered, glowing with pride in his new possession. For, helpless though she was without spars, rigging, or gear, she was his, and it was not difficult for him to adorn her with imaginary sails bellying to the wind as she careened over, leaving a foamy trail astern.

"Ahoy, there!" he called gaily to the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded George, glancing astern over his shoulder.

"Shin up aloft and put a two-reef in the main-tops'l," the skipper barked, endeavoring to imitate the deep tones of Cap'n Crumbie.

Deserting his post for a moment, George ran to the mast stump, and clung to it like a bear hugging a pole.

"Belay, there," shouted Jack, laughingly. "Get back onto your job, or—"

The skipper never completed his sentence. Slipping quickly back to the nose of the boat, George arrived there at the precise moment when the *Sea-Lark* ran on to a sand-bank. The sloop stopped with a jerk, and George, his hands outstretched to grasp his pole once more, took a graceful dive straight over the side. He could

swim like a young otter, but there was no need for that, as the water only came up to his chest, and he soon climbed back on board, there to withstand the playful taunts of his father and of the captain, who condemned him to twenty years' imprisonment in the chain-locker and ordered him to be deprived of his wages for life for absenting himself from the ship without leave.

Together the lads managed to push the sloop off again, and the journey was resumed. Soon they reached the bend bringing them into Cow Creek, and there the dory's sail again became useless, so it was lowered, and Tony and George rowed the rest of the distance. They were thankful when the boat-yard was reached, for the sloop hung behind like a load of lead, the wind, which was now against her, adding to their work. The sloop was gently eased up on to the bank of the stream, there to lie until ready for her new career of adventure.

Repairs on the *Sea-Lark* occupied their afternoons for a fortnight, while on Saturdays they gave all their time to the work. Tony Santo showed them how to use calking-irons and mallets, and for days their arms ached in consequence. But the sloop's seams benefited mightily as a result of their labors. Scraping and sandpapering and scrubbing followed, and at last the hull was ready for new paint. But where the paint was to come from was a problem. It was expensive stuff, and Jack's finances were frightfully low. He and George talked the matter over many times without finding a solution to the difficulty, and it was, at length, Cap'n Crumbie who supplied one.

"You go and see Dan Staples, the house-painter," he said, "and tell him I sent you. He 's got a tub up to his shop where he throws all the waste paint, same as they do in all paint-shops. You 'd ought to get all you need for a dollar, likely. Put it in an old kettle and melt it up with some raw oil. Then strain it. I ain't predictin' the color of it, but I guess you ain't particular about that."

Jack was n't, and although the paint, when ready for use, was a nondescript shade of brown, he did n't mind in the least. Nor did it look at all bad when the first coat had been laid on from water-line to rail. Below the water-line a heavy coat of tar sufficed. Jack would have gone on and painted the cabin while he was at it, but the boat-builder interfered. "Wait till the rough work 's finished," he advised. "There 's the mast to put in yet, and there 's a week's carpentering ahead of you. You 'll want two or three new cleats, and belaying-pins, too."

The boys fashioned the cleats and pins of short pieces of oak found in the boat-shed, and made repairs to the broken rail as well. Then the sloop's discarded mast, a still serviceable pole of thirty-five-feet length, was stepped, and the question of sails confronted them. Again George's father came to the rescue, this time with an old, but still good, mainsail, needing but slight alteration, and a jib to mate it. "They 're not new and they 're not junk," said Tony. "They 're worth maybe fifteen dollars, but if you want to take them and pay me ten dollars for them when you 've earned the money, they 're yours."

One or two blocks, halyards, and mast-hoops, as well as a hundred feet of new Manila rope, soon exhausted Jack's remaining resources, and he went into debt to the boat-builder to the extent of a few dollars more. Then, at last, came a day when the *Sea-Lark* was pronounced as sound as a bell and fit to weather a hurricane, and Jack, watching the sloop slide into the water of Cow Creek, was as proud as Punch.

Tony Santo accompanied the two boys on their experimental trip the next day. A westerly breeze was blowing, which necessitated the sloop being towed until she came to within about four miles of the sea, and then a clear run lay before them. Their dory trailed behind, and Tony took the spokes of the sloop's wheel in his hands.

"Now, lads," he said. "Let 's shake out a bit of canvas. Mains'l first. Take it easy. There 's plenty of time. Both together. Heave! That 's the style! It was n't so hard after all, was it? Either one of you will be able to do that by himself, if necessary. And it may be necessary, too, some day. Belay there! Make those halyards secure. Now up with the jib. Be smart, or we 'll run her aground yet! Trim aft the jib-sheet. That 's fine. Belay!"

The breeze filled the sails, and the sloop leaned over slightly as she gathered way. Jack's eyes were dancing with pleasure. The *Sea-Lark* was not only an accomplished fact and afloat, but actually sailing. And he was her master!

(To be continued)

WHITEFACE AND WEST AU SABLE RIVER IN JANUARY

THE TALKING TREES OF WILDYRIE

By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THERE is a saying among the fairies on my place to the effect that "the gods delight in silence."

If a fairy says it, it 's true, and this particular proverb means so much that I have carved it across the wide portals to Wildyrie, my wilderness estate. There is a good deal of silence at Wildyrie and the gods have a happy time of it.

Of course, our inscription does n't mean that nobody may talk or sing there. *Au contraire*, as Prunier, my old guide, is fond of saying. I talk a good deal myself, and Essex Lad is forever at it, and almost daily a fairy will bring some message or other. Also the wind is apt to be carrying the news. And often, though more rarely, I have an experience with the silent folk in my domain like the one that Essex Lad and I had last winter.

Essex Lad is a pal of mine whom a friend to both of us sent up to Wilderness House last fall a year. He was fifteen then, a wheezy, old, stoop-shouldered, lanky mite, who was taking his life out in longings for the sight of a tree or two. He 'd read about them, you know. Essex Lad was n't his name then—I 've forgotten, the silly thing he was called, which was n't appropriate to the roving of ranges and nights in a tent. The new one came to him when I found that he and my mountains had some kinship. So that was settled.

And he was settled soon after. When he found that streams ran somewhere else than in gutters, and that you could look from Cloud's Cobble for fifty miles in any direction without seeing a smoke-stack he took out naturalization papers for residence in Wilderness House. Some day I 'll tell you how it 's done. Essex Lad and I 'll tell you all about Wildyrie and Wilderness House, and we may invite a few fellows who can shoulder a pack to visit us. I 'm willing to bet my weight in maple sugar that any fellow who has slept a night on Cloud's Cobble or taken his morning plunge in Dark-Eyed Water will want to move his official residence to Wildyrie. But all that must come later. Just now, Dark-Eyed Water sleeps under a fathom of snow, Cloud's Cobble is a bedroom aired by a breeze that registered twenty below zero last night, and Wilderness House itself lies half a day's ski-run from the nearest sleigh-road. As I write, Essex Lad is telling me about the bear trees he has found near the Storm Pass. Bear trees *mean* something, so excuse me if this tale does n't, as I 'm trying to listen with one ear as I write, which is difficult.

E. L. was n't always able to chase half a county over hunting bears. That first autumn of his—he counts his age from it; he 's fifteen months old now—was a great succession of new experiences for him. He had to learn the taste of real air all the way to lung bottom. He had to learn how to

walk all day, and yet not grow too tired to make camp. And finally, he had to master winter, with its skiings and snow-shoeings—a large order, for winter lasts five months with us. And meanwhile, he was learning the woods.

"Prunier, that fire 'll burn now, don't you think?" he 'd ask.

"*Au contraire,*" Prunier would say, patiently removing half the debris the Lad had piled in a lump.

"Never mind, E. L.," I 'd offer, to soothe him, for he was very sensitive to failure; "we 're reasonable, and don't expect you to be a wood-wizard all at once. But I do wish you 'd just step outdoors and bring in an armful of balsam to finish out this mattress."

In a few minutes the Lad came back with a stack of needly spruce boughs, quite useless for sleeping on, and I realized that I had omitted to teach him one of the necessary things if one is to live at Wildyrie: the trees. In the city you have to know which trolley will take you home, and, in the woods, what trail; and very often it does n't get you there by nightfall, and you have to know which wood to cut for cooking, which for the all-night fire. You *have* to know the trees if you are going to make good camping partners for E. L. and me at Wilderness House—so I advise you to read on, you fellows who can shoulder a pack and *may* visit us.

Every day for a week after our morning's work (I write and E. L. studies) I took him out on a tree-travelogue. Each walk was devoted to one evergreen. On the pine day I pointed out pines, talked pines, marched him around them, under them, up them, and in the evening had him draw and quarter them. The next day was balsam day, and so on through spruce, hemlock, and cedar—the five chief conifers at Wildyrie, until he could go out in the forest and call every tree he met by name.

"Wax your skis, E. L.," I said the last evening; "to-morrow will be a beautiful still day, for a storm is brewing, and we 'll go down Snowlight Way and listen to the trees. It 's about their turn now."

Now I really had no way of knowing that the trees were going to get up a debate especially for us, though things like that go on all the time at Wildyrie, but I did know this: that a couple of friends cannot go out for a day with trees without something pleasant happening. That is one of the perquisites of Wilderness House.

So we cut the lessons and writing and set out in a cloudless and windless sun-tide. E. L. had the bacon and bread in his knapsack, I the coffee-pot and cake— it 's a maple-sugar-icing cake that Prunier seems to like to make pretty often and I have never observed anybody anxious to stop him. We slid along for a couple of hours, sometimes climbing a slope by taking long tacks among the trees, sometimes running free for ten minutes down an old deer-trail, until we reached Snowlight

ENTRANCE TO SNOWLIGHT WAY

Way, a great favorite of ours on a calm day of sun. Snowlight is a narrow, winding, open-bottomed ravine, pillared and draped in evergreen. No wind has ever got to the bottom of this ravine yet,—none that I know of has had the strength to try,—and the hardiest of them would have got winded first, there are so many turnings. Besides, if you make a northwest wind blow south one minute and east the next, it loses its self-respect and dies. Consequently, the winds steer clear of Snowlight, and every snowflake that falls from Thanksgiving to April Fools' day rests just where it is most comfortable. The result is that the Way becomes a fairy dell, a snow-draped arcade, a glen of enchantment of the most exquisite decoration, and a very good place for two to wander in at high noon.

"Now, E. L.," I said, "we 're going to have a review. You are to consider me a fellow fresh from a trolley-barn, who thinks that telephone-poles just naturally grow that way, and you 're to correct my impression that all evergreens are pines."

"All right," he replied, grinning; "suppose you learn the real pine first. There 's a white one, with the long leaves."

"It looks green to me," I said, "a soft and purplish green, and if you call those things leaves—"

"They are, though. Centuries of struggle with winter winds and snow burdens have taught pines that thin, pliable, pointed leaves are the only kind to wear."

"But why *white* pine. Why not yellow, or pitch?"

"Count the needles, sir. You 'll find five in a bunch. Besides, the white pine needles are softer than the others, three-sided, and not so sharp. Look at that trunk, smooth, straight, and light in color! It is the most beautiful of all, too."

"You have no right to say that," I interrupted. "At Wildyrie, nothing shall be called more beautiful than any other. The difference is in the eye. Give me facts. How tall is your pine and what are those things on it?"

"That tree is about eighty feet," he said, cocking his head; "but there 's one by Dark-Eyed Water that will top a hundred and fifty. I 'll show it to you."

"Impudent!" I said menacingly; "as if you were n't talking of my wonder, my favorite, my Soothsaying Tree. But go on—what are those cone things?"

"Cones is right," he replied, grandly parental. "They are the seed-cradles, five inches long and an inch through, growing in ones, slightly curved, and not having prickles on the thinnish scales."

"Well, I can tell the white pine close at hand; but how when it is at a distance?"

"By its beaut—" he stopped short. "By the way its limbs are given off from the trunk in a sort of layer."

"Good firewood?"

"Wrong again. None of the softwoods burn for long, though some do well for a quick, short fire."

"Such as we are about to kindle now," I suggested, taking off the knapsack. We had come along the Way to the place we call the Pool of Sunshine, which is a little open place where Snowlight takes a radiant turn, and, as it wheels, widens a moment to the sky. He broke some dead underlimbs from a standing spruce, put them on a strip of birch-bark, struck a match on his "trou," and in ten minutes we had coffee boiling and our glances kept flying toward the maple-sugar cake, which was glistening in the sun with its coffee-colored smile of wide diameter.

"A pine 's easy because of the long needles; but what 's that?"

He studied a ragged, pin-cushiony, dark conifer, that rose only to the armpits of the pine. "That 's a spruce, a black spruce. I know it 's a spruce because the leaves are only about half an inch long, bristle out, are sharp and stiff, and grow from anywhere on the twig and limb. It 's a poor tree."

"You 've no right to say that, either. Even if it does n 't grow over fifty feet, those dark-purple cones it wears—I 've seen them in the spring; they 're reddish brown now, would n't you say?—are beautiful enough. About an inch long, are n't they?"

"Just the same, it is n't as pretty as that balsam there." He pointed to a softwood that rose less raggedly than the spruce to about the same height, rather slenderly, and whose branches lay horizontal to the ground.

"But my paper for writing comes from it," I insisted. "How could you tell the difference in the dark?"

"The trunk of the balsam, at least the younger part, is covered with smooth, unbroken blisters filled with sticky stuff that smells good. I could rub my hand over it. Also the leaves are less spiky than spruce, and don't grow around the stem, but out from opposite sides. And there 's the smell."

"It looks like a spruce," I said doggedly.

"Look at the under side of the leaves," he said, with a patience that is the trait of life at Wilderness House where time is not cut up into little bits by an empty bustle of being busy. "The leaves are lighter underneath, longer than spruce. Look at the cones. They 're two inches longer, sitting erect at the sides, and they were the color of violets. Look at the spires. Crumble a twig and smell it."

"You make a good rooter for the balsam, E. L. Extract of health and vitality—that 's this heart-searching fragrance. But we get chewing-gum from the spruce. And look at that spruce there—far more beautiful than any star-stabbing balsam! See how slender, how charmingly irregular, how drooping, how delicate its limbs!"

"O wilfully unintelligent!" he cried, in my most earnest manner, "that is a hemlock."

"But its leaves are as flat as the balsam."

Pine Balsam Larch

"Yet see how short they are—but half the length of either spruce or balsam, rounded at the end, and silvery beneath."

"Its cones are small."

"Smaller than spruce cones, less than an inch, egg-shaped and drooping."

"I like the hemlock—it makes one content with the woods."

"I like the balsam—it makes you think *up* until you hit the sky. I wish—"

"What do you wish?" I asked, his face had become so wistful with that almost forgotten look of his when he first came to Wildyrie.

"I wish they had a sky over the city—and balsams pointing to it."

"There 's no room for a sky there," I objected, "and they have very little time for one; and as for balsams, they would be cut down at once for toothpicks."

"We 'll just have to have the fellows here," he said, brightening; and I agreed, for it seems a shame to be living on a planet and never get beyond the cellar you happen to be born in.

"You 'll have some time teaching them the trees," I said laughing, "if they 're all as dull as I."

"But they 're not," he said quickly. "I 'll tell them a pine is long-needled and soft-looking; a spruce is short-leaved, prickly, and the stem leaf-covered too. I 'll tell them that a balsam's leaves are flatter and not pointed, but just as long as

Cedar Hemlock

A WINTER LANDSCAPE NEAR WILDYRIE

spruce's and the bark is covered with blisters, and to look for the spire; that the hemlock has the most irregular shape, the bluntest leaves and shortest, as well as having them flat and silvery beneath. I 'll tell them to look for the cedar near water."

"O Father Pan!" I sighed, "is there a cedar?"

"But it 's an easy tree. The white cedar has grooved, stringy bark, full of fiber. It leans out over lakes. Its small, close-lapping leaves are pressed flat, running down the branchlets in four rows. You can't miss it."

"There 's one?" I asked.

"Why, Lucky, you 're getting good," he said, laughter glinting in his eyes over his apt scholar; "there must be water there."

"Runaway Brook begins there. It is n't a big tree, the cedar."

"No. When I pick out my specimen tree to show the fellows, I 'll have a cedar forty feet tall, the balsam forty-five, spruce fifty, hemlock sixty,

and pine eighty, though I tell them to add forty feet to each for the other limit. Then I 'll have them each collect a branch and a cone and a bit of bark. The cedar cone is curious enough, a quarter-inch through, and purplish. The scales are shield shaped and fleshy, and the seeds have wide wings. That 's another thing—I 'm going to have them collect seeds."

"I wish you pleasure with them," said I, sighing contentedly in the sun. Indeed, we were being bathed in luxury. Fire talked to itself, the sun poured from a sky that was white and green and blue, like an ice-cave very well lit, upon a world that was blue and green and white, and we leaned in an after-dinner happiness with our backs against a great rock and looked up at the graceful sides of Snowlight Way. A silence such as Essex Lad and I both know the meaning of stole upon us. High up on the ridge the trees climbed and were quiet, for this was the season of their content before the next storm. They had trained themselves to need nothing but the occasional sun, to endure everything with a calm enjoyment.

A SNOW-LADEN GROUP OF CONIFERS

One learns to listen acutely in the woods, and, as we sat, I fancied that I heard a slight murmur, as of voices stealing from tree to tree of a brotherhood that stood on an exposed knoll near by. I looked at Essex Lad and saw that he had heard, too, and was listening. Unmistakably we caught the words, "I am delighted he likes me best of all." E. L. leaned over and touched my arm, and his eyes shone with pleasure as when one listens to music.

"E. L. may, but Lucky does n't. He needs me." It was Spruce's voice and a little sharper than Balsam's.

"Lucky sent E. L. out for *me*, however, when he was filling the mattress; and when he brought *you* in, Lucky said, 'Porcupine!' Breeze told me the whole thing."

"*Au contraire*, as that stupid tree-chopper says," remarked Spruce, sarcastically. "If Lucky did n't have me to write on, he 'd be stumped. 'T was just the other day he said that if his paper ran out he 'd be up a tree, and *I 'm* the tree."

"He works on you, I admit," said Balsam, balmily, "but he rests on me."

"And walks on me," said another quiet voice, Hemlock's.

"I don't understand you," said Spruce, loftily. "Lucky uses doeskin in the house and leather out."

"Who tans the leather, pray?" said Hemlock, rather coolly. "My bark makes it possible for him to walk."

"And *I* make it possible for him to float." It was White Cedar talking.

"He takes his long trips in *Naiad*, and she is made of me." (*Naiad* is my canoe.)

"And he uses me summer *and* winter," said a dignified voice from across the Way. "Wilderness House was made of me." White Pine spoke softly, always remembering that he is the home of wild doves in summer.

"Well, as for me," said a thin voice near by—a young larch (who is not really an evergreen, but looks like one with his soft green needles—until they turn golden and fall like ordinary fellows in the autumn), "as for me—"

But he had no more than got out the word me, when a sound of many voices came from the knoll: "What have *you* to say?" "You are a summer tree!" "Were E. L. and Lucky talking about *you* just now?" "Go to sleep, Larch!" and other remarks of the sort until Larch shut up.

"As I was about to say," continued Pine, "although I dislike calling attention to myself, I ask you calmly is there another in our woods who grows so straight, so tall? Breeze *talks* to you; I make him *sing!*"

"If you grow high, Pine, I grow low," said Spruce; "and who knows how many nights Partridge and Hare and the rest of the family hide beneath me."

"Who purifies the air?" asked Balsam.

"We all do," said the trees.

"Who is the Christmas Tree?" asked Balsam. Nobody stirred, and he added, a little unnecessarily, "Did you ever hear of them using pines for Christmas trees?

"But do they ever *live* in Christmas trees?" retorted Pine.

"Does anybody *chew* balsam?" said Spruce.

"Or *tan* with balsam?" added Hemlock.

"Or *paddle* in balsam?" said Cedar.

Balsam seemed nonplussed for a moment, and then said: "Just you wait till we are all transplanted to the Happy Forest. Then you 'll see. Was n't it about me that Lucky made his poem that he calls 'Hallowe'en'?

> "The stars wink, elfin-eyed, to-night,
> For fairies are a-stir,
> And hooded goblins take their flight
> From dusky flames of *fir*.
> Chance is that—"

"If you would only listen to me!" said Larch, interrupting.

"*But we won't!*" exclaimed the rest, densely—all except Pine, who was rather less pointed than the rest. It was so sudden, and Larch, having shed most of his voice, sounded so plaintive that Essex Lad gave a giggle quite loud.

Instantly the trees were silent; and though we made no motion or noise for minutes, we caught no further word. In fact, a film of high cloud was now beginning to dim the sun and a coolness was becoming noticeable through our mackinaws.

"I 'm so sorry I giggled," said E. L.; "I wanted to know what Larch was going to say."

"They might have let him speak," I said, "for with his soft, threadlike leaves, his egg-shaped violet cones, and his liking for evergreen haunts, he seems like a half-brother to them. But they are an autocratic crowd. A grove of pines will endure no lesser company. They dwell in high places and glory in storms and cold. And how tenacious they are of life! A few beeches, a company of birches—you 'll rarely find any other trees mixed with these puritans. Maples try hard, but the rest have given up."

I looked at the great pine who had spoken, and, as we put on our skis, I hoped for one more word. But he stood there, motionless, well-preened, glistening in the sun on the outside, but dark with old wisdom in his great top.

The Way sloped enough to give us quite a run, and we said nothing until we had come out in the little natural park in front of Wilderness House and took our worshipful evening look at the great semicircle of mountains.

"One cannot say which tree is the most beautiful, can they, Lucky?"

"If one did, it would be like saying that the mountains are less grand than the sea; or that shortcake tastes better than flapjacks. I sha'n't choose."

"Nor I; and I 'm glad we don't have to. They are ours—always. I 'm glad you told me their names."

"A name is one key to friendship. You can talk to Hemlock now."

"And he to me," said Essex Lad, smiling reminiscently; and then, more doubtfully, "Lucky, were the trees really talking, or did we fall asleep in the sun?"

Remembering that "The gods delight in silence," I did not interrupt their pleasure by answering him, and he put the question by. That night, in front of the fire, I was reading and the Lad and the guide were attending the voices of the rising wind in the chimney when I heard him say, "Prunier, do you really think trees are people?"

"*Au contraire, mon fils*, I know!" said the weathered-faced man. Which was an unusually long speech for that descendant of voyageurs.

"THE LARCHES (AT THE RIGHT) ARE NOT REALLY EVERGREENS"

THE HAPPY VENTURE

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

By the author of "Blue Magic."

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALMENT

KENELM and Felicia Sturgis, aged respectively sixteen and fifteen, adore their eight-year-old brother Kirk, who is blind—a vivid and imaginative person. The opening of the story finds them amusing him with song and story, on a rainy March afternoon, while their Mother is ill with one of the headaches she has had so often since her husband's death. When Ken returns next day from the docks, where he has been dreaming of a sea life as he watches the four-masted schooner *Celestine*, he finds his mother completely broken down with a nervous collapse. It is found that through unwise investment in a mine, Mrs. Sturgis has lost most of her money, almost all that remains secure being needed to keep her in the sanatorium where she is ordered to go. Ken and Felicia, who visit Mr. Dodge, the attorney, keep the worst news from their mother, and consider the lawyer's advice of giving up the expensive town house.

CHAPTER III

UP STAKES

THAT night, Kenelm could not sleep. He walked up and down his room in the dark. His own head ached, and he could not think properly. The one image which stood clearly out of the confusion was that of the *Celestine*, raising gracious spars above the house-tops. The more he thought of her, the more a plan grew in his tired mind. The crew of the *Celestine* must be paid quite well—he could send money home every week from different ports—he could send gold and precious things from South America. There would be one less person to feed at home; he would be earning money instead of spending it.

He turned on his light, and quickly gathered together his hockey sweater, his watch-cap, and an old pair of trousers. He made them into a bundle with a few other things. Then he wrote a letter, containing many good arguments, and pinned it on Felicia's door. He tiptoed downstairs and out into the night. From the street he could see the faint green light from his mother's room, where Miss McClough was sitting. He turned and ran quickly, without stopping to think.

No one was abroad but an occasional policeman, twirling his night-stick. On the wharves the daytime confusion was dispelled; there was no clatter of teaming, no sound but the water fingering dank piles, and the little noises aboard sleeping vessels. But the *Celestine* was awake. Lights gleamed aboard her, men were stirring, the great mass of her canvas blotted half the stars. She was sailing, that night, for Rio de Janeiro.

Ken slipped into the shadow of a pile-head, waiting his chance. His heart beat suffocatingly; his hands were cold. Quietly he stepped under the gang-plank, swung a leg over it, drew himself aboard, and lay flat on deck beside the rail of the *Celestine* in a pool of shade. A man tripped over him and stumbled back with an oath. The next instant Ken was hauled up into the light of a lantern.

"Stowaway, eh?" growled a squat man in dungaree. "Chuck him overboard, Sam, an' let him swim home to his mamma."

In that moment, Ken knew that he could never have sailed with the *Celestine*, that he would have slipped back to the wharf before she cast loose her hawsers. He looked around him as if he had just awakened from sleep-walking and did not know where he found himself. He gazed up at the gaunt mainmast, black against the green night sky, at the main topsail, shaking still as the men hauled it taut.

"I 'm not a stowaway," he said; "I 'm going ashore now."

He walked down the gang-plank with all the dignity he could muster, and never looked behind him as he left the wharf. He could hear the rattle of the *Celestine's* chain cable, and the *boom, boom* of the sails. Once clear of the docks he ran, blindly.

"Fool!" he whispered. "Oh, what a fool! What a senseless idiot!"

The house was dark as he turned in at the gate. He stopped for an instant to look at its black bulk, with Orion setting behind the chimney-pots.

"I was going to leave them—all alone!" he whispered fiercely. "Good Heavens!"

He removed the letter silently from Felicia's door,—he was reassured by seeing its white square before he reached it,—and crept to his own room. There a shadowy figure was curled up on the floor, and it was crying.

"Kirk! What 's up?" Ken lifted him and held him rather close.

"You were n't here," Kirk sniffed; "I got sort of rather l-lonely, so I thought I 'd come in with you—and the b-bed was perfectly empty, and I could n't find you. I t-thought you were teasing me."

"I was taking a little walk," Ken said. "Here, curl up in bed—you 're frozen. No, I 'm not

going away again—never any more, ducky. It was nice in the garden," he added.

"The garden?" Kirk repeated, still clinging to him. "But you smell of—of—oh, rope and sawdust and—and Ken, your face is wet!"

MRS. STURGIS protested bitterly against going away. She felt quite able to stay at home. To be sure, she could n't sleep at all, and her head ached all the time, and she could n't help crying over almost everything—but it was impossible that she should leave the children. In spite of her half-hysterical protests, the next week saw her ready to depart for Hilltop with Miss McClough, who was to take the journey with her.

"You need n't worry a scrap," laughed Felicia, quite convincingly, at the taxi door. "We 've seen Mr. Dodge, and there 'll be money enough. You just get well as quick as ever you can."

"Good-by, my darlings," faltered poor Mrs. Sturgis, quite ready to collapse again. "Good-by, Kirk—my precious, precious baby! How can I!"

And the taxicab moved away, giving them just one glimpse of their mother with her poor head on Miss McClough's capable shoulder.

"Well," Ken remarked, "here we are."

And there was really nothing more to be said on the subject.

Such a strange house! Maggie and Norah gone; Felicia cooking queer meals—principally poached eggs—in the kitchen; Miss Bolton failing to appear every morning at ten o'clock as she had done for the last three years; Mother gone, and not even a letter from her—nothing but a type-written report from the physician at Hilltop.

Gone also, as Kirk discovered, was the low-boy beside the library door. It was a most satisfactory piece of furniture. From its left-hand corner you made a direct line to the window-seat. It also had smoothly graceful brass handles, and a surface delicious to the touch. When Kirk, stumbling in at the library door, failed to encounter it as usual, he was as much startled as though he had found a serpent in its stead. He tried for it several times, and when his hands came against the book-shelves he stopped dead, very much puzzled and quite lost. Felicia found him there, standing still and patiently waiting for the low-boy to materialize in its accustomed place.

"Where is it?" he asked her.

"It 's not there, honey," she said. "We 're going to a different house, and it 's sent away."

"A different house! When? What *do* you mean?"

"We 've finished renting this one," said Felicia. "We thought it would be nice to go to another one—in the country. Oh, you 'll like it."

"How queer!" Kirk mused. "Perhaps I shall. But I don't know about this corner; it used to be covered up. Please start me right."

She did so, and then ran off to attend to a peculiar pudding which was boiling over on the stove. She had not told him that the low-boy was sent away to be sold. When she and Ken had discovered that it would take most of one year's income to move the furniture anywhere, they heart-brokenly concluded that the low-boy and various other old friends must go to help settle the accounts of Miss Bolton and the nurse.

"There are some things," Ken stoutly pronounced, however, "that we 'll take with us, if I

"'I 'M NOT A STOWAWAY,' HE SAID"

have to go digging ditches to support 'em. And some we 'll leave with Mr. Dodge—I know he won't mind a few nice tables and things."

For the "different house" was actually engaged. Mr. Dodge shook his head when he heard that Ken had paid the first quarter's rent without having even seen the place.

"Fine old farm-house," said the advertisement; "Peach and apple orchards. Ten acres of land. Near the bay. Easy reach of city. Only $15.00 per month."

There was also a much blurred photograph of the fine old farm-house, from which it was difficult to deduce much except that it had a gambrel-roof.

"But it does sound quite wonderful," Felicia said to the attorney. "We thought we would n't go to see it because of its costing more to travel there and back again. But don't you think it ought to be nice? Peach and apple orchards,—and only fifteen dollars a month!"

"I dare say it is wonderful," said Mr. Dodge, smiling. "At any rate, Asquam itself is a very pretty little bayside place—I 've been there. Fearfully hard to get your luggage, but charming once you 're there. Don't forget me! I 'll always be here. And you 'd better have a little more cash for your traveling expenses."

"I hope it really came out of our money," Ken said, when he saw the cash.

NOTHING but a skeleton of a house, now. No landmarks at all were left for Kirk, and he tumbled over boxes and crates, and lost himself in the bare, rugless halls. The beds that were to be taken to Asquam were still set up,—they would be crated next day,—but there was really nothing else left in the rooms. Three excited people, two of them very tired, ate supper on the corner of the kitchen table—which was not going to the farm-house. That house flowered hopefully in its new tenants' minds. Felicia saw it, tucked between its orchards, gray roof above gnarled limbs, its wide stone doorstep inviting one to sit down and look at the view of the bay. And there would be no need of spending anything there except that fifteen dollars a month— "and something for food," Felicia thought, "which ought n't to be much, there in the country with hens and things."

It amused Kirk highly—going to bed in an empty room. He put his clothes on the floor, because he could find no other place for them. Felicia remonstrated and suggested the end of the bed.

"Everything else you own is packed, you know," said she. "You 'd better preserve those things carefully."

"Sing to me," he said, when he was finally tucked in. "It 's the last night—and—everything 's so ugly. I want to pretend it 's just the same. Sing '*Do-do, petit frère,*' Phil."

Felicia sat on the edge of the bed and sang the little old French lullaby. She had sung it to him often when she was quite a small girl, and he a very little boy. She remembered just how he used to look—a cuddly, sleepy three-year-old, with a tumble of dark hair and the same grave, unlit eyes. He was often a little frightened, in those days, and needed to hold a warm, substantial hand to link him with the mysterious world he could not see.

"*Do-do, p'tit frère, do-do.*"

His hand groped down the blanket, now, for hers, and she took it and sang on a bit unsteadily in the echoing bareness of the dismantled room.

A long time afterward, when Kenelm was standing beside his window looking out into the starless dark, Felicia's special knock sounded hollowly at his door.

"It 's just Phil," she said, as he bade her come in. She came over to him, her orange kimono trailing, and stood for a while silently fingering the window-latch. Then she turned and said suddenly in a shy, low voice:

"Oh, Ken, I don't know how you feel about it, but—but, I think, whatever awful is going to happen, we must try to keep things beautiful for Kirk."

"I guess we must," Ken said, staring out. "I 'd trust you to do it, old Phil. Cut along now to bed," he added gruffly; "we 'll have to be up like larks to-morrow."

CHAPTER IV

THE FINE OLD FARM-HOUSE

ASQUAM proper is an old fishing-village on the bayside. The new Asquam has intruded with its narrow-eaved frame cottages among the gray old houses, and has shouldered away the colonial Merchants' Hall with a moving-picture theater, garish with playbills and posters. Two large and well-patronized summer hotels flourish on the highest elevation (Asquam people say that their town is "flatter'n' a johnnycake"), from which a view of the open sea can be had, as well as of the peninsulas and islands which crowd the bay.

On the third day of April the hotels and many of the cottages were closed, with weathered shutters at the windows and a general air of desolation about their windy piazzas. Asquam, both new and old, presented a rather bleak and dismal appearance to three persons who alighted thankfully from the big trolley-car in which they had lurched through miles of flat, mist-hung country for the past forty minutes.

The station-agent sat on a tilted-up box and discussed the new arrivals with one of his ever-present cronies.

"Whut they standin' ther' fer?" he said. "Some folks ain't got enough sense to go in outen the rain, seem 's though."

"'T ain't rainin'—not so 's to call it so," said the crony, whose name was Smith. "The gell 's pretty."

"Ya-as, kind o'," agreed the station-agent, tilting back critically. "Boy 's upstandin'."

"Which one?"

"Big 'n. Little 'un ain't got no git-up-'n'-git fer one o' his size. Look at him holdin' to her hand."

"Sunthin' ails him," Smith said. "Ain't all there, I guess."

The station-agent nodded a condescending agreement, and cocked his foot on another box. At this moment the upstanding boy detached himself from his companions, and strode to where the old man sat.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "can you tell me how far it is to the Baldwin farm, and whether any of Mr. Sturgis's freight has come yet?"

"Baldwin fa'm?" The station-agent scratched his ear. "Oh, you mean out on the Winterbottom Road, hey? 'Beout two mile."

"And Mr. Sturgis's freight?"

"Nawthin' come fer that name," said the agent, "'less these be them." He indicated four small packages in the baggage-room.

"Oh no," said Ken, "they 're big things—beds, and things like that. Well, please let me know if they do come. I 'm Mr. Sturgis."

"Oh, you be," said the agent, comprehensively.

"Ain't gonna walk away out to the Baldwin place with all them valises, air you?" Smith inquired, breaking silence for the first time.

"I don't know how else we 'll get there," Ken said.

"*Yay*—Hop!" shouted Smith, unexpectedly, with a most astonishing siren-like whoop.

Before Ken had time to wonder whether it was a prearranged signal for attack, or merely that the man had lost his wits, an ancient person in overalls and a faded black coat appeared from behind the baggage-house.

"Hey? Well?" said he.

"Take these folks up to the Baldwin place," Smith commanded; "and don't ye go losin' no wheels this time—ye got a young lady aboard." At which sally all the old men chuckled creakily.

But the young lady showed no apprehension, only some relief, as she stepped into the tottering surrey which Hop drove up beside the platform. As the old driver slapped the reins on the placid horse's woolly back, the station-agent turned to Smith.

"George," he said, "the little 'un ain't cracked. He 's blind."

"Well, gosh!" said Smith, with feeling.

Winterbottom Road unrolled itself into a white length of half-laid dust, between blown, sweet-smelling bay-clumps and boulder-filled meadows.

"Is it being nice?" Kirk asked, for the twentieth time since they had left the train for the trolley-car.

Felicia had been thanking fortune that she 'd remembered to stop at the Asquam Market and lay in a few provisions. She woke from calculations of how many meals her family could make of the supplies she had bought, and looked about.

"We 're near the bay," she said; "that is, you can see little silvery flashes of it between trees. They 're pointy trees — junipers, I think, and there are a lot of rocks in the fields, and wild-flowers. Nothing like any place you 've ever been in—wild, and salty, and—yes, quite nice."

They passed several low, sturdy farm-houses, and one or two boarded-up summer cottages; then two white chimneys showed above a dark green tumble of trees, and the ancient Hopkins pointed with his whip saying:

"Ther' you be. Kind o' dull this time year, I guess; but my! Asquam 's real uppy, come summer—machines a-goin', an' city folks an' such. Reckon I 'll leave you at the gate where I kin turn good."

The flap-flop of the horse's hoofs died on Winterbottom Road, and no sound came but the wind sighing in old apple-boughs, and from somewhere the melancholy creaking of a swinging shutter. The gate was grown high about with grass; Ken crushed it as he forced open the gate, and the faint, sweet smell rose. Kirk held Felicia's sleeve, for she was carrying two bags. He stumbled eagerly through the tall dry grass, last summer's unmown growth.

"Now can you see it? *Now?*"

But Felicia had stopped, and Kirk stopped, too.

"Are we there? Why don't you say anything?"

"FELICIA SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE BED AND SANG THE LITTLE OLD FRENCH LULLABY"

Felicia said nothing because she could not trust her voice. Kirk knew every shade of it; she could not deceive him. Gaunt and gray the "fine old farm-house" stood its ground before them. Old it assuredly was, and once fine, perhaps, as its solid square chimneys and mullioned windows attested. But oh, the gray grimness of it! the sagging shutter that creaked, the burdocks that choked the stone door-step, the desolate wind that surged in the orchard trees and would not be still!

Ken did what Felicia could not do. He laughed—a real laugh, and swept Kirk into warm, familiar arms.

"It 's a big, jolly, fine old place!" he said. "Its windows twinkle merrily, and the front door is only waiting for the key I have in my pocket. We 've got home, Quirk—have n't we, Phil?"

Felicia blessed Ken. She almost fancied that the windows did twinkle kindly. The big front door swung open without any discourteous hesitation, and Ken stood in the hall.

"Phew—dark!" he said. "Wait here, you fellows, while I get some shutters open."

They could hear his footsteps hollowly in the back rooms, and shafts of dusky light, preceded by hammerings and thumpings, began presently to band the inside of the house. Felicia stepped upon the painted floor of the bare hall, glanced up the narrow stairs, and then stood in the musty, half-lit emptiness of what she guessed to be the living-room, waiting for Ken. Kirk did not explore. He stood quite still beside his sister, sorting out sounds, analyzing smells. Ken came in, very dusty, rubbing his hands on his trousers.

"Lots of fireplaces, anyway," he said. "Put down your things—if you 've anywhere to put 'em. I 'll load all the duffle into this room and see if there 's any wood in the woodshed. Glory! No beds, no blankets! There 'll *have* to be wood, if the orchard primeval is sacrificed!" And he went.

"This is an adventure," Felicia whispered dramatically to Kirk. "We 've never had a real one before; have we?"

"Oh, it 's nice!" Kirk cried suddenly. "It 's low, and still, and—the house wants us, Phil!"

"The house wants us," murmured Felicia. "I believe that 's going to help me."

It was quite the queerest supper that the three had ever cooked or eaten. Perhaps "cooked" is not exactly the right word for what happened to the can of peas and the can of baked beans. Ken did find wood—not in the woodshed, but strewing the orchard grass; hard old apple-wood, gray and tough. It burned merrily enough in the living-room fireplace, and the chimney responded with a hollow rushing as the hot air poured into it.

"It makes it seem as if there were something alive here besides us, anyway," Felicia said.

They were all sitting on the hearth, warming their fingers, and when the apple-wood fire burned down to coals that now and again spurted short-lived flame, they set the can of peas and the can of baked beans among the embers. They turned them gingerly from time to time with two sticks, and laughed a great deal. The laughter echoed about in the empty stillness of the house.

Ken's knife was of the massive and useful sort that contains a whole array of formidable tools. These included a can-opener, which now did duty on the smoked tins. It had been previously used to punch holes in the tops of the cans before they went among the coals—"for we don't want the blessed things blowing up," Ken had said. Nothing at all was the matter with the contents of the cans, however, in spite of the strange process of cookery. The Sturgises ate peas and baked beans on chunks of unbuttered bread (cut with another part of Ken's knife) and decided that nothing had ever tasted quite so good.

"No dish-washing, at any rate," said Ken; "we 've eaten our dishes."

Kirk chose to find this very entertaining, and consumed another "bread-plate," as he termed it, on the spot.

The cooking being finished, more gnarly apple-wood was put on the fire, and the black, awkward shadows of three figures leaped out upon the bare wall and danced there in the ruddy gloom. Bed-time loomed nearer and nearer as a grave problem, and Ken and Felicia were silent, each wondering how the floor could be made softest.

"The Japanese sleep on the floor," Ken said, "and they have blocks of wood for pillows. Our bags are the size, and, I imagine, the consistency, of blocks of wood. *N'est-ce pas, oui, oui?*"

"I 'd rather sleep on a rolled-up something-or-other *out* of my bag than on the bag itself, any day—or night," Felicia remarked.

"As you please," Ken said; "but act quickly. Our brother yawns."

"Bedtime, honey," Felicia laughed to Kirk. "Even queerer than supper-time was."

"A bed by night, a hard-wood floor by day," Ken misquoted murmurously.

"Hard-wood!" Felicia sniffed. "*Hard* wood!"

The problem now arose which was most to be desired, an overcoat under you to soften the floor, or on top of you to keep you warm?

"If he has my overcoat, it 'll do both," Ken suggested. "Put his sweater on, too."

"But what 'll *you* do?" Kirk objected.

"Roll up in *your* overcoat, of course," Ken said.

This also entertained Kirk.

"No, but really?" he said, sober all at once.

"Don't you fret about me. I 'll haul it away from you after you 're asleep."

And Kirk snuggled into the capacious folds of Ken's Burberry, apparently confident that his brother really would claim it when he needed it.

Ken and Felicia sat up, feeding the fire occasionally, until long after Kirk's quiet breathing told them that he was asleep.

"Well, we 've made rather a mess of things, so far," Ken observed, somewhat cheerlessly.

"We were ninnies not to think that none of the stuff would have come," Felicia said. "We 'll *have* to do something before to-morrow night. This is all right for once, *but*—!"

"Goodness knows when the things will come," said Ken, poking at the fore-stick. "The old personage said that all the freight, express, everything, comes by that weird trolley-line, at its own convenience."

"Should n't you think that they 'd have something dependable, in a summer place?" Felicia sighed. "Oh, it seems as if we 'd been living for years in houses with no furniture in them. And the home things will simply rattle, here."

"I wish we could have brought more of them," Ken said. "We 'll have to rout around to-morrow and buy an oil-stove or something, and a couple of chairs to sit on. Ahhum! Let 's turn in, Phil. We 've a tight room and a fire, anyhow. Shall you be warm enough?"

"Plenty. I 've my coat, and a sweater. But what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I 'll sit up a bit longer and stoke. And really, Kirk's overcoat spreads out farther than you 'd think. He 's tallish, nowadays."

Felicia discovered that there are ways and ways of sleeping on the floor. She found, after sundry writhings, the right way, and drifted off to sleep long before she expected to.

KEN woke later in the stillness of the last hours of night. The room was scarcely lit by the smoldering brands of the fire; its silence hardly stirred by the murmurous hissing of the logs. Without, small marsh frogs trilled their silver welcome to the spring, an unceasing jingle of tiny bell-notes. Kirk was cuddled close beside Ken, and woke abruptly as Ken drew him nearer.

"You did n't take your overcoat," he whispered.

"We 'll both have it, now," his brother said. "Curl up tight, old man; it 'll wrap round the two of us."

"THE 'FINE OLD FARM-HOUSE' STOOD BEFORE THEM"

"Is it night still?" Kirk asked.

"Black night," Ken whispered; "stars at the window, and a tree swaying across it. And in here a sort of dusky lightness—dark in the corners, and shadows on the walls, and the fire glowing away. Phil 's asleep on the other side of the hearth, and she looks very nice. And listen—hear the toads?"

"Is that what they are? I thought it was a fairy something. They make nice noises! Where do they live?"

"In some marsh. They sit there and fiddle away on bramble roots and sing about various things they like."

"What nice toads!" murmured Kirk.

"*Sh-sh!*" whispered Ken; "we 're waking Phil. Good night—good morning, I mean. Warm enough now?"

"Yes. Oh, Ken, *are n't* we having fun!"

"Are n't we, though!" breathed his brother, pulling the end of the Burberry over Kirk's shoulders.

THE sun is a good thing. It clears away not only the dark shadows in the corners of empty rooms, but also the gloom that settles in anxious people's minds at midnight. The rising of the sun made, to be sure, small difference to Kirk, whose mind harbored very little gloom, and was lit principally by the spirits of those around him. Consequently, when his brother and sister began reveling in the clear, cold dawn, Kirk executed a joyous little *pas seul* in the middle of the living-room floor and set off on a tour of exploration. He returned from it with his fingers very dusty, and a loop of cobwebs over his hair.

"It 's all corners," he said, as Felicia caught him to brush him off, "*and* steps. Two steps down and one up, and just when you are n't 'specting it."

"You 'd better go easy," Ken counseled, "until you 've had a personally conducted tour. You 'll break your neck."

"I 'm being careful. And I know already about this door. There 's a kink in the wall, and then a hump in the floor-boards just before you get there. It 's an exciting house."

"That it is!" said Ken, reaching with a forked stick for the handle of the galvanized iron pail which sat upon the fire. Nobody ever heard of boiling eggs in a galvanized iron pail, but that is exactly what the Sturgises did. The pail, in an excellent state of preservation, had been found in the woodshed. The pump yielded, unhesitatingly, any amount of delicious cold water, and though three eggs did look surprisingly small in the bottom of the pail, they boiled quite as well as if they 'd been in a saucepan.

"Only think of all the kettles and things I brought!" Felicia mourned. "We 'll have to buy some plates and cups, though, Ken." Most of the Sturgis china was reposing in a well-packed barrel in a room over Mr. Dodge's garage, accompanied by many other things for which their owners longed.

"How the dickens do we capture the eggs?" Ken demanded. "Pigs in clover 's not in it. Lend a hand, Phil!"

(To be continued)

OUR OWL GUESTS

By BRUCE HORSFALL

DURING the month of November a live great horned owl was brought to me to keep until conditions were favorable for photographing him with the moving-picture camera. It was nearly six weeks before the Oregon rain held up for a sufficient length of time to make this possible; so I had the bird under close observation in the interval.

He was turned loose in the basement in order to prevent him from wearing and rumpling his plumage. Within a couple of days he was perfectly at home; in fact, so much at home that he considered the entrance of any of our family as an intrusion into his special domain. He chose the woodpile immediately in front of the furnace as his favorite perch and snapped and hissed at me when I stoked the fire in the early morning.

He allowed me to stroke the top of his head and his ears, but would not suffer any other liberties. Twice when I stroked his wing feathers he flew directly at my face. And several times, while I was putting fuel in the furnace, I instinctively ducked, just in time to prevent a severe rake from his terrible claws. Finally I wore a hat as a protection whenever it was necessary for me to go into the basement, and this saved me from an especially sudden onslaught one morning. The hat bears three nice holes as a reminder. If I stepped too close to him, he spread out his wings

"THE GREAT HORNED OWL REMAINED VICIOUS AND UNTAMABLE, GROWING MORE AND MORE FEROCIOUS AS TIME PASSED"

and feathers until he looked like a giant puffball; he hung his head forward and laid back his ear tufts; he blinked his eyes and rolled them, constantly keeping me in his field of vision. He seemed an incarnate demon; and remained vicious and untamable, growing more and more ferocious as time passed.

In marked contrast, in nature and behavior, was a female snowy owl, which was caught on the roof of one of the downtown store buildings later in the season. She had the freedom of the basement, as the great horned owl had, and completely won our hearts during her stay with us.

Unlike the great horned owl, she would not allow us to stroke her at all. She did not puff out nor strike at me, she simply moved away. She was extremely interested in everything that went on about her. She watched all my movements, and investigated afterward to see what I had been about. If I moved a stick of wood, the coal-shovel, or a box from one place to another, she would fly down to examine it when all was quiet and she thought no one was watching her.

While I was painting her portrait, I was called to the telephone, and when I returned she was standing on the cardboard, looking intently at my work. As soon as she knew she was discovered, she flew back to her perch on the chopping-block and went on posing. She even went to sleep several times while I was painting.

She was extremely afraid of strangers, and if one came near, she either drew her feathers closely about her and straightened herself up with dignity, or sought some means of escape. Under similar circumstances, the great horned owl would puff out his feathers and look threateningly fierce.

The snowy owl did not move about at night, which showed her to be a diurnal, or daylight, creature, while the great horned owl is nocturnal. The eyes of the two owls were quite different. Those of the Snowy Owl were deep-set, and she was apparently incapable of completely expanding the pupils, as the great horned owl did. In the dim light, the yellow in the great horned owl's eyes entirely disappeared, while there was always a visible rim of yellow in those of the snowy owl. In a strong light, the pupil of the great horned owl contracted to mere pin-points, while the eyelids remained open. The Snowy Owl partly closed her eyelids to keep out the light, the pupils contracting very little.

When taking food, she daintily drew back the long hairy feathers about the mandibles. The upper mandible seemed to be slightly movable. She drank a little water, but did not bathe, probably because she wanted snow for her bath. The great horned owl bathed regularly every second night.

The snowy owl usually held her toes in the form of a letter K, the long stroke of the letter corresponding to the hind and inner front toes. She preferred the floor or a low block of wood as a perch, showing that her habitat was probably the open tundras rather than the wooded regions.

During the five weeks the snowy owl was with us, she proved her family to be the most intelligent of the owls, and showed so many endearing traits that we wished we might keep her always, or that she might be allowed to fly away to her home in the north among the lemmings and ptarmigans and the mighty frosts of the arctic, where Jack Frost is King.

THE MARCH WIND

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

THE March Wind scoured both field and hill;
He blew a whistle loud and shrill;
He scurried through a quiet wood,
And mixed up everything he could.

The March Wind blew with all his might,
And little trees all held on tight.
The big trees waved their arms about,
But they were firm; their hearts were stout.

The March Wind stirred the leaves around,
And set them whirling from the ground;
The poor dear things were made to prance
A howling-dervish sort of dance.

The March Wind jeered, and, with a whack,
Clapped good St. Patrick on the back.
A rabbit then he tried to scare,
And turned into a wild March hare.

The March Wind ended all his pranks,
And everything at once gave thanks.
And I forgave with right good will,
Because he brought the daffodil!

"THE SNOWY OWL PROVED HER FAMILY TO BE THE MOST INTELLIGENT OF OWLS"

"LIEUTENANT MILLS, who ranks—you or Browning?"

I snapped to attention, saluting. Captain Andrews, regimental Operations Officer, stood before me. "I do, sir."

"All right. Come with me."

We found Browning sitting on a stool, smoking—a picture of laziness. But he saw the captain, and straightened up like a jack-in-the-box. Our senior, striding on ahead, motioned for him to fall in with me.

"What 's up, Joe?" he whispered.

"Search me! Somebody in trouble in the company, maybe."

"Hope it is n't us. But it would n't be his job anyhow. He 'd pass it up to the Old Man."

Thereafter we swung along behind the captain in perplexed silence. Our Operations Officer was a rather saturnine, somewhat reserved old scout. We knew him best as the originator of all manner of heart-breaking training-camp stunts—stunts which had never endeared him to us particularly. Ordinarily he was the whole thing as to dignity, and when he saw fit thus to hunt up and foregather with a couple of "shave-tails"—camp lingo for second lieutenants—something must be "up."

He led us far down the road, crossed a field, then piloted us up a little slope to a point just below the crest. Motioning for us to do as he did, he dropped to the ground, and with no particular loss of dignity, so far as I could see, crawled to the summit. Browning and I were at his heels—literally—until we finally drew up beside him to peer through a thin screen of bushes into the valley beyond.

It was difficult to understand for the moment the need for our precautions. Certainly the valley looked peaceful enough just then. Here and there it was dotted with shell-holes, but no living thing, man or beast, was in sight. On the opposite slope, however, something like a thousand yards from where we lay, stretched a long, zigzag line—the enemy's.

"Take your glasses and focus on those trenches," ordered the captain. "See that line of brush? All right. Now—just at the left center! See it? Look closely."

We looked. Sure enough, there was the little tell-tale slit in the bushes—a machine-gun nest!

The captain turned and faced us.

"That nest has been causing a lot of trouble. It must be taken," he said. "You two boys are to do the job—you and your platoons. The show comes off to-morrow morning. Mills, you are in charge. Take your men this afternoon and rehearse just what you will do. And let me tell you two this: just about every other officer in the regiment, the colonel included, will be roosting up here, watching you work. You 're in luck!"

That was all—no "ifs" or "ands"—no asking if we felt equal to the job—just a cold-blooded assumption that we were aching for it. I saw Browning's eyes kindle and a flush rise in his dark cheek. I think at that moment we both loved the grim old boy who was giving us our chance

But he had already slid back a few paces, and was getting on his feet. We did the like, and without a word he led the way down the hill again. It was hard work to keep quiet as we followed. I think both of us wanted to turn handsprings. Chosen from all the "loots" in the regiment to do a job like this! And that kindly "you boys" from the grim old codger! Take the machine-gun nest? Wow! Would n't we do just that thing!

When the captain had left us I slapped Browning on the back.

"What about it?" I asked, in a sort of suppressed yell.

"Oh, boy!" was all he could say.

But a moment later, edging out of reach, he added, "If only we were to have a real commander—somebody that knew something!"

Then he bolted for his quarters, zigzagging as he ran, and the piece of paving rock I sent after him went wide. I had thought we were unobserved, but of course a couple of the men—old "vets" at that—had to step out from behind a tent just then. They saluted stiffly, then walked away, grinning at the horse-play of the "kid looies."

That afternoon we were busy people. We established an imitation machine-gun nest in a corner of the field, and again and again captured it in every manner and method. The men were as interested as ourselves—full of "pep" and "jazz." Finally we settled on our plan, and sent the boys to quarters. When I went to bed that night it was to do the whole thing over and over again in my dreams, sometimes leading my platoon to victory; just as often being defeated, and all shot up individually, though somehow the *Boches* never seemed to finish me.

It was great the next morning to see the way the fellows lined up. Inspection—unusually strict at that—was a mere ceremony. Absolutely everything in the way of equipment was in shape.

A few cautioning words, and we were off.

We marched down the road in column of squads, Browning's platoon in the rear, with a wide gap intervening. It was to be the support. Soon I split my own immediate command into line of half platoons, as the less dangerous formation in the event of artillery fire. Then, the ground becoming rough as we approached the slope, I split again into line-of-combat groups. On the other side of the slope lay success or failure. Which would it be? Success, of course—no sense in thinking of anything else!

But we were nearing the crest. I gave the signal "As skirmishers," and the men spread out into two waves. I signaled a halt and looked about

SAFE FOR THE MOMENT IN A SHELL-HOLE

me. Every man was in his exact and proper place—tense and silent—and ready! Again we advanced—and reached the crest!

"*Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Br-r-r-r-r!*" The machine-gun!

I signaled "Down!" Instantly every man "hit the dust," taking cover as best he might. Another signal—and the front wave began firing. They had the range, and right off the bat the automatic rifles on the flanks got in their work. With every rattling explosion I fancied I could see puffs of dust shoot into the air in front of the hostile nest. The effect was immediate. The enemy fire grew high and wild. I blew my whistle. Instantly the four automatic riflemen of my right flank team arose as one, rushed forward for thirty yards and dropped, safe for the moment, into a shell-hole. Then, team by team, all the remaining men of the front wave rushed to cover

in the advanced position. The second wave followed suit—and so we kept it up. Team by team hustled forward in short rushes from cover to cover. It was very simple after all—also exciting. And the moment for the final struggle was drawing thrillingly near.

But we had been paying for our progress! As we advanced, the enemy fire had grown hotter again. Here and there men dropped and lay still. There was a gap in our center—not one of our teams was whole. Two of my four runners were down. Were we good for that last rush yet to be made—and the struggle at the end? I thought so—and the men thought so. I could see it in their snapping eyes, their quick, impatient glances. They might as well have said, in so many words: "What are we stopping for? Why can't we finish it?" Why could n't we, indeed? For a moment my head spun with the temptation to go on—to show the colonel and the others watching up there on the crest that I needed no aid; that I could do without Browning and his support. Then I kicked myself—figuratively, but good and hard—and woke up! I was n't there to get these men of mine killed needlessly. A flanking fire would mean everything for us now—and Browning and his men, back there, chafing, waiting for their chance, were the lads to give it.

Away sped the runner, dodging from shell-hole to shell-hole, bearing my message. The men with me, at my order, dug in where they lay with a few moments' fierce work, and continued to pour their fire into the enemy nest. There was need of the additional protection. The ground we hugged was being swept as by a broom of lead. Every moment some one of my little force ceased firing and lay still. Why did n't Browning come? Our fire grew weaker, while the enemy's seemed to increase in volume and accuracy. Here and there a man glanced at me questioningly—only for the fraction of an instant—still doggedly working the lever of his piece. Where was Browning?

And the answer came. From the left suddenly broke a new rattle of automatics. A roar of explosions sounded all about the enemy nest as "V. B." after "V. B." landed. Almost instantly the hostile fire slackened; in a moment it ceased entirely. Browning had arrived!

I gathered my remaining men. "Let 's go!"

We went—with a yell! Two minutes later saw us swarming—bayonets fixed and jabbing—all over and about the hostile trench—to be greeted by the defenders with mingled laughter and shouts of alarm, the latter not entirely make-believe.

"Here, here, Mills! What are you up to? Call off your dogs, you young lunatic! They 'll be sticking us like so many pigs in a minute!"

It was the commander of the defenders who spoke—Captain Andrews himself, the Operations Officer. And it tickles me yet to remember that the grim old "vet" looked almost scared in the midst of his laughter. But it tickled me more when he climbed out of the trench to shake hands with me, also with Browning, and to tell us that we had put up a "bully good little sham fight." And he laughed out—genially, almost boyishly—when my "fallen" men, all grinning, marched up and came to a standstill at the order of a big sergeant: "St. Peter's Battalion!—Halt!"

DAME BALDY: ORIGINAL PAPER MAKER

By FLORENCE BOYCE DAVIS

It happened this way: at a quiet resort,
As spring was about to commence,
An old bald-faced hornet (Dame Baldy, for short),
Took a seat on a weathering fence;
Now *I* was n't there, but it 's safe to infer
That she wrinkled her brow in deep thought,
For all of a sudden she rose with a whir—
A novel idea she had caught!

She settled herself on the weathering rail
And did a most curious feat—
She scraped at the wood like a hungry old quail
That was getting a tidbit to eat,
And when she had gotten enough in her mouth,
She chewed it away with a will,
And then took her bearings and flew away south
To her habitat under the hill.

Then what did she do? Why, she built her a house,
All paper from cellar to spire,
With a little round door like the hole of a mouse,
And she fastened it fast to a brier;
She worked at her trade on the weathered old fence
Till it came to be well understood;
And men were impressed with Dame Baldy's good sense,
And began making paper from wood.

HE wore a blue wig, with a pigtail of green;

HIS table lay flat, with its legs in the air:
When dining, he sat on the rails of a chair,
And nibbled his soup through a straw.
If ever a penny rolled under the bed,

BOY SCOUTS IN THE NORTH; OR, THE BLUE PEARL

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness"

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

JIM DONEGAN, the lumber-king, has a wonderful collection of gems. His specialty is pearls. He tells the Scouts that a blue pearl the size of a certain pink pearl which he owns would be worth $50,000 and that he would be glad to pay that sum for such a pearl, but that no such pearl has ever existed. Joe Couteau, the Indian boy, contradicts this and tells him of the strange island he once, when a little boy, visited with his uncle, the shuman, or medicine-man, of his tribe. There his uncle found a great blue pearl in a strange stream in the interior of the island, the hunting-ground of one of the great brown bears, the largest of known carnivorous animals. Joe is sure that he can find his way back to his tribe and can go again to the island. The lumber-king agrees, if Joe and his friend Will Bright will make the trip, to finance it. Old Jud Adams, who has trapped all through that region, hears of the plan and insists on going along. Another boy is needed to make up the party, and Will and Joe agree to choose the one who shows most sand and sense in the great Interscholastic Games in which Cornwall is to compete. The day of the games comes, and after a number of extraordinary happenings, everything finally turns on the mile-run. Freddie Perkins, of the Wolf Patrol, finally wins this after such a heart-breaking finish that he is unanimously elected to the vacant place among the Argonauts, as the four christen themselves. The boys make the journey to the Pacific coast in Mr. Donegan's private car and hear the stories of how a lynx paid Joe's passage to Cornwall, Bill Peebles and the black fox, the Englishman and the hold-up man, and have an adventure with a puff-adder. At Puget Sound they travel north on the timber-tug "*Bear*." At Half-way Island they find the chicken-soup spring, and, after many adventures, reach Akotan, the Island of the Free People, where they meet Joe's great-uncle the shuman. At Akotan they live for some weeks in the guest-lodge, and go hunting and fishing in preparation for the tests of courage which they must pass before they can journey to Goreloi, the Island of the Bear. They take part in a sea-lion round-up, and Jud by a cool shot saves Will from a sudden and deadly danger.

CHAPTER VI

THE QUEST OF THE OTTER

THE Argonauts were gathered together with Negouac in the guest-lodge a few nights after Will's narrow escape from the mad skunk. After a long day of hunting, there had been a wonderful dinner of broiled salmon and elk steaks, and now, in front of the fire, the talk had turned to the tests which loomed up before them all before they could hope to see Goreloi. Negouac had been telling them something of the delights of that enchanted island.

"Goreloi all green, air smell sweet, and there be flowers, big red fruit, painted birds, warm baths, and good hunting," he assured them. But when they tried to find out where it was and how to get there, the Eskimo shut up like a clam.

"Sounds like a fairy-story to me," murmured old Jud, to Will. "Painted birds and red apples don't grow in this latitude."

"After seeing Half-Way Island and the chicken-soup spring," returned Will, "I 'll believe anything. What about the tests, Negouac," he went on; "what does a fellow have to do to get there?"

"He must be brave," was all the chief would say at first.

"That lets old man Jud out," suggested Joe, who loved to tease the old trapper. "He run from little striped hornet and squeal like a girl."

"How do you get that way?" howled Jud, much incensed. "I never squealed a squeal. Nobody but a bonehead would stand still and let a lot of pizen hornets sting him to death. Moreover, who you callin' 'old'? You 'll stub your toe one of these days if you don't watch out."

"What do you call being brave?" persisted Will, turning again to Negouac.

"Kill gray wolf with knife or white bear with spear," responded the latter, after a moment's thought; "or catch kahlan or sea-wolf."

Will turned inquiringly to Jud.

"Kahlan 's sea-otter, like I told you already," explained the trapper, "an' sea-wolf 's the same as killer-whale."

"Well," said Will, "me for the sea-otter. I 'll leave the bears and wolves and whales to you fellows. I guess a sea-otter is about all I can get away with."

Negouac said something to Joe in his own language.

"He say," translated Joe, "that take braver man to get sea-otter than bear, wolf, or whale. Only two hunters in whole tribe dare go after them."

"Well," said Will, "I 'll be the third."

"All right," said Negouac, who had been listening; "you shall have chance."

This chance came sooner than any one expected. The very next day one of the great storms which make that coast so dreaded came howling in from the southeast, the storm-quarter of that country. For two days and nights in the guest-lodge, where Negouac had joined them, they listened to the deafening crash of the wind

and waves. At one point far out at sea a vast tide-rip formed where the gale at its height met the ebb-tide. Prisoned between tide and wind and reef, the waves rose in vast breakers forty feet high, crowned by clouds of spray and spume. In a dreadful dance they whirled around and around like vast sea-sprites and moved rhythmically back and forth, while the shout of their mighty voices could be heard for miles inland as they dashed into the narrow gut and broke against the face of the dark cliffs. The spray flew a hundred feet high over the top of the cliff and beat against the skin-covering of the tepee like driven snow.

"The sea chiefs dance their death-dance to-night," said Negouac, peering out through the slitted opening. "Sometmes," he went on, turning to the boys, "great medicine-man go down and dance with them. My grandfather see one paddle out on night like this, jump into water, grow tall as sea chiefs, and dance round and round with them all night long, while tribe watch from top of cliffs. In morning, when he come back, no one dare speak to him."

"Heaven help any man or ship either that has to dance with them critters to-night," said old Jud, peering out over the chief's shoulder.

"This boy, he dance with them to-morrow," said Negouac, putting his hand on Will's shoulder.

"What do you mean," said old Jud, while Will looked startled in spite of his best efforts to appear unconcerned.

"Yes," said the Eskimo, "to-morrow be good kahlan weather."

Then the chief went on to explain how the sea-otter was hunted. In the old times, he told them, it had been so common that not only chiefs, but even ordinary Indians wore cloaks made of the lustrous, shimmering, ebony-black fur, the rarest and most valuable in the world. Then came the fatal day when that cruel Russian, Feodor Altasov, with a band of Cossacks and Tartars, discovered and won for the Russian Empire the great Kamchatkan Peninsula. There they found sea-otter by the thousand. Even then their pelts brought such prices that in a few years the fierce fur-hunters had killed and driven away from the peninsula nearly all of the otter colonies. They stripped the living natives of every scrap of otter fur, and even rifled the graves of dead chiefs who had been buried in their fur parkas. Then, building rude wooden boats, they sailed across a dark and dangerous sea and discovered the Aleutian Islands and the Alaska Peninsula. There the fur-hunters enslaved the ancestors of the Free People and sent them out in bands to hunt the sea-otter. Up and down a thousand miles of rock-bound coast they were driven relentlessly, and night and day they hunted for their masters, storm-beaten, starving, and freezing. On desolate islands, with the thermometer below zero, they would hunt for weeks at a time without fire, for the smoke of a fire drives away all otter within a range of four or five miles. At many points they were forced to fight for their lives with the fierce Koloshian tribes, who allowed no strangers to hunt in their territory. Less than half of the Indian hunters came back alive from this terrible half-year hunt. Under the leadership of one of their chiefs, the warriors who were left fought their way out, with their women and children, and found their way to Akotan, where they became the Free People. The entrance to its single harbor was so narrow and well guarded and the mountains in the interior offered so many hiding-places that the fur-traders had never been able again to enslave them.

The boys never forgot the story, punctuated by the mutter of the volcano and the mighty voices of the dreadful breakers, which Negouac told that night of the sufferings, the flight, and the victory of the tribe.

Then he told them of the spearing surround, which he remembered as a boy. All the hunters of the tribe would paddle in a long line, if the weather was calm, toward two small islands far out at sea. The grounds reached, they would scan every foot of the water ahead of them. At last some one would see the blunt head of a sea-otter as it rose to the surface. Only for a second would the shy animal remain up. Instantly he who had caught a glimpse of it would raise his paddle at the spot where the otter had dived, and the rest of the band would make a great circle around the place. For fifteen or twenty minutes they would wait, until some one caught a glimpse of the otter coming to the surface again for air. Immediately, with a shout, they would drive him under again and start a new circle. For hours the hunt would go on, with the otter staying under a shorter and shorter time after each dive. At last he would fail to go under at all, and become the prize of him whose spear first pierced the long lithe body. If the weather was rough, surf-shooting was the method used. Patrolling the surf just off the islands, the successful hunters were those who were able to pierce with an arrow the bobbing head of a sea-otter in the waves fifty yards away. It would seem an impossible feat to accomplish from a plunging bidarka, yet a good hunter would hit that small mark three times out of four. Later, the body of the otter which had been killed would be found rolled up by the surf on the near-by beach.

As the sea-otter became shyer and fewer, both

of these methods had been given up many years ago. Nowadays they were only hunted during the storms. Then, driven by the great waves, the otter would take refuge on a series of islets and reefs just showing above the water, where, burying their heads in sea-weed or in tossing beds of kelp, they would sleep out the storm. It was only then that a hunter, daring enough to risk his life in the waves, might approach them. Even of the most noted hunters, few of them lived to make many trips. In order to be successful it was necessary to reach the tiny outer islands at the very height of the storm; for as soon as the wind and the waves went down, the otters would return to deep water. Even if the bidarkas were not swamped or wrecked on hidden reefs, there was always the danger of missing the islands altogether and being carried out into the open sea, whence there was no returning.

There was a long silence after the chief had explained simply why so few of the tribe qualified as otter-hunters. It was old Jud who spoke first.

"Fellows," he said, "I 'm the oldest one here, though not so very old at that," and he looked sternly at Joe. "This otter-hunt is off. I 'm not goin' back to Cornwall an' tell Bill's family that I let him go fishin' for otters in a hurricane."

"It 's too late," said Will. "I can't back out now. We can't afford to fall down on the very first test."

Jud looked around the little circle, but received no encouragement. Joe only nodded at Will's last words.

"He could n't be a quitter," murmured Fred, while Negouac's face was as impassive as usual.

"I 'm goin' myself," declared the old man, finally. "I 've just remembered I used to be some otter-hunter, an' I don't want you kids to have all the glory."

Will patted the old trapper's back.

"It can't be did, Jud," he said softly. "I promised to do this—and I will. You save yourself for killer-whales."

Nothing more was said and before long they were all asleep.

It seemed to Will only a few minutes later, although many hours had passed, when the chief woke him up. At the water's edge, crouched down in the sand, with their backs to the howling gale, they found the two hunters, Alunak and Alnitam. Both were wiry, dark, and small, and neither of them spoke much English. Alunak was the older of the two and knew the channels, currents, reefs, and bars of the great bay better than any man in the tribe, while Alnitam, who was to paddle bow, could recognize the black, bobbing head of an otter a hundred yards away. Hauled well up on the sand beyond the reach of the waves was the bidarka in which they were to make the voyage, made of untanned sea-lions' skins, stretched and sewed over a light strong framework of cedar and whalebone. The little boat was decked over with skins as taut as the parchment of a well-strung bass drum and smeared all over with thick seal-oil, so that it was really made up of four air-chambers, separated by the three cockpits in which the paddlers sat, and was as unsinkable as any craft could be.

Launching the bidarka in a bit of comparatively smooth water, it was held until the paddlers had taken their places and were laced in. Each of them was equipped with a short heavy club and a long, double-bladed paddle. For a second Negouac held the boat in balance. Then, as Will waved a good-by, it shot out into the rush and foam and smother of the storm. The inner reefs were roaring like a battle, and the great and fearful voices of the sea chiefs sounded through the mists. Favored by wind and tide, the little cockle-shell of a boat leaped through the blowing vapors like a flying-fish. Will had never imagined anything like the absolute skill and balance of his companions. For awhile he could see nothing but a whirling white waste of waters. At times the little boat would be far up on the very crest of some mighty swell and he could see the cliffs and the peaks and the miles of torn water ahead. Then, with the rush of a toboggan, it would shoot deep down the slope into a boiling caldron of white water rimmed around with black-green tossing walls that threatened to engulf them, but, marvelously, never did.

Through it all Alunak and Alnitam never missed a stroke. Always just at the right moment the deft beat of their paddle would send the bidarka spinning out of the boiling depths and up again to the crest of some huge roller. Not always did they escape untouched. Twice, in the welter and whirl of cross-seas, a crashing wave drove boat and crew down under tons of falling water. Each time the bidarka bobbed up like a cork, although the last time Will gasped hard for breath when he reached the surface.

At last their course led them directly across one end of the line of reefs among which the swift and deadly breakers shouted and danced. For an instant Alnitam, the foremost hunter, turned and looked searchingly at Will. Then down from the crest of a towering wave on a long hundred foot slant the little boat shot where the white waves towered and vanished like ghosts. The water in front of them, lashed to a foam, was snow-white. Suddenly from out of the mists, with a roar like an earthquake, one of the vast breakers rushed from the inner dance of death to

meet them. Fifty feet high the monster seemed to tower. It whirled and darted backward and forward as if keeping time to the shouting of that fatal inner circle of its brethren. Driven on by the roaring gale and tide, it was impossible to stop the bidarka, nor could they veer save slightly from their course and strike the narrow channel ahead, which was the only safe passage to the outer waters.

As the great sea chief approached them in a whirling circle, the two Indians did a curious thing. From out of the weltering waters they raised their paddles aloft for an instant in salute. Then, with a quick movement, Alnitam produced from the folds of his parka a little skin bag of the thick seal-oil and swiftly poured it into the troubled waters just beyond the little craft. Like magic, the tossing, foaming water ahead smoothed and a shining slick of oil spread toward the advancing breaker. Under its film the water remained unbroken. When at last its edge touched the flank of the giant breaker, the chief of the sea moved backward as if accepting and honoring an offering. Although Will knew that the oil had only for a moment turned aside the twist of the current in another direction, yet it looked uncannily like magic. Out across the slick into the raging waters beyond they all paddled desperately. As they safely reached the little passage which led out into the open bay Will glanced back for an instant. Just where they had been, no less than three of the monstrous breakers were now whirling and shouting with dreadful glee.

They had safely passed the first and worst stretch of their twenty-mile voyage. The risk now was that the steersman might miss his course. A few feet one way or the other might either wreck them on a fatal reef or send them driving hopelessly into the open sea beyond. To Will, bruised, drenched, beaten, and breathless by the raging waters through which they had passed, it seemed incredible that any one could see any marks or ranges whatever by which to steer. Old Alunak, however, held his course unfalteringly. Somewhere, amid the waste of waters, tiny points of rock showed, or there were glimpses of dim islands from which he took his bearings. Under the flashing paddle-strokes, the little bidarka fairly leaped across the water. As they dashed through the heart of the storm, there was a thrill in Will's blood which he had never known before. So must the Vikings of long ago have felt when they won their way through unknown waters and made storm and sea yield to their will.

"FROM OUT OF THE WELTERING WATERS THEY RAISED THEIR PADDLES ALOFT FOR AN INSTANT IN SALUTE"

Without further adventure they reached the tiny distant outlying islands, the last known haunt of the sea-otter. Passing to the leeward of these, they found themselves for the first time that day in comparatively calm water. Directly ahead of them was a great bed of kelp. The naky, golden-brown tendrils and hollow stems matted together made a tossing carpet that covered the sea for thousands of square feet. The air was full of the roar of the tempest and vibrated with the booming of the waves against the granite cliffs. All at once, with a sweep of his paddle which bent his lithe, muscular body almost double, Alnitam in the bow brought the bidarka upstanding, and pointed to a place in the waving kelp nearest to where Will was sitting. There, not two yards away, on the tossing sea-wrack was the most beautiful animal that the boy had ever seen. As it lay stretched out on its back at full length it was nearly five feet long. Every line of its long slim body was lithe and graceful as it swung back and forth with the pitch and swell of the water. Clasped tight to her breast was the single cub which a mother sea-otter bears. It was only about a foot in length and had a coat of coarse, brownish grizzled hair, while its little round head was brindled and its tiny nose was whitish-gray. The round head of the mother-otter was burrowed into the kelp, and fearing no foe in the tempest, she lay there with her cub, sleeping out the storm.

With the utmost care old Alunak and Alnitam, with every muscle tense and alert, pushed the bidarka up noiselessly until Will was right over the little sleeping family. At the first sight of the prize he had grasped the short heavy club, which is the only weapon used in this kind of hunting. Even as he looked, however, the mother-otter with a little affectionate gesture clasped her cub tighter in her arms and wrapped him closer in her long silky fur. It was such fur as Will had never even imagined. Black as night, yet it had a shimmer and a ripple which passed through it like the changing tints in watered silk. It was a pelt with which a man might ransom his life or give to a king. Few indeed have been the living men who have ever even seen what one blow would make Will's very own. The nearest trading-station would pay thousands of dollars for it, untanned and unstretched. Yet as Will looked down upon the sleeping mother and her little one, it was as if the great wild sea had taken him into her confidence and trusted to him her sleeping children. He could no more have killed that otter mother sleeping there before him with her dear-loved cub in her arms than he could have struck down a human child entrusted to his care. The Indians began to be impatient, and seeing that Will hesitated, old Alunak raised his paddle to drive his end of the bidarka near enough for a fatal blow. Then it was that Will gave up the chance for which he had traveled so far and endured so much. With a quick motion he touched the nearest hind paw of the sleeping animal with the end of the club. It was enough. With one arrowy, lithe movement the otter curved herself under the kelp with her cub in her arms and was gone in a flash.

There was a horrified gasp from both of the Indians as they turned fiercely upon Will. It was beyond all their understanding that the white boy should endure dangers such as none other in their tribe had dared, and then forego the reward, for the hunter who brought back a sea-otter was always made a member of the Order of the Bear and privileged every year to go to Goreloi. Will met their fierce looks unflinchingly and tried to explain to them in sign-language that he felt that it would have been wrong for him to have killed the sleeping otter and her cub. Measuring with both hands in the air the little length of the cub, he pointed to the sky and shook his head. At once the Indians came to the conclusion that to Will otter-cubs were taboo. Every Indian is familiar with the doctrine of the taboo, under which he believes that the killing, eating, or even touching of certain articles is forbidden, and is convinced that the breaking of a taboo is not only wrong, but is always attended with some great misfortune. So, although bitterly disappointed, they went on with the hunt without questioning further his reasons for allowing the mother otter and her cub to escape, although, if an ordinary member of the tribe had done this, he would have been promptly tossed overboard.

Here and there, back and forth through all the tossing, waving kelp-beds, the hunters searched, but without a sight of another of the otter-folk. It began to look as if all of the dangers of the trip had been endured for nothing, and the faces of the Indians grew more and more somber. At last they landed upon one of the little islands itself. It was a mass of huddled rocks, thickly carpeted with sea-weed and wet and slippery and covered with foam where the lashing waves, during the height of the storm, had broken over. Around its edge ran a tiny beach. Pulling the bidarka well up beyond the reach of the waves, the hunters separated to beat across every foot of the islet. Up and down the slippery, weed-covered rocks Will searched, but found nothing except a few of the enormous sluggish crabs, as big as a wash-basin, which live in those waters. He finally reached a spot where a tiny bay broke the circumference of the coast.

All at once, down the slope of a high rock, he

"AN ENORMOUS DOG-OTTER HURRYING DOWN THE ROCKS" (SEE NEXT PAGE)

saw a black figure flashing toward him through the green weed along a narrow path which led from the rocks directly to the beach behind him and in the very middle of which he was standing. On either side were heaped up slippery boulders higher than his head. As the animal drew nearer,

he saw that it was an enormous dog-otter, hurrying down the rocks to take refuge in the deep water. Down the slope and down the path undeviatingly, with pattering steps, the long, black body writhed along on its short legs, like a hunting snake. A sea-otter will always take to water by the nearest route and turns out for no one, large or small. This one was almost upon Will before he realized what it was. The black silky hair bristled until the body of the otter looked like an enormous swollen cylinder surmounted by a fierce little globe-shaped head. The beast bared its peculiar flat teeth, and from the center of the perfectly round head a pair of black snaky eyes gleamed vindictively as, with a grating snarl, the beast sprang for the throat-hold, the favorite of all the weasel family.

Once before Will had fought for his life with that grim weasel of the North, the fatal carcajou, and was not to be daunted by any of the lesser members of that fierce family. As the otter sprang, he turned sideways, swinging his heavy club with all his might. It landed directly in the center of the globe-shaped head. The skull shattered like an egg under the force of the blow, and the otter fell dead across Will's feet with scarcely a quiver.

When Will tried to lift it up by the nape of its neck, the loose pelt stretched out nearly a foot from the body and it was not until he gripped the tiny fore-feet, so short that they looked as if the paws came directly out of the skin, that he was able to swing the heavy body across his shoulders. As he finally succeeded, the heads of the two Indians appeared over the rocks above. The sight of Will's prize was too much for even their stoicism. With a shout, they scrambled down and helped him carry it to the bidarka. There they measured it carefully with their paddles, on which was notched the length of every sea-otter secured by them on previous hunts. From nose to tail, Will's prize was a good six inches longer than any other!

The voyage home was as safe and easy as the outward trip had been perilous. When at last the returning bidarka was sighted, the whole tribe gathered together to await its coming; and as at last they landed on the beach, willing hands pulled their craft far up on the sand. With the hunters' help, Will shouldered the great sea-otter, grim even in death, and, followed by the whole tribe at a respectful distance, moved in solemn procession to the shuman's lodge. In front of them, Will marched alone. Not even Jud and Joe were permitted to walk by his side. Outside of the lodge the tribe gathered, while Will and the two hunters entered. In the gloom and the flickering firelight, Will stood once more before the great chief himself, who, with impassive face, listened while old Alunak, bending low before him, told the story of the quest and how Will had not flinched during the storm nor before the dreadful dance of the sea chiefs, and how he had killed single-handed the chief of the sea-otters. When Alunak had finished, the old chief opened his eyes and looked questioningly toward Alnitam.

"It is true," said the hunter, trembling.

For a moment the great chief looked searchingly at Will. Then standing up, he suddenly slipped over his head a little leather thong to which was fastened a vast, curved, keen, bear-claw of such a size as Will had never dreamed existed. Allowing for the curve, it was a full five inches in length. As the shuman passed the thong over Will's bowed head, he muttered first in Indian, then in English, "Be brave! be brave! be brave!"

(To be continued)

A LITTLE PAL O' MINE

By MARJORIE SHANAFELT

OVER my office desk hangs a picture of Rusty and the angleworm. As I smile up at him the picture fades, and in its place I see a soft-feathered little fellow, with sparkling eyes, and tail-feathers much abused by reckless flights against odds and ends of room furnishings. In the spring, when the robins are building substantial homes in safe crotches of spreading trees, I remember just how we made our introductory bows, and in the fall, when the robins are flying south, I wonder if Rusty is with them.

It was all the fault of the spring breeze. It was only to escape its violence that I turned the corner as I did, and, in so doing, nearly stepped on a badly frightened baby robin. He was huddled close to the brick wall, cold, bedraggled, and very hungry. He called aloud for either parent to come quickly and get him back to the family cupboard. The gusts of wind almost picked him off his weak little legs. Diligent search could not reveal the whereabouts of a nest. No trees were near this downtown building, unless a lorn

specimen was hidden in the jog of an alley. But no matter where he had fallen from, he was in need of help; and after waiting around for nearly half an hour with hopes of hearing a mother bird hunting a lost child, I gave up and took the little fellow home. He was n't old enough to look out for himself. and some inquisitive cat might appear at almost any moment, in which event a bite of tender young robin-meat would prove irresistible.

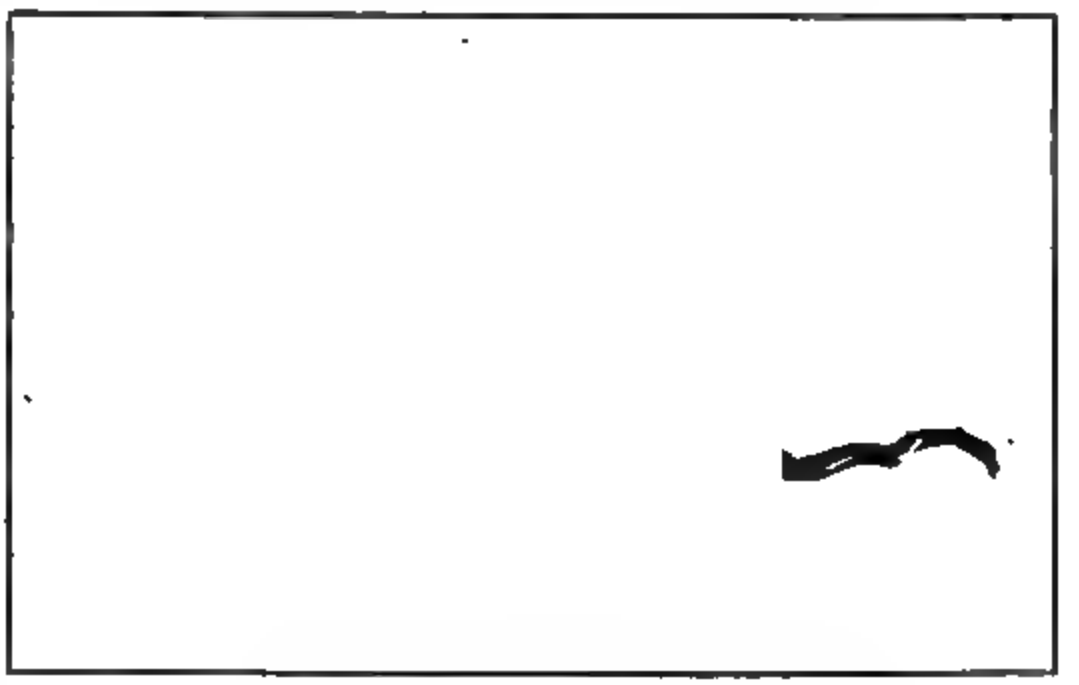
So young Rusty—it was evident that this was his name—came to live in a third-story window, which, minus the swaying, was almost like being in his tree-top. He made friends readily. though he was n't sure about the human element just at first, and did n't hesitate to accept very wet bread and milk, pushed down his throat with the end of a match. Rusty never had fed himself and did n't propose to begin. Even when nearly ready to faint away from almost an hour's lack of food, Rusty was unable to feed himself.

THE WAY RUSTY LOOKED WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO LIVE WITH ME

He soon graduated from his bread-and-milk diet to nice, wriggly angleworms, and right there is where my troubles began. It is an easy matter to go out into the garden and dig up a dozen angleworms. But suppose you had to dig up a hundred or more each and every day, and then be told that you were a poor provider? Would n't that hurt your feelings? That is just what took place. Young Rusty was able—and usually willing—to eat at least one hundred good-aized worms every day. If they were thin and little, the number could be multiplied by two. I fairly cleaned the angleworms out of the garden. I visited the gardens of all my friends. I went on long hikes into the country for no other purpose than to dig angleworms. It proved to be a dry year, and you may know what hapoens at such times. The angleworms burrow down deeply, so that, instead of turning over a lump of sod and finding twenty worms, it was necessary to dig down a foot and turn up foot after foot to find two. I felt growing up within me a sympathy for all Mama and Papa Robins. Suppose there were four baby robins to feed, besides a few worms for Mama and Papa Robin. That would mean five hundred to six hundred worms a day! Of course, bugs and other kinds of worms serve to eke out an existence when angleworms are scarce.

Not only do Mama and Papa Robins have to feed their own children, but they are the victims of bold, bad, highway robbers. Stand for fifteen minutes some day where the robins are busy collecting food for their hungry babies, and see what happens. Close behind Papa Robin are two or three, and sometimes five or six, sparrows. Steppity-step-step goes Papa Robin; hoppity-hop go the sparrows. Papa Robin toils at a big, fat worm; he has to pull hard; he has a good grasp with his strong bill, and, by propping himself squarely on the end of his tail, the angleworm comes forth. But before Papa Robin has recovered his balance, the highway robbers are upon him and away goes his hard-won worm. Over and over again I have seen the saucy sparrows snatch an ample meal out of a robin's bill. But no mature robin ever allows this to ruffle his disposition or his plumage; for after looking around to be sure the worm has n't merely dropped on the ground, he says to himself, "Pouf! it is the way of the world," and steppity-steps after another worm that appears to be making undue progress below ground.

Even after the worms were obtained, troubles were not over, for Rusty had to be fed. Each wriggling worm had to be safely manœuvered into Rusty's gaping mouth, and pushed, actually pushed, down to the point where he had no other choice than to swallow it. My patience beginning to wear thin, I decided that Rusty must learn how to feed himself; so, laying a nice fat



A SILHOUETTE OF RUSTY AND THE ANGLEWORM

worm in front of him, I would stand off and watch proceedings. Rusty would observe the luscious morsel, put on an expectant look, open his mouth very wide, and—wait for the worm to walk in! When it did nothing of the kind, he expressed resentment. It took several days for Rusty to learn that he must use more than persuasion, and that the invitation, "Won't you walk into my parlor?" held no attraction for the worm.

A big, airy cage for Rusty had been made out of window-screens. Here he could hop around, perch, or even fly a bit, with no fear of trespassers. The sparrows sat on a tree outside and scolded. Rusty sat on his perch inside and answered back.

Through the long night Rusty sat fast asleep, but with the first hint of dawn he was wide awake. Through his open cage door he would dash, to land kerplunk! on my wishbone. With emphatic tones, he told me that as his adopted parent it was time to get up and arrange for about forty fat worms for breakfast. Argument was useless. To ignore those round eyes, peeking over the covers, was impossible. No one could sleep in such a racket, so he always won his point. Angleworms proving scarce, he would condescend to accept grasshoppers, eating until the last hopper was merely a captive in Rusty's bill, and, if he kicked hard enough, would probably escape the ignoble fate of being eaten.

RUSTY SHOWING OFF HIS SPOTTED VEST

Rusty learned to eat many things that do not enter into a normal robin's bill of fare. He began with bread and milk. Any baby wild thing, bird or beast, will take to very soft bread and milk until old enough for his regular style of diet. Rusty developed a great fondness for fried potato and rice. He liked sweet things, too.

One Sunday afternoon, when Rusty seemed big enough to care for himself, he was taken down into the garden. He had had no one to teach him the art of digging worms, but there were so many bugs running around that I thought he could provide for himself until some kind-hearted and more mature robin would take pity on him and show him how. Of course, you see great overgrown robins tagging around behind hard-worked parents, who hardly dare snatch a worm for themselves because of the demands of their insistent birdlets. So Rusty could not be blamed very severely for his attitude toward food. He seemed to like the open. He ate a bug or two just to show that he could, but he positively would not fly. He just sauntered about the yard; and since there were so many cats and dogs in the neighborhood, the adventure seemed destined for a fatal climax. All day I tried to get him used to his new environment. Once I put him high up on the limb of a tree, but oh! how scared he was! He did fly then—down to the ground. In the latter part of the afternoon he essayed a wild flight, and I said, "There he goes!"

But he did n't fly far. Across the street a nice fat lady, rocking contentedly on her shady porch, rose from her chair with a note of surprise. Rusty had perched on her knee, begging for some lunch. I plunged after him and rescued him from the agitated lady's endearments. After this I decided that Rusty was too young to venture into the wide world, and he went back to his third-story sky-parlor.

Rusty was fast taking on a well-groomed look. His tail feathers, which he had so sadly abused by brushing against his cage with utter disregard for consequences, were now very handsome. He was fond of perching on my finger and did n't mind being carried around in that fashion. An extended forefinger touching his soft breast was an invitation to hop up and settle himself comfortably. Then he would cock his head on one side, uttering funny little calls the while to signify his readiness for any tidbits that might be handy.

After coming back to his sky-parlor, Rusty was not quite as happy as he thought he had been. Now and then a robin would come along and tell him what a chump he had been not to grasp his freedom when presented. They must have told him lots of things, even how much better angleworms were when eaten just as they were pulled from the ground—served *au naturel*, one might say. So he grew restless and scolded a good deal. He tried to sing a bit, but did not get far, and everything that was offered in the way of luxuries to eat lacked its usual flavor. So one day I knew he really wanted to fly away and leave me. I opened wide the cage door, Rusty walked back and forth a few times, shook out his plumage, gave a little call that may have meant farewell, or may have been bird language for "Thanks ever so much!" but with that he spread his wings and flew away and away, over the housetops, to join the countless chorus of singing Robin Redbreasts.

OUR MISSIONARY TO THE MARNE RIVER

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

THE comradeship between the children of America and France still bridges the Atlantic Ocean like a rainbow.

American children love to hear of the little Hottentots of a South Sea isle or the Zulus of a distant clime, but the boys and girls of the United States are never certain that the Hottentots and Zulus think of American children with the same sort of affection. The Golden Rule is not practised by all cannibals, else we should have no reason to send missionaries among them.

With France, our friendship is different. We sent missionaries to them during the war, to help the French army ward off the Germans. They were fine, fighting missionaries, dressed in khaki, and carrying guns. We send missionaries to the Zulus and Hottentots to *teach* civilization; we sent our brothers and uncles and sons to France to *save* civilization. They were literally missionaries. They had a mission. "Go over there and keep the Germans from spreading their rule by force throughout the world," was what America told its soldiers, and they fulfilled the mission.

When our soldiers arrived in France, they found a great part of the task already done. The Germans had tried to cross the Marne River in an effort to reach Paris. At a bridge across the river, near the little village of Meaux, the French Army, under Joffre and Foch, had withstood the Germans. The rampart that saved Paris was raised, and our soldiers arrived in time to help free France of the enemy.

Many books and poems have already been written of that stand by the French at the River Marne. Many more will be. The spot is sacred to the French peasants who live in the village, and history will surely record the fortitude of those soldiers as a triumph of courage, like the bravery of Leonidas and his Greeks at the pass of Thermopylæ, or of Horatius at the Tiber bridge.

When the Americans came back to the United States, they wanted to show France how much we admired that steadfast defense at the First Battle of the Marne. There was discussion as to the method of memorializing the place. Poems and histories would not be enough. Something was needed which would immediately and directly catch the eye and heart of every person who ever should visit the spot. One nation could confer a medal on another nation, but the medal would be put away in some vault or museum and—by all save a few—forgotten.

In search of a memorial to the French at the First Battle of the Marne, Americans thought of the things that mean much to our nation. One of those was the figure that greeted every homeward-bound transport sailing from France to New York. It was the Statue of the Liberty Enlightening the World, on Bedloe's Island, at the entrance to the harbor.

Whenever a returning American soldier caught sight of that impressive woman in bronze, springing from the bosom of the waves to thrust her torch into the winds, he knew he was home. He forgot the trenches and the guns and the wide, wide water. He was so happy, he made a joke about it. "If the Statue of Liberty ever wants to look me in the face again," said the American doughboy, as his ship sailed beneath her benignant arm, "she will have to turn round to see me." It was a timely remark, and everybody laughed at it, but none could forget or cease to admire those people left behind in France.

It was natural, therefore, that we all should wish to give to France a monument like the Statue of Liberty, which France gave to us. In 1885 all the people in France gave their centimes and sous and francs to a fund which was used in paying for the Statue of the Liberty. Bartholdi, the French sculptor, devoted ten years to the conception and execution of the colossal figure.

The children of France gave their share to the fund for the Statue of Liberty. Festivals were held, schools collected contributions from the pupils, and provinces sent donations from citizens. The boys and girls who gave to that statue are grown men and women now. Many of the men fought at the First Battle of the Marne; some of them died there.

The missionary which they sent in 1875, with their gifts of centimes, sous, and sympathy, is yet standing, however, at the threshold of the New World. It is the missionary which France sent to a sister republic, commemorating the declaration of independence of the United States of America. "It has meant more to the world," says Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor who has been chosen to create our statue for the Marne, "than all the propaganda since the Fall of Troy."

"America's Gift to France" will be a statue on the Marne River, on a site to be selected by Foch, near the little village of Meaux. The statue will be a sister figure to our Liberty. It will be a memorial to the French Army who fought the First Battle of the Marne. It will be a missionary for the peoples of the ages, teaching them the

lesson of the brotherhood of humanity, the supremacy of right, and the victory of the world's soul. It will stand as a warning to any other army that should ever covet the beauties of France and its precious Paris. It will be a colossal memorial from one nation to another, as the tribute of our people—men, women, boys, and girls—to the spirit of the Marsei laise.

"America's Gift to France" will cost $250,000. It must not be given by one man or a few. It is to be the gift from all of us and all our children, for they shall live long to see the statue, and the sentiment it stands for, grow. It will be the other end of the rainbow of friendship across the Atlantic Ocean, from the figure on Bedloe's Island to the Statue on the Marne River.

AN APRIL SHOWER

SEE it coming! See it coming!
Run, run, run!
Sounds like bumblebees a-humming—
Oh, what fun!
Now I feel a tiny sprinkle,
Cool and soft;
Now a hundred tinkle, tinkle,
From aloft!
There 's a splendid flash of Lightning,
Swift and clear,
All the gloomy sky a-bright'ning,
Far and near!
Now the drops by thousands tumble
Through the gloom!
Just you hear old Thunder rumble—
"*Boom—boom—boom!*"

Hurry, hurry! Mother 'll worry!
Not home yet!
How we scamper, skip, and scurry,
Oh, so wet!
Here we are, all soaked and sopping,
Home at last!
My, but did n't we come hopping,
Fast as fast!
Hurry in, all helter-skelter,
Race is run!
Now we 'll watch it, safe in shelter—
Why—it 's done!
Skies are blue and sunbeams glancing—
Well, well, well!
When Sweet April comes a-dancing,
You—can't—tell!

Minnie Leona Upton.

THE CRIMSON PATCH

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "The Boarded-Up House," "The Sapphire Signet," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS

THE Crimson Patch had disappeared! It was only the clever water-color sketch of a certain species of butterfly, but it was in some way vitally connected with the secret Government mission of Captain Meade, who, with his seventeen-year-old daughter Patricia, was staying in a big, city hotel. He knew they were surrounded by German spies who were only too anxious to filch his secret, and the disappearance was a very serious matter. Patricia was in despair, though she had not known, till after its disappearance, that the sketch was connected with her father's secret. They were forced to suspect four people who had been in the room shortly before the drawing was missed —a charming young Belgian girl, Virginie de Vos, her aunt, Madame Vanderpoel, who roomed together across the hall, a bell-boy named Chester Jackson, and the waiter, Peter Stoger.

The captain left the city the next day, in an endeavor to trace the sketch, and later Patricia discovered that Virginie de Vos, with her aunt, had also mysteriously vanished. Gone likewise, Patricia found, was the waiter, Peter Stoger, whom she had always distrusted. But Chester, the bell-boy, proved to be the *Sherlock Holmes* of the affair. He encouraged her with sensible advice, helped her to decipher a curious note he had found in Madame's room after her departure, and next morning accompanied her and the maid Delia to where, a few miles outside of the city, he had located the Belgians.

Here, in a wood close by the house, Patricia had an exciting interview with Virginie, in which she learned that the girl was the helpless tool of a set of German spies, of whom Madame Vanderpoel was one of the leaders; that they were forcing her to further their plans by threatening her father's life if she refused, insisting that she try to discover Captain Meade's secret by means of her friendship with Patricia; and that Madame was now in possession of the Crimson Patch.

Patricia and Chester finally managed to persuade her to escape with them, obtaining first, if possible, the Crimson Patch, during Madame's temporary absence. But just as she was about to go back to the house for that purpose, the sound of a motor-car was heard and Madame was seen returning!

CHAPTER XIV

MELANIE

THE car stopped in front of the door and Madame stepped out. She was in rare ill-humor, that was plain, and she stood talking long with the chauffeur. Then she went into the house. The chauffeur sprang into the car and drove off at a furious pace in the same direction from which they had come.

The three crouching at the edge of the woods watched it all with bitter disappointment and alarm.

"What shall I do?" shuddered Virginie. "It is now too late to carry out our plan. It can never be done. Oh, I fear that I shall never be free from her power!"

"Now, just cut out all that!" said Chet, brusque, but well-meaning. "You could be quit of her this very minute if we wanted to beat it and take to the auto. But what we 're trying to do is to save that there Crimson Patch, if possible. Perhaps we can't do it just the way we meant to first, but there certain is *some* way if we can just work it out. How about this? Suppose you go back to the house, just casual like, an' see what the fuss is all about. We will stay put right here. It 's perfectly safe, an' we can stay here all the rest of the day if necessary. Then, later, perhaps after you 've had your lunch, you 'll find some chance of gettin' that sketch an' wanderin' off here to the woods again, an' then it will just be heigho, an' beatin' the speed-limit back to the city for us all! How about it?"

Virginie thought it over carefully. "I think perhaps that *is* a good idea. I will tell you why. After luncheon Madame always goes to her room to rest and sleep. Melanie will be busy in the kitchen, and if the chauffeur does not come back, it will all be quite safe. I think he will not come back. I have a feeling that he has gone to New York to consult with—with the rest of—them. But Madame may not leave the sketch in her desk. She may lock it in her safe. But I will go back, though she is terrible when she is angry."

"But remember this, always, Virginie," Patricia assured her, "she can do nothing now to harm you personally. Things have changed since you thought yourself completely in her power. We are here, and, if things get too bad, call to us, or make some outcry, and you 'll have help there before you know it. You are not alone any more."

Thus cheered and comforted, Virginie took her book, murmured an inarticulate farewell, and stepped into the open. The two who remained watched her breathlessly as she crossed the lawn and ascended the steps of the little porch. Then the door closed behind her and they heard and saw no more.

A nerve-racking period of suspense followed. When it was plain that she would not, in all probability, reappear for two or three hours, Chet suggested that they go back to where the

others were waiting, lest Delia become anxious and try to hunt them up.

"We might as well have some lunch, while we can," he added. "You can tell her that the little mam'selle will join us later, if she asks any questions. There 's no telling how long we may have to wait, and you 'll feel better for some eats. Ted and I will keep watch. But be ready to beat it, any minute, if we give the signal."

They found Delia happily absorbed in arranging the lunch and very little concerned about Patricia's absence and the non-appearance of the Belgian girl. She had struck up a friendship with the inarticulate Ted, and the two were busily occupied in transforming the rear seat of the jitney into a luncheon table.

The food restored Patricia's courage and revived her hopes, which had begun to wane with the disappearance of Virginie. When the meal was over, she told Delia she was going to fetch Virginie. Then she and Chet went back to their post and resumed their long vigil.

MEANWHILE, what was happening in the house of the green shutters?

The wrath of Madame at the failure of her plan was all that Virginie had expected it would be, and the girl had to bear the brunt of it when she ventured in at last. Madame had called at the hotel and asked for Patricia. She was not in and had not been seen since breakfast, nor had they, the hotel authorities, any information as to her whereabouts. Neither did they know when she would be back. Madame had waited in the lounge for over an hour, but no Patricia had appeared. Then, fearing to be seen there any longer, she had come away. Where had the little idiot flown to, she inquired in a violent temper? Could it be possible she had joined her father? All her plans were now upset by this unaccountable action of her intended victim.

Virginie, compelled to listen to it all, and fearful of betraying some knowledge of the matter, was more uncomfortable than she dared to show, and could only sit by with downcast eyes and her usual air of terrorized docility.

"It is your fault! I believe it is all your fault!" Madame stormed, and Virginie shrank back physically as well as mentally, though she knew that Madame in no way realized how very much "her fault" it actually was and was only venting her ill-temper on the nearest object.

"Well, let us go to luncheon," Madame at length announced when her ill-humor had spent itself. "It has been a bad day's work, but we must eat, and afterward I will rest and think what to do next."

The meal was consumed in utter silence. Madame was absorbed with her own thoughts, and Virginie was only too thankful for a respite from her angry accusations. All during the hour she was praying, hoping, wondering what Madame was going to do about the sketch still carelessly lying in the drawer of her writing-desk. Would she remember to put it safely away before she retired to her room? Every mouthful choked the girl, but she made a brave pretense of eating. It seemed as if Madame would never be done with this dreadful meal, the most trying that Virginie had ever endured.

But the ordeal was over at last. Madame rose, pushed aside her chair, and left the room without further remark. And Virginie, with loudly beating heart, heard her pass through the living-room and linger a moment at her desk, rustling the papers about. What was she doing? Oh, if she only dared to peep in and see! But Melanie was silently clearing the table, so she passed out to the screened veranda beyond, hearing Madame ascending the stairs as she did so. And she did not even know what had become of the Crimson Patch!

It seemed as if Melanie would never finish her work in the dining-room. Half an hour passed and she was still fussing about, washing, as she usually did, all the silver and glass in the butler's pantry, and passing in and out on her many errands. Not until she retired to the kitchen would Virginie dare to begin her investigations.

But all things come to an end if one waits long enough, and Melanie at length made her last trip into the dining-room. Virginie heard her retreating footsteps in the direction of the kitchen with a sigh of unutterable relief. Her one terror now was lest Madame might call to her to come upstairs and fan her and read aloud to her, as she frequently did when the mood took her. Besides being an utterly repugnant task, it would in this case put an end to every thought of escape, according to her prearranged plan with the two waiting in the woods. If she could only get away before that happened, all would be well!

The kitchen door closed at last. Virginie gathered all her courage and tiptoed through the dining-room and on into the living-room beyond. Her knees shook so that she could scarcely walk, and a mist seemed to float before her eyes. She felt sure that her pounding heart could be heard by Madame herself in the room above.

The desk stood in a big bay window, and was closed, but not locked. Virginie pulled open the drawer, which gave with a resisting squeak, so loud that her very heart stood still at the appalling sound. She stood motionless for what seemed an hour, but nothing happened and she gradually came to the conclusion that the sound must have

passed unnoticed. Then she bent to look at the contents of the drawer.

The Crimson Patch was not there! At least, it was nowhere to be seen on the top. But the drawer was in some confusion, for Madame was by no means a methodical person. Virginie ventured to put in her hand and push the papers about. Could it be?—yes, it *must* be, that Madame had taken the sketch away, for it was nowhere to be found. Virginie could have wept as she stood there, with the terrible disappointment.

But suddenly her heart gave a leap, for her searching fingers had come in contact with something that felt familiar, far down at the bottom of the drawer. It was the heavy water-color paper that she remembered so well. Madame, indolent with the desire for her afternoon sleep, and reluctant at the moment to go to the trouble of locking away her treasure, had carelessly tucked it away in a far corner of the drawer under a mass of bills and other papers. With a great sigh of joy, Virginie drew out the Crimson Patch.

An instant after she had done so, a slight sound behind her caused her to whirl about in sudden alarm.

Melanie stood in the doorway between the portières, surveying her with stern surprise.

CHAPTER XV

OUT OF THE NET

SHEER terror at her awful position froze Virginie to an immovable statue for a moment. It seemed almost unbelievable, like the situation in some terrible dream. Could it actually be true? She knew not what to say, what to think, what to do. Her brain absolutely refused to work, her body to move.

It was Melanie herself who broke the spell. "What are you doing here?" she whispered.

"MELANIE STOOD IN THE DOORWAY SURVEYING HER WITH STERN SURPRISE"

The sound of her voice released Virginie from the nightmare of immovable terror. A sudden determination was born in her, a wild impulse to throw herself entirely on the mercy of this strange, silent woman whose sympathy she had sometimes felt, though it had never been expressed. It was, she also realized, her only course now.

"Oh, Melanie! I can stand it all no longer! I am going to go away. I am going with friends who will love me and be kind to me. And to show my gratitude to them for taking me away from this terrible place, I am going to restore to them what *she* has stolen—*this!* It is all I can do. Help me, Melanie! I think you—care for me a little, do you not? I have always thought so. Do not drag me back again into this horrible life!" She crept over and clasped both arms about the woman's neck.

Melanie caught her breath in surprise. The contact of the girl's clinging body and the clasp of her soft young arms seemed to have a curious effect on the stern, repressed woman. Tears

started to her eyes and her breath came in little gasps. She raised her arms and for an instant it seemed as if she were about to push the girl away. Then, to Virginie's surprise, she suddenly clasped her in a convulsive embrace.

"My little heart! The only baby I ever had to love!" she murmured brokenly.

Virginie was quick to seize her advantage. "Oh, Melanie, help me to get away from this terrible house. I can endure it no longer. I have suffered too much. *You* know what I have suffered. And now, at last, I have the opportunity to get away from it all. Do not prevent it, dear Melanie. Do not tell *her!* And I will love you always. Will you do this one thing for me?"

The woman hesitated for a long, tense moment. Then she shrugged her shoulders and pushed the clinging girl a little way from her.

"I owe much to—*her*—everything practically," she said, "my existence almost, and the lives of my family. My mother and my little sisters would have died of starvation had it not been for her. She saved us all, but she has made me pay a terrible price. She owns me, body and soul. I have done despicable things for her—because I had to. But one thing has been harder for me than all the rest—her treatment of you, my little Virginie, in these last four terrible years. I have loved you always, from a baby, when you were left motherless. I have felt all that she has made you suffer. Yet what could I do? I was helpless.

"But now you wish to escape, to get away from it all. Well, you shall. It will perhaps help to ease my conscience that I have done at least one good deed. I will leave the way clear. You shall take the paper if you wish—and go. I only pray you may be happy at last. Madame shall never know how you got away. But wait just one moment. There is something I wish to give you before you go. Stay where you are and I will be back immediately."

Virginie, only too grateful for the turn affairs had taken, consented to remain where she was till Melanie came back, and the woman hurried away in the direction of the kitchen. But Melanie was gone what seemed a very long time. The girl began to grow impatient and even alarmed at the delay. What if Madame should take a notion to call her now? What could Melanie be about?

And even as this passed through her mind, the languid voice of Madame floated down the stairs, calling to her to come up and read aloud and fan her till she got to sleep. In an agony of anxiety, Virginie stood, reluctant to answer, yet scarcely daring not to, when Melanie came hurrying back.

"Here it is," she whispered, and crushed a scrap of paper into Virginie's hand. "Now go!" she ended, pointing to the door. "I will tell her that you are not in the house. Have no fear and —good-by!"

They clasped each other in a last embrace. Then Virginie, the precious Crimson Patch clutched to her heart, slipped silently out of the door that Melanie held open and fled away across the lawn. And ere the door was closed, she had reached the edge of the woods and flung herself into the arms Patricia held out to her.

It was a mad ride back to the city, a ride in which they broke the speed-limit many times and only slowed down to normal pace as the outskirts of the town appeared. Virginie sat with Patricia on the rear seat. So exhausted nervously was she, that she could say almost nothing, and only lie back with her eyes closed and her hand clasped in Patricia's. And Patricia was sensible enough not to urge her to talk, though she was burning with curiosity to know how the girl had made her escape with the Crimson Patch. The precious sketch now lay securely hidden, and she longed for the moment when she could restore it to her father.

And the thought of her father brought her suddenly face to face with the problem of what they were going to do when they got back to town again. She shrank from the idea of returning to the hotel with the half-fainting Belgian girl. It would arouse comment. Besides that, if her father or Mrs. Quale were not there, it might be a dangerous place for them to stay alone. Who could tell but what Madame might trace them there and demand the immediate return of the girl who was supposed to be in her care? What, indeed, were they to do?

She leaned forward and confided her doubts to Chet. And again she was astonished at the foresight of this clever boy.

"You bet I worked that all out some little time ago. It sure would n't be healthy for you to go back there—at least not till your father gets back. But I got a scheme that 'll work all right—that is, if you care to do it. You come right to our place and stay with my mother. I told her this morning she might have some company before night, so she 's half expectin' you. I 'll go back an' hang around the hotel, an' the minute your father or Mrs. Quale comes, I 'll tip 'em off to the lay of the land an' fetch 'em right over. How about it?"

"Oh, Chester, you 're wonderful!" sighed Patricia. "You certainly do think of everything. I never saw any one like you."

"Don't take much brain to think of *that!*" protested Chet, modestly. "There sure is a chance that that bunch will try to trace the girl an' get her back, an' they 'd probably guess right away that she 's swiped the paper an' gone back to you.

But, on the other hand, they may be scared stiff for fear she 's given the game away, an' are tumblin' all over themselves tryin' to get out of sight before the Government gets on to 'em. However, we ain't takin' any chances."

Chet Jackson's home was in an unpretentious side street, a neat little box of a house, and as the car drew up at the curb, a large, comfortable, motherly woman, with a wide smile extremely like that of her youngest son's, appeared at the door. Patricia had been rather dreading the explanations and apologies that she realized must surely be in order on their arrival. So weary and overwrought was she, that she felt almost unequal to undertaking them. But much to her amazed relief, none seemed to be required. Mrs. Jackson acted as if a fugitive party of this nature was an every-day occurrence and needed no comment.

"Come right in, ladies!" she welcomed them, when Chet had made the introductions. "You look very tired. I 'm going to put you right in this room by yourselves, and you can rest as long as you wish till some one comes for you." And she led them into a neat, ugly little bedroom and left them to themselves.

Patricia made Virginie lie down on the bed, while she established herself in a comfortable old rocker near by. Delia, having assured herself that her young charges were in good hands, departed for the hotel to be there when Mrs. Quale returned. For half an hour the two girls remained as she had left them, each too much overcome by the strain to utter a single word.

So quiet was Virginie at last, that Patricia thought she must surely have fallen asleep, till she noticed two tears stealing down her cheeks.

"Why, darling, what is the trouble?" she questioned, laying her head down beside the girl.

"My father!" sobbed Virginie. "Do you think I have—have killed him?"

To divert her mind from this distressing subject, Patricia begged her tell how she had managed to make her escape, and, in the recital, the Belgian girl forgot her fears for a while.

"But what was it that Melanie gave you?" questioned Patricia, and Virginie opened her hand and disclosed the crumpled scrap of paper that she had held clenched in it all this time. So absorbed had she been in other things that she had not till this moment noticed or thought of it. Together they smoothed it out and bent to read the sentences hastily scrawled on it in lead-pencil.

There is something I must tell you [it read in French], and I am cowardly enough not to wish to say it before your face, but I cannot let you go away forever without knowing it. Would I had told you before, but I did not dare. You have been kept in this bondage by the threat that your father would pay with his life if you dared to disobey them.

Have no fear. The threat is powerless. Your father died during the siege of Antwerp—a painless death. A shell struck and exploded near his villa, damaging a part of it. He was not injured apparently at the time, but the shock evidently affected his heart, for he was found soon afterward lying peacefully in his chair—dead. You should rejoice that this is so, for he is happy and at peace, and he never could have been so again had he remained alive. May God have some happiness in store for you in the future.

Good-by for the last time,

MELANIE.

Virginie uttered one sobbing, astonished cry and buried her face in the pillow. Patricia, without a word, walked away to the window and left her alone to the sacredness of her sorrow. But as she stood with clenched hands, staring out at nothing, she found herself murmuring over and over again: "Oh, they are not human! They are not human!"

CHAPTER XVI

THE SECRET OF THE CRIMSON PATCH

IT was Mrs. Quale who arrived on the scene first. She came in a taxi, having received elaborate directions from Chet, who remained at the hotel to watch for the return of the captain. There was one comfortable thing about Mrs. Quale that Patricia had always particularly admired: she seemed to understand things and situations without any explanations. She came in now, took both Patricia's hands in hers, and kissed her quietly.

"You poor child! If I had only known what a tangle you were in, I would not have gone off so thoughtlessly yesterday without first letting you know. I supposed of course your father was with you. I am thankful, at least, that I 'm home in time to help you out of the muddle."

That was all, but Patricia realized that whatever she knew or did not know about the affair, it made no difference whatever in her desire to be of help.

She decided to tell her at once about Virginie, and did so while they were standing outside the door of the room where the Belgian girl was. Mrs. Quale had met her casually at the hotel, in company with Patricia, and had always cherished a liking for the lonely, diffident girl. When she had heard all the story, she stood thinking a moment and then said decisively:

"You simply cannot go back to that hotel. It is no place for you after all that has happened. Now, I have a plan, and I shall urge your father to fall in with it. Part of my house is at last habitable—at least, three bedrooms and the living-room and kitchen are. I have had old Juno there for a week getting them in order and was going to leave the hotel for them myself in a day or two. I want you all to come with me

and make your home there for a time. I do not believe it is either right or safe for you to stay any longer in that public place, especially after what has happened. We 'll go right over now, and I 'll send word for your father to follow as soon as he arrives. We can go back to the hotel some other time and pack up your belongings."

"Oh, Mrs. Quale, it is lovely of you to propose it!" sighed Patricia. "You don't know what a relief it will be to get away from that place. I could never stand it again after the dreadful hours I spent there last night. But what about Virginie?"

"Never mind about her. Just take me to her now, if you will, and we 'll settle about that later."

Virginie still lay on the bed, no longer sobbing or weeping, but with her head buried in the pillow, quiet, hopeless, and inert. She did not even look up as they entered the room. Patricia gently roused her, and she sat up to greet Mrs. Quale in a timid, half-frightened manner. But Mrs. Quale had long since settled in her own mind her plan of action. She sat down on the side of the bed and put one arm protectingly around Virginie.

"Dear," she said very softly, "I know your story now, all that you have suffered, all the brave sacrifices you made to save the life, as you supposed, of the father who was no longer living. All that is ended. And now, dear, I am a very lonely woman. I have no children and very few relatives left, and I have always felt a warm interest in you since first I saw you with that unscrupulous woman. I knew that you were not happy. Will you come and make your home with me and be my daughter? I will bring you up as my own. We are two lonely people. I have no daughter, you have no mother. Why should we not be happy together?"

The girl stared at her for a moment uncomprehendingly. Then, suddenly, she grasped the meaning and it seemed too wonderful to be true.

"Oh, you—you are too good—too—" Her head went down on the motherly shoulder, and her arms crept around Mrs. Quale's neck. And so Patricia, tears of happiness standing in her own eyes, stole out of the room and left them together.

It was ten o'clock that night before Captain Meade himself arrived, tired, dusty, discouraged, and decidedly bewildered by the change his daughter had made so unexpectedly in her place of residence. Chet had encountered him in the lobby of the hotel and steered him at once to Mrs. Quale's house without any special explanations, as he felt that Patricia was the one best fitted to offer these. And it was not till after he had bathed and had some supper that Patricia, alone with him in the library, ventured to ask what success he had had in his search.

"None at all. Absolutely nothing to show for it!" he replied wearily. "We have raked New York from end to end without success. When we went there originally we were on a good scent —actually had the fellow spotted whom we knew without fail must have had the sketch in his possession; but when we finally ran him down, he had nothing of the kind about him nor had he had any opportunity to dispose of it anywhere, so we had to give up that clue. I confess, I 'm terribly discouraged."

Patricia smiled cheerfully. "Well, never mind, Daddy. You 've had a hard time, but perhaps things are n't as bad as they seem!"

He looked at her wonderingly. "I don't know how they could be much worse!" he exclaimed a little impatiently. "One of the most valuable of the Government's secrets is in the hands of the enemy at this minute."

Patricia lifted a book from the table, took something from it, and laid it on her father's knee. "I hate to contradict you," she remarked gaily, "but I think the Crimson Patch is at this minute in the possession of the one who has most right to it!"

It was long after midnight The rest of the household was all asleep, but Patricia still sat with her father by the open fire, for the night had turned chilly. She sat on his knee, her head snuggled comfortably in his coat collar. The ensuing interval, after she had told her story, had been a confusion of telephoning and interviews, not only with Chester Jackson, but also with a mysterious Mr. Brainerd, a curly-haired, light-complexioned, athletic young man with whom her father had been closeted for three quarters of an hour in close conference. Patricia was glad when it was over and they had all gone and left them alone together.

"But, Daddy," she was saying, "there are still a whole lot of things I don't understand about this thing at all. You kept saying, '*we* were hunting for it in New York.' Now who is '*we*'? I thought you shared this secret with no one."

The captain laughed. "You are right. There 's quite a little you 've still to learn. 'We' is mainly Mr. Tom Brainerd, whom you saw here to-night. He 's a government secret-service man, the best around these parts, and he 's been near me for protection ever since we first came to the hotel."

"He *has*?" cried Patricia. "Why, I never saw him before in my life."

"Oh, yes, you have!" contradicted the captain. "You saw him every day of your life, only you

did n't know him. I confess he looked a little different. Mr. Tom Brainerd was no other than your pet spy, poor Peter Stoger, my dear!"

Patricia's jaw dropped and her face was a study in bewilderment. "Then—then he—he was n't Franz?" she stammered.

"He certainly was *not!* He elected to come here, disguised as he was because his countenance in real life is a little too familiar to the German spy-system in general. The manager of the hotel is fortunately a good friend of mine and an ardent patriot, so 'Peter's' task was made easy. But there was a 'Franz' here, though he went by another name, and he, too, was one of the waiters. I do not believe you remember him. He was a short, thin, light-haired young fellow, who had a table at the other end of the dining-room. Curiously enough, both he and Peter rather suspected each other and were constantly watching each other's movements.

"On the day when the sketch disappeared, it happened in this way. When Tom, or, rather, Peter, came into the room that evening with the tray containing your supper, he saw to his astonishment, lying carelessly on the table, the very sketch that he understood it was so important to guard. Immediately he saw the necessity of removing it to safety, as he knew that you were not in the secret about it, so he put his tray down on top of it, in apparent ignorance, and when you commanded him to remove the tray, he did so, cleverly concealing and holding the sketch underneath. When he went out of the room he still had it concealed under the tray, but once outside and the door closed, he dropped it to the ground while trying to transfer it to his pocket. It was this unfortunate accident that he feels sure led to its theft. In all probability, Madame Vanderpoel was watching from her nearly closed door and saw the sketch as it fell and guessed that it must be connected in some way with the secret we had been guarding. She immediately found some means to report it to her ally and companion-spy, Franz, and then the trouble began."

"But did Peter—I mean Mr. Brainerd—suspect Madame?" Patricia interrupted eagerly.

"He did not exactly suspect her, for she had done and said nothing of a suspicious nature. She certainly passed herself off very well for just what she wished to seem. She is an exceedingly clever woman. His only uneasiness about her arose from the rather peculiar actions of your little friend, Virginie de Vos. Still, as I say, Brainerd could not seem to connect her with any doubtful matters. Franz he *did* think was watching him, but even *he* did nothing to arouse direct suspicion. And, by the way, the 'Hofmeyer' that Chester heard referred to is none other than this precious 'Madame Vanderpoel.' It is, in fact, her real name, for she married, after her first husband died, a German named Hofmeyer. Little Virginie told me this to-night in a short interview I had with her. So there you have the famous two.

"Well, to continue. Peter meant to keep the sketch by him and return it to me at the earliest opportunity. But you know I got back very late that night, and so he thought best to retain it till morning, fearing it would arouse suspicion if he made an attempt to see me at so late an hour. He took the chance of my being a little upset at not finding it. He even thought it possible I might not discover its disappearance that night. Then, during the night, the sketch was stolen from his room; he does not even yet know how, but he is sure Franz was the culprit.

"Next morning at breakfast, if you remember, Peter jogged my shoulder with the tray, and I reprimanded him rather sharply. It was a preconcerted signal between us that he had something important to tell me. Later we met, and he told me what had happened and that Franz had disappeared from his accustomed post. We straightway went on a keen hunt after Franz, struck his trail at the railroad station, followed him to New York, pursued him from place to place all day, and finally had him arrested and searched, only to be disappointed in finding he had nothing of the sort on him. He must have got over to Hanford and left it there, or passed the sketch to Madame before she went, or something of the kind. At any rate, we had to let him go the next morning, as we had no evidence on which to hold him. After that, I came back here to find you and Chester had been the best detectives after all!

"That boy actually had the gumption to set the police on the trail of that Hanford crowd when he got back here. They went right out to raid the place. But alas! every one of the birds had flown. Not a trace of them anywhere. Very likely the maid gave the warning after Virginie got away, and they knew that the authorities would be hotfoot after them in a very short time. One consolation is that Madame will be known and spotted wherever she appears, so her usefulness as a German spy is over, in this country at any rate.

"I think that I have made a great mistake in keeping you in the dark about all these things from the first. I might better have let you into the secret of the importance of the sketch and the fact that our waiter was only a secret-service man in disguise. But I wanted to spare you all worry about the matter, and I thought it would perhaps

be safer for you if you knew nothing about my affairs. I see now that I should have done differently. But, at any rate, it has all turned out so well that we won't regret anything."

"But what a trump Chester has been! Did you ever see any one quite so clever?" cried Patricia, enthusiastically. "He is really the one who saved the whole situation."

"Yes, he is really a wonderful young chap!" the captain agreed. "He beat Mr. Brainerd at his own job, and has done more for me than I can ever hope to repay. But he shall certainly have his reward, as far as I 'm able to accomplish it. He wants to be a detective, but he is cut out for even better things if he only has the education and opportunities. I am going to arrange to have him put in a good school, and later he shall follow any line of work he seems best fitted for. He will certainly make his mark in the world some day."

"Well," murmured Patricia, with a little sigh of content, "Chester and Virginie have certainly lost nothing and gained much by the disappearance of the Crimson Patch, so I feel as if the adventure had been well worth while, even though it did cause us an awful lot of worry."

The captain reached over to the table and took up the sketch. "It 's a simple little thing to have caused such a lot of worry, is n't it?" he said musingly. "It looks as harmless and innocent as any butterfly might seem, fluttering about on a May morning. Yet, it is in reality a very deadly little article, Patricia. I 'm only thankful to goodness that its deadliness was so well hidden that those Huns never caught on to it. Its particular usefulness is practically over now, since the work I 've been doing is all but complete. But it would have been a terribly dangerous thing had it fallen into the hands of the enemy and they had fathomed its meaning. My work would then have been almost valueless.

"And since you have done so much to aid in keeping this a secret, Patricia, I think the time has come to tell you the meaning of it all. You have earned the right, and all I ask is that you will communicate it to no one till I give you permission. I can trust you, I know.

"I have already told you how, when I was a prisoner in Germany, it occurred to me that if I pretended to have lost some of my wits through shell-shock, as many have, the ruse might benefit me in a number of ways. I was strong and able-bodied at the time, and the Huns were particularly in need of husky prisoners to do their work, and they much prefer those who show symptoms of not having all their wits about them. I was successful in the device, and was finally set to work in an outer section of one of their airplane factories—of course, under strict guard.

"It was here that I came in contact with a German mechanic, a man of somewhat finer caliber than most of them, to whom I was able to render a rather important service or two. He was ill and in want, and he had a serious grievance against his government. He had invented a certain device of immense importance, and he was trying to get them to accept it and pay him enough to assure him a decent living. The government wanted the device badly enough, but was so foolish as to haggle and bargain with him over the price, offering him scarcely enough to keep him for six months. He was too ill to work and earn a living, but he steadily refused to give up his secret till properly reimbursed.

"At length it came to the point where he knew he had but a little longer to live. Angered, perhaps, that his Fatherland should have been so ungrateful and mean-spirited, and hating to have his discovery, of which he was justly proud, lost to the world, he confided it to me, for I had, sometime before, allowed him to know that I was not the stupid creature I seemed. I asked him whether he cared if America made use of it, and he replied: 'I care for nothing now. The Fatherland has proved unworthy. Do with it what you will.'

"Later, as you know, I myself managed to escape and get through to the French lines, and so arrived home. But, being of a somewhat mechanical turn myself, I came to realize that this device, still incomplete as it was, could be perfected into an instrument of the greatest importance to the aviation arm of the service. I cannot explain to you exactly what it is, nor go into all its workings. It would be much too technical for you to understand.

"But I can tell you this much about it. An aviator in a bombing-plane has had one great, and, till now, almost insuperable difficulty to contend with. The velocity of his machine is such that a released bomb will have for an appreciable time after it is dropped the same horizontal velocity. This means, in simpler language, that the bomb will be carried along for a time in the same direction and at almost the same rate at which the machine is going. Thus, you see that the aviator, if he is intending to drop his bomb on a certain building or object, cannot do so when he is directly over that object, but must calculate in some way at what point to release his bomb before he comes directly over the subject, or it will not hit its mark.

"There have been many attempts to overcome this difficulty, but none very successful. The device I have perfected comes nearer to accuracy than anything yet discovered, and our own Government is only too glad to make use of it.

"And now we come to the Crimson Patch. When the German mechanic gave me his secret, he also furnished me with a drawing or diagram of the instrument. This was absolutely necessary to have, as the invention was so complicated that I could not possibly have carried it in my head. But I realized, also, that it would be extremely dangerous to carry it around with me in the shape about with me. So you see how important it was, considering the abominable spy-system by which we are surrounded, that it should appear only the innocent thing it seemed.

"Well, now you know the history of the Crimson Patch. It has certainly had, as they say, 'a checkered career.' I would like to keep it always as an interesting souvenir, but it is too dangerous

"SUDDENLY SHE GRASPED THE MEANING AND IT SEEMED TOO WONDERFUL TO BE TRUE"

in which it was. So I camouflaged the whole thing in a sketch of the Crimson Patch butterfly, and in this form it was safe enough, for I had made a point of sketching at times the various butterflies I had seen while in the prison-camp, and the Germans thought me only a harmless lunatic on the subject. The Crimson Patch was no more to them than any other pretty little sketch I had made."

"But, Daddy," cried Patricia, staring at the paper in his hand, "I can't see a trace of anything like the drawing of a mechanical instrument."

"It is all incorporated in the veining of the wings and shading of the body," he told her. "No one would understand it save myself, for it is so much a matter of lines and scale and angles. But it is all there, I assure you, at least, in its cruder form. Until the machine was completed, I had to have this sketch constantly where I could refer to it, at times I even had to carry it to have about, and the time of its usefulness is past. Only a few days ago, at the place where we are to manufacture this device, it was tried out and proved that it will be a practical success after some necessary alterations are made. Look your last on it, for in a few minutes its existence will be over!"

He held it up before her eyes a moment. Then, slipping her off his knee, he walked over to the fireplace, where a big log was still smoldering. Stirring the fire into a blaze, he tore the sketch into small bits and dropped the fluttering pieces into the flames. Together they watched while the charred fragments turned brown, curled over, blazed for a moment, and shriveled into a gray crisp.

Five minutes later the fire died down. The big log rolled over, burying the ashes under its bulk. And so vanished the last trace of the mysterious Crimson Patch.

THE END

GRUMBLE DAY

By RUTH LINING MILAM

MRS. CARNES was a woman of resources. That she was helping five sons through preparatory school and college with only their father's slender salary as a bookkeeper to supplement their own earnings, demonstrated this. But the way she had always disciplined these five sons was an even more vivid illustration. She seemed never to resort to harshness, and yet her control amazed the neighborhood.

"THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY"

For two weeks of this vacation the sons had been home, busy earning money for the coming session—and their mother was not unreservedly pleased with them. It seemed to her they had grown much too fond of complaining at real or fancied ills, and that they were abusing even a college student's privilege of slang. This Sunday had roused her exasperation.

"Mother, why on earth did you roust us out so early—no Sunday-school for mine!" said Dan.

"Bacon and eggs every day, six months on a stretch, twice a year, makes me weary," said Frank.

"What the deuce did you fellows do with my pipe?"

"By Jove! you can't put a thing down in this place without employing a detective to trace it," grumbled Carl.

"Mother, I wish you 'd tell these sons of ours to leave a clean towel in the bath-room occasionally," said their father, just entering the room.

Mother's eyes began to flash. "Boys," she said, "I 'm not a complaint bureau and I can't handle so many complaints in one day. I 'm going to appoint a Grumble Day for each of you. On that day I shall expect you to present all your troubles to the assembled family, who will keep silent. For the remainder of the week that person will keep quiet and listen to some one else. "Father, as head of the family, will begin on Monday."

Father looked decidedly surprised and embarrassed.

"I did not suppose I was included in this," he said.

The boys laughed. "Come on, Daddy, play the game," Dan said.

"We 'll let Dan have Tuesday, since he 's the oldest son," Mother continued placidly, "and the others according to their age, which allows our twins, Carl and Paul, to draw straws for Friday and Saturday."

The boys were smiling, but they looked uneasy, as they used to do when Mother was devising some new punishment for rifling her cake-box.

"There is one day left, Mother," said Paul, "Who is to have Sunday or is it to escape the general desecration?"

Mother smiled, "Well, Sunday is the Sabbath, you know, wherein we rest, even from grumbling. Besides you usually have guests on this free day of yours, and they might not relish complaints."

"Ten thousand thanks for one gloomless day," said Paul, bowing elaborately. With accurate aim, John sailed a balled-up napkin in his direction.

"But," Mother continued serenely, "on Monday I shall usurp your Father's place and grumble on my own behalf."

A groan arose.

"That 's the day I have an engagement away from home," asserted Dan. "Just think of Mother's grumbling!"

A chorus of assent followed.

"No," said Mother, firmly, "after I am compelled to listen to you all week, surely you will play the game fairly and hear my complaints on my day."

Then a queer week began. "What did you mean by swiping my scarf-pin last night, Carl?" John growled in surly greeting to his brother as he came late to the breakfast-table Monday morning.

"Close up!" came a chorus, "This is Daddy's day."

The odd look on Daddy's face brought an uproar of merriment, to which Daddy himself finally yielded. It seemed to do him good, too, for he brought home some very jolly stories for lunch and dinner and appeared in better spirits than in years.

Queerly, Dan did n't seem to find anything to grumble over Tuesday morning, and during the rest of the day, when a complaint did arise almost to his lips, he found himself oddly embarrassed to make it before such a plainly expectant audience It would have been like walking the slippery log over the creek, as he did when a little boy, and

falling off in the middle, with his brothers watching on the bank to laugh.

And so it was through the week, every man of them was afraid to grumble on his own day, because of his family's ridicule, and he could not complain on the other days, because they absolutely refused to allow it. They had hardly

"'WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN RUSHING IN LIKE THIS?' SHE ASKED CROSSLY"

seated themselves at the breakfast-table, in the early morning, before the humor of the game they were playing had set them laughing, and somehow, a day that started so merrily could not help being a jolly one. The boys began to find a new zest in living, and after their nine months' separation in various schools and classes, were beginning in this week to realize they could have an unusually good time in their own home and that their family was composed of exceptionally nice folks.

So Sunday came, and it was not precisely a day of rest for Mother. There were a couple of guests the sons brought home Saturday night.

ast, the housework, church serv-
—the generous Sunday sort—
on and a large part of the after-
full. After their week's disci-
d not grumble, but their belong-
disport themselves boldly—and
rder—through the entire house.
dition" was scattered over the
nd balls were to be seen wherever
ned to decide to drop them after
s game, ties, collars, even brushes,
ts, lay all over the bedrooms.
s she thought Monday morning
still there, and then, remember-
he smiled. Following a custom
into since coming home this
ys slept just a bit late Monday
raggled tardily into the dining-
e. But there was no Mother to
airs, and no sign of any activity

The boys stared at one another
tly Father, who often rose early
before breakfast, entered.

where is your mother? She
. I left. Is she sick?"

pairs of feet were hastening up-
stairs, with such an uproar as only masculine feet make, to Mother's room, where they found her dressed and seated, calmly reading.

"What the deuce do you mean rushing in like this?" she asked crossly.

Frank and Carl nudged one another. After all, that was n't such a nice expression, and so frequently Mother had said she did n't like to hear them use it. All the boys looked embarrassed.

"Why, Mother, we did n't see you anywhere and we feared you were sick."

Mother looked at them.

"By Jove!" she said (Dan and Paul flushed; after all it was a rather silly expression and they knew Mother disliked it). "If one of you would n't be a girl, I don't see why all of you can't get something together and cook it. Rising early

every day for six months, twice a year, just to cook breakfast for a group of surly men makes me weary."

It shocked them to hear Mother talk so. They had always taken their breakfast as a matter of course. They turned now to file slowly downstairs and act on her suggestion. But breakfast—when you 've never prepared one before—is anything but a matter of course! Soon, however, she was down among them, to their intense joy, bringing order—and something to eat—out of the fearful mess they were making.

When they were all seated at the breakfasttable she began talking again, but this time in a changed, sad voice that brought tears to her sons' eyes.

"When I think of the nights I have sat long hours sewing, that my little boys might have as good clothing to wear as other children; when I think of the extra bookkeeping your father has strained his eyes over through the same long hours and the comforts he deprived himself of to keep you well fed and clothed, supplied with good literature and pleasant games, kept in school, and to aid in making your college years possible: when I think of how we planned for and rejoiced over the good work you would do in this village—and there 's so much that needs to be done—when you grew older and began to receive your higher education, it surely grieves me that now when your country is at war and there is so much patriotic and civic, as well as moral, work to be done here in your own town, not one of you concerns himself with other than his own affairs.

"And your father and I—well, I have n't observed any of you helping Daddy when he occasionally brings work home with him. Your consideration for Mother— Boys, look at this house! It is absolutely topsyturvy! Only the heaviest furniture seems to remain in the proper place. There is no one to pick up all these scattered possessions but Mother. The sidewalk needs sweeping; Carl forgot his promise to mow the lawn Saturday; the tomatoes are dying for lack of water. Here it is my wash-day. Has any one put his clothes in the laundry-bag? Has any one brought the soiled things from upstairs? Yet this same hungry mob will be home for lunch, expecting to find it ready. And I 'm tired to begin with. Every member of this family had a rest day yesterday but Mother."

"BREAKFAST—WHEN YOU 'VE NEVER PREPARED ONE BEFORE—IS ANYTHING BUT A MATTER OF COURSE!"

Mother was beginning to weep now, and all the boys were comforting her at once. Amid the confusion Dan's clear voice rang out, "I move we abolish Grumble Day."

"Until we need it again," amended Mother.

"We won't *need* it again," they promised.

Tuesday morning the Carnes' home wore quite a different air. It was tidy, possibly for the first time, in the early morning, for years. Carl was mowing the lawn, John was sweeping the walk, Paul was watering the garden, Dan was cleaning the runabout, Frank was making a new flower-bed.

That evening Paul announced that he and Carl would have a night class in English with the Italians at the factory. The next day Frank, a student at an agricultural college, said that he intended to interest the village juven les in war gardens; and John and Dan announced that they were organizing a Boy Scout company.

"Better times for Mother" did n't come all at once, however. It was rather difficult for John, just at first, to remember *not* to leave the book he had been reading on the couch, but to replace it in the bookcase. Dan and Paul, for some weeks forgot occasionally, that Mother's ears were not attuned to emphatic slang. Assuredly "the test of the pudding is in the eating," and Mrs. Carnes' sons, when they had again formed "the Sunday-school habit," found t enjoyable. Slowly, but surely, the need of Grumble Day disappeared.

"I did n't know there was so much to do around the house," said Carl, coming in with the eggs one morning, to Dan, who no longer considered it beneath his dignity to sweep a kitchen floor.

"Mother has plenty of reason for looking younger, since we 're doing our share. No wonder she instituted Grumble Day."

"I have no further complaints," said Mother, entering from the dining-room," for I am convinced that I have the dearest sons in the world."

And it was their father's voice that started them in a stirring chorus: "Who 's all right? Who 's all right? Who 's all right?"

"Mother!"

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES

By LINDSAY G. LUCAS

WHEN Jinglingham's Circus comes round to our town
And springs into life over night,
With monkeys and lions and tigers and clown,—
A truly magnificent sight,—
We go to bed early and try hard to sleep,
For, like all clever youngsters, we know
We have to be good and a clean record keep
If we 're planning to see the big show.

And then the next morning we 're up with the sun,
To witness the mighty parade,
To hear the calliope's wonderful run
And feast upon pink lemonade.
Then right after dinner, we hippety-hop
And race to the big circus grounds,
To have lots of peanuts and candy and pop
And ride on the merry-go-rounds.

And then we stroll down by the side-show display,
And drink in the wonderful sights
Of giants and midgets from lands far away,
And creatures in spangles and tights.
Then we take a last look at the Siamese Twins,
And start for the animal tent,
To see the hyena that giggles and grins,
And don't care a whoop where he 's sent.

And we look at the zebra and Switzerland goat,
And exclaim at the funny giraffe.
What a hard time he 'd have if he got a sore throat,
With a neck that 's a yard and a half!
Then we wander along where the elephants stay.
See their funny old wiggley trunks,
That wander all over and gather up hay,
And swaller such whopping big chunks!

And we 're bound to admire the cute little calf,
That stands by his big mother's side,
And tries to look old and ferocious and bold,
But wants, all the time, just to hide.
And we follow the crowd and just drift along slow
And see all the animal things,
Till we come to a doorway, and, first thing you know,
We 're right by the big sawdust rings!

Then the band starts to play, and trapezes to swing,
And acrobats tumble and fall.
And every one laughs at the Kangaroo King
And ponies that dance on a ball.
And *we* laugh and we shout and feel happy and gay,
And make such a jolly big sound!

And that night, when it 's over, it all melts away!
But—Jinglingham's show has been round!

"Oh, were you on the ocean main,
And did your good ship spring aleak?
And were you in the cold and rain
Lashed to the mast for 'most a week?
And did some pirates cut you down?
And did they make you walk the plank?
And did you go ker-plunking down
And making bubbles as you sank?
Oh, were n't you ever wrecked at sea?"

"*I was n't, but I 'd like to be!*"

"Oh, were n't you ever on a ride
In sôme big forest dark and deep?
And did you hear right by your side
A voice that made you crawl and creep?
And did it say 'Hands Up!' and then,
'We want your jewels and your gold?'
Did half a dozen *merry men*
Lead you to meet their captain bold?
Oh, have n't you seen *Robin Hood?*"

"*I have n't, but I wish I could!*"

"Oh, did you ever after dark,
When no one saw you there at all,
Get one time locked inside the park,
And see the fairies give a ball?
And did they crown their queen and king,
While you were frightened 'most to death.
'Cause, if they caught you in their ring,
You might not draw another breath?
Oh, did you perish 'neath the moon?"

"*I did n't, but I hope to soon!*"

WHEN PETER FOOLED HIMSELF

By PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

In the town of Guelph lived Peter McGaw,
The laziest boy that you ever saw.
The only thing that he liked to do,
Was to lounge in the hammock the whole day through.

One night, as in bed he snugly lay,
He heard his father in anger say:
"That boy of ours is a hopeless shirk;
I don't believe he knows how to work!
Should the house burn down to the ground to-night,
He 'd be too lazy to take to flight.
He 's fit for naught but in bed to lie!"
And his mother agreed, with a heavy sigh.

Peter squirmed in his little bed,
And scowled. "I 'll fool them all," he said.
"To-morrow is April first, and I
Will work all day, though at night I die!
I 'll be out of bed at the rise of sun,
And I 'll fool those people, every one!"

True to his word, when the sun arose,
He crept down stairs on his tippy toes;
He fed the fire beneath the pot
Till the water bubbled up, boiling hot.
He set the table and swept the floor,
And went for milk to the corner store.
He shoveled a path from house to gate,
For snow in the town of Guelph stays late.
He dragged his sister upon his sled,
Till his cheeks like apples were glowing red.
He learned his lessons so well at school,
That the teacher banished the dunce's stool.
He fed the stock and the horses hitched;
In short, he acted as though bewitched;
And his friends were dumfounded, every one,
Before the wonderful day was done.

But the worst fooled one in the town of Guelph
Was lazy Peter McGaw himself.
"Why, I feel first rate!" in amaze he cried,
With eyes that were round and opened wide.
"I 've had a good time!" said Peter McGaw,
With the funniest face that you ever saw.
"If this is the way that it feels to work,
I 'll never again be a lazy shirk,
But do my best with a hearty will."
And the last I heard, he was at it still!

COME FOR A WALK

By HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

If I were the good fairy who is supposed so delightfully to preside over the first birthday of the little boy or girl who is to be the hero of the story,—and each boy and each girl is the hero or the heroine in some story,—I would not forget to give to the baby, as a parting and precious gift, the love of walking.

Waving my wand, and smiling down upon the little creature, cuddled in its white wrappings so that only two tiny pink fists and quite as pink a little nose were visible—smiling, I say, upon the small cherub, I would whisper:

"You shall love walking—little walks and long walks; tramps over fields and through woods; climbs up steep hills; wanderings through towns and villages; brisk walks of winter mornings; idle ramblings in long spring days when all the lanes are sweet with flowers, the fields are green and gold, and the birds are wild with their music; rustling marches through fallen leaves in autumn forests. You shall love to walk with a friend or to walk alone; and when time serves, you shall always prefer walking to any other way of getting to or away from a place." Then I would wave my wand once more, bend down and kiss the baby, and go away to my next fairy-godmother job, knowing that I had done my bit to insure that the child lying so snugly in its pretty crib should be happy all the days of its life.

For there is one thing sure: if you love walking, really love it, you are going to have so many happy hours out of life that you must admit, even though there have been disagreeable happenings in the long years of your life, you will simply have to admit, counting up all those hours when you were happy walking, that your life has been a pretty good sort of life.

I know, because my good fairy gave me that gift, and I would n't take a golden palace or even a gold-mine in exchange for it.

"What! just walking?" say you.

Oh, but there 's magic in it! Just to move along, easily and surely, your blood running warm in your veins, your lungs taking in the sweet air, your eyes passing from one thing to another, a tree, a cloud, a flower, a shell, your nose delighting in the fragrances that you will hardly notice except afoot—a spray of wild clematis, a whiff from a pine or a balsam spruce, the wind passing over somebody's garden, a bit of wild phlox, hay drying in the sun. Country walks are best, of course. The feel of the grass or the moss or the dust under your feet, the rise and dip of hills, the shady or the sunny pieces. But who ever knows a town or a city except by walking—knows its little corners, its hidden ways, its old parts? Who finds the quaint book-shop or the small garden that is left to bloom, though the city has walled it in on almost every side, but he or she who goes afoot?

The world that you move through on foot is so much *your* world. You can pass through miles and miles of country in a motor-car, and you will see what is there for every one to see—beauty and charm, views of mountain and lake, all that lies about you and can be caught at a second's notice. But walk through the piece of woods past which you flashed in ten minutes. Walk, and it will take you perhaps an hour or two. And in that time you will see a fox slip through the underbrush, his head over his shoulder as he watches you. You will hear a new bird sing a new song, and find a nest under a tuft of grass in the hidden bit of old pasture you cross. A red wood-lily will flame for you, butterflies will light the path ahead, and the trees will show you a thousand differences of loveliness in leaf and branch and bark.

There is a music in nature that only walkers know. Little half-silent sounds, tiny creaking of twig on twig, the small cries of wild animals that are busy about their affairs—and, of course, most of the bird songs. And these sounds are among the loveliest in the world. Who but the walker knows the clear, low voice of the brook or the murmur of the wind among the pines? Who but he the creak of crisp new snow under the feet, or the thick soft thud of it as it drops to earth from the fir bough that has brushed your shoulder as you pass by?

I promise you, if you learn to love walking, you are going to find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

Except swimming, there is no such perfect exercise for the human body as walking well. And you can walk till you are old. Think of Mr. Weston crossing the continent after he was sixty. Walking is a life-long pleasure. Now, when you are young, your step will have a lilt to it, and a smooth bit of trail will entice you into running. Years will make the feet move more soberly, but the good walker never grows really old—his heart and lungs and arteries keep too young to let the rest of him wither.

In Switzerland everybody walks, and you meet gay companies of young folk striding along with

knapsacks on their backs, off for trips that will take several days and lead from one village to another, from one valley to another, from mountain view to mountain view. In America, the boys and girls or the older persons who go for a walking tour, or who even take an all-day tramp, are so rare that you can pass a long life and never meet one of them. Yet what a country to walk in is this great land of ours! There is one part of it, to be sure, where you will meet walkers, and that is California. Not so many, but you find them. And yet the New England States and the Middle Atlantic States are ideal for tramping, and so, too, is the South, before the heats of summer set in. There are stretches of desert and prairie that are not suited to the charming exercise, where riding, that other and almost as delightful a way of moving from one place to another, must suffice. But the mountain States are one great invitation to the real walker.

I remember reading in one of John Muir's books—the good fairy had certainly been kind to him!—of how one wild day of terrific storm he had gone forth from the little town in California where he was living, I cannot remember the name of it, and spent the entire day in the forests, covering mile after mile, climbing into the great swaying trees that were madly chanting the storm song, watching the torrents grow, living in the heart of the wild splendor of nature, himself so happy that he could not find the words to tell how great was that happiness. And as darkness fell, he came back to the town, deliciously weary, rather wet and considerably buffeted by wind and rain, as he wished to be. The townsfolk met him with cries of distress at the terrible time he must have spent. "What an awful day!" they exclaimed; "and to think of your being out in it! why, it was bad enough indoors, but to be *out* in it." And they could not get over being sorry for him.

Muir said that he made no reply. But when he looked at them and listened to them and remembered how wonderful and how happy his day had been, he thought: "Poor souls! In order to keep dry, and to keep from getting gloriously tired, they have missed all that I have seen and felt and heard there in the forest—the day that to me has been one of the most beautiful and thrilling of my life, to them has been 'awful.' "

That is the way of the true walker. Weather is never bad for him—it is simply different. Go out well shod in waterproof boots, with a poncho and a waterproof cap, next time it rains, and take a long walk. You will have the time of your life. It is fascinating to be off like that alone, or with a companion of like mind, and feel the rain on your face, and see the face of the earth getting washed, and the trees dripping, and to pass through villages where every one is indoors, or else slopping hastily and disgruntedly by under umbrellas, wondering what on earth such weather is allowed for. But you know! The earth smells so good in a rain, the colors of foliage, the lines of hills, the surface of ponds and lakes, the pavements, that shine like a river, are all so worth seeing and seem so new and fresh. And as for walking in a snowstorm, that is one of the keenest pleasures the walker has. In city streets, when there is a heavy fall, you walk in a fairyland, a new world, quite a different thing from the usual city that you know. The snow clings to your rough coat and muffler, to your eyelashes, touches your cheeks softly, and the few people you meet look like snow kings and queens. If the lamps are lighted, there are wonderful aureoles round them; if it is still daylight, the whirling flakes are up to all sorts of tricks for your amusement. And how fresh the air is, how marvelously clean and good!

In the country it is even more enchanting than in town. There you go out into a new world when you close the door behind you and plunge into the storm. Each bush is wonderful, the fences are freakish things, the sound of the snow falling is clear to your ears, the wide white sweep of it is a miracle. Every tiny seed-cup is full of the treasure, and the snowbirds are mad with joy. You catch sight, very likely, of a cottontail fleeing in long jumps, and there are tiny tracks that keep you guessing as to what has passed before you came—and only just before, or the marks would have disappeared.

The first three things that a baby learns are to eat and to talk and to walk. He remembers the first two all through his life, but he too often forgets the third, loses it, for to walk is to be able to cover your twenty miles a day, to love it, to get all the benefit of it in body and mind and heart. If you always get into a car or automobile or a carriage to go anywhere over a mile, you might as well still be the baby in his perambulator before he has learned to walk. You are throwing away the heritage of your body, missing one of the best things that this life has to offer you.

So that is why I say, Come for a Walk. Come alone or in companies, come in winter or summer, in fair weather or rainy weather. All times are good for walking. But perhaps the best are an early morning in spring, a fall day when the wind sings among the drifting leaves, an evening with the new moon low in the west and a summer breeze bringing the perfume of the fields to you, or—ah me, it is difficult to find the time that is n't one of the best for a tramp!

FOR BOYS WHO DO THINGS

PACKING-BOX VILLAGE—VII

By A. RUSSELL BOND

Author of "On the Battle-front of Engineering," "Inventions of the Great War," etc., etc.

THE DEPARTMENT OF STREETS AND HIGHWAYS

WE have not constructed all the buildings of our village, but now that we have a Fire Department we must hasten to fix up our streets, or our fire-engine might become mired at some critical moment when rushing to a fire. We shall have to organize a Department of Streets and Highways, with a street commissioner at the head of it. As our village is not a large one, the duties of that official will not be very burdensome after the streets are finished, and we shall probably give him the title of Park Commissioner as well—but that will come later on.

In our first instalment we published a map of the proposed village, and it will be recalled that most of the streets were curved this way and that, so as to beautify our little town and give it a park-like appearance. It is much easier to build straight streets than winding ones, but the extra work involved in laying out curves is well worth while. The streets are to be made by cutting away the turf and putting in a road-bed of gravel or cinders. As this is a very small country town, we need not bother with sidewalks.

THE DUMPING-WAGON

FIRST of all we must build a dumping-wagon with which to haul and deposit our road-building materials. We can use an ordinary express-wagon and fit it with a dumping body, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. The size of the dumping body will depend entirely on the size of the wagon we have at our disposal. It consists of a box just wide enough to fit freely between the sides of the wagon, and a little shorter than the length of the wagon. The sides of the dumping body are made of boards 10″ or preferably 12″ wide, sawed to the form shown in Fig. 3. At the forward end these side-pieces project beyond the main body of the box and holes, *A*, are bored in them to receive a locking-bar. In order to get these holes in perfect alinement, the two boards are fitted together face to face before being built into the box, and then a hole is bored through both of them at once. The hole should be large enough to admit a good-sized rod, such as a broom-handle. Then at the opposite end of each side board a couple of one-inch strips, *B*, *B*, are nailed, leaving a groove between them $\frac{3}{4}$″ wide into which the tail-board is to be fitted. These strips should come just short of the bottom of the side boards, so as not to interfere with the bottom board of the box. The side boards are now nailed to the bottom board and the front end board. To keep the side boards from spreading at the top when the box is loaded with gravel, a piece, *C*, is nailed across them near the rear. The tail-board is made, as shown in Fig. 4, of a piece that will fit nicely, but not too snugly, between the cleats, *B*, *B*; and to the top of the tail-board is nailed a strip, *D*, long enough to extend 2″ over the side boards. These extensions will serve as handles to enable us to lift the tail-piece out of the dumping body when we wish to dump the load. At the front end of the box a wooden strip, *E*, is nailed, the purpose of which will be explained presently.

The dumping body is now placed in the express-wagon with the center of the box set squarely over the rear axle, and, if anything, slightly forward of the axle, so that there will be no tendency for the load to tip the wagon over backward. This done, holes (*F*, *F*, Fig. 2) are bored through the sides of the express-wagon, in register with the holes *A*, *A*. The dumping body is locked fast to the express-wagon by passing the broom-handle or locking-bar, *G*, through the holes *F*, *F* and *A*, *A*, as shown in Fig. 1.

The dumping body may now be loaded with cinders or gravel and hauled to the street we are constructing. To dump the load, the tail-board is pulled out and so is the locking-bar, *G*. Then one end of a lever (*H*, Fig. 1) is inserted under the strip E, and, by pulling down on the other end, the body is pried up and tipped over, dumping the load upon the ground. The load could be dumped far more easily if we cut away the bottom of the wagon as far as the rear axle; but as we shall not need to use the dumping body after our village is completed, it will hardly pay to damage the express-wagon.

LAY-OUT OF THE STREETS

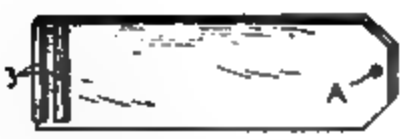
We have already staked out our streets. (See the October instalment of Packing-box Village.) This was done roughly, but now we must lay them out very carefully. The best plan is to get a rail, *I*, say 1″ thick by 2″ wide, and use this as a straight-edge.

Park Avenue and Cottage Place are straight streets, and we had better begin on them first. Lay the rail against the stakes, holding it in place at the ends by driving a stake at each side of it. Then, with a sharp spade, trim away the turf along the rail. At the curves the rail *I* is bent around the stakes as shown in Fig. 6. But the rail should not be bent around the curves until the straight parts are completed, lest it be warped out of shape. Unless the wood has a good deal of spring in it, there will be some difficulty in bending it around sharp curves, but it can be made more pliable by making a lot of saw cuts in it as shown at *J*, Fig. 7. Be careful not to saw more than half-way through the rail. If the wood is rather brittle, it can be made more pliable by soaking it in water.

Our streets should be about four feet wide, and after the turf has been spaded out and trimmed neatly along the edges, a layer of cinders or gravel is spread over the street and carefully smoothed down with a rake, after which it is packed down with a lawn-roller, if such a thing is to be had, otherwise we must use a tamp of the kind shown in Fig. 8. This consists of a plank, *K*, 12″ square and from 1″ to 2″ thick. The plank is nailed to a couple of pieces, *L*, *L*, spaced just far enough apart to receive the handle, *M*, between them. The handle should be about four feet long and is secured to the plank *K* by means of nails driven into it through the pieces *L*. By pounding the cinders with this tamp they can be well compacted, particularly after the cinders have been sprinkled with water.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.



Side board

Fig. 4.

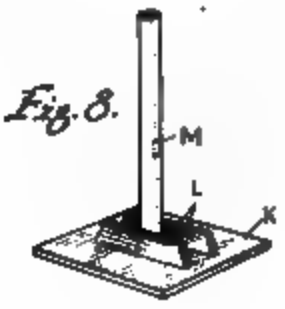
Tail-board

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.



DUMPING-WAGON, CURVED RAIL, AND TAMP

STREET LAMPS

Referring back to our map of Packing-box Village, we shall find little circles at the street corners and in front of the important public buildings. These are lamp-posts, and they are constructed as shown in Figs. 9 to 11. The lamp-posts are made of bean-poles, *A*, set firmly in the ground and rising to a height of about six feet. At the top of each post is a board, *B*, 8″ square, in the center of which a nail, *C*, is driven. On the projecting point of the nail a candle is set. The board *B* is secured to the post *A* by nailing a pair of pieces, *D*, to the post and then nailing the board to these pieces. However, before nailing

the board *B* in place, ventilation holes, *E*, must be bored in it.

For our lamp-chimneys we may use large bottles, *F*, with the bottoms cut off. There are many ways of cutting off the bottom of a glass bottle, but probably the simplest and surest way is to file a shallow groove in the glass, about an inch from the bottom of the bottle. With a sharp three-cornered file this can be done quite easily. A little turpentine will help the file to bite into the glass if it is very hard. After filing the groove all the way around the bottle, a sharp blow will take the bottom off cleanly. The file may then be used to smooth off any sharp or jagged edges.

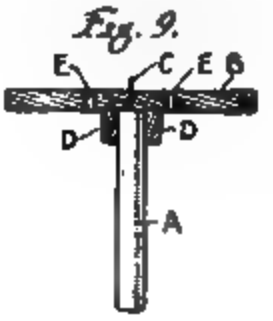


Fig. 9.

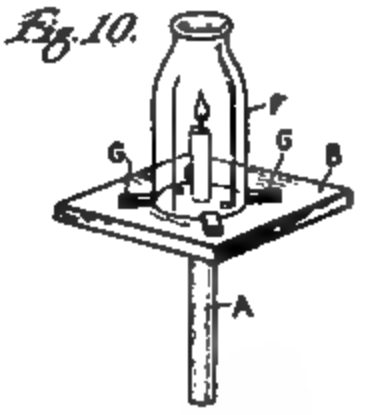


Fig. 10.

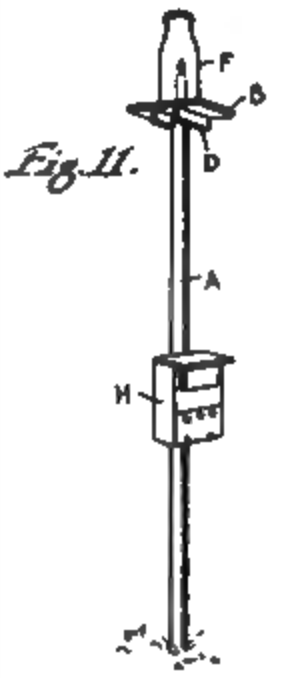


Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.

Fig. 15.

The lamp-chimney is held in place by means of three or four wooden blocks, *G*, nailed to the board *B*. After these blocks have been nailed on, the board may be nailed to the pieces *D*.

We shall need red lamp-chimneys for the posts in front of the engine-house, and green ones in front of the police station. The chimneys may be made red or green by gluing colored tissue-paper around them, and then covering the paper with a coat of shellac so as to protect it from rain.

Fig. 14.

MAIL-BOXES

On certain of our lamp-posts we must fasten mail-boxes, *H*. The details of one of these boxes are shown in Figs. 12 to 14. The box measures about 4″ x 8″ x 12″. The top of the box projects beyond the front face so as to shield the letter slot, *I*, from the rain. This slot is made by boring two $\frac{3}{4}$-inch holes on a downward slant through the front face of the box and then splitting out the wood between the holes with a jack-knife. The letter slot is closed by a shutter, *J*, consisting of a thin piece of wood with its upper edge rounded. Two screw-eyes are fixed in the box and nails are driven through them into the piece *J*, thus hinging the shutter.

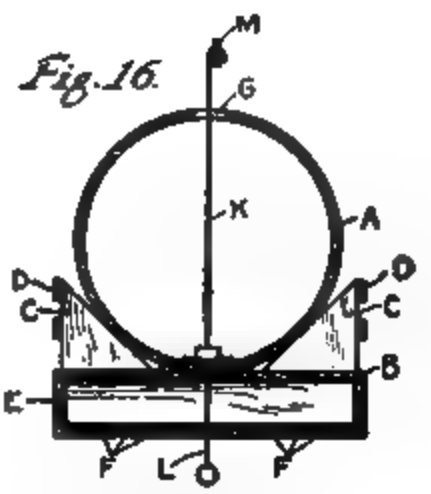


Fig. 16.

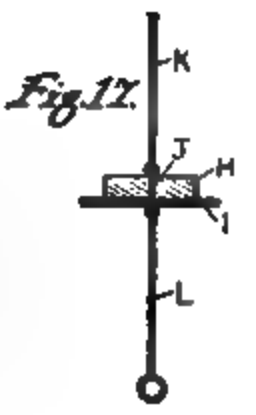


Fig. 17.

STREET-LAMP, MAIL-BOX, AND WATERING-CART

The front of the box is formed of two boards. The upper one, *S*, is nailed to the box and the lower one, *K*, is a door hinged to the box by means of two strap-hinges, *L*, *L*. In place of iron hinges, pieces of leather strap may be used if desired.

To keep the public from opening the mail-box, it is provided with a simple combination lock consisting of three buttons, *M*, one of which is

shown in detail in Fig. 14. Three holes are bored in the door *K* just large enough to receive the rods *N*, say ½ in. diameter. On each rod a button, *M*, is fastened by passing the rod through a hole in the button and then driving a nail through the button into the rod. This hole is not in the center of the button, but near one side, so that when the button is in the position shown in Fig. 13 it will just clear the upper board of the mail-box; but if it is turned to any other position, it will catch behind the board *S*, and hold the door shut.

Knobs, *O*, are fastened on the projecting ends of the rods, *N*. These knobs are made by boring a hole (just large enough to receive the rods *N*) lengthwise through a wooden curtain-pole and sawing off 1″ lengths of the pole. The knobs are driven upon the rods *N*, and each one is fastened in place with a nail, *P*. The end of the nail projects and forms a pointer. Radial lines are drawn on the door *K* around each knob.

When all the knobs are turned so that the buttons are in the position shown in Fig. 13, the door will come open, but if any one of them is turned to any other position, the door will remain shut.

The three pointers *P* are set at different angles, and only the postman knows how they should point in order that he may open the door. For instance, in Fig. 12, the pointer of the nearest knob is turned horizontally to the left, the second one at an angle of 45 degrees to the left and the third at an angle of 45 degrees to the right. Without knowing this combination, one might try all day without being able to succeed in unlocking the door.

Any combination can be selected, and the combination can be changed, whenever desired, by pulling out any one of the pointers, turning the knob, and driving the pointer through the rod *N* at a different angle.

The mail-box is secured to the lamp-post with pieces of strap-iron or band-iron, *R*, such as is used on heavy boxes.

THE SPRINKLING-CART

OUR Street Department will not be complete without a sprinkling-cart. In fact, it would be well to build it before starting to make our streets, because it will be very useful in packing down the gravel or cinders.

The main difficulty will be to get hold of a good water-tight cask. We do not need a large one, because it will be heavy to haul around when full of water.

Figs. 15 to 17 show us how to proceed. Our cask, *A*, must have a bung-hole in one side and a large hole, *G*, must be cut in the opposite side. This hole ought to be about 3″ in diameter, and it will be a difficult job to cut it because casks are usually made of hard wood. However, the hole does not need to be round, and we can cut it by boring four holes 3″ apart and sawing the wood out between them.

The next thing is to make a floor, *B*, for our sprinkling-cart. In the middle of this floor a hole is bored of the same size as, or slightly larger than, the bung-hole, and then the floor is nailed to the cask with these two holes in alinement. Triangular pieces, *C*, are wedged under the sides of the cask and nailed to the floor *B*. Rails, *D*, will help to hold the pieces *C* in place. A little putty should be tamped in around the bung-hole to make a water-tight seal between the cask and the floor.

A sprinkling-box, *E*, is built across the under side of the floor *B*, and in the bottom board of this box a lot of ⅛″ holes, *F*, are bored. There is also a hole in the middle of the board for a wire, *L*, to pass through.

The valve is made of a small round block of wood, *H*, Fig. 17, to which a leather washer, *I* is attached. A piece of galvanized-iron wire, *J*, is passed through the valve and its ends are turned over to form eyes. A galvanized or copper wire, *K*, is hooked to the upper eye, and the wire *L* is fastened to the lower eye. The valve is then lowered into the cask through the hole *G*, and the wire *L* is passed through the hole in the bottom of the box *E*. The lower end of this wire is then bent into a ring to keep the valve from being raised more than an inch. To raise the valve and to hold it open when desired, the upper wire, *K*, is fastened to a lever *M*, pivoted between a couple of brackets, *N*, and a wire, *O*, on the forward end of the lever is hooked fast to a nail, *P*, driven into the head of the cask.

The floor of the cart is then mounted on wheels as shown in Fig. 15. As a further precaution, pieces of band-iron may be passed around the cask and fastened to the floor, after which blocks of wood are fitted under the ends of the cask.

When filling the cask, the wire *O* must be unhooked from the nail *P*, and the wire *L* should be pulled down to seat the valve. As soon as some water has been poured into the cask through the hole *G*, the pressure of it will hold the valve firmly closed.

The cask is now filled, and the driver of the sprinkling-cart may turn on the sprinkler whenever he wants to by pulling down the wire *O*. The water will then run out into the box *E* and out through the holes *F*, as well as the hole through which the wire *L* passes. Whenever he lets go of the wire *O*, the pressure of the water will force the valve shut and cut off the flow.

A HOME-MADE ALARM-CLOCK

If you lose the minute-hand of your watch, the timepiece is still good for something. Here is how it can be used to wake you up at the rising-hour in the morning.

Take a board for a base and drive a broad-headed nail, A, through it. The watch, B, is to rest on the nail-head. Connect a wire from the nail to an electric bell. Then take a piece of heavy wire, C, and bend it to the form shown in

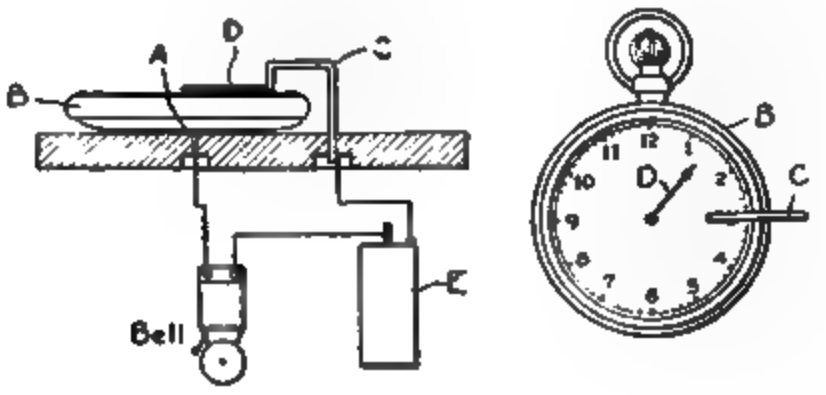


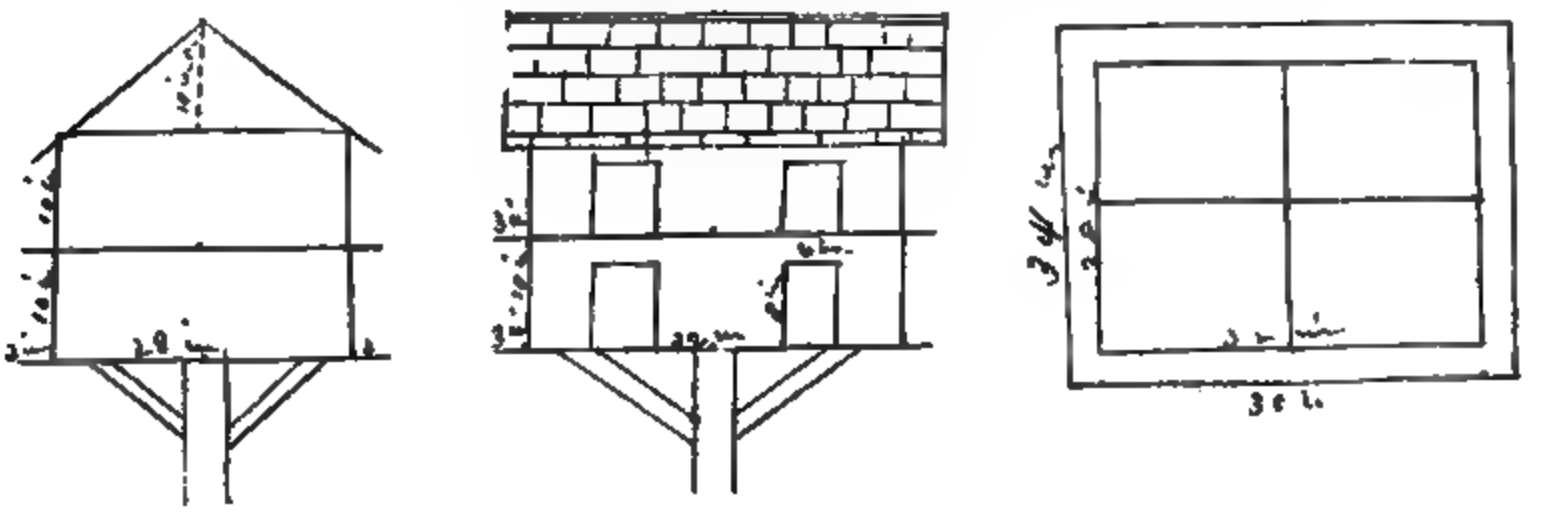
Fig. 1. The end of the wire should lie in the path of the hour-hand, D, of the watch (Fig. 2). Run a wire from the wire, C, to a dry cell, E, and thence to the other terminal of the bell. To set the alarm, turn the watch until the hour at which you wish it to go off lies directly under the wire C. When that hour of the morning arrives, the hour-hand, D, will make contact with the wire, C, and the bell will ring. It will keep on ringing, too, until you get up and turn off the alarm.

HOMER E. POOLE.

HOW TO MAKE A PIGEON-HOUSE

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a picture of a pigeon-house, and plans for making it. The platform and the floor between the two stories is 38" by 34". The lengthwise walls of the house are of cypress $\frac{7}{8}$" boards, 32" by 10", and the side boards are 28" by 10", so it took four boards of each length to make the outside walls. After these were nailed together, partitions were nailed in to make four rooms upstairs and four rooms downstairs. In each of the four 32" boards were cut two doorways. These were 6" wide and 8" high, and were cut half-way between the side walls and the partitions. The upstairs and downstairs were now nailed together. Next a cypress board, 28" by 10", was cut in two triangular pieces for the gable-ends. After these were nailed on the top edge of the upper side boards, two roof boards were added on each side, 42" long and 10" wide. This made an overhanging roof equal to the porch extensions. This roof was then shingled (about one bundle was needed) and a metal strip put over the ridge. The house was painted two coats of brown, to match our house, and lifted up to the top of our clothes-post and nailed down with four 2 by 4 braces at right angles.

ROBERT J. MCCLURE (age 11).



WORKING DRAWINGS OF PIGEON-HOUSE, SHOWING END, FRONT, AND FLOOR PLAN

THE FINDING OF THE FIRST ARBUTUS

A Play for the "Mayflower" Anniversary

By AGNES MILLER

(From the Indian legend of the trailing arbutus, and the tradition that this was the first American spring flower seen by the Pilgrims)

CHARACTERS

Joy
Comfort
Stephen
Andrew
} *Children of the Plymouth Colony.*

An Indian Maiden (The Spirit of Spring)
An Old Indian Warrior (The Spirit of Winter)
Three Voices of the Forest: The Bluebird, the River, the South Wind.

SCENE

(A wood near Plymouth, at the close of the Pilgrims' first winter in Massachusetts. The stage requires two entrances, right and center.

When the curtain rises, Joy is seated l. on a sled upon which Andrew is piling sticks and branches. Comfort and Stephen, c., are gathering more kindlings off the ground. The children continue to work as they talk.

To the right is an Indian tepee, with the flap closed.)

JOY. Bring more wood, Stephen! Andrew, pile it higher.

ANDREW (*bringing an armful to the sled, giving it to Joy to arrange*).

We shall be glad of this, when round the fire
We sit to-night and hear the cold wind blow
Down through the chimney and across the snow.

ANDREW

Weary am I of winter days and cold!
When we were in our English homes of old,
This was the time when Spring was in the air.

JOY.

Yea, well do I remember how the fair
White violets and sweet primroses grew
Down in our meadow, where the brook ran through!

"'BRING MORE WOOD, STEPHEN! ANDREW, PILE IT HIGHER!'"

ANDREW.
But scarcely had the *Mayflower* touched this shore,
Bringing us here six months ago and more,
Than winter was upon us unaware,
And goes not yet.

STEPHEN (*gloomily*).
And we have had our share of troubles, too!

COMFORT.
What were they? Tell me, pray!
Had you to gather kindlings every day?
How hard your lot!

STEPHEN.
Nay, laugh not, heartless lass!

COMFORT.
I laugh not, when I think no day can pass
But in the colony some one doth lie
Stricken with sickness, or the misery
Of hunger, which we never knew before
We sought a home upon this frozen shore
For Freedom's sake. Yet for the bygone days
Let us not sigh, for here we walk the ways
Of liberty and truth, and, even here,
Spring surely must come sometime, never fear!

STEPHEN.
Comfort speaks truly. We are strangers still,
And know not how the seasons work their will
In our new homeland, so it well may be
Spring comes in ways unknown to you and me.
But have we wood enough, or must we go
And seek it farther in the forest?

JOY (*examining the load*).
No,
The sled is laden with enough to burn
For many an hour, so we had best return.
Besides, we must remember our commands:
"Farther than where the Indian lodge still stands,
Go not alone!"

ANDREW (*fastening the load*).
Nay, 't is too wild, I fear.
The lodge hath been deserted many a year,
The Indians say.

STEPHEN.
Then let 's be off again.
Joy, sit you on the sled. All ready, then!

COMFORT.
Andrew must guide the load behind, while I
Help with the rope—

(*A voice from the lodge interrupts her.*)

THE VOICE. Will no one heed my cry?

JOY (*terrified*). Was that a voice?

COMFORT Nay, nay, how could it be?

ANDREW.
Hush! Move not from this place! I 'll go and see
Whence came that sound—

STEPHEN (*stopping him*).
Be not so rash! Remain,
And listen. Is not that the cry again?

THE VOICE.
Great Spirit, send me succor, or I perish!
Here in my lodge, beside the frozen river,
I lie alone before a sinking fire;
Slow runs the life within my veins, and slower
My heart beats, and my time to pass approaches,
Unless help comes!

JOY. What shall we do?

ANDREW. I know not!

STEPHEN. Nor do I.

COMFORT.
Wait! over yonder in the wood near by,
I heard a twig break and a footstep fall—
Perhaps one comes in answer to the call.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN

(*Soft music. In a moment, enter an Indian Maiden, c. she comes slowly down stage, goes r. to door of lodge, and stops there.*)

JOY (*as the Maiden passes*).
A lovely maiden! How her soft eyes shine.
How bright and gay the wild-flowers that entwine
Her dusky hair!

STEPHEN. See, now she stops before
The lodge, and seems to listen at the door.

MAIDEN (*calling*).
Is any one within?

THE VOICE. At last, a voice!
If you bring wood to feed the dying fire,
Enter, and kindle it, that I may live.

" 'WHO ARE YOU, AND WHY CAME YOU TO THIS LAND?' "

(The Maiden throws back the door of the tepee, disclosing the figure of an old Indian warrior, resting on the ground under a dark blanket. Maiden stands r.)

MAIDEN.
Nay, Father, I have never known a fire,
Save the great fire-ball within the sky.
I know no wood, except the greenwood growing
Within the forest and along the hills.

WARRIOR.
Then must I die! But go not yet, my daughter.
Who are you, and why came you to this land?

MAIDEN.
I am the friend of every living creature,
And come to bring them happiness and joy.
And who is the great chief who lies before me?

WARRIOR.
A mighty warrior I, whose name and valor
Strike fear in all that lives! If I but breathe,
The waters of the river cease their flowing
If I unbind my white locks, dark clouds gather,
And thick the cold snow lies on all the world.
The wild things of the forest hear my footstep
And hide themselves in caves and hollow trees.
The birds take wing and fly far south in terror.
O'er a white wilderness I reign alone!

MAIDEN.
Great are the deeds you tell, O mighty warrior!
How different are the exploits that are mine!
Where'er I come, the birds flock back to greet me.
Singing their sweetest songs the whole bright day;
The black trees burst into a thousand leaflets,
The flowers spring up again on all the meadows,
And everywhere I pass is life and music!

A VOICE OF THE FOREST *(behind the scenes)*
Tur-al-ly! Tur-al-ly! List to my message!
I am the first to tell the waiting world:
"Spring comes!"

MAIDEN. It is the bluebird's song you hear.

A SECOND VOICE OF THE FOREST *(behind the scenes)*.
Gone are my bonds, and I am freely flowing!
And every drop that sparkles on my bosom
Says to the listening world of men, "Spring comes!"

MAIDEN. Hearken, the river breaks his icy chains!

A THIRD VOICE OF THE FOREST *(behind the scenes)*.
Oh, high and safe the nesting birds are building
Amid the rustling leaves fanned by my breath,
For Spring is here!

MAIDEN Lo, 't is the south wind speaking!

WARRIOR.
Daughter, what means this change? Dead is the fire,
And yet I feel a mildness in the air.
Draw near—it is the fragrance of thy breathing.
And in its warmth I gladly sink to rest.

(The Warrior sleeps. The Maiden steps into the tepee, turns the blanket to show the reverse side green, and covers the Warrior completely with it. Then she returns and stands r. as before.)

MAIDEN
So has this fierce old warrior Winter vanished!
With him depart the sorrow and the terror
His chilly hand has laid upon the world.
Now forth I go across the waking country,
The patient land that waits for Spring to come,

And where I pass, I drop a rosy token
For children, following my path, to find.
But 't is a hidden treasure: none can find it,
Save he who comes on lowly bended knee

(*Soft music. Exit Maiden r., slowly, dropping as she goes out a spray of trailing arbutus. A pause. The music stops.*)

JOY. Oh, is she gone?

COMFORT. Come, let us quickly tread
The path she took past trees and thickets dead,
And search to see if haply we can find
That gracious gift which she has left behind.
(*The children follow and search.*)

STEPHEN.
Perchance where dead brown leaves and branches be
We yet may find that precious treasure—

ANDREW (*spying the arbutus*). See,
There is the dim trace of Spring's rosy hand!
But scarcely can I see it as I stand,
So let me kneel.
(*He kneels down and plucks the arbutus, then rises, carries it c. The children cluster around it.*)

JOY.
It is our chosen home's first springtime flower,
And brings us courage for this very hour!
Green are its leaves for hope, sweet is its breath
As love, which fears not winter's cold and death.

ANDREW.
Soft is its rosy beauty, yet it clings
With faith that will not yield, to higher things,
The rock, the soil, that hold it steadfastly.

COMFORT
What shall the name of this fair blossom be?

JOY. Some name that tells of Spring, and hope, and cheer—

STEPHEN.
I know! The ship that brought us safely here—
The gallant *Mayflower*—gives her name to you,
Brave blossom, like her, fair and staunch and true,
Our friend in need!

COMFORT.
Dear little friend of ours,
Ever for us the fairest of the flowers,
You are the messenger that Heaven sends
To tell us: "Lo, to-day your winter ends!
Spring comes for those whose suffering and toil
Planted the seed of Freedom in this soil.
And as through frozen ground, 'mid ice and snow,
Freely you see this flower of beauty grow,
So strong, so sweet shall grow that liberty,
That men shall come from every land to see,
To search for it on lowly bended knee."

(CURTAIN)

NOTE: Puritan outdoor dress is worn by the four children; Indian costumes, by the Warrior and the Maiden. She may be dressed in pale-green cloth, fringed to imitate grasses, and wear decorations of young maple-leaves and necklaces of blossoms, garlands of which are also used to bind her hair. A head-band holds two fern-leaves in place. The long garlands of blossoms hanging from the bracelets and the moccasin-flowers on the feet may be made of crêpe paper. The quiver of chamois-skin is filled with pussy-willows.

A simple back drop, opening in the center, may be stenciled on white muslin or old sheets.

CHORES

By EDWARD N. TEALL

If the WATCH TOWER did nothing but report "current events" it would be only a newspaper—and a poor one, because so far behind the others. If it is n't too solemn a way to express it, the WATCH TOWER is studying the tide on whose surface events float. In another way of putting it, events interest us not merely for their own sake, but because they show which way the tide is running.

Everybody, nowadays, has fun this way. We 've all become political philosophers, and we have only to see a bank president or a mill hand buy silk socks—a society queen's picture in the Sunday supplement or a stenographer wearing her jewels—to start us on a long lecture about piratical capitalists or hold-up labor, and the horrid fate that awaits us all unless everybody else reforms.

One "event" after another has helped produce a theory in the WATCH TOWER'S mind. (We don't propose to be left behind!) The theory is that we are all getting away from the good old American spirit of CHORES. 'T is a homely word, but good, honest English. And it stands for something fine in our history; something we can't afford to lose.

The first Americans had to fight for their living. They had to conquer a wilderness. They lived outdoors and worked with their hands, as well as their heads. They swung the ax and the hoe; they plowed and reaped; they fed and watered the stock in winter; they hauled corn to the mill, and lugged home the meal. There were always chores to do, and pretty nearly everybody had a share in the doing of them.

It was hard, cramping work; but there was a certain noble quality in it. You could n't beat it for discipline! It made faithful, reliable workers, and it built character.

Times have changed—indeed they have! Primitive methods have given place to modern ways. We have comforts and conveniences those hard-headed, hard-handed pioneers never dreamed of. Mechanical devices do a lot of the work that used to be done by hand. And yet there are still chores to be done, and it is "bad business" if we 're all going to be too fine to do them.

Let 's have a little more of the old-time American simplicity. Let 's cherish the dignity of labor.

THE RING AND THE WAVE

THE war gave Poland an outlet to the sea, through the free city of Danzig. On February 10 the Poles completed their military occupation of the "corridor" through which their trade will move down to the Baltic, and celebrated their return to maritime power with solemn ceremonies.

From newspaper reports we can construct the scene in imagination; a magnificent scene. The little seaport of Putzig blazes with the red and white of the Polish flag. The streets are crowded, and the highways leading in from the country are lined with eager throngs.

At noon the church bells ring and guns are fired in salute. A long and brilliant procession forms: marines in khaki, cavalry with snapping pennons, blue-clad infantry; civic societies, each with its banner, and here and there a priest in richly colored robes. Packed into the open space are thousands and thousands of people, rejoicing in their new freedom.

Now, leaving the group of delegates from the Parliament at Warsaw, General Haller, commander of the Polish Legion in France, rides out with his staff. Down the beach they go to the water's edge—and, splashing, into the shallows. For a moment the general gazes out over the

waves; then, turning shoreward, he speaks to the hushed throng, telling how, after more than a century, Poland has returned to the sea.

The report in the "Times" continues:

> Then the horses splashed their way back to dry land. The riders dismounted and closed around the flagstaff. Officers made way for a dozen color-bearers, each holding aloft the standard of a Polish regiment. The Polish marine flag was dedicated by a Catholic bishop and was hoisted. Simultaneously, great guns roared out a salute whose thunder must have carried to the Prussian side.
>
> Once more General Haller stepped forward, drew from his finger a golden ring, and threw it far out into the water, saying: "As Venice so symbolized its marriage with the Adriatic, so we Poles symbolize our marriage with the dear Baltic Sea!"

A little bit barbaric, perhaps, in its splendor and its symbolism; but a great and impressive historic scene.

WHEN THE COAST WAS STORM-BOUND

FEBRUARY storms are most enjoyable in April. The storm of February, 1920, will not soon be forgotten. You boys and girls may tell your children about it, years on, as the boys and girls of '88 have told you about the famous blizzard of that year.

The Big Storm of '20 gripped the East in its icy hold, and for a couple of weeks the comforts and conveniences of modern civilization were suspended. Raging gales battered the coast, flung a snowy bombardment over the inland towns, and blotted out the rural regions.

City traffic was almost stopped. The food supply was seriously threatened, as trains were stalled in deep drifts out in the country. Telephone service was wrecked. The city's fire defense was imperiled. Ranges of snowy alps blocked the streets. Postmen had to dig for the letter-boxes. An uncomfortable time was enjoyed by all!

Boys and girls were too busy at the time, coasting and snowballing, to think of what it all meant in connection with the world's business; but now that we are out of the woods,—or drifts,—it is interesting to look back at the more serious side of it. And a snowflake is a serious thing, when it brings all its friends and relatives along!

In the old days—yes, of course! the "good old" days—there were regiments of men in every large city who were glad to earn a bit of money by shoveling snow. But now—well, it 's hard to find a fellow who wants to work at it a day for what would once have been half a week's pay for that sort of labor.

Are there fewer people or is there more work, so that men can select the sort of employment they like? Were the cities taking advantage of men's distress to hire them cheap—and are there no longer men in distress to want the work?

'Most anybody can answer these questions, if you care to ask them. I can't. When you read the same report from city after city, it seems unreasonable to suppose that all the Street Commissioners were incompetent and inexcusably unprepared. It does seem reasonable, however, to suppose that the "situation" reflects a great change in the conditions of our life.

Photograph by O. J. Bauman

A BABY TANK GOES TO THE RESCUE OF A SNOW-BOUND TRUCK IN NEW YORK CITY

Perhaps it would cost less to have switches and cuts covered over, and to have underground streets, than it costs over a period of years to battle with the piled up, packed down billions of billions of innocent little snow crystals. Perhaps one of you boys—perhaps one of you girls—will solve the problem.

And then what a time they will have of it—the folks who like to talk about those real, "old-fashioned" winters!

THE GAS WAGON OF '98

WHAT with printers' strikes, high cost of magazine-making, and an odd lot of troubles to keep us wide awake, it 's been a rather merry job of late to keep the WATCH TOWER up to the mark. By way of cheerful revenge, it 's been kept even a bit *above* the mark (don't you say?).

Adopting the old lady's motto, "Take time by the fet-lock," we 've been writing pretty far ahead; and it was the best fun in the world, to "do" an April article in January. Yes, this piece was turned in eight weeks ago! (Don't tell the editor; he might not like to know that you know all about it. The joke is on him!)

In a newspaper automobile supplement of January 4, there was a head-line like this: "First American Car Sold in April, 1898."

April! So this is the twenty-second anniversary of that interesting event. "To Alexander Winton goes the credit of selling the first American automobile. On April 1, 1898, he sold a one-cylinder Winton automobile to Robert Allison of Port Carbon, Pennsylvania. Allison ran the car two years, and, at Winton's solicitation, sold it back to the Winton Company, where it is still in existence."

Let 's give great "credit" to Mr. Winton—and some to Mr. Allison, the first buyer. Mr. Winton "started something," but he could n't have done it without the help that Mr. Allison gave!

INTEREST, AND INTEREST ON INTEREST

THE United States made war loans to the Allies of nine and one-half billion dollars.

The interest on this vast sum, at five per cent., is $475,000,000 a year.

Can England, France, and Italy pay this interest? Ought the United States to forego the interest?

There have been reports, from the countries to which our loans were made, of belief there that we ought to refuse to accept interest, making this a part of our contribution to the cost of winning the War. Some folks in Europe think Uncle Sam got off too easy.

It is n't an easy question. "Business is business," you know. If the payment of interest were to be simply postponed, say for three years, that would add 3 x $475,000,000 = $1,325,000,000 to the debt; plus interest on the unpaid interest!

Congress and the European Governments will have to try to find the best and all-round fairest solution of it. Meanwhile, we can only hope that every one concerned will get the squarest kind of a square deal—and wonder just how much of a success this mighty nation can make of its business with the rest of the world while refusing to sit at the council-table of the League of Nations.

Why, certainly—it 's quite possible we *are* to be congratulated on having stayed out. And then again, it 's perfectly possible we are not!

As the philosopher says, when the arguments are exhausted and no conclusion reached, "Time will tell."

HOLD HARD!

THERE has been talk of a "farmers' strike." The country depends on the farmers for food. A farmers' strike would be an attempt to starve the rest of the nation into giving the farmers what they want.

The farmers have troubles a-plenty. They are no more immune from the high cost of living than the rest of us. Their troubles should be lightened, as far as is possible, by laws made with their interests in mind.

But laws cannot make more people anxious or willing to work on the farms. Billions of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed; millions of lives have been lost. The whole world must pay; the farmers as much as anybody else.

If production stops, high cost of living will go higher. If the farmers starve the factory workers, let us say, where will the farmers get the tools with which to cultivate the fields for their own support?

If Mr. Spratt had refused to work, Mrs. Spratt could not have filled the platter. If Mrs. Spratt had gone on strike, Mr. Spratt would not have been able to eat the meat after he 'd earned it. United we stand; and you know what happens if we get divided!

So, too, with railroad strikes. Railroad men who refuse to run the railroads unless they get all they want are like people who dam a stream on which other people depend for power. And they are bound, in the end, to suffer with those whom they have made to suffer.

The WATCH TOWER wants *everybody* to be prosperous, and happy. But it does n't believe happiness is going to be gained by violence.

Our government is built up from small units to

Times Wide World Photos

MR. EDISON LOOKS HALE AND HEARTY HERE, DOES N'T HE? HE WAS SEVENTY-THREE IN FEBRUARY. A LOT OF HIS FRIENDS WORE BUTTONS WITH A BIG "73" ON THEM: "73" IS THE TELEGRAPHER S SIGNAL FOR "WISH YOU WELL!"

large ones; from the town to the county, the State, the Nation. But each unit comprises different elements; every town, every rural county, contains groups whose interests may seem to be in conflict. Perhaps the farmers don't care about working hours in the shops, or the factory hands about good rural roads. Probably the blacksmith does n't worry about the price of books, or the doctor, lawyer, preacher, or teacher about the price of horseshoe iron. But they all vote together for men to represent them all in the government. Each representative has some obligation to all the elements of the population; at any rate, he knows that if he favors one at the expense of the other, he will have to reckon with that other element on election day.

If the idea of government by strike is carried out, we shall have class lined up against class; and that means, instead of all working together, we shall be working against each other. If the farmers try to keep food prices up, the manufacturers will try to keep up the prices of their goods—and if everybody keeps up *his* prices, and has to pay everybody else's kept-up prices—well, you can see where that will land us!

Keep cool, hold hard—and we 'll get around the bend in the road all right!

"GLORIOUS GIRL" OR THE BARRED ROCK WONDER OF AMERICA

THE little White Leghorn is the queen of them all when it comes to laying. The Brahmas and Cochin-Chinas bulk magnificently in the pot. The Rhode Island Red is a useful bird, and the white Wyandotte, the Speckled Hamburg and the Black Minorca all have friends who will sing their praises. But for all-round merit, the good old yellow-legged Barred Rock beats 'em all.

The Barred Rock has a comfortable disposition. It is n't wild, like the little Leghorn, nor in its own way, like some of the giant breeds. It attends strictly to business, takes good care of itself—and proves its right to life, liberty, and

the pursuit of happiness and hoppergrasses. It thrives "on the range" or in the yard, and never a Barred Rock leaves the world but the world is the better for the B. R. having lived in it.

"Glorious Girl," whose picture we show, came down from America to "The Garden," won

International Film Service
"GLORIOUS GIRL"

prizes, and so gained the favor of those who know Chicken that her owner had the opportunity to refuse $5000 for her.

"Glorious Girl" looks a little skittish for a Rock—but then, she is young, just in the pullet stage, and probably the photographer caught her while she was under the spell of the excitement of a first visit in town. But see how sturdy she looks; how keenly alert, yet not flighty with nerves; how splendidly her structure and conformation combine æsthetic charms with utilitarian promise! No, that 's not a syllable too much of eulogy! Without hesitation, we commend "Glorious Girl" to your consideration as a pattern of all the good, homely, old-fashioned American virtues. She sticks to her job!

THROUGH THE WATCH TOWER'S TELESCOPE

I. W. W.—Indisputably the Worst Winter.

THE Weather Man owes us an exceptionally fine April and May, to make up for what he did to us in January and February.

IN 1913, England's imports were £768,734,739 and her exports were £525,245,289. In 1914 the figures fell to £696,635,113 and £430,721,357. Export figures for the years since 1914 have been (in pounds) 851,893,350; 948,506,492; 1,065,256,407; 1,319,338,591; and 1,631,901,864. For the same years, 1915–19 inclusive, the import figures are (in pounds): 384,868,448; 506,279,707; 525,308,991; 498,473,065; and 798,372,971. But while England's total trade *value* has been increasing at boom rates, the *quantity* has increased very little. High prices account for the impressive figures.

UNITED STATES trade with Germany: August, 1919, exports, $1,009,820· imports, $8693; September, exports, $8,836,693; imports, $1,586,963; October, $20,663,521 and $2,157,608; November, $23,044,142 and $3,228,919. In December, exports fell to $17,297,077 and imports to $2,480,523. For the year 1919 our exports to Germany totaled $92,761,314 and our imports from Germany aggregated $10,624,229. Germany's trade problem now is to get raw materials from which she may manufacture goods for sale.

THE Germans squealed when the people of Schleswig voted, by about 75,000 to 25,000, to return to Danish rule. If the plebiscites in Silesia and East Prussia were to go against them (we wonder, late in February), then what will they do?

JAPAN is regarded with suspicion and distrust by many persons who think she is likely to become Germany's successor as an example of materialism and militarism. THE WATCH TOWER hopes they are wrong! It hopes the United States will act, in its relations with Japan, in a way that will give Japan no undue encouragement to a policy of imperialism on the Pacific—and also in a way that will uphold America's dignity.

WHEN the WATCH TOWER man read, on Lincoln's Birthday, of the formal opening of the session of the Council of the League of Nations the day before, at London, he wondered what Abraham Lincoln would have thought of the failure of the United States to be represented. If he could have known, surely, the answer to that question, his own mental state would have been much more comfortable.

No doubt it 's foolish and sentimental, but we do like to feel that with the close of winter and the coming of spring a lot of the world's troubles may perhaps come to an end!

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLK

CROCODILE HUNTING IN AMERICA

THIS is a story which proves that there are still strange and exciting hunting adventures to be encountered in the United States, and that fearsome reptiles, not generally supposed to be native Americans, inhabit this country, although the fact is known only to a few naturalists and scientists.

If you will look in your encyclopedia, you will discover that it states that true crocodiles inhabit the Nile and other rivers of Africa, and that they are also to be found in the West Indies, and Central and South America; but you will not find, in most of these books at least, anything about crocodiles living within the boundaries of the United States.

But a few months ago the writer had the pleasure of meeting a young sportsman from Denver, Colorado, Mr. A. J. Bacon by name, who has made more than a local name for himself as a hunter of big game in out-of-the-way parts of the world.

"I have just been having the time of my life," said Mr. Bacon, "down in Florida, hunting crocodiles."

"You mean alligators, don't you?' I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Bacon, "I mean genuine crocodiles, just like those to be found in the Nile. But I am not in the least surprised you thought I made a mistake when I said crocodiles instead of alligators, because there are mighty few people who are aware that there is such a reptile living in Florida; even many natives of the State would doubt the statement, I am sure. Nevertheless, we have some mighty big crocodiles there, and very ugly customers when molested.

"I stumbled upon them quite by accident. One night several months ago, when I was hunting alligators in the Big Cypress Swamp, as my guide and myself lay on the ground, where the smoke from the camp-fire drifting over us made a barrage against the mosquitoes, he told me of strange monsters he had seen which were like alligators, but were not alligators. They had pointed jaws, long tusks, were larger and livelier, and were not black like " 'gators." He had seen them farther from shore than alligators were ever met, and he was sure he could find them again.

"Naturally, I was interested, and immediately began to make plans to go in search of the monsters, which I did not immediately suspect were crocodiles, as I had never heard of those being found nearer the United States than Jamaica.

"A few weeks later found us one night in a little schooner anchored a mile or two off Maderia Hammock, in Barnes Sound, in the extreme southern end of Florida.

"In the morning my guide made good his promise, as he pointed out, swimming near the schooner, one of the creatures we were seeking. In a skiff I gave chase, but was soon worn out, while the quarry was still fresh. I got one shot with the harpoon, but it was a case of projectile versus armor, and the latter won.

"In the days that followed, with guide and boatman, I pursued the reptiles, which I identified as genuine crocodiles, through narrow bayous, over wide waters, and up creeks so overhung with rank vegetation and tangled vines that we could not sit upright in our boats.

Photograph by Elwin P. Sanborn. Courtesy of New York Zoological Park

A CROCODILE, WITH ITS NARROW, POINTED HEAD

"The chief excitement of the trip came a few days after I had arrived in the crocodile country, when we encountered the largest crocodile I have ever seen. We had corralled the creature in a deep, but narrow, channel, the ends of which were guarded by our two skiffs, my guide's and mine. The guide got the first shot with his harpoon, which soon pulled out, having failed to penetrate the hide beyond the barb. The second shot was mine and the harpoon held, but the iron was so small and its barb so short that I dared put little strain upon it, yet it enabled us to follow and find the big saurian, however muddy and deep were the holes wherein she tried to hide.

"The hope came to me then of taking her alive, but I lacked the experience necessary to do this, and was worsted in a contest of some hours which, on our side, left one boat out of commission and the other damaged, and, on the other, a fighting-mad crocodile, which I finally was obliged to kill with my rifle.

"We caught a number of crocodiles from seven to ten feet in length, but always after a hard battle. When I examined them closely, I noted that they were very different in appearance from the alligators which abound in Florida. The alligator has a broad, rounded muzzle, which at once distinguishes it from the crocodile, with its narrow, pointed head.

"The crocodile has other points which distinguish it from the alligator; one of the principal ones is its bad disposition. The reptiles are truly formidable from their great size and strength, and if they were not rendered unwieldy by the length of the body and tail, might become as dreadful on land as in the water, where they can act to the greatest advantage. On shore, their shortness of limb, great length of body, and difficulty in turning, or of advancing otherwise than directly forward, enables the hunter readily to escape pursuit.

"Crocodiles are exclusively carnivorous, feeding on such animals as frequent the waters they inhabit, and on fish or carcasses thrown into the streams, but this does not prevent them from attacking a human being when in the water, and it is, therefore, as some south Florida natives have discovered, extremely dangerous to venture into the waters they inhabit or carelessly expose oneself in a small boat.

"Although I did not see any quite so large, I was told by some of the natives that some of the Florida crocodiles attain a length of fourteen feet and over.

"That crocodiles are much more combative than alligators seems proved by the fact that almost all the crocodiles I saw or killed were more or less scarred or mutilated, while, among the many alligators I have seen, I have noted but few which bore marks of battle.

AN ALLIGATOR, SHOWING THE BROAD, ROUNDED MUZZLE

"In hunting crocodiles, I found it really exciting sport, after locating the mouth of a crocodile's cave in the bank of the river, to hang the noosed end of a rope before it, while standing on the bank above. As I waited for a bite, my boatman busied himself thrusting a harpoon pole into the earth ten to twenty feet back of me. This was followed by an outrushing crocodile and some excitement at my end of the line. The big reptile, securely noosed, would swim out into the stream and sulk in its depths, but the rope was tightly drawn and never allowed to slip, and at last the creature found himself helplessly facing me on the bank.

"It is really not remarkable that so few people are aware that there are crocodiles in Florida,

as the little colony seems definitely limited to a very small region at the extreme southern end of the peninsula, a strip only about ten miles long by three wide. Saurians are plentiful in the rivers and swamps of northern South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, and westward through Mississippi and Louisiana to the Rio Grande, in Texas, but, outside of the narrow Florida limits I have named, all are alligators.

"It is rather interesting to speculate as to where these crocodiles came from, as they are undoubtedly not natives. My theory is that, as they are found far out from land, where the alligators are never seen, they are an exploring species which originally migrated up from the West Indies. One thing I know is that they are identical in appearance with those found in Trinidad." JAMES ANDERSON.

PHOTOGRAPHING A TORNADO

PERHAPS the first set of pictures showing clearly the successive stages of a tornado were taken by W. A. Wood, a photographer of Columbus, Nebraska, when a storm swept over the country near Elmwood in that State last spring. This tornado had many very novel features, and, according to several witnesses, actually looped the loop.

The first three pictures show its successive stages as it swept across the country. In the fourth photograph, however, it begins to deviate from its normal form, and part of the tornado is seen standing almost straight up from the ground, while the clouds are pulling the top away. In the fifth picture it will be seen that the tornado has looped the loop, this occurring at the top of the vertical column. The loop itself can hardly be seen because of the angle at which the picture was taken. Strangely enough, the tornado broke in two immediately after the fifth picture had been taken, but the vertical column continued to sweep over the country for three quarters of a mile farther before it died down.

Meteorologists explain this curious happening by the fact that the storm was moving northeast, while the wind currents at the surface of the earth were blowing toward the northwest, and these opposing forces pulled the tornado cloud apart.

THE TORNADO CLOUD

THE CLOUD AS IT MOVED ALONG

THE CLOUD A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The tornado followed a morning of cloudy and humid weather. It had cleared up about noon, but toward the latter part of the afternoon it began to cloud up again. At first the clouds ap-

THE CLOUD BEGINNING TO BREAK

peaerd quite ordinary, according to Mr. Wood, who took the pictures, but eventually a khaki-colored formation developed which began to taper and soon sent down a tiny, smoke-colored line which made connection with the earth. The tail of the tornado resembled a rope dangling from

THE CLOUD "LOOPING THE LOOP"

the clouds. The success in taking the photographs is attributed to the fact that it was clear blue sky beneath the main cloud.

This particular tornado did not take any toll of life, although it wrecked numerous farm buildings. The same day another storm struck the city of Omaha doing a great deal of damage.

R. P. CRAWFORD.

THE GREATEST HERD IN THE WORLD

REMINISCENT of the tales of early pioneering days on the American plains sixty years ago, when moving herds of buffaloes crossing recently built railroad-tracks held up trains for hours, is the story told by passengers of the steamer *Alaska* when making the trip from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Dawson City, Yukon Territory, Canada, in late September. A mile out of Eagle City, going up the Yukon River to Dawson, the steamer ran into an immense herd of barren-land caribou, a variety of the reindeer, swimming the mighty Yukon. The animals were on their annual trek inland for the winter after a summer spent along the coast. The big steamer literally shoved her way through the mass of animals that numbered many thousands. At this time of the year, the caribou move in herds of upward of ten thousand. Between the headwaters of the Forty- and Sixty-Mile Rivers, a short distance west of Dawson, is one of the favorite passing points. Aware of this, a sharp lookout is kept for the animals, and every year thousands of the animals are killed and supply meat for the entire winter to residents of Dawson City and neighboring camps.

Mention of the buffalo, which sixty years ago still roamed in uncounted millions upon the prairies of North America between the Mississippi and the foothills of the Rockies, but which are now virtually exterminated, there being at present only some three thousand head in various parks makes worthy of mention the little-known fact that to-day there is still roaming the immense wilderness region of Mackenzie Territory, the Yukon, and parts of northern Saskatchewan, in Canada, a herd of animals that even outnumber the buffalo when they were most numerous. This herd is made up of the barren-land caribou, already mentioned, a comparatively small band of which it was that the steamer *Alaska* ran into.

Ernest Thompson Seton, the famous writer of animal stories, who has studied wild life at first hand since boyhood, made a trip to the wilds of Mackenzie Land, and upon his return, in a report to the Commission of Conservation, of Canada, gave it as his estimate that the caribou roaming these northern regions number 30,000,000 head, that is, they are greater in number than the buffalo ever were. The figures fairly stagger, but careful study by various big-game hunters, naturalists, explorers, and old residents in the wilderness seem to confirm this tremendous total.

Warburton Pike and H. T. Munn, both famous hunters and explorers, report having stood on the top of a high hill and seen the animals moving all around them for a distance of ten miles in every direction. Pike estimated the herd he saw to number in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 head.

A veteran of twenty-five years in the northland, Alphonse Lamoreaux, thus related to the writer the story of the best view he had had of the passing of one of the great herds: "I was camped at Fort Norman in the spring of 1913, on the bank of the Great Bear River near where it empties into the Mackenzie. The herd had already begun to pass when I pitched my camp, and for two solid weeks, night and day, they continued to go by without a break. They moved in a loose formation, perhaps a quarter of a mile deep, and as far as the eye could see in every direction."

And it must be remembered that this herd as seen by the speaker was only a small part of an enormous whole which moves upon the arctic tundra of the Canadian northland, for from northern Saskatchewan to Dawson City, points 2000 miles apart, men have reported herds of various sizes at about the same time.

Men killing them for venison often fire into a herd nutil their guns get too hot to fire with safety. Great massacres of the animals were made in the neighborhood of Dawson by gold-seekers in 1898, and even to-day a large number are still killed.

In connection with the caribou, the Indians of the Chippewyan tribe have a curious legend. They believe that if a caribou is killed with anything not made of metal, the animals will entirely desert the country for seven years. In proof of this they instance the scarcity of the caribou during the winter of 1912–13. The year before, it appears, a white man had got lost, and, being without food, did actually steal up upon a caribou calf and kill it with a club. The real cause of the animal's scarcity in this particular district was, however, a very different one: that of the burning off of the caribou moss, caused by the carelessness of the Indians with their camp-fires.

From this cause, if any, will come eventually a decline in the size of the caribou herds. The moss is gray and brittle, and lies several inches deep over hundreds of square miles where the animals range. In the summer it burns like a carpet of shavings, and, once burned over, does not grow again, or at least not for several years.

A GROUP OF SWIMMING CARIBOU

I have seen quaking aspen and stunted jack-pine growth on old burnt-over spots. From their size, these trees must have taken over four years to mature, but the caribou moss had not yet returned. So if large fires occur upon the tundra, havoc might be wrought among the animals.

But so far, despite fire, hunters, and wolves, the vast herd of animals moves on year after year, making their annual migration to and from the inland country to the arctic sea, where in the spring the young are born. And the caribou will probably do this until the end of time, for the land is not one offering much attraction to the settler, and the present demands of Eskimo, Indian, and the wolves is not equal to the herd's annual increase.

It is a wonderful thing indeed for Canada to be possessed of such a tremendous supply of wild-animal life; but so vast, and so little known are its wilderness regions that the average person has probably never heard of the barren-land caribou, whose swarming millions dwell in an almost desolate world, where winter reigns eight months in the year.

FRANCIS J. DICKIE.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

Verses by Mattie Lee Hausgen

THE TELEPHONE

WHEN Mother goes to shop in town,
I take the 'phone receiver down
And call my little friends.
I tell them all my dollies' names;
We talk about our toys and games,
And 'bout a glue that mends!
And then, in just a little while,
My mother walks in—with a smile!

So I have found a telephone
Can be like folks when you 're alone!

PLAY BALL!

A BOY and dog and rubber ball
Can have the greatest fun of all!
Gyp rushes through tall grass to find it—
He swims the brook and does not mind it.
I could not play as well as he
And catch it in my *mouth!* Dear me!

MY VELOCIPEDE

HE is my little iron steed; and as upon his back I ride,
I see the world a-passing by. He goes which ever way I guide.
He likes the level pavements best; and never frets at standing still;
But much en-cour-age-ment he needs to climb the very smallest hill.
Of course a pony 's very nice, but every day he must be fed,
And he must have some sort of stall and a good roof above his head.
My little horse no fodder needs, and very happily he fares
If he can have, when night-time comes, a corner underneath the stairs.
And ponies sometimes run away,—'t is hard to reg-u-late their speed,—
So, on the whole, I think I 'd choose my trusty little velocipede.

Nancy Lewis.

WHEN MOT

By PRISCILL

WHEN it 's most dark, th
In the big chair up in th
And I go traveling over

When Mother reads, I se
The nursery floor is full
My dolls are fairies, all

When Mother reads, I s
There on the rug, all gol
(My blocks are part of i

When Mother reads, my
Over the world, under t
Through spray and foar
are.

When Mother reads, up
I travel far away, and y
Safe in her arms—or els

St Nicholas League

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET MILLER WATTS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE)

It is rather hard for St. Nicholas to maintain the proper balance between a justifiable pride and a becoming modesty when our Honor Members will keep sending in such earnest, honest tributes as the following (which we simply have n't the heart to keep from our readers):

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY CONSTANCE MARIE O'HARA (AGE 14)

(*Honor Member*)

"Make me to be a torch for feet that grope
Down truth's dim trail; to bear for wistful eyes
Comfort of light; to bid great beacons blaze
And kindle altar-fires of sacrifice.
Let me set souls aflame with quenchless zeal
For high endeavors, causes true and high!
So would I live to quicken and inspire;
So would I, thus consumed, burn out and die."

—*Albion Fellows Bacon.*

The first of every month is like the spring of the year to me, for it is then that my truest friend comes to visit me. Dear St. Nicholas, the best friend a girl could find! Laden with stories about worth-while things, and, best of all, the League. Each month I launch my little ship of Great Expectations to the League. Sometimes it returns laden with precious cargo; mayhap, at other times, alas! disappointments. But your great beacon ablaze fills my soul with quenchless zeal. Is n't it wonderful to think that ever since 1873 girls have loved you as much as I do? What a wonderful thing, dear magazine, to be loved by the future citizens of America and to think that you helped them to be bigger, better citizens—helped to make America what it will be in 1930, for instance! Think, also, of the famous people who have read you, my best friend. Theodore Roosevelt took you for his children, and can't you just fancy that little Quentin was more interested in you than the other children? Many of the boys who sleep in Flanders loved you too. When I have read you from cover to cover, I dream about the famous people who have read and enjoyed you.

You are the friend of the American young people. You are the best friend in the world, dear St. Nicholas Magazine.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 241

(In making awards contributors' ages are considered)

PROSE. Gold Badge, **Helen Elmira White** (age 16), New Jersey. Silver Badges, **Alfred Thurston Child** (age 15), Connecticut; **Saralou Jordan** (age 17), Iowa; **Jean McKenna** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Margaret Pott** (age 13), New Jersey; **Virginia Campbell** (age 13), Ohio.

VERSE. Gold Badge, **Eleanor Ellis** (age 17), California. Silver Badges, **Mary K. Hazleton** (age 12), Oregon; **Helen F. White** (age 13), Pennsylvania; **Suzanne Parker** (age 11), California.

DRAWINGS. Gold Badge, **Katherine Clark Swan** (age 15), Indiana. Silver Badges, **Harold Francis Murphy** (age 11), Indiana; **Marguerite Detwiller** (age 12), New Jersey; **Margaret Miller Watts** (age 17), District Columbia.

PHOTOGRAPHS. Silver Badges, **Gertrude E. Bliss** (age 16), Virginia; **Elizabeth Dudley** (age 15), New York; **Benjamin V. White, Jr.** (age 11), New Jersey; **Mary E. Goldsmith** (age 11), Oregon; **Ara Charbonneau** (age 14), Michigan.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Silver Badges, **Elizabeth G. Marshall** (age 12), Va.; **Mayline Donnelly** (age 14), Mass.

BY DOROTHY WARREN, AGE 14.

BY VIRGINIA WATSON, AGE 15.

"TAKEN AT HOME"

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY ELEANOR ELLIS (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won February, 1920)

WHEN the moon hangs low in the sky above,
And the myriad stars all blaze,
When the night wind through the trees doth moan,
And the lights shine through the haze,
There comes a voice a-calling me,
And back to my mind it brings
Scenes that have passed forever—
For this is what it sings:
"I am the voice of the Desert,
I am the call of the Wild,
The white, hot sands and the yucca palm,
The odor of sage,—a pungent balm,—
The great wide spaces,—and, slinking sly,
A lone coyote passing by!

"And thou, O Mortal, art my child!"
Sings the voice of the Desert,
The Call of the Wild.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

(A True Story)

BY HELEN ELMIRA WAITE (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1919)

ONE day in February, Elizabeth and I took our sleds and started for a near-by hill, to coast.

Elizabeth was three, and I was ten years older.

It was a clear cold morning and the sidewalk was a smooth sheet of ice, so that we had to pick our way very carefully and go single file.

Half-way to the hill I tripped over my sled rope and fell, striking my head on the sidewalk with terrible force. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" I called; but before she answered, darkness overtook me.

The next thing I knew something cold touched my face and I heard a clear little voice cry: "Coal man! Coal man! Helen's hurted, Helen's hurted!" Opening my eyes, I saw the tiny Elizabeth kneeling beside me, rubbing snow on my forehead. Then came footsteps and the "coal man" bent over me. His help, however, was not needed, and I went home with a great lump on my forehead.

How had the little Elizabeth, known what to do? Everybody wondered! In answer to questions, she said: "Helen was asleep; it was n't right for her to sleep out there in the cold, so I rubbed snow on her to wake her up."

Do you know a truer, braver friend than three-year-old Elizabeth? *I* do not!

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY ALFRED THURSTON CHILD (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

CHIPPY was the finest little canary ever seen—so thought the grizzled old miners. He had the loveliest little voice, the "beadiest" little eyes and the "cutest" way of cocking his tiny head!

He lived in a rattan cage near the base of the shaft that connected the damp lower world with that of sunshine. Seven o'clock each morning brought Jake, the foreman, and seven miners, who interrupted Chippy's welcoming burst of song and carried him down the long, dark passage that led to where they mined the coal.

One morning they opened a new seam. Chippy was particularly happy that day, for Jake had given him a choice bit of cuttlefish. All morning he pecked eagerly at it, occasionally bursting out into sudden rhapsodies of song that almost split the ears of the miners.

Lunch-time came and with it the prospect of a few choice crumbs. The miners picked up his cage and started back to the junction where they ate their lunch.

Suddenly Chippy stopped singing. He hopped up and down, beating the cage with his wings, and uttering shrill cries. At first, the miners, who were laughing and talking, took no notice of him. But at last he fell limp on the floor of his cage.

One of the men turned around to give Chippy a crumb and saw the pathetic little form on the floor of the cage.

"Boys!" he said, as he sniffed the air, "there 's gas here!"

Immediately there was a rush for the shaft.

"See here, fellows, you can't all go up at once. Wait your turn!" yelled the foreman.

"Here, Bill, see that Chippy gets up to the top first!"

Finally, after much pushing and shouting, the last of the gang reached the sunlight, where they found the revived Chippy singing his triumphant song.

"SOMETHING ROUND." BY MARGUERITE DETWILLER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE)

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY SARALOU JORDAN (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

THE rain pattered ceaselessly against the window-panes; the fire had died down to a soft, radiant glow; and the big wicker rocker in which I was curled in pleasant cozy comfort, before the open fireplace, suddenly tilted forward, and I looked up with a start. Before me stood a large, strong man. Where had I seen that firm, beautiful face before, those gray locks, that seemed to add to the wonderful character of the man? And as I looked, he stooped and lifted in his arms a little child, who held a beautiful doll—and then I knew! Before me stood one of the greatest characters in fiction, one of Love's greatest friends, *Jean Valjean*.

The rain pattered on, the fire snapped, and one of nature's noblemen—was gone.

I turned and gazed at the glowing embers in thought-

ful wonder, when, from the coals, there rose a shadow, and another friend of Love stood before me. His hair was unkempt, his clothes were torn; but "it was said about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there," so thought I, while I gazed into the eyes of *Sydney Carton*—eyes filled with the light of sacrifice and love.

The rain may patter on and on, and even if it ceases to patter and may beat upon us in fury, we are better fitted to battle with life's storms by having known these two men, our friends.

"SOMETHING ROUND." BY HAROLD FRANCIS MURPHY, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE)

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY HELEN L. RUMMONS (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

NATURE seems to call to me
In the happy spring,
When, all their buds new tipped with green,
Trees stand beckoning;
Then there 's beauty to be seen,
I think, in everything.

Nature seems to call to me
In the summer-time,
And the blue and far-off hills
Challenge me to climb;
Something, then, within me thrills
With a joy sublime.

Nature seems to call to me
In the autumn days,
When mornings all are crisp and cold,
Cloaked with purple haze,
And canopies of red and gold
Roof the woodland ways.

Nature seems to call to me
When the winter snow
Drifts against the window-pane,
And stormy tempests blow;
I hear the call, each month again,
That nature-lovers know.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

(A True Story)

BY JEAN MCKENNA (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

THE population of the town in which I live is made up mostly of foreigners. There is no public library here, and the only way to get books is to buy them.

Unless children read and learn to appreciate books while they are young, they will never read when they are grown.

My friends and I had organized a club which we named the "Bluebird League." The bluebird is the symbol of happiness, and we must live up to our name.

We had already adopted three French war orphans. These children are about our age, and we have so much fun corresponding with them.

One day we decided that as we had so many books ourselves, it would be nice to share them with other boys and girls. We had two hundred books, and the very first day we gave out fifty. The children could have them one week free; and for every additional week they kept them out, the charge was five cents. After a while the school board became interested and furnished a room for us at the school-house.

This was about a year and a half ago, and now our library contains over eight hundred books. We give out, on the average, three hundred books a week. We have given entertainments to get money to buy more books.

Last Christmas we helped our town to sell Christmas seals.

"The Bluebirds," as we call ourselves, have made many friends, and we are all confident that the future holds much for us and our little library.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY EVA TITMAN (AGE 13)

FROM the north there came a long, weird cry,
Now like a moan, now like a sigh,
Now like the wind's voice, now like a child;
'T was the howl of the wolves,
The call of the wild.

With pointed nose a dog stood still,
While the strange call echoed over the hill;
A fierce longing burned within his breast,
And his frenzied feelings knew no rest:
And pictures before his vision piled,
As he yearned to the howl of the wolves,
The call of the wild.

He burst through what held him, that unseen wall
That divides wild and tame, as he answered that call,—
Now like the wind's voice, now like a child,—
Then he sped toward the howl of the wolves,
The call of the wild.

And when the moon shone from a cloudless sky,
She saw through the trees, with her one bright eye,
The dog in the midst of that fiendish pack;
And they lifted their heads and, back to back
Sent up the cry that the dog had beguiled—
The howl of the wolves,
The call of the wild.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY ISABELLE T. ELLIS (AGE 11)

THE little freshman stared after the tall figure, vanishing around a corner. How she wished the pretty, popular senior, Eloise Gregory, would be her friend! Ever since Ruth Lelend had entered high school, she had adored the lovely upper-class girl. The girl was so pretty and dainty! She never would be like her in any possible way, thought Ruth, half enviously.

On the way to Latin class, the next morning, Ruth bumped into a girl with curly yellow hair and light-blue eyes. It was Eloise!

"I beg your pardon!" cried Ruth, with a startled glance at the senior. As the girl walked away, Ruth looked after her "friend-to-be" wistfully.

After that, Eloise always nodded to her pleasantly. Ruth's heart jumped at this friendly sign, until one day—

She was standing in an empty corridor. Hearing voices, she stepped back.

"Who is that freshman you bow to?" asked Ella Rogers, a chum of Eloise.

Ruth could not help hearing the answer.

"Some unknown freshie," Eloise laughed, and they passed on.

About a week later, Ruth stood on the bank of a lake used for canoe practice. Her senior was out in a canoe with Ella Rogers. Then something happened! Ella leaned too far over, and—the canoe capsized!

BY GERTRUDE E. BLISS, AGE 16.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY HERBERT SIMON, AGE 14.

BY ELIZABETH DUDLEY, AGE 15.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY CATHARINE L. PENNIMAN, AGE 16.

BY BENJAMIN V. WHITE, JR., AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY MARY E. GOLDSMITH, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY MARTHA C. DUKES, AGE 13.

BY ANNA MEHLIN, AGE 12.

"TAKEN AT HOME"

"TAKEN AT HOME." BY FREDERICK B. ALEXANDER, JR., AGE 13.

Ruth's brain whirled. She remembered dimly that Eloise could not swim, but Ella could. She made up her mind. Kicking off her shoes, she swam toward the sinking girl, and carried her to shore with a life-saving grip she knew. Ella stood on the bank, pale and frightened.

When Eloise became conscious, she said to Ruth, with emotion:

"My friend."

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY MARY K. HAZLETON (AGE 12)

(*Silver Badge*)

THE wild waves dashing on the shores,
The lashing wind as it roars,
The monstrous waves as they break,
Are wilder than my placid lake.
Yet I long for the sea to-night,
For by the ocean, on a height,
Stands the house where I was born
On a stormy winter morn.
Such is the Call of the Wild!

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY HELEN F. WHITE (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

AIN'T it awful to be shut up in school,
On a bright, warm day in the early spring,
Learnin' by heart, rule after rule,
These dry old lessons 'n everything?

"Columbus came in 1501—"
That clover 's just alive with bees!
And now big clouds are hidin' the sun,
And the red birds are at the cherry-trees!

"Jamestown was settled in 1701—"
Wish I wuz in the woods right now,
Cettin' wild strawberries,—gee, what fun!—
An' birch-bark,—oh, yes! an' *I* know just how!

"The Pilgrims landed in 1509—"
Those jays are fightin' again—jist look!
Wish I wuz out with a fishin'-line
Instead o' studyin' this old book!

"The war began in 1914—"
Well, I 've got to put in one hour more!
I bet the old swimmin'-hole is great!
Gee! I wish that clock said "four"!

I 'm glad I sit next the winder now.—
The whole outside seems callin' me;
But I gotta stay in school, somehow,
So next the winder 's the place fer me!

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

(*A True Story*)

BY DAVID L. CROCKER (AGE 10)

THIS is a true story about Barbara, a little five-year-old friend of my brother John, who is four.

One day last February when the thermometer was at 20°, John and Barbara were trying to spear frogs in a deep spring, which is a hogshead sunk into the ground.

"TAKEN AT HOME." BY NANCY JANE JUNKIN, AGE 13.

"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY NANCY RIGGS, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER)

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FRANCES LEE PURNELL, AGE 16.

BY CHARLOTTE WHITE, AGE 14.

BY ARA CHARBONNEAU, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE)

BY FRANCES STEWART, AGE 14.
(HONOR MEMBER)

"TAKEN AT HOME"

Suddenly John, who had moved too close to the hole, lost his footing and tumbled into the icy water which was over his head. His little friend, instead of running away frightened, seized him by the collar of his coat and pulled him to safety.

For a long time after that, whenever any one spoke of it, she would cry. She really seemed more frightened than John. Ever since then they have been closer friends than before.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY SUZANNE PARKER (AGE 11)
(*Silver Badge*)

"I KEPT him well," said the hunter,
As he ended his tale of sorrow,
"I saved him from dying a savage beast,
But he went to his pals on the morrow.

"Why, man! I wanted him for a pet,
But he did n't know that, I guess,
Just one short night he stayed with me—
I wish I had loved him less!"

An aged man stepped up from the crowd,
And turned to the hunter and smiled.
"A wolf will stay with no one, sir,
When he hears the call of the wild."

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY MARGARET POTT (AGE 13)
(*Silver Badge*)

JIMMY did n't have any boy neighbors, so when he saw, "How to Build a Packing-Box Village," in ST. NICHOLAS, he decided to build one by himself. He collected boxes from the cellar and started work. Suddenly he noticed people were moving into the new house next door. "I wonder if there is a boy in the house," said Jimmy to himself.

Just then, he saw a boy on the porch, beside a trunk with a name on it. "William Barton," Jimmy read. The new boy turned toward Jimmy, and Jimmy, with sudden courage, beckoned him to come over. The new boy nodded yes and Jimmy showed him the barn he was making and the explanation in ST. NICK. "Can I call you Billy?" Jimmy asked. The boy nodded and then started reading the explanation. Suddenly he seized the tools from Jimmy's hands and put on a difficult piece Jimmy had been having trouble with.

As Billy did n't seem very talkative, Jimmy decided he was shy, and talked a lot himself so as to put him at ease. "Say, Billy," suddenly asked Jimmy, with a new thought in his mind, "can you talk deaf and dumb?"

Billy started moving his hands with a quickness and deftness Jimmy had never seen. So they talked together in deaf and dumb and worked on the barn until Jimmy's dinner-bell rang, when Jimmy said good-by to his new friend and went into the house for his meal.

During the meal he noticed his family were laughing all the time. When Jimmy's mother asked him how he liked his new friend, Dad and big brother laughed harder. Jimmy was telling his mother about Billy when she asked if Billy talked much, "No," said Jimmy, "he seemed shy."

"He is deaf and dumb," his mother said.

"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY KATHERINE CLARK SWAN, AGE 15.
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DECEMBER, 1919)

"TAKEN AT HOME." BY WINIFRED WISE, AGE 13.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY VIRGINIA CAMPBELL (AGE 13)

(*Silver Badge*)

The story I wish to tell you is only one of the many incidents in which "ST. NICK" figures prominently.

It is the story of a little French girl named Gabrielle. At the time of my story, Gabrielle was standing in the doorway of her home, a simple peasant hut, with an old, well-thumbed copy of ST. NICHOLAS, which had the appearance of being well read, tightly clasped with both hands.

It had come in "The Red Cross Package" from some "*Chère petite mademoiselle des États-Unis*," and had been read and translated to Gabrielle by the Red Cross nurse in the village. Gabrielle was handling the book lovingly and trying to make out the curious English words.

A detachment of American soldiers had just come in and were grouped about the village. One of them, catching a glimpse of the words "ST. NICHOLAS" came eagerly forward and asked in a queer sort of "American" French, to see the magazine. "Gee, it makes a fellow homesick!" he said, poring over its pages.

Gabrielle and he read it, the soldier translating bits of it to her, until it was too dark to see any more. Then the soldier left for the military barracks, with many thanks and promises to return, and Gabrielle waved to him until he was out of sight.

ST. NICHOLAS had given joy to at least one homesick person that night.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

BY ELLEN M. RYAN (AGE 14)

WHEN the problems of life seem too heavy to bear,
Don't be foolish and sulk, like a spoiled little child;
Do not hide yourself blindly in man's crowded lair,
But, instead, go and answer the Call of the Wild.

For, until you have tried it, you can't realize
How much less the best palace in this world is worth
Than a tent in the woods, where you look at the skies,
And forget all the mean little troubles of earth.

So, when problems of life seem too heavy to bear,
Don't be foolish and sulk, like a spoiled little child,
Do not hide yourself blindly in man's crowded lair,
But, instead, go and answer the Call of the Wild.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

BY JUNIA BRIGHT (AGE 13)

I SAW a shell-hole a short distance off, and resolved to reach it in spite of my wounded leg. In a short time, although it seemed ages to me, I was dozing in the never-to-be-forgotten shell-hole. Later, I awoke with a start and felt the muzzle of a dog against my face. In another moment the dog was pulling at my hat, and, looking up, I saw a magnificent Belgian police-dog, which greatly resembled the dog I had given my brother Jacques before leaving home. When the dog got my hat off, he left me, and I fell asleep; when I awoke I was being severely shaken about in an ambulance behind the lines. I could not think how I had got there until I remembered the dog, and realized that he had probably saved my life.

I was taken to a hospital where I was well cared for, for a month or so, and then told that I might go home. This news made me very happy, and all the way home I thought of the coming meeting. The greetings were merry, and I could see that my family tried hard not to notice my wooden leg. As we entered the gate, I heard a joyous bark from the dog kennel, and, looking around, I saw Rolen, Jacques's dog, racing toward us; but as he jumped up on me, I realized that he, too, had an injured leg.

Jacques told me how it had happened, and Rolen and I were better friends after that than ever before, because it was he who had found me and taken my hat to the stretcher-bearers!

"TAKEN AT HOME." BY F. DONALDSON, JR., AGE 11.

SPECIAL MENTION

A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted:

PHOTOGRAPHS

Eloise White
Mabel K. Spencer
Helen Hodge
Joanna Eckstein
Elisabeth Babtiste
Jane Schley
Elisabeth M. George

DRAWINGS

Penrose Sherman
Lillian W. Wychoff
Jeanette Warmuth
Ione Finch

VERSE

Ruth E. Campbell
Mary Rachel Ashley
Isabel A. Lockwood
Fenny Lister
Mary Garlock
Dorothy Fritsinger
Celia A. White
Elisabeth Thomas Nelson
Aline Fruhauf
Elisabeth F. Abell
Walter Watkins
Rose J. Rushlow
Josephine Rankin
Mary M. Carter
Jessica Louise Megow
Gertrude D. Smith
Margaret Hyde
Juana Allraum
Margaret Heywood
Priscilla Warren Fraker
Eloise Frye Burt
Mollie L. Craig

PROSE

Madeleine Lewis
Alice McNeal
Mary Minor
Mary C. Guth
Mimi Casano
Salvatore Leland Casano
Ena Howwich
Ann Ford Crowley
Anne Atkins
Silvia Wunderlich
E. Muriel Ewing
Amy Louise Kuhn
Helen S. Houston
Ethel Callan
Virginia Barton
Dorothy Bradford Smith
Norma Nearing
Meyer Lisbanoff
Mignon Rittenhouse
Eudora V. Blakeney
Adelaide Haley
Jean Marie Maisonville
Helen J. Norton
Gertrude E. McIntyre

ROLL OF HONOR

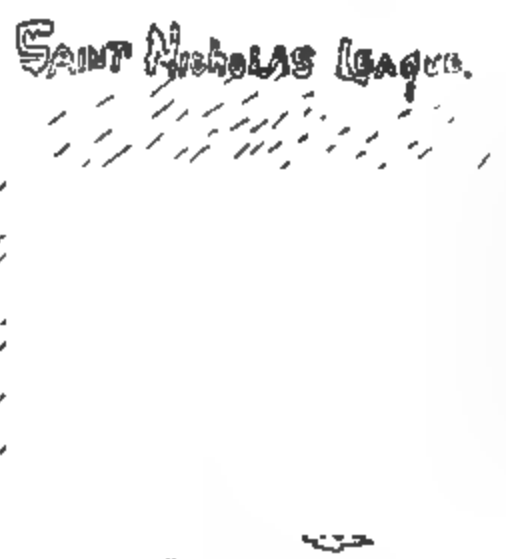
A list of those whose contributions were deserving of high praise:

VERSE

Mary P. Myers
Dorothy E. Curtis
Elizabeth MacLean
Elizabeth Singer
Elizabeth G. Palmer
B. H. Green
Margaret W. Hall
Sarah A. Zimmerman
Jere Mickel
Wm. Atkins

PROSE

Charlotte Reynolds
Virginia Sutton
Louise Freiberg
Harriet McCurley
Alice E. Hyde
Ruth Starratt
Malcolm Hagar
Elizabeth McMillin
Elizabeth S. Livermore
Eleanor Clark
Helen R. Garbutt
Mary L. Myers
Beverly L. Holladay
Betty Niven
Lillian Johnson
Mildred A. Hayes
Marian Grant
Angelica S. Gibbs
Betty Kuck



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY VIRGINIA ARNOLD, AGE 13.

Eva Titman
Elizabeth McCraney
Vera Shapro
Elizabeth Odell
Mary M. Swan

Arleen B. Newell
Janet G. Becker

DRAWINGS

Janet Blossom
Caroline G. Johnson
Leslie Powell
Harriet Urtman
Elizabeth Noyes
Frances C. Hale
Margaret G. Spence
Robert V. C. Whitehead, Jr.
Fanny Rich
Dorothy Cahill
Elizabeth Savage
W. Richard McCallister
Betty Bateman
Alden I. Clark
Gertrude Moakley
Elsa Adolphsen
Alison Farmer
Caryl Capen
Virginia Tilson
Florence E. Day
Selma Moese
Edward E. Murphy
Mildred Natwick
Imogen Garner
Ralph Travis
Katherine C. Klenke
Kingsley Kahler

"SOMETHING ROUND." BY JULIA SABINE, AGE 14.

Artlas de Volt
Ruth D. Keener
Florence Arenberg
Lydia Ayars
Lucia Chase Jenney
Carolyn Inglis
Florence Comminer
Sylvia Salinger
Polly Stearns
Virginia Cherry
Jane Acheson
Wm Garry Birch
Ines Geraghty
Virginia Lignell
Ruth Renk
Dorothy Woolf
Bertha Fells
Margaret Halsey
Emily M. Weeks
Florence D. Wood
Richard Burgess
Katherine Hastings
Minnie Pfeferberg
Helen Seirck
Florence Ireland
Sarah P. Shiras

PHOTOGRAPHS

Francis Robbins
Elizabeth H. Pierce
George B. Hiester
Henry Bunting
Janet A. Hartmann
Helen Schuette
Sarah Jamieson
Margaret Fanwich
Nellie Goldstein
Regina Gramelsbach
Martin Moore
Margaret Olmsted
Maxwell Cone
Susan Murray
Dorothea Simons
Leonore F. Gidding
Miriam Howe
Margaret Bush
Carolyn E. Lyon
Helen Dyson
Samuel W. Bridgham Jr.

PUZZLES

Mary J. Jamar
Isabelle Robert
Vincent Saulino
Catherine Sweeney
Robert V. C. Whitehead, Jr.
Nancy Nye
Harmon A. Warner
Herbert Goldfrank
George Goldfrank
Janet Wise
Barbara Wendell
Samuel Scott
Janet Buhler
Arline Smythe
Joseph E. Magee
Sophia E. Jenks
Marion Murfree
Jessie D. Wall
Martha L. Avary
Dorothy Little
Bessie Goldsmith
Mary Davies
John D. Atkins

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

THE LEAGUE motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

THE LEAGUE emblem is the "Stars and Stripes."

THE LEAGUE membership button bears the LEAGUE name and emblem.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, organized in November, 1899, became immediately popular with earnest and enlightened young folks, and is now believed to be one of the greatest artistic educational factors in the world.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 245

Competition No. 245 will close April 24. All contributions intended for it must be mailed on or before that date. Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August.** Badges sent one month later.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Whispering Pines"

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Narrow Escape."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Young photographers need not print and develop their pictures themselves. Subject, "A Lucky Snapshot."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Tired," or "A Heading for August."

Puzzle. Must be accompanied by answer in full.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be addressed to THE RIDDLE-BOX.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of proper size to hold* the manuscript or picture.

RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and upon application a League badge and leaflet will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include "competitions" in the advertising pages or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**
The Century Co.,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE LETTER-BOX

CICERO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have just made me happy by admitting me into the LEAGUE. Nine years ago I came to America from Austria-Hungary with my parents. As I was six years old, I began school. The poor teacher had a hard time with me, for although I knew Hungarian, Rumanian, and Slovak, I knew but two words of English, and those two I had learned from foreigners who aired their knowledge of English before the peasants. I rapidly advanced in school and am now a sophomore in the high school.

Father has some property in Europe, so we are only waiting for everything to be settled before we go to Europe. I shall certainly not stay there, for America has a strong hold on me. Here I have received my education and here I have spent the best of my childhood, such as would never have been possible in the peasant village of the old country. So, with love for all America, I am Yours affectionately,

ELSIE DURIS.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for a whole year, now, and expect to take you for another. I must tell you that I am not a boy, though my name is Marshall. Marshall is a family name; I was named after Chief-Justice Marshall, who is my ancestor in the direct line. He was my mother's grandmother's grandfather. There are a good many girls in the family named Marshall. My mother's name is Margaret Louise Marshall. I have a ring (or my mother has it for me) that has in it a lock of John Marshall's hair, and his wife's and child's. He had it made for his wife as a gift. I have a sister who shares ST. NICHOLAS with me. Her name is Claudia Keith; she got the name Keith from the chief-justice's mother.

I would like to tell more, but Claudia is starting a new story in the new ST. NICHOLAS, and if I don't hurry, she will be half-way down the page before I begin. We always read together.

Yours affectionately,

MARSHALL HOLLADAY SHAFER.

P. S. John Marshall was buried the day the liberty bell was cracked, and my mother says that the Marshalls have been cracked ever since.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our school takes you every month. The children all love you, so that as soon as you come every one reads you instead of school-books. And when the teacher glares down the aisle and says, "Tommy Jones, what are you reading?" he will be sure to answer, "The ST. NICHOLAS."

We have a little club which does work similar to the Red Cross Shop. We sell all kinds of things cheap, and with our money we buy clothes and other things for poor children.

Your loving friend and reader,

KATHLEEN WOODWARD.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Los Angeles at present. I find this city very interesting, even though I have traveled all over Europe and Asia, and have lived in Italy for seven years of my life. Your magazine has always been forwarded to me on my journeys ever since I can remember, and I have always enjoyed it very much. I have never written before because we move so much, and there is so much to see all the time.

California is lovely; the weather is very Italian, but the people are quite different from those that I have known in Italy. Americans are so charming—so straightforward, and free and easy in their manner. I would love to be one, I believe. And their Californian homes are beautiful, with lovely terraces, lawns, and porches. I have seen some typical Italian homes here,—they make me quite homesick,—and I feel it almost my right to be able to go and examine the interiors.

Coming here, we passed hurriedly through New York, and, therefore, did not see it at all. I had always longed to, and when at last my chance came, I missed it! However, very soon I shall be returning with my guardian to Italy, and shall insist on stopping there on our way.

I am glad I have had to talk with my guardian in English, for I should feel very ignorant, coming to the land of my birth, with the language unknown to me. I can speak Italian, French, English, Spanish, and a very little Japanese and Russian. My knowledge of them and others is growing, as I hope it is on all things.

Yours sincerely,

FLORENCE FARRING KALE (AGE 13).

SCHROON LAKE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your December ST. NICHOLAS there was an article in the NATURE and SCIENCE Department of the magazine about lighting fires on ice from gas in the ice on Lake Doniphan, Kansas.

On this lake here, a week or so ago, some men went out and tapped the ice and lit gas which came out. This has been done before on the lake when it is frozen over. It is said that where there is gas in the ice, that oil-fields are not far away; and just lately there has been a great deal of talk here about oil, and I believe that some persons are going to sink a few wells here.

It has been down to twenty-eight degrees below zero here this winter.

Your devoted reader,

JAMES C. PERKINS, JR. (AGE 14).

BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR MRS. T.: In my last letter from Aunty, she told me that you are going to send ST. NICHOLAS to us for another whole year. Thank you so much for it; you can't think how we love having it. There is always a scramble each month as the new magazine arrives, for Kenneth always wants to open it first and so do I. The stories in it are such lovely ones. On the winter evenings, we are often to be found sitting round the table in the sitting-room, Aunty and I sewing, while Ken reads us one of the stories from ST. NICHOLAS. We always look forward to the time when the story time begins.

School is just as lovely as it ever was. I simply love being here, and sometimes dread to think of the day when I shall have to leave it forever as a school-girl.

It is awfully pretty down here, there are quantities of pine-trees about, so that the place never looks bare. Just now the trees are turning, and some of the tints are gorgeous. There is a small sycamore tree in the garden, which has changed to a wonderful orange-red color; just near is a slender silver-birch which is turning yellow, and behind these are a number of pines, which make a very dark background. You can't think how lovely it looks!

Always your loving,

SHEILA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Brass. 2. Rebel. 3. Abide. 4. Sedge. 5. Sleet. II. 1. Trace. 2. Rumor. 3. Amble. 4. Colic. 5. Erect.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. Braga. 2. Relit. 3. Alibi. 4. Giber. 5. Stira. II. 1. I. 2. Ant. 3. Aphid. 4. Inherit. 5. Tires. 6. Dia. 7. T. III. 1. Eater. 2 Alive. 3. Tides. 4. Event. 5. Resta. IV. 1. I. 2. Act. 3. Avert. 4. Iceboat. 5. Troop. 6. Tap. 7. T. V. 1. Fates. 2. Alibi. 3. Tills. 4. Eblis. 5. Sissy. VI. 1. S. 2. Rae. 3. Raina. 4. Saintly. 5. Entry. 6. Sly. 7. Y. VII. 1 Later. 2. Agile. 3. Tires. 4. Elect. 5. Resta. VIII. 1. S. 2. Ace. 3. Amend. 4. Scenery. 5. Enemy. 6. Dry. 7. Y. IX. 1. Buyer. 2. Uvula. 3. Yulan. 4. Elate. 5. Ranee.

METAMORPHOSES. 1. Gain, lain, loin, Lois, loss. 2. Dime, dine, dint, dent, cent. 3. Park, lark, lard, land. 4. May, hay, hat, hot, not. 5. Sick, silk, sill, will, well. 6. Huge, hugs, tugs, togs, tons, tins, tiny. 7. Pot, tot, ton, tin. 8. Boat, beat, heat, seat. 9. Milk, mink, wink, wine. 10. Gold, mold, mole, mile, mine.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Irving; Crayon. Crosswords: 1. Ipecac. 2. Arbors. 3. Savage. 4. Trying. 5. Volant. 6. Nutmeg.

A MISSING SYLLABLE. 1. Re-cord. 2. Re-coil. 3. Re-cur. 4. Re-dress. 5. Re-mark. 6. Re-miss. 7. Re-pair. 8. Re-pine. 9. Re-press. 10. Re-spire. 11 Re-quire. 12. Re-tail.

CHARADE. Sty-low-graf-ic, stylographic.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Autocracy 1. Scar, arca. 2. Ruse, user. 3. Rite, tire. 4. Snow, owns. 5. Race, care. 6. Tear, rate. 7. Tuna, aunt. 8. Scow, cows. 9. Dray, yard.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Plato.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, John Ruskin; fourth row, Thomas More. Cross-words: 1. Jester. 2. Orchid. 3. Heroic. 4. Norman. 5. Romany. 6. Unison. 7. Shames. 8. Kokomo. 9. Imbrue. 10. Nicely.

BROKEN NAMES. Geo-met-ry, geo-gra-phy, ar-ith-me-tic, al-ge-bra, hy-gi-ene, chem-is-try, pen-man-ship, bo-ta-ny, his-to-ry.

A MILITARY KING'S MOVE. Adjutant, 17, 11, 18, 26, 25, 19, 20, 27; major-general, 21, 13, 14, 7, 6, 12, 5, 4, 10, 3, 9, 2; captain, 1, 8, 16, 15, 23, 24, 30; lieutenant, 22, 29, 37, 36, 43, 44, 45, 38, 31, 39; colonel, 32, 33, 40, 46, 47, 41, 48; major, 49, 42, 34, 35, 28.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 24th (for foreign members and those living in the far Western States, the 29th) of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Solvers wishing to compete for prizes must give answers *in full*, following the plan of those printed above.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from John F. Davis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were duly received from Roderick B. Travis, 9—Elizabeth Freeland, 9—Charlotte R. Cabell, 9—"Three M's," 8—William Pratt, 7—Adrienne Mann, 7—Dorothea Maier, 7—John W. Culver, 6—Sam Martin, 6—Harriet L. Rosewater, 5—E. J. and M. E. Bleakley, 5—Winifred Trask, 5—Harriet Owen, 5—Agnes M. Wasse, 4—Jean Robinson, 4—Miriam J. Stewart, 3—Salem Hyde II, 3—Charlotte and Eleanor, 2—Phyllis Cushman, 2—Frances Du Barry, 2—Marjorie Smart, 2—Marie Waldman, 2—A. L. Dunstan, 1—N. Goldstien, 1—F. Dickinson, 1—H. Groves, 1—R. Brillinger, 1—H Wallace, 1—R. Cooper, 1—M. Keenan, 1—M. Hayes, 1—W. R. Talbot, 1—J. C. Schalk, 1—Mary J. Jamar, 1—Jessie Guernsey, 1—Jean Paton, 1—Thelma V. Stanley, 1—Barbara A. Irish, 1—Edith Hart, 1—Alwin Pappenheimer, 1—Elizabeth A. Richmond, 1—Addie Rich, 1—Martha von Briesen, 1.

DIAGONAL

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the name of one of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of Syria. 2, 3, and 4 are each a state. 5. The point or side from which the wind blows. 6. The name of a famous Chief Justice. 7. The Christian name of an honored American. 8. A city of Mexico.

MAYLINE DONNELLY (age 14).

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in Armenia, but not in France;
My second, in France, but not in Belgium;
My third is in Belgium, but not in Scotland;
My fourth is in Scotland, but not in Egypt;
My fifth is in Egypt, but not in Austria.
My whole is one of the United States.

GIACONDA SAVINI (age 12), *League Member*.

GEOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose a cord, and make a river of Africa. ANSWER: line, Nile.

1. Transpose armor, and make a city of Peru.

2. Transpose the color of a horse, and make a river of Italy.

3. Transpose feeble, and make a county of North Carolina.

4. Transpose additional, and make a city of Europe.

5. Transpose a dress of state, and make a river of Spain.

6. Transpose an animal substance, and make a mountain near the Dead Sea.

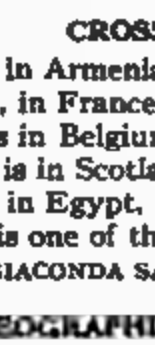
7. Transpose a walking-stick and make a cathedral city of France.

8. Transpose a large package, and make a Mediterranean island.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the geographical names will spell a manufacturing city of Massachusetts.

JOE EARNEST (age 16), *League Member*.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A SQUARE



I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Henry. 2. Recompense. 3. To surround for defense. 4. To incite. 5. In Henry.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Henry. 2. A cutting tool. 3. To banish. 4. A measure of length. 5. In Henry.

III. SQUARE: 1. A bird. 2. Close at hand. 3. A lizard. 4. Bodies of water. 5. Irregular, as if worn away.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Henry. 2. An edge. 3. Weird. 4. To mingle. 5. In Henry.

V. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Henry. 2. A lyric poem. 3. To teach. 4. A European lizard. 5. In Henry.

JOHN N. HOUGH (age 11), *League Member*.

NOVEL ACROSTIC

(*Silver Badge*, ST. NICHOLAS League Competition)

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will name a cultured Roman emperor; another row of letters will name a cruel Roman emperor.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A prince of the imperial family of Austria. 2. Unexpectedly. 3. A glazed earthen pot used by druggists to contain medicine. 4. All creation. 5. In a signal manner. 6. A day of the week. 7. Illegal. 8. That which is established as a rule or model.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL (age 12).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the seven objects have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell an aid to progress.

HIDDEN PROVERBS

There are two six-word proverbs hidden in these eight lines. No line but has at least one word concealed in it, and the words come in their proper order.

The tailor went down to a shop by the lake.
Quite early one morning, a stitch to take,
When in through the window—just guess what flew?
A very small bird with a coat of blue.
"This tailor catches time," quoth he,
"And saves the daylight, as you see,
He 's had no breakfast, 't is not yet nine,
So I 'll get a nice fat worm for mine."

BETTY SARGENT (age 12), *League Member*.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will spell two words that have come to mean much.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Heeds. 2. Encounters. 3. An example for imitation. 4. Mimics. 5. Challenges. 6. Natives of Northern Africa. 7. Abstains from food. 8. Disguises.

ALMA MILLER (age 13), *League Member*.

CHARADE

DOWNTRODDEN, though uplifting, my *first* you 'll often find;
My *last*, a name that's given to our relatives so kind:
My *whole*, a house historic of which we all have heard.
In which was kept a lively wife who roaming much preferred.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

FINAL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the last letters will spell a name always associated with riddles.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A book of maps. 2. A domestic animal. 3. Coarse linen cloth. 4. A popular material for clothes during the past year or two. 5. The unit of the English system of weights. 6. A pointer.

EMILY PENDLETON (age 16), *Honor Member*.

BACK AND FORTH

1 . . . . .
. . . . 2
3 . . . .
. . . 4
5 . . . .
. . . . 6
7 . . . .

When the seven cross-words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 7 will spell the name of a famous battle fought in October, 1918.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A common fruit. 2. A metal rod for stirring a fire. 3. A barnyard fowl. 4. The name of the first emperor of Brazil. 5. Pertaining to ancient Scandinavia. 6. A vegetable. 7. A large bird.

JOHN G. LIVINGSTON, JR. (age 12), *League Member*.

A DOZEN "CANS"

EXAMPLE: What can is in China? ANSWER: Canton.

1. What can do children like?
2. What can is an annual plant?
3. What can is an old-fashioned method of illumination?
4. What can is a savage?
5. What can do the soldiers seek when they are on their way home?
6. What can did many confront in Europe?
7. What can offers himself for an office?
8. What can is a waterway?
9. What can is a great country?
10. What can is a baldachin?
11. What can is an easy gait for a horse?
12. What can is a ravine?

ALICE B. HAIGHT (age 12), *League Member*.

HOLLOW DIAMOND

		1				
	2	.	3			
4	.	5		6		
7	.	8		9	.	10
11	.	12	.	13		
	14	.	15			
		16				

READING ACROSS: 1. In rained; from 2 to 3, a sphere; from 4 to 6, an island in the Pacific; from 7 to 8, a pronoun; from 9 to 10, a verb; from 11 to 13, leaven; from 14 to 15, to rest; 16, in rained.

READING DOWNWARD: 7. In rained; from 4 to 11, an inclosure; from 2 to 14, fertile spots in a desert; from 1 to 5, part of the body; from 12 to 16, atmosphere; from 3 to 15, to brag, from 6 to 13, dexterity; 10, in rained.

NANCY ROUGH (age 12), *Honor Member*.

Style for the boys
Saving for mothers

THAT'S the whole story We knew boys wanted better style We knew mothers wanted better quality; all-wool fabrics to make the clothes last longer

So we are making boys' clothes as good as father's; we make special suits for the first long trousers too Satisfaction or money back

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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"Thornton W. Burgess' Masterpiece"

THE BURGESS BIRD BOOK FOR CHILDREN

A Review by America's Leading Naturalist

DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

Director, New York Zoological Society

"For a number of years parents have been asking me, 'What is the best book about birds for *little* children?' And that question has caused me much trouble. Now, 'The Burgess Bird Book for Children' is the answer.

"The new book is the author's masterpiece. Of course it is written in the personal-narrative style of 'The Bedtime Stories,' and it represents the author at his best.

"Every page teems with interesting facts in bird lore, so deftly inserted in the story that their presence there is a joy. There is no formal deceptive matter, and no fine-type text of any kind. The book is a series, of stories all told by the birds themselves with the assistance of Peter Rabbit, Johnny Chuck, Striped Chipmunk, and the few other old four-footed favorites.

"The book is a distinct triumph, in text and in pictures. It rings true, and it is by far the best bird book for children that I have ever seen."

With full color illustrations of 58 birds, by Louis Agassiz Fuertes

351 pages *Crown octavo* *$3.00 net*

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers, BOSTON

How we made our home evenings a delight

—As told by Frances Kane, 15 years old and her brother Steve

St. Nicholas Magazine,
353 Fourth Avenue, New York
Subscription Dept.

Enclosed is $3 (check, draft or money order) for one year's subscription.

*To be sent to*_____

*Address*_____

"When we were little kids, Father used to tell us stories," said Frances. "But after we got into High School both Father and Mother said we didn't appreciate our home. I spent quite a lot of time at the other girls' houses and Steve began to run around evenings with his 'Gang.' It was pretty poky at home with Father always scolding because we didn't stay in.

"Then one evening Father bought a copy of St. Nicholas on the news-stand and brought it home. He gave it to us and said 'There's a story in there I want to read when you get through with it.' We all read that story and others and had such a good time talking them over in front of the fire. So we voted to subscribe regularly to St. Nicholas. Father and Steve and I each put up a dollar—" "Yes, and I earned that dollar," broke in Steve.

"Then we had something to talk about and do every evening. We acted little plays from St. Nicholas. Mother says Father used to be a star in amateur theatricals. Steve loves to draw and began to make pictures for the St. Nicholas League. As for me, I love writing. St. Nicholas League has published two of my pieces, one verse and one prose. Father says I have talent and may be another Kate Douglas Wiggin."

"Wait till I show you my packing-box village," said Steve. "St. Nicholas gives the plans just like an architect's and tells how to make every building. Joe Hall and Charley Mellon are helping me with it. They are going with me to camp next Summer. St. Nicholas has the best stories about camping—"

"Father says our house is a place of joy and a magnet for young folks now," added Frances. "He says St. Nicholas is the best recipe for starting worth-while things he ever saw. And I think so, too."

St. Nicholas is bringing ambition and interest into tens of thousands of the best homes in the country every month. If you have boys or girls under 18 years, give them St. Nicholas. It will be the best investment of $3 you ever made — for their mental development, their happiness, their future success. Subscribe today and get the March issue with its wealth of splendid stories and features. Use the coupon at left.

BOOKS *For Children*

IT can never be too early to instill in a child the love of good literature. Whether boy or girl, the love of reading will give a pleasure that will be life long. Doubly important, then, that a taste be cultivated for the *right* books. We feel that there is need for good books for children—books that will unconsciously unfold to growing minds something of the wonder and the beauty of the world that is about them. From our lists are the following.

Stories for Every Holiday

By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

"The spirit behind each of our holidays is crystallized in such a way that children from ten to sixteen will understand and appreciate."
—*The Independent.*

"The author possesses considerable skill as a writer, and her stories are bound to please both boys and girls, as well as to stimulate their patriotism."—*New York Post.*

Net, $1.25, postpaid.

Tourbillon; or, The King of the Whirlwinds

By Estelle R. Updike

"Tourbillon" is the French word for "whirlwind," and Tourbillons are whirlwind fairies with heads that resemble electric light bulbs. Pierre Renaud is a manly little French boy, with soft dark eyes. He came from a beautiful home in France, was ship-wrecked off our eastern coast and his parents drowned. "Tourbillon" is the story of his rescue by the fairies from Poole, the cruel peanut-vendor. Illustrated with beautiful, full-page drawings and Tourbillon decorations.

Net, 35 cents, postpaid.

Wonder Oak

By Bertha Currier Porter

Illustrations by May Aiken

Something new in the way of a fairy story, for it is the history of a little fairy princess. The fairies are here made representatives of flowers and birds, and the stories are descriptive of outdoor life. Thus, interwoven with the story of the fairy princess Crystal and her little fairy companion Grobbo, who has the gift of winning smiles from everyone, there is much real information concerning the flowers, insects, and birds. Imaginative children will delight in the stories and have their curiosity stimulated to know more about the flowers whose fairy guardians flit through these pages, and the insects and birds who do such interesting things.

Illustrated ***Net, $1.00,*** postpaid

Red, Yellow and Black

By Sophia Lyon Fahs

A book about children, missionary work and strange lands, told with a full sense of dramatic and educational values . . . . The stories are full of information and steer happily between extremes.—*Daily Fresno Republican.*

Illustrated. ***Net, 75 cents,*** postpaid.

Chel. A story of the Swiss Mountains

By Johanna Spyri, author of "Heidi," etc.

Translated from the German by Helene H. Boll

This story deals with the rude and uncultivated life of a remote village in the Swiss Alps. How that life was bettered and enriched, and how Chel, the misunderstood and much maligned orphan boy, developed into a youth of gentleness and genius under the touch of a teacher who realized her opportunity, is the scheme of this story. There is an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery which, with the quick movement and play of incident, keep the interest and attention to the end. It will delight the children.

Frontispiece. ***Net, 75 cents,*** postpaid.

Little Folks in History (In Four Books)

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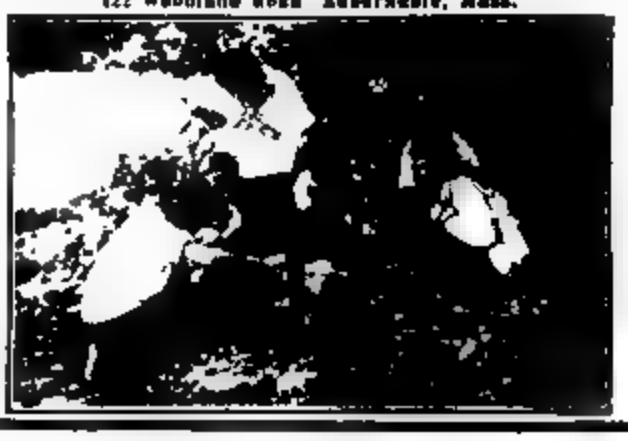

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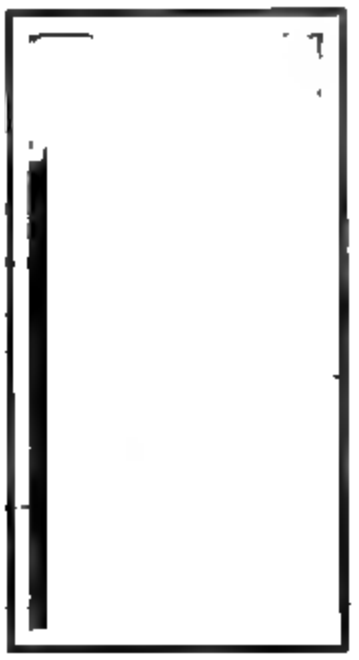

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The St. Nicholas Camp Service Department

is anxious to co-operate with CAMP OWNERS to the fullest extent. We are always glad to receive suggestions, and offered advice will be very much appreciated.

We are trying to make our service 100% valuable, not only to our readers who may be going to camp, but to those whose announcements appear in our advertising pages.

Whether or not a CAMP OWNER advertises in ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, we shall be happy to receive any expression of opinion, the following of which would further the Go-to-Camp idea.

We believe sincerely in out-door life for boys and girls. To promote and advance such out-of-door living, we shall welcome suggestions from any Camp Owner.

Camp Owners may be certain that what they have to offer is of decided interest to us.

Address

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE

Camp Service Department

353 Fourth Avenue New York City

Nature Study in Camp

PAUL KYLE, PH.D.

IN the splendid camps of today, one of the most important branches of camp life is Nature Study. Certainly the boy or girl who is confined in a schoolroom for nine or ten months ought to become thoroughly acquainted with the new surroundings of outdoor life. So next to swimming and athletic exercise comes Nature Study in importance.

The camper learns to name some flowers, trees, birds, butterflies and moths, reptiles, minerals, stars, and the fur animals which romp in the vicinity of the camp. Some space or a small building is sometimes provided for the collection of all articles of interest, including birds' nests and eggs, petrified stones, skins of small fur animals, *i. e.*, woodchuck, squirrel, skunk, racoon, mole and possum. Here may be found displayed in this museum of natural history, flowers, leaves and ferns, besides butterflies, moths and insects in glass-covered cases. The common name is written below each specific article.

Live snakes, which are all harmless in New York state, are perhaps placed in a small box—the top of which is covered with a wire screen—partly filled with small stones and soil. The only poisonous snakes to be found in New York state are the rattlesnake and the copperhead, which, fortunately, are very scarce.

The instructive life of bees is very attractive to campers. They should learn to be able to tell their parents how many pounds of honey a bee hive will contain at the summer's end.

While on a hike, naturally ant hills will be passed, which always present a fine opportunity for explanation, and prove to be wonderfully interesting.

Boys should be taught where and how to pitch a tent, and shown how to make a camp fire with but one match; also how to make and bake his bread over this fire.

"The Great University of Nature" is of tremendous interest to both boys and girls.

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EQUIPMENT:

35 Acres of well-wooded land
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Fleet of Kennebec Canoes.
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Activities supervised by college men, each one a specialist.

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Midgets 6 to 9
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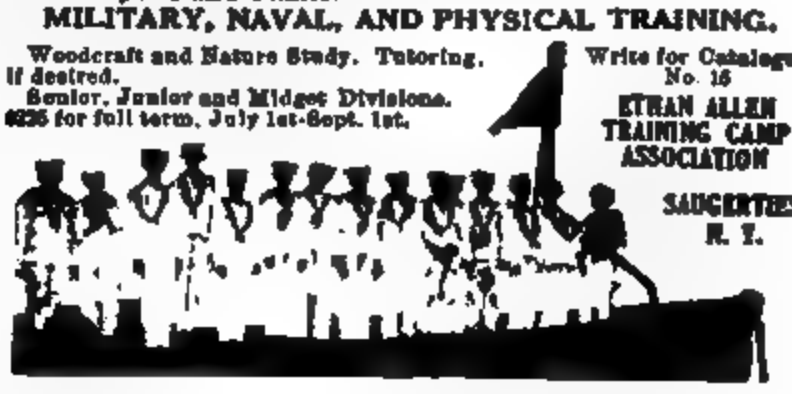

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Over eighteen hundred boys in camp.
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A small, refined camp for boys whose parents want their sons well cared for. It has mature supervision and gives a happy, healthy, safe summer with plenty of fun and fine food. Every activity for Juniors and Seniors 7-17. *References. Booklet.*

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Established 1909 **Boys 9 to 16 years.**

Unrivaled camp site. All sports. Camp trips through Adirondacks. Best food. 17 years' experience caring for boys

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Camps for Boys and Girls

MORNING'S duties done. Luncheon over until another day. An hour or so for just what she wants to do. And then—that enchanting bit of afternoon when friends drop in to enjoy her tea and her cozy hospitality. In this cheery, restful setting, how important is the silent part that *silver* plays—casting its lustrous spell over the whole environment—stimulating, by its brilliance, the wit and warmth of chatter—and yet, withal, so suggestive in its enduring beauty, of those lifelong friendships made and maintained over a cup of fragrant, refreshing tea.

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Catalog free at your Dealer's or by mail.

Your skin is changing every day

DO YOU REALIZE that your skin *never stays the same?* That it is constantly changing?

Every day part of your old skin dies and *new skin* takes its place. That is why, in spite of constant wear, your skin is able to keep its smoothness and softness, instead of turning as hard and dry as leather.

But this new skin must be taken care of! When it first forms, it is as fine and delicate as a baby's skin. With the right care it can be kept so. But if you neglect it, it will gradually become coarser in texture—it will lose its lovely color—little blemishes will begin to mar its clearness.

Look around at the people you see in the streets—in crowds. You will notice that many of them have lost the lovely, rose-pink clearness their skins had when they were babies.

Begin tonight to give your skin the care that will keep it fine and smooth. Even if it lacks the brilliant color you would like it to have—if it is too oily—if it is sometimes marred by little blemishes—you can overcome these defects. By giving the *new skin* which forms each day the proper treatment, you can have the clear, dazzling complexion you admire in other girls.

Every night give your skin this simple treatment:

Just before you go to bed, lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Go over your face thoroughly with this, taking care that every part of your face is well lathered. Now with the tips of your fingers work the cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin well.

This treatment will make your skin clearer and lovelier the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and in ten days or two weeks your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of the greater clearness, softness, and charm that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today—begin using it tonight. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Let us send you a trial size cake

For six cents in stamps we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week of the treatment given above) together with the booklet, "A Skin You Love To Touch," containing advice on the care *each type of skin needs*. Or for 15c in stamps we will send you the booklet, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 2004 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2004 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Where I Found Ted

HAD a letter from my kid brother—the young scamp! Ever since Ted has been away at college, I have acted as his Home Representative, because, as he says, "When I ask Dad for anything I have to wait until he's sure that I need it; Mother wants to know whether it would be good for me; but if I ask you I get action because you know from experience that a fellow doesn't have the nerve to write home for anything unless he needs it so bad that it *won't* be good for him if he *don't* get it."

– but he's one of those youngsters who ttle his disposition, and Mother worried ight get into when he reached school. nt over to the old school town to see

d a cleaner, livelier, more wholesome crowd of s anywhere in the land—and Ted was right the old mandolin and singing "The Gang's All ther-lungs!

school days—the noisy, good-natured bunch—, pretty girls; the old songs; the clear-ringing nming of the guitars; the harmless flirtations—ses" that were so pleasantly serious (then); the ; when we used to raft the boats and play till the to take the girls to their Dorm; the glee clubs; e times we were "called down" for playing in our hen everyone else wanted to sleep; the dark hours serenaded the girls—and the time we were locked he house by our jealous comrades; the Sunday s with the prettiest girl—with whom the first as made for the sole (?) purpose of having her y guitar accompaniments for my mandolin.

l when I went back to Mother, this is the picture I owed her—and she was happy. And so was I, be-use I knew that Ted was enjoying the best of every-thing school life could furnish. *Good* pals—*real*, manly fellows; the brightest and most charming girls; the kind of fun and comradeship that makes worth living; and no chance or desire to mingle with esirable associates.

that matter, in high school, college or school, or out, that the fellow or girl who plays a mandolin or at automatically sought out by the same type of hat made up that college crowd. You can't dodge he best introduction to *congenial, wholesome* com-ne can have.

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Write for the GIBSON Book, which will give you the up-to-date information about fretted instruments. We will also send some intimate bits of GIBSON romance that will interest you. Write us.

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It should be mild and make no claim to be a medicine. And it should taste so delicious that the twice-a-day brushing is a treat, not a task.

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It is safe for every member of the family—recommended by dentists for what it does and for what it does not do and makes no claim to do.

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Invigorating, restful sleep is possible only when the body is warmly protected.

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Kenwood Sleeping Bags have no annoying lacings, snaps or buckles, are forest green in color, and are made in 4 1-2, 6 and 7 pound weights.

As satisfactory for adults as for young people.

Kenwood All-wool Outdoor Comfort Products include big, generous Camp Blankets, Sitting-out Bags for Porch, Motor, Sanitarium and Open-air School; Steamer Rugs; Motor Robes and Stockings.

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Dept. S

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This sign on a dealer's counter designates the store as headquarters for the dependable All-wool Kenwood Outdoor Comfort Products.

We have a sales proposition of interest to Department and Sporting Goods Stores.

What Kind of Country Shall we Leave to Him?

young people in this country ng up with no religious training

"Give me a child until he is seven years old, and I care not who has him afterwards." Wise words, spoken long ago, by a very wise man.

In those first seven years is formed the character of the man who is to be. Will he be reverent or irreverent? Will he have respect for the rights and property of other men? Will his moving purpose be selfishness or service?

These are questions that are answered in the first plastic years—the years when American children used to go to Sunday School. How will they be answered in the future?

Will There Be Any Lincoln Among Them?

Look over the list of men of whom America is most proud—Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Roosevelt—every one an idealist. And the roots of their idealism ran deep into the heart of the Christian Church.

Will any Washington or Lincoln be found among these 26 million whom no spiritual influence moulds? Is not the danger of "spiritual illiteracy" an even greater menace to the future of America than mental illiteracy?

Your Church believes it is. The Evangelical denominations have joined in a great program of service called the Interchurch World Movement.

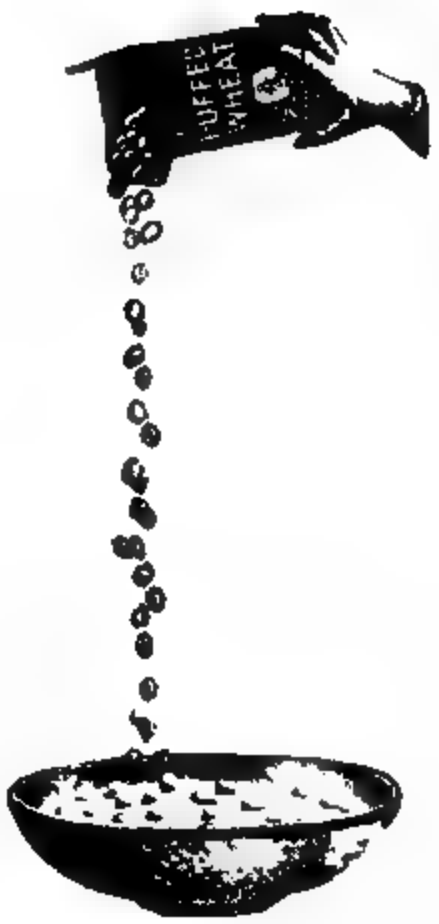
One object of the Movement is to strengthen the forces of religious education everywhere; to bring the 26 million unchurched children within the influence of some kind of religious training, and so to preserve for the America of the future the ideals of the America of the past.

Without the support of American parents such a program could not succeed. With their support it cannot fail. When *your* church asks for *your* support, give—and give from your heart as well as from your pocketbook.

INTERCHURCH
WORLD MOVEMENT

The Evangelical Denominations Co-operating in the Service of Jesus Christ

45 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



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For Your Bowls of Milk

As an ideal food, morning, noon or night, Puffed Wheat is chief of Puffed Grains.

It is whole wheat steam-exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

It comes to you as toasted bubbles, thin and fragile, with a fascinating taste.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition in its most delightful form.

Puffed Rice

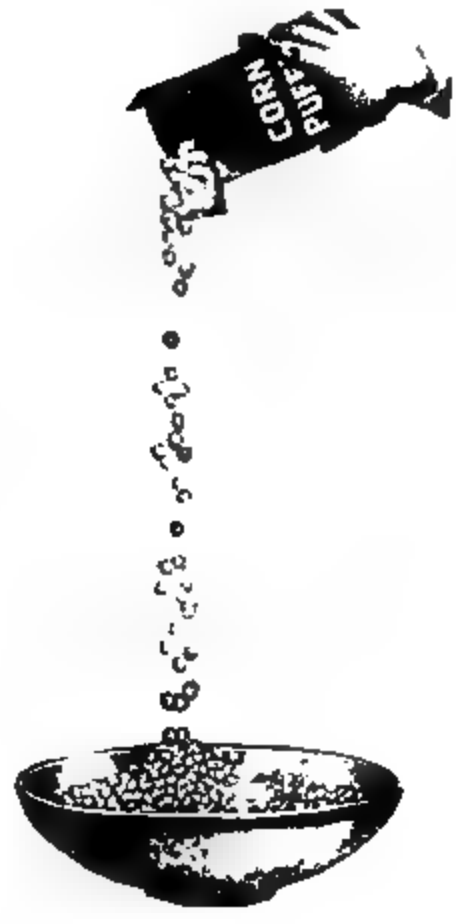
For Berries—For Ice Cream

Puffed Rice is a daintier product, with a taste like toasted nuts.

It is rice grains puffed to airy morsels, thin as tissue. It is a food confection.

Mix it with your berries. Serve with cream and sugar. Use like nut meats on ice cream or in home candy making.

The texture is so fragile that it fairly melts away, but it leaves a wish for more.



Corn Puffs

For Exquisite Flavor

Corn Puffs is made from hominy. Tiny pellets are super-toasted, then puffed to raindrop size.

It is fairy-like in texture and the flavor is exquisite.

Serve like other Puffed Grains. Or crisp and lightly butter for children to eat dry.

All these grains seem tidbits, yet all are scientific foods. No other cereals are so fitted for digestion. None make such all-hour foods.

In these summer days keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Puffed Grain Delight

Such Pancakes as You Never Tasted

We now make Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—an ideal mixture with ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes light and fluffy, and gives a nut-like taste. Simply add milk or water, for the flour is self-raising, and you'll make the finest pancakes that you ever knew. Try it now.

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Sole Makers

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THEY come out of their den-trees—travel a little during the night—and then lie out on limbs in the grateful afternoon sun.

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HOW I WON MY JUNIOR MARKSMAN MEDAL

WHEN my father bought me my new Winchester repeater, he said it was because I had joined the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps. But it really wasn't the fine medals that you can win in the W. J. R. C. that interested him. What he liked most of all was the rules.

The W. J. R. C. won't let you shoot for a medal unless you handle your rifle right and take proper care of it. Of course I wanted a medal, so I learned the Rules of Rifle Safety right away.

The distance you shoot in the W. J. R. C. is fifty feet. Five shots are fired at each target, when trying for a medal. If all five hit the bull's-eye, it counts 25. If they scatter, some shots count 4, 3, 2, or maybe nothing. It certainly is easy to scatter them!

Ten targets each counting 19 points or more win a W.J.R.C. Marksman Medal and Diploma. It took me just three Saturdays to win mine, and I used only three boxes of cartridges.

Mr. Bradley, our instructor, says I have succeeded because I have followed the rules and done what he has told me to. But I also give a lot of credit to the fine accuracy of my Winchester repeater.

You don't really need a repeater. The rules just say you must use a .22 caliber Winchester. Lots of boys have the little single-shot kinds that cost very little. And Mr. Bradley says the steel in all Winchester barrels is the same quality and they are all bored the same way. He also says that many of the most expert small-bore marksmen in the world use exactly the same Winchester cartridges we do.

Next stop for me is Sharpshooter! The only W. J. R. C. Sharpshooter Medal in town that I know about is on exhibition down at our leading hardware store. I don't think it is going to leave there very soon. But whoever else wants it had better watch out for me and my Winchester repeater.

Let's go, boys! Each of you, hike down to the hardware or sporting-goods store in your community where they sell Winchester .22 caliber Rifles and Ammunition. Buy a rifle if you need one, and some ammunition; register your name as a member of the W. J. R. C., and ask for some targets and an instruction book. Then try your hand at winning a medal. Right away. If you need more information, write at once to us.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.—NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.

Addressed To All Advertisers

MOST of St. Nicholas boys and girls are of high school age. Have you ever furnished the money for things boys and girls in their 'teens just must buy? Not only skates, sleds, cameras, canoes, toboggans, bicycles, tennis racquets, baseball goods, guns, tires, tents and other play goods, but fountain pens, stationery, needlework materials, dentifrices, soaps, flower and vegetable seeds, shoes, hosiery, musical instruments, records — and that is only a beginning. Look into St. Nicholas and you will advertise in St. Nicholas. $200.00 for a page a month will take your messages into the best homes, where you are sure to get action.

St. Nicholas Magazine

353 Fourth Avenue
New York

SOLAR Bicycle Lamp

Model S, Price $5.00

Uses carbide and water generating acetylene gas, giving most brilliant light of any bicycle lamp at low expense.

We also make the LIBERTY Acetylene Gas Bicycle Lamp. Price $3.00.

Descriptive catalogue on request.

"Your father used SOLAR Lamps."

Your dealer sells them or address:

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DUST WITH 3-IN-ONE OIL

Try this on your buffet, dining table, parlor table, chair, piano — any varnished surface:

Moisten a soft woolen cloth or cheese cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One. Then wipe furniture just as you were dusting.

You will be astonished and delighted at the result! All dust and soil, greasy finger marks, etc., will disappear. A little more oil and a little rubbing, and scratches and stains will disappear. All the original beauty and lustre of the finish will be restored.

3-in-One contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. Has no disagreeable varnish odor.

Sold at all good stores in 1 oz., 3 oz., and 8 oz. bottles and 3 oz. Handy Oil Cans.

FREE—Write for generous free sample and valuable booklet—both free.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.

165 GH. Broadway
New York

What an X-Ray Is?

AN X-Ray is a wonderful light that looks right through an object. The pictures above were made with X-Rays.

The one on the left shows what happens to a foot that wears pointed-toed shoes. See how the bones are all bent out of place. This bending of the bones is the reason for corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arches—all foot troubles.

The other picture shows a healthy foot—a foot brought up in Educators, the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should"—no corns, bunions, or other ills.

Show these pictures to Mother. Tell her *you* want shoes that keep your feet straight-toed and healthy. Ask her to get you a pair of Educators.

And ask for a postcard. Then write us for our Free Book called "Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet," telling how to keep your feet comfortable *all your life*.

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 17 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

In the Home!

HERE'S one use for Daylo that's worth ten thousand times the cost of the light. The one chance in a million that Robert Maw, Junior's experience may happen to you is too big a chance to overlook in protecting your dear ones.

Night and day, there are hundreds of places in the home and hundreds of times when you need a Daylo to penetrate darkness with its brilliant beam of long-lived light.

Buy a Daylo now, before you forget it. And have a regular place to keep it—on the kitchen shelf, under your pillow, near the front door, at the head of the cellar stairs—wherever you need it the most.

All leading electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, and auto accessory stores have a supply of Daylo. And they carry the genuine Eveready Tungsten Batteries for all "flashlights."

Coming: $10,000 Cash Prize Contest
Ask for particulars at any Daylo dealer's store

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS, *of National Carbon Company, Inc.*, LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

Makers of the famous Eveready Storage Battery. Guaranteed one and one half years

American-Made Toys

"I Want a Bicycle This Spring, Dad"

"ALL the boys around here are getting them, and they're planning some dandy times just as soon as the roads are dry.

"Dr. Smith's boy has his now—and his father says a wheel is better than medicine for making boys healthy and strong.

"The wheels the boys are buying all have New Departure Coaster Brakes. The fellows say it is as reliable as the sun. They call it 'The Brake that Brought the Bike Back.' It's mounted on ball bearings, and it takes all the hard work out of riding—so you get exercise without being all tired out.

"It makes riding safe, too, for when you want to slow up or stop, you just press backward on the pedal and the brake does the rest—and does it quick.

"I'm going to send for the story—'Billy's Bicycle Triumphs.' It's a dandy and I want you to read it, too. They send it free to any boy who writes for it."

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING CO.

"The Brake that Brought the Bike Back"

Mountain and Desert Tests Prove Wonderful New Riding Qualities

THE extraordinary riding qualities of Overland 4 were proved over and over in a test which covered the rugged mountain trails of Colorado, the scorching, sandy plains and deserts of New Mexico and Arizona, and muddy prairie roads.

These searching, gruelling tests demonstrated in a most emphatic way not only the remarkable riding comfort of the *Triplex* Springs, but also the car's marked economy of fuel and tires which directly resulted from its light weight.

This new car is handsomely finished and completely equipped from Auto-Lite starting and lighting to demountable rims.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters

WILLYS-OVERLAND, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

VITALIC

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

hang in your room, to every boy submitting a caption. *Get Busy. Contest closes May 15.*

prize winners. Announcement of prize winners will be made in St. Nicholas.

Goodrich Bicycle Tires

"AD" VENTURES of the IVORY HEROES

Chapter IV. Cured and Pured!

EACH of our gallant heroes donned a dozen pearly cakes of IVORY SOAP before whose might the evil-doer quakes. They armed themselves with splashy mops, clean towels, sticks and sponges, and Peter Pig and Billy tried the latest fencing lunges. Down through the forest grim they crept, the wood was dark as pitch, and presently, with bated breaths, they spied that woeful witch. She was, indeed, a spiteful crone; they saw her vent her spleen on everything and every one who wanted to be clean. She went from home to home in rage and anywhere she found a house in order, *there* she pushed and tumbled things around. She pulled the Monday's washing down with fingers hard and knotty; she rumpled pretty nighties up and got the laundry spotty.

"Tee-hee!"

"Tee-hee," squeaked she, "it pleaseth me when wild disorder grows! I love the taste of loss and waste when law and order goes." "I can't *stand* this," cried Peter Pig. "Nor *I*," gruffed Bill the Goat—what else he said

They fell on her

was *goatish*, Dears, I shall not try to quote. And so, with *indignatious* shouts, each hero gave a hitch at trousers, rompers, hair and hide and fell upon that witch. Now, when one Gnome and one strong boy, a girl, a goat, and pig *fall* on a witch, that selfsame fall is likely to be BIG.

In half the time it takes to kink a piggie's tail that itches they had that beldame so mixed up she looked like *forty* witches. Bill, with BIG sponges on his head well soaked with suds proceeded to *butt* her when and where and how good butts were mostly needed. And then, as IVORY SOAP suds rose, they soused and doused and rubbed her. The more disorderly her rage, the more they splashed and scrubbed her. At last, when evening's setting sun made golden all the sky, they looked with pride upon their work and hung her up to dry. And when the sun came up next day and said, "Good morning," sweetly, that witch of Wild Disorder had just disappeared completely.

This goes to prove that IVORY SOAP
Makes every burden lighter.
Just watch the sunshine in its suds
Make all your days the brighter.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST. 1837 ·

IVORY IT FLOATS SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

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